





# **LIBER DABIH**

SELECTED WORKS  
of  
David W. Myatt

THE TEMPLE OF THEM

LIBER DABIH: (Selected Works by David Myatt)

Published by the Black Glyph Society

ONA Nexion (Australia)

<http://www.groups.yahoo/group/mvimaedivm>

<http://www.lulu.com/otoanorha>

Text Copyleft © David Wulstan Myatt 2008

# LIBER DABIH

## Selected Works of D.W. Myatt

<b>Preface</b>	<b>8</b>
<b>Anton Long: A Short Chronology of His Life</b>	<b>9</b>
<b>A Personal Encounter with David Wulstan Myatt, Briefly Described</b>	<b>16</b>
<b>The Gnostic Writings of D. W. Myatt</b>	<b>21</b>
<b>The Life and Poetry of D. W. Myatt</b>	<b>29</b>
<b>Towards Identity &amp; The Galactic Empire: AutoBiographical Notes I</b>	<b>35</b>
<b>Towards Identity &amp; The Galactic Empire: AutoBiographical Notes II</b>	<b>52</b>
<b>Towards Identity &amp; The Galactic Empire: AutoBiographical Notes III</b>	<b>58</b>
<b>One Simple Numinous Answer</b>	<b>65</b>
<b>Journeyings</b>	<b>67</b>
<b>One Small Missive to A Friend</b>	<b>68</b>
<b>We Love Unsuspecting</b>	<b>69</b>
<b>SELECTED LETTERS BY DAVID MYATT Vol. I and II</b>	<b>72</b>
<b>D. W. MYATT: A Selection of Poetry</b>	<b>142</b>
<b>One Exquisite Silence</b>	<b>142</b>
<b>Summer Love</b>	<b>143</b>
<b>Wine</b>	<b>144</b>
<b>No Sun To Warm</b>	<b>144</b>
<b>Only Time Has Stopped</b>	<b>145</b>
<b>The Sun of Warm November</b>	<b>145</b>
<b>We Are The Ones The Dead Leave Behind</b>	<b>146</b>
<b>This Dewy Autumnal Grass</b>	<b>147</b>
<b>A Summer Sun</b>	<b>148</b>
<b>In The Night</b>	<b>149</b>
<b>GENTLEMAN OF THE ROAD</b>	<b>149</b>
<b>Hermit Tent</b>	<b>149</b>
<b>Snow in Late April</b>	<b>150</b>
<b>Relict</b>	<b>151</b>
<b>Spring Dawn</b>	<b>151</b>
<b>Traveller's Wait</b>	<b>152</b>
<b>The Two Faces</b>	<b>152</b>
<b>Road</b>	<b>153</b>
<b>The Poet's Song</b>	<b>153</b>
<b>Waves</b>	<b>155</b>
<b>Pavilion Bench For A Night</b>	<b>156</b>
<b>Walking</b>	<b>156</b>
<b>Wandering and Free</b>	<b>157</b>
<b>Intermezzo</b>	<b>158</b>

<b>City Autumn</b>	<b>159</b>
<b>Waiting</b>	<b>159</b>
<b>Apple Blossom in May</b>	<b>160</b>
<b>Water</b>	<b>160</b>
<b>Between Sky, Silence and Earth</b>	<b>161</b>
<b>Killing The Silence</b>	<b>162</b>
<b>Clouds in the Sky</b>	<b>163</b>
<b>Feel The Death</b>	<b>164</b>
<b>Fatally Wounded</b>	<b>165</b>
<b>Cold</b>	<b>166</b>
<b>The Returning</b>	<b>167</b>
<b>In Memoriam Camerone</b>	<b>168</b>
<b>In A Foreign Land</b>	<b>169</b>
<b>There Is This Feeling</b>	<b>170</b>
<b>DWM SELECTED OCCULT STORIES</b>	<b>172</b>
<b>The Short-Stories, and Works of Fiction, of David Myatt</b>	<b>172</b>
<b>Herewith, The Darkness</b>	<b>175</b>
<b>The Moon's Tidal Moving</b>	<b>187</b>
<b>Hassan and Jorg</b>	<b>194</b>
<b>The First Adventure of Hassan: Part I: Aswan</b>	<b>196</b>
<b>The First Adventure of Hassan: Part II: Invasion</b>	<b>216</b>
<b>The First Adventure of Hassan: Part III: Capture</b>	<b>225</b>
<b>The First Adventure of Hassan: Part IV: Return to Lam</b>	<b>235</b>
<b>Historical Background: Hassan and Jorg</b>	<b>243</b>
<b>Glossary</b>	<b>243</b>
<b>DWM ISLAAMIC WRITINGS</b>	<b>245</b>
<b>Challenging the Kuffar, Changing the Focus</b>	<b>245</b>
<b>DWM GREEK TRANSLATIONS</b>	<b>256</b>
<b>Greek Tragedy</b>	<b>256</b>
<b>Sophocles – Antigone</b>	<b>260</b>
<b>Sophocles – Oedipus the King</b>	<b>307</b>
<b>Sappho – Poetic Fragments</b>	<b>369</b>
<b>Homer – The Odyssey Books I, II and III</b>	<b>373</b>
<b>The ‘Agammenon’ of Aeschylus – A Radical Translation</b>	<b>404</b>
<b>THE NUMINOUS WAY</b>	<b>454</b>
<b>Frequently Asked Questions About The Numinous Way Version 2.03</b>	<b>454</b>
<b>Honour, Empathy and the Question of Suffering</b>	<b>460</b>
<b>A Brief Analysis of The Immorality of Abstraction</b>	<b>464</b>
<b>Ontology, Ethics and The Numinous Way</b>	<b>467</b>
<b>The Social, Personal and Family Values of The Numinous Way</b>	<b>468</b>
<b>The Numinous Way and Existence Beyond Death</b>	<b>470</b>

<b>Compassion, Empathy and Honour: The Ethics of the Numinous Way</b>	<b>473</b>
<b>Love, Deities and God: Redemption and The Numinous Way</b>	<b>478</b>
<b>Being Human: A Learning from Aliens</b>	<b>480</b>
<b>Toward A Better World</b>	<b>483</b>
<b>The Perspective From Space</b>	<b>485</b>
<b>How Do We Know In Our Anguish?</b>	<b>487</b>
<b>Presencing The Numen In The Moment</b>	<b>491</b>
<b>A Numinous Future - Beyond The State and The Nation</b>	<b>493</b>
<b>The Development of The Numinous Way and Other Questions</b>	<b>497</b>
<b>The Numinous Way: Philosophy of the Future</b>	<b>508</b>
<b>The Origin and Meaning of Life</b>	<b>509</b>
<b>Dealing With Aliens</b>	<b>514</b>
<b>Some Notes on Evolution, Cosmology &amp; The Meaning of Life</b>	<b>519</b>
<b>Why We Must Return to the Land</b>	<b>522</b>
<b>The Numinous Way and Galactic Exploration</b>	<b>524</b>
<b>Cosmic Science, the Acausal and the Quest for Wisdom</b>	<b>525</b>
<b>Freedom, Liberty and The Right of Rebellion</b>	<b>526</b>
<b>Laws, Courts of Law and Personal Honour</b>	<b>527</b>
<b>The Question of Time: Toward the New Acausal Science of Life</b>	<b>528</b>
<b>Surreal Science: The Surreal Science of Modern Astronomers and Cosmologists</b>	<b>537</b>
<b>A Dweller of the Silent Desert</b>	<b>543</b>
<b>DWM, NATIONAL SOCIALISM &amp; REICHSFOLK</b>	<b>552</b>
<b>What is National Socialism?</b>	<b>552</b>
<b>The Meaning of National Socialism</b>	<b>554</b>
<b>What is the National Socialist Way of Life?</b>	<b>560</b>
<b>The National Socialist Way</b>	<b>561</b>
<b>Nature and National Socialism</b>	<b>564</b>
<b>Appendix I: The National Socialist Honour Code</b>	<b>565</b>
<b>Appendix II: A National Socialist Glossary</b>	<b>566</b>
<b>Appendix III: National Socialist Law</b>	<b>570</b>
<b>Race and Nature Part I: The Organic Nature of National-Socialism</b>	<b>572</b>
<b>Race and Nature Part II: Folk and Fatherland</b>	<b>579</b>
<b>The Aryan Way of Life</b>	<b>586</b>
<b>Why National Socialism?</b>	<b>587</b>
<b>The National-Socialist Way of Life: Some Observations On Personal Conduct</b>	<b>589</b>
<b>For the Love of our Folk: Fear, Hatred, Anti-Nazis, and Love of our Folk</b>	<b>591</b>
<b>National Socialism: The Truth</b>	<b>593</b>
<b>What is Aryan Society?</b>	<b>593</b>
<b>Aryan Law</b>	<b>594</b>
<b>Duelling</b>	<b>594</b>
<b>What is Aryan?</b>	<b>596</b>
<b>Aryan Culture</b>	<b>599</b>
<b>A Brief Guide to Aryan Origins and History</b>	<b>606</b>
<b>What is Our Life For?</b>	<b>608</b>
<b>National Socialist Ethics and the Meaning of Life</b>	<b>612</b>
<b>The New Ethics of National-Socialism: Morality of the Future</b>	<b>614</b>
<b>The Definition of Good and Bad</b>	<b>615</b>

<b>Addendum: A Brief Critique of Kant and Hegel</b>	<b>616</b>
<b>The Theology of National Socialism</b>	<b>619</b>
<b>Why I Admire Adolf Hitler</b>	<b>627</b>
<b>Revolution and the Fight for Freedom</b>	<b>628</b>
<b>Towards Destiny</b>	<b>631</b>
<b>The Collective, The Nexus and Nature</b>	<b>634</b>
<b>Occultism and National Socialism</b>	<b>637</b>
<b>The New Empire of National-Socialism</b>	<b>646</b>
<b>Fearing Words</b>	<b>649</b>
<b>Why Preserving Race is the Human Thing To Do</b>	<b>652</b>
<b>The New Empire of National Socialism: First Step Toward the Stars</b>	<b>654</b>
<b>The Sickness that Ails Us</b>	<b>657</b>
<b>Christianity, Western Civilization and the Aryan Way of Life</b>	<b>664</b>
<b>Essays in Aryan Revolution</b>	<b>668</b>
<b>Zionist Control</b>	<b>681</b>
<b>The Aryan Way</b>	<b>683</b>
<b>The Spiritual Significance of Adolf Hitler</b>	<b>684</b>
<b>The Secret of Adolf Hitler</b>	<b>687</b>
<b>The Importance of Aryan Unity</b>	<b>689</b>
<b>The Destruction of the West</b>	<b>691</b>
<b>The Holocaust: Reason and Truth v. Zionist Propaganda</b>	<b>693</b>
<b>Defiance!</b>	<b>699</b>
<b>The Illusion of Peace</b>	<b>702</b>
<b>Darwin, Evolution and Civilization</b>	<b>708</b>
<b>Folk Democracy</b>	<b>712</b>
<b>The Disease of Suspicion</b>	<b>715</b>
<b>A Cosmic Perspective</b>	<b>717</b>
<b>Censorship, Democracy and National Socialism</b>	<b>718</b>
<b>National Socialism: Morality and Justice</b>	<b>720</b>
<b>Vision of a Future Golden Age</b>	<b>727</b>
<b>VINDEX: DESTINY OF THE WEST</b>	<b>733</b>
<b>ONA Appendix: Myatt, ONA, and Mysticism</b>	<b>768</b>
<b>+O+ Appendix: Beyond the Adept - DWM: A Contemplation +o+</b>	<b>772</b>

## **PREFACE:**

In the Tradition of THEM no prior disclaimer is given to this compendium of selected works by D. W. Myatt whom for the past nine years has been our inspiration under the occult mantle, Anton Long.

These Works are merely presented as they *Are*.

THEM thank David Myatt for granting permission to print this volume; which volume should not be seen as an Official or Definitive version/representation of the Works of a man who embodies Change - but as a privately assembled collection of his manuscripts by this Temple for personal appreciation and study.

THEM also thank “DarkLogos9” of the ONA for providing numerous and unique manuscripts to the content including a Chronology of AL - and whose assistance in contacting Myatt on our behalf, was invaluable.

THEM also thank Julie Wright: whose archival efforts and records of private correspondence and personal essays regarding Myatt are reproduced herein and to whom the Sinisterion world-wide is truly grateful.

ISS,

The Temple of THEM,  
Australian Nexion  
2008 / 119 fayen



---

# ANTON LONG: A SHORT CHRONOLOGY OF HIS LIFE

---

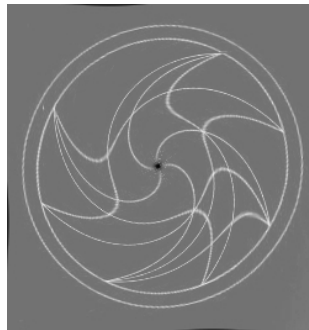
## Introduction and Disclaimer:

*I have pieced this chronology together from a variety of sources, including some unpublished ones, and some published in various magazines and books. I have also, on occasion, used information supplied by various contacts of mine who are familiar with the life and works of Myatt.*

*This unofficial Chronology is based on the assumption that Anton Long is a pseudonym of David Myatt.*

*DL9*

---



## Anton Long - A Short Chronology of His Life

Born 1950

### **1950-c.1967: Africa and Far East**

c.1966:

^ Begins study of Martial Art, based on Taoism, in Singapore

^ Initiated into pleasures of erotica in Singapore brothel

### **1967: Arrives in England to complete schooling**

Notable events: 1967- 1968

^ Leaves home (his father returns to live and work in Africa) - working at weekends and during School holidays at a variety of jobs, including fruit picking, a pig farm, and a local factory. His father gives him a generous monthly allowance.

- ^ Joins small traditional coven in Fenlands.
- ^ Begins study of National Socialism following reading about Major General Otto Ernst Remer
- ^ Joins Colin Jordan's newly formed neo-nazi British Movement.
- ^ Visits London in search of Occult groups and makes contact with small group following G\*D\* and Crowleyian magick, which he soon rejects as "wishy-washy arty-farty mumbo-jumbo"
- ^ Regularly attends meetings and rallies and demonstrations by BM, and newly formed NF, and gets involved with many fights.
- ^ Joins small Left Hand Path group in London, and meets lady who runs a well-kept and high-class brothel: *Quod duo Concubinatus genera sint*, as he was to later, mockingly, write.

All this activity and seeking has a deleterious effect on his school studies, and he seriously considers quitting studying for his "A" levels and moving to live and work in London

### **1969 – 71**

- ^ Seeking Promethean challenges, he becomes, for around nine months, a cat-burglar, and targets premises in London, expressing delight in the risks and the physical challenges. He tests each "mark" personally - in terms of their individual character - before deciding if their premises merit his attention, and later uses the experience gained to refine the ONA's guidelines for the testing of opfers.
- ^ Leaves School and enter University, where he studies Physics.
- ^ 1971: Becomes disenchanted with University, and spends more time travelling around the country attending political meetings, rallies and demonstrations, as well as working with a small Left Hand Path group, based in Yorkshire, called *The Temple of the Sun*, and visiting his lady friend, the brothel owner, in London where he occasionally helps out with running the business.

On several occasions, he acts as Colin Jordan's bodyguard at BM meetings and rallies.

He meets, via a contact in a Manchester Left Hand Path group, the Lady Master, of a traditional Sinister group, whose daughter initiates him into their reclusive sinister ways, and he spends many weeks staying with them, studying, and recording, their aural traditions after which his new Lady Master and her daughter emigrate to Australia, leaving him in charge of their very small Left Hand Path group, numbering less than thirteen people, to which group he gives the name Order of Nine Angles. The young lady who initiates him subsequently (and in Australia) gives birth to Myatt's daughter, whom Myatt only meets decades later. She and her mother have stipulated that Myatt should have no contact with them, nor try to find them, unless they contact him, a stipulation which he honours.

### **1972-1974: Leeds and the NDFM**

- ^ Early 1972: Finally leaves University after meeting and becoming friends with Eddy Morrison at several neo-nazi rallies and meetings in Leeds, and moves to live in Leeds, where in the following months - after yet another violent skirmish - he is arrested for his part in a "Paki-bashing" incident involving a gang of skinheads, for which he is subsequently sent to Prison, having been identified as the leader of that gang.
- ^ 1973: On release from prison he decides to form, with Eddy Morrison, his own neo-nazi group, the NDFM (National Democratic Freedom Movement), with Morrison as leader and himself in charge of propaganda.

Also forms a small criminal gang to "re-distribute some of the wealth stolen by big capitalist firms", believing that these are "victimless crimes". He is to be arrested, early in 1974, for his part in these crimes, after an investigation by the Yorkshire *Regional Crime Squad* (later to become

part of the National Crime Squad, which dealt with "serious and organized crime"), and is subsequently charged, found guilty, and given a suspended Prison sentence.

He is invited to join the underground neo-nazi group Column 88 (a part of NATO's clandestine Gladio network, with links to MI5 and MI6), which he does, and regularly attends their training sessions, meetings and camps. C88 is led by a former Special Forces Army officer.

In early 1974 Myatt gives his first interview to a newspaper journalist, who subsequently reneges on his promise to show Myatt a draft before it is published, and who publishes a sensationalist and untrue story about Myatt and Satanism which appears on the front-page of the local evening newspaper, complete with Myatt's photograph. The sensationalist claims includes stories of animal sacrifice, and Myatt is interviewed by both the RSPCA, and the Police, about these stories, with both the RSPCA and the Police concluding that they are journalistic invention. The reporter subsequently becomes ill and dies, after a lingering illness, less than a year later. Anton Long was to later write that he never did and never would sacrifice any animals since there was an abundance of human dross suitable as offers.

He makes several visits to Northern Ireland, travelling on the overnight ferry from Liverpool to Belfast, describing these as "visits of a curious tourist".

^ 1974: the ultra-violent NDFM year where Myatt regularly speaks at public meetings and rallies, smashes up an anti-Apartheid exhibition (twice), assaults a anti-fascist photographer, and gets arrested at least five times for violent offences, including wading into a Trades Union march and destroying one of their banners. Speaks at Speakers Corner, Hyde Park, to a crowd of nearly a thousand, and at an outdoor rally on Leeds Town Hall steps, to a crowd of several hundred, which ends in a mass brawl, and with him being arrested again. A few months later he appears in Court, and is sent to Prison, again, for his part in "inciting and leading" the fighting on Leeds Town Hall steps.

### **1975-1981: ONA Insight Roles**

On his release from Prison, he grows a beard, and becomes - for several months - a "Gentleman of the Road", then settles down to live alone in a caravan in a field in the Fenlands to begin codifying and extensively developing ONA teachings. He undertakes the physical tasks described in the aural traditions he has inherited, then the grade Ritual of Internal Adept, in the Highlands of Scotland (near Loch Ness), afterwards resuming his regular visits to his lady friend, and her girls, in London, who have moved to new premises.

He decides he must spend many years personally trying out - and the refining, from experience - various ONA techniques, including Insight Roles, and opts to enter the noviciate of a Nazarene monastery where he spends nearly two years, during which he continues his Occult studies.

Not long after he leaves the monastery, he moves to Shropshire, resumes his Occult writings, begins writing about National Socialism, and meets the woman whom he marries some months later. He successfully undertakes another Insight Role and completes all the new physical challenges he has developed, for External Adept, and described in *Complete Guide To The Seven-Fold Sinister Way* - having considered the ones he has inherited, and already undertaken, as "just too easy".

Begins work as a gardener at a country house in Shropshire, and occasionally travels overseas,

while continuing his association with Column 88, attending their clandestine meetings and training sessions.

### **1982-1988:**

Settled, in Shropshire, he begins writing in earnest about National Socialism, and publishes *Vindex: The Destiny of The West* and other works of his fourteen volume *National-Socialist Series*. Begins translating Greek literature, and publishes his translations of Sappho and Sophocles. Regularly writes for a variety of NS and nationalist publications (under his own name and using a variety of 'nyms) including for John Tyndall's *Spearhead* magazine. Privately teaches a few individuals Martial Arts, and completes *The Deofel Quartet*, and his voluminous ONA works, which he begins to distribute via *Thormynd Press* and other outlets. These ONA works include early editions of *Naos*, *Hostia*, and *Black Book of Satan*, Part 1

In the middle 80's he is interviewed by the Police about the murder of a local woman (Hilda Murrell) who was an active supporter of nuclear disarmament, and is also interviewed by Jenny Rathbone, of ITV's *World in Action*, about the affair (although his comments were never broadcast), suspicions having been raised in some quarters as to whether Myatt was doing some "dirty work" for MI5. Someone - who was also suspected of "dirty tricks", knew someone who knew Myatt - committed suicide before he could be questioned about the murder, and the murder was to spawn various "conspiracy theories" although, decades later, the real murderer was found, charged and imprisoned.

A few years after this incident, Myatt divorces his wife (she goes off to live with a younger lady) and he disbands the few, and small, ceremonial ONA groups that exist and which he still leads, having returned to, and further developed, the more traditional way of individual Initiates working alone with perchance some guidance.

With Column 88 disbanded after its existence became public knowledge, he regularly travels the UK to recruit (at neo-nazi and nationalist meetings and events) members for his clandestine neo-nazi group, the Aryan Resistance Movement (later, Aryan Liberation Army) whose candidates he tests by methods deriving from the ONA, but finds only one or two suitable individuals.

### **1989-1993:**

Still living in Shropshire, he marries again, and travels many times to Egypt and other parts of Africa (where he again visits his father's grave which lies somewhere "between the Bangweulu swamp and the Lulua river"). He publishes further NS writings, more ONA material, and a translation of *The Agamemnon* by Aeschylus, and - following the untimely death of his second wife from cancer - he begins a course in Arabic at a British University only to leave after a short while to cycle through the Sahara Desert, returning to move to live near the Herefordshire-Worcestershire border and work on a farm.

He then becomes involved with Combat 18, a group started not by Myatt himself but by Charlie Sargent, and his brother, Steve.

### **1994-1999: Combat 18 and The London Nail Bombings**

During these years, he returns again to being publicly active on behalf of National Socialism, attending meetings and events organized by C18 and other neo-nazi groups, and again speaking in public. Several articles about him appear in *Searchlight*, and other magazines, and *Liberty Bell*,

in America, publish most of his *Thormynd National-Socialist Series* of NS essays. An essay, attributed to Myatt, announcing the formation of a leaderless resistance racist group, "*The White Wolves*", is distributed, containing practical advice on making home-made bombs. Myatt issues a bi-monthly NS publication, *The National-Socialist*, in support of C18. He also marries for the third time, to live in what one Midlands newspaper subsequently reported (complete with photograph) as a "luxury detached four-bedroomed house" in a small village near the town of Malvern.

Not long after settling there, Myatt travels to Australia, having received an unexpected invitation from the lady who initiated him into what was to become the ONA to attend the funeral of her mother, and Myatt there meets his daughter for the first time, who is a married woman with children of her own. The stipulation, made by his Lady Master decades ago, is still valid, and Myatt honorably agrees to have no further contact with his daughter, her family, or the mother of his daughter, unless they contact him.

Myatt continues to clandestinely recruit for his covert Aryan Resistance Movement (ARM), his terrorist manual *A Practical Guide to Aryan Revolution* is put on the Internet for the first-time by someone in Canada, and there are rumors of Myatt receiving financial support from a former member of Hitler's Waffen SS.

He makes further visits to Northern Ireland, flying from Manchester Airport to 'Derry, describing these visits as "coastal and hill walks; enjoying the solitude and scenery."

During 1997, C18 splits into two factions, the disloyal faction being led by someone called Browning who was accused by Charlie and others of stealing C18 funds, and Charlie Sargent is arrested for the murder of a Browning supporter. Myatt, remaining loyal to Charlie, forms and leads *The National-Socialist Movement*, after getting Colin Jordan's permission to use that name, and all the members of C18 loyal to Charlie join this group, which includes several serving soldiers of the British Army. Myatt appears at Charlie's trial to give him public support and twice publicly challenges Browning to a duel with deadly weapons, on one occasion waiting for him (and his gang) in Chelmsford town centre, but Browning fails to turn up, and also fails to accept the challenge to a private duel. A photograph of Myatt with a woman (a C18 member) - outside the Court at Chelmsford - appears in *Searchlight* together with a description of the continuing feud between the two C18 factions.

In the early months of 1998, a squad of detectives from Scotland Yard's SO12 unit conduct a Dawn raid on Myatt's home and arrest him. His house is searched by seven Police officers for over seven hours, and computers, literature and other items are seized, while Myatt is taken away for questioning. He is later released on bail, while the Police continue what is to be a three year long investigation into charges relating to incitement to murder, conspiracy to murder, and incitement to racial hatred, with this investigation involving Interpol, the FBI, MI6, and the Canadian Police. Myatt is again the subject of an article in *Searchlight*, who post a photograph of him on their front cover, with the heading *The Most Evil Nazi in Britain*.

Some months after Charlie Sargent is sent to prison for murder, Myatt resigns as leader of the NSM, to concentrate on his own Reichsfolk and ARM organizations. Then, quietly, with no announcement either public or private, in September of 1998 Myatt converts to Islam at a Mosque in the Midlands.

In 1999 David Copeland - a member of Myatt's NSM - begins his campaign to start a racial war by exploding three nail-bombs in various areas of London. Three people are killed, and over a hundred are injured, many seriously. Copeland is arrested soon after the last bomb explodes.

Prior to Copeland's trial, Myatt is questioned by Police officers from Scotland Yard's Anti-Terrorism branch about Copeland, but denies any connection, and he is also confronted by a reporter from the BBC's *Panorama* program who asks him the same question.

Following Copeland's trial and conviction, a year later, the BBC Panorama program about Copeland is broadcast, accusing Myatt of being Copeland's mentor, and there are subsequently many other Media reports about Myatt and Copeland, with journalists arriving at Myatt's home and place of work (a farm) in an effort to interview him. Myatt declines to answer any of their questions, and instead issues a public statement in which he stated: "*I personally regret nothing. There is nothing to apologize for; nothing to plead or feel guilty about...*"

Every six months or so (and until 2001), the Police continue to formally interrogate Myatt (mostly at Charing Cross Police Station, in London, but on one occasion at Oxford Police Station) regarding Copeland, *A Practical Guide to Aryan Revolution*, and other matters relating to the charges still pending against him.

### **2000-2008:**

Myatt continues - until the end of 2000 - to issue editions of his *The National-Socialist* newsletter, as he continues to write about National Socialism, and lead Reichsfolk. At the beginning of 2001, the Police inform Myatt that they have dropped all charges against him, and return his computers and other belongings.

In the Summer of 2000, Myatt, according to one source, travels to Iran, from whence he crosses over to Iraq. He begins to write about Islam and in particular articles about and praising Osama bin Laden and the Taliban. In the Summer of 2001, Myatt leaves his wife, citing "irreconcilable differences" mostly to do with his Islam, sells the house, and goes to briefly stay with CB (and his female partner) on a farm in Shropshire for a few months, before becoming a "Gentleman of the Road" in the fells of Cumbria.

After some months of being again a *Gentleman of the Road*, he settles in a town in the north of England, together with his new girlfriend, producing more writings about both Islam and what he calls *The Numinous Way*. After six months, he moves again to begin work on a rural farm, visiting Egypt several times, while continuing to produce more polemical Islamist writings.

After 2003 he concentrates on writing about, and being involved with, Islam earning a reputation as a radical Islamist, a supporter of both "suicide attacks", and of Osama bin Laden. One of his articles justifying suicide attacks is, for several years, on the *Izz al-Din al-Qassam* (the military wing) section of the Hamas website whose members have killed thousands of Jews in such attacks. He also eloquently defends both the 9/11 and the London 7/7 attacks, and recent articles – such as his *In Reply to Sheikh Salman b. Fahd al-Oadah* (where he again defends bin Laden), his *The Revival of Aql*, and his *The Aims of Al-Qaeda* – have led to his Wikipedia entry including him in the category of *British Members of Al-Qaeda*.

---

DL9

October, 119yf

Version 1.05a

## Sources

### Anton Long and Myatt:

*Diablerie: Revelations of a Satanist* (Anton Long, typewritten MS)

*Quod Fornicatio sit naturalis hominis* (unpublished typewritten MS, by Anton Long, dated 107 yf)

*Autobiographical Notes*, in three parts, by David Myatt (2001-2008 CE)

*Emanations of a Mage* (unpublished MS by Anton Long, dated 118 Year of Fayen)

### Printed and Published:

*Searchlight*, issue of Feb 1984

*Searchlight*, issue of April 1984

*Searchlight*, issue of January 1991

*Searchlight*, issue of July 1995

*Searchlight*, issue of April 1998

*Searchlight*, issue of July 2000

Jeffrey Kaplan, "Religiosity and the Radical Right: Toward the Creation of a New Ethnic Identity," in Jeffrey Kaplan and Tore Bjørgo, eds., *Nation and Race: The Developing Euro-American Racist Subculture* (Northeastern University Press, 1998)

*Mr Evil: The Secret Life of Racist Pub Bomber David Copeland* by Graeme McLagen and Nick Lowles (Blake Publications, England, July 2000)

*Sunday Mercury* newspaper (Birmingham, England), 9 July 2000

*White Riot: The Violent Story of Combat 18* by Nick Lowles (Milo Books, England, 2001)

Michael, George. *The Enemy of My Enemy: The Alarming Convergence of Militant Islam and the Extreme Right*. University Press of Kansas, 2006

---

## A PERSONAL ENCOUNTER WITH DWM, BRIEFLY DESCRIBED

---



My first encounter with David Myatt was in The Classics Bookshop, in Oxford, on a particularly hot and humid day in Summer as the decade of the 1980's moved toward its end. Those who frequented that now much-missed bookshop will remember the cabinet by the door containing Greek and Roman antiquities for sale and the stairs that led to the rather cluttered upper floor. It was among that clutter that I, literally, bumped into Mr Myatt - or, rather, where he bumped into me. He was bending down (although squatting would be a more correct a description) perusing those lower shelves at right angles to the window that overlooked Turl Street, which shelves contained works by Sophocles and Aeschylus. He - seemingly oblivious to everything but the book in his hand - rose just as I was trying to pass by, and almost knocked me over.

He apologized, very politely, three times and - chosen book tucked under his left arm and leaning on his rather incongruous (considering the weather) umbrella - smiled at me before inviting me to join him for afternoon tea at The Randolph. My initial impression was of a charming, if eccentric, well-spoken academic (the umbrella; the tweed cap; the round gold-rimmed spectacles; the corduroy trousers; the hounds tooth check cotton shirt; the copy of Oedipus Tyrannous under his arm; the bushy ginger beard) who, perhaps, enjoyed cricket, or some other outdoor activity or sport favored by the English (the tanned face, arms and hands). Somewhat surprised by the invitation, but also intrigued (those green eyes; the interest in Greek literature) I agreed, and we spent that late afternoon, in The Randolph, being very English and rather formal, and the early evening walking by the Isis being rather less formal. He suggested Dinner - which I declined - then a concert in one of the Colleges the next day, which I accepted, for we had discovered not only a mutual interest in Classical Greek Literature but also a mutual love of the music of Johann Sebastian Bach, Brahms and Mozart.

Thus began our friendship. During the next few days I learnt of his divorce, the year before; his eccentric (or perhaps foolhardy) and recent journey by bicycle from Cairo to Bahariya; his time in a monastery; his childhood in Africa; his life and home in the English county of Shropshire; his friend who was a Fellow of an Oxford College. Not once, then, or in the next few months, did he mention politics or show any interest in the subject - and, years later, I concluded that he then, at that time and until the death of his second wife (whom he married a year after our meeting) really did not have any enthusiasm for or even further interest in such matters. Neither did he mention, or show any interest in, the Occult. His main enthusiasms in those years seemed to be music, Greek literature, and poetry, and he appeared to be as an overgrown, boyish, student, perhaps - or



a romantic charming eccentric bohemian - who often seemed rather out of place, and ill at ease, in the modern world of cities, traffic congestion, popular music, and nine-to-five work. Being then still "of independent means" (as he once described himself to me) he was not bound by many of the restrictions which seemed to often blight the daily lives of many people, and it was - I admit - often delightful to be with him because of this. After a week, he returned to his rural life, as I returned to my life in the sequestered Oxford that had been my adopted home for ten years, and is still my home, and the place where we would, subsequently, regularly meet on his frequent visits there.

Was the David Myatt I then knew and still know the "real" Myatt? Or was - is - that but one facet of a multi-faceted, intriguing, character? A man whose favorite films included and include Goodbye Mr Chips (with Robert Donat), The Cruel Sea, and Howard's End, and whose favorite works of fiction were all by Charles Dickens? Or was - is - the "real" Myatt the hardened hate-filled political fanatic, the manipulative Trickster, the subversive Grandmaster of an Occult Order, that many of his opponents believe him to be? Certainly, his outward life over the past three and half decades has been varied, and interesting - Nazi fanatic and activist; founder and leader of several extremist political organizations; imprisonment, twice, for violence; alleged founder and leader of a sinister Occult organization; convert to Islam and supporter of Islamist Jihad; author of numerous subversive tracts; poet; translator; Christian monk; farm worker, country gentleman of independent means who traveled First Class and stayed at the best Hotels, manual laborer, vagabond, and Nurse - a variation, a diverse living, which belies the recent belittling claims made about him, mostly anonymously, by those who do not know him personally.

My personal view is that what I term his "outward excursions" are sometimes a kind of rather boyish game for him, and at other times a manifestation of his restless but only occasional search for experiences and answers; that his real self is the man, the poet, I met then and still know; the man happiest walking alone or in the company of a loved one in the English countryside; the man who enjoys working outdoors; who loves to sit in Winter by a coal or wood fire reading out aloud the works of Dickens; the man moved to tears by some romantic film, or some beautiful piece of Classical music; and that the conundrum of contradiction of such "outward" things with such different "inner" things, is only an apparent contradiction. For the truth seems to me, now, that there has been, for him, a long and slow journey, and an even slower learning; a learning expressed in his recent poetry and letters, in such words of his as these:

*So many tears  
Since the breeze is only this breeze,  
Her laugh only her laugh  
And I - only what-was  
Where Seagulls call, a tide  
Returns  
While Sun makes pearls with waves  
And a blue a so-small Cumulus cloud  
Does not break until my horizon*

(One Seaside Inn One Day One Late October)

*"Perhaps I have strayed too far: too far from being the being who was, who should be, who should have been, me; too far through too many hopes, too much emotion, too many dreams and expectations; too much desire which sent me questing to build so many personae for myself that*

*at times I seemed to leave the world behind. Too many lives, lived: or perhaps in truth too many abstractions by which I strived to shape, constrain, contain my life...*

*But now, now there is a reaching out - a great reaching out to the very life of Life: out toward the very being of the Cosmos embracing as this does and has done and will do all the myriad nexions on all the worlds world after world orbiting star after star, my problems, my life, but one pulse, one infinitesimal pulse on the complex matrix which is but one finite expression of the divine if often sad music of existence." Over One Year Beyond*

Thus it seems to me that he has – despite, or perhaps because of – his many and varied peregrinations, his Promethean and Occult quest(1), returned to his true inner self which he revealed to me at and in the months following our first meeting, a truth which Myatt himself seems to be well aware of, given his recent poems and published letters(2) and the quote from his favorite poet which he has appended to a recently updated (and, at the time of writing, still unpublished) version of Part Three of his Autobiographical Notes:

*We shall not cease from exploration  
And the end of all our exploring  
Will be to arrive where we started  
And know the place for the first time.*

“An American in Oxford”  
September 1, 2007  
(Updated August 24, 2008)

#### **DWM's Selected Favorite Music:**

JS Bach:

Aria: Erbarme Dich (St Matthew Passion) [counter-tenor]

Cantata: Aria - Ich habe genug BWV 82

Cantata: Vergnügte Ruh, beliebte Seelenlust BWV 170

Cantata: Gott hat alles wohlgemacht BWV 35

Cantata: Widerstehe doch der Sünde BWV 54

Art of Fugue

Sonatas for Flute and Violin (BWV 1030-1035)

Violin Concerto in D minor BWV 1052

Purcell: When I Am Laid in Earth (sung by a young Alfred Deller)

Music For A While (sung by a young Alfred Deller)

Gregorian Chant: Iste Confessor (Sarum Office)

Josquin Desprez: Kyrie from Missa L'homme Arme

Chant Vieux-Roman (c. 7-8 Cent. AD): Offertoire: Terra Tremuit

Chant Byzantin: L'Apostikhon de l'Office de Mercredi Saint (Prière de Marie-Madeleine)

John Dunstable: Preco prehemencie

Thomas Tallis: Miserere Nostri

Allegri: Miserere mei, Deus

Brahms: Fourth Symphony

Piano: Opus 76, Opus 116-119

Chopin: Etudes, Opus 25

William Byrd: Ave Verum Corpus

Joseph Haydn: Late String Quartets

Mozart: Symphonies 39, 40, 41

Aria (K505) Ch'io mi scordi di te Non temer amato bene Air

Vaughan Williams: Third Symphony

Umm Kulthum: Al Nil (Ahmad Shawky; Riad el Soumbati)

**Favorite Films:**

Howards End (with Antony Hopkins)

Out of Africa (with Robert Redford)

Shadowlands (with Antony Hopkins)

Apollo 13

Kagemusha

Ran (Akira Kurosawa)

Little Women (with Susan Sarandon)

Ghandi (with Ben Kingsley)

A Passage to India

Hobson's Choice (with John Mills)

Doctor Zhivago (with Omar Sharif)

Goodbye Mr Chips (with Robert Donat)

The Cruel Sea (with Jack Hawkins)

The Hunger (with Catherine Deneuve)

The Wicker Man (with Edward Woodward)

The Message (with Anthony Quinn)

**Favorite TV Series:**

Inspector Morse

Star Trek: The Next Generation

Pride and Prejudice (with Jennifer Ehle)

Bleak House (with Charles Dance)

ER (first three seasons)

Babylon 5

**Favorite Fiction:**

Charles Dickens: Bleak House

- 1 It is my personal opinion that Myatt has been, throughout his life, seeking answers to the most important questions that we, as individuals, can ask, and that in the course of this seeking he has sought involvement in many diverse experiences, and in what he, and others, call “Ways of Life”, which ways of life, for him, included the Occult and specifically the Left Handed (or “Sinister”) Path. It is also my personal view that Myatt – because of his own personality, his own nature, and his intelligence (and sometimes arrogant disdain for the answers of others) – has constructed not only his own somewhat unique Occult way, but also his own philosophy, which philosophy he has called The Numinous Way.
- 2 And also in various other items, such as the anonymous item attributed to a certain “A.L.” which appeared recently on a certain Occult Blog:

*“To strive, to dream, to quest, to exceed expectations. To move easily, gracefully, from the Light to the Dark, from Dark to Light, until one exists between yet beyond both, treating them (and yourself) for the imposters they (and you) are.”*



---

## THE Gnostic WRITINGS OF DAVID MYATT

---

### **Promethean Rebel**

David Myatt's life has aptly been described as Promethean - as an original, creative, quest to discover the meaning of our existence. His life has been one of direct experience and involvement, as well as creativity. His quest began with Taoism, which he studied during his early formative years in the Far East, continued with Hinduism; then Buddhism; then Christianity, and finally, with Islam. However, he also maintained, throughout his life, an involvement with paganism (or heathenism as some of its adherents - incorrectly, in my view - describe it) - and more especially with Occultism, particularly the darker paths. Never content with theoretical study as a means to understanding, Myatt became practically involved with all these diverse religions (or Ways of Life as he calls them), for instance spending several years as a Christian monk, and nearly a decade involved with Islamic fundamentalism.

Yet religion was not the only means he used to try and discover answers to the questions he posed about life. He also sought answers from and through politics - or, rather, from involvement with political and Para-military groups, just as he was also experiencing life in many other ways, through such things as world travel, diverse occupations, and, of course, personal relationships. Not to mention two terms of imprisonment for violence, several spells as a drifter (a vagabond), being the founder and leader of several organizations (such as the neo-nazi NSM and Reichsfolk) and being the organizer, in his early twenties, of a small gang of petty criminals. During the years of his political involvement he regularly spoke at public meetings, and on several occasions harangued crowds of many hundreds of people, two of which - outside Leeds Town Hall, and Speakers Corner, London - and notoriously, end in mass brawls.

Indeed, I feel it is correct to say - as Myatt himself has written several times - that he, from the outset, did not divide the world into the various categories, such as politics and religion, that we have become accustomed to. Rather, he strove, often recklessly, to experience life in its essence.

In addition, the more something was considered, by conventional society, as dangerous, outlandish, forbidden or heretical, the more Myatt sought such a thing out, studying it, experiencing it and becoming involved with it in a very practical way.

That is, he was, and perhaps still is, an original rebel. We have come to regard rebellion - particularly youthful rebellion - as the rather selfish pursuit of our own desires; that is, as a kind of anti-social flouting of what is, or was, considered the norm. Thus, the rebellion of the sixties, and seventies, has come to be regarded as a liberalization. But was this a real rebellion - a discovery of one's unique individuality? Or was it more the case of most young people being swayed by other people, by their social milieu, by the media, by the entertainment industry and unthinkingly following some new trend, some new fashion, some new norm?

Consider Myatt at one of his criminal trials during his ultra-violent years in the mid-seventies. He was in the Dock, alongside several of his radical Communist opponents, who also faced criminal charges arising from a violent demonstration. These alleged supporters of Communism - in order to make some kind of good impression - had all attired themselves in conventional suits and ties, and all had short hair. In complete contrast, Myatt had grown a beard, had longish hair, and dressed in very casual clothes, including an ex-RAF Greatcoat. Thus, the Communists looked like conventional fascists, and Myatt like a bohemian, or some Communist revolutionary.

Consider Myatt at University in the early seventies. It was accepted then to have "left-wing views", to dress in a rather casual way, to indulge oneself through parties, drugs and other intoxicating substances, and to like what has been called "pop and rock music". Indeed, we might even say that this had become the norm in such places. Myatt, in complete contrast, chose to be a real rebel, a real individualist. Thus he dressed in a suit, wore a tie, often carried an umbrella, made himself very unpopular by publicly expounding Right-wing views, refrained from indulging himself, and openly dismissed all modern music, championing instead the music of Mozart, Johann Sebastian Bach, Brahms, and Beethoven. He was regarded as rather "old-fashioned" and as a fanatical "fascist" - that is, viewed by others according to some conventional label, or category, which they projected onto him. That is, they did not know - and probably did not want to know - the real person behind this outward image, an image I personally believe Myatt deliberately cultivated then, as he has continued to cultivate such outward images over the past four decades.

Myatt championed National Socialism when it was heretical to do so. More recently, he championed Islamic fundamentalism when it was, in the West, unpopular and dangerous to do so. If we are to believe the many rumors and allegations about Myatt's Occult involvement, he also championed the Sinister, or Dark, Occult Path when it was unpopular to do so. But there is far more than this championing of the heretical, the forbidden and the unpopular. For to each and every such area, Myatt has contributed something original. There are his voluminous writings about National Socialism, which have created a revisionist, or new, version of that particular set of beliefs. There are his Islamic writings, some of which have been used by Islamic groups, such as Hamas, and many of which have inspired people. There are the voluminous writings of Anton Long, of the ONA, most of which are original (for example The Star Game; Insight Roles; Culling) and which contribute to Occult lore. There are his avowedly terrorist writings, which most certainly inspired at least one person, whose campaign of bombings resulted in three deaths, and hundreds of people being injured.

Yet - as if to counterbalance such things - there are Myatt's volumes of poetry; his Greek translations, and, more recently, his many mystical essays and private letters which extol the virtues of empathy, reason, compassion and honor, and which express a decidedly anarchistic and

compassionate outlook on life as well as an intense respect, and love, for Nature, and a rejection of the modern, urban, way of living.

### **The Gnostic Works of David Myatt**

My view is that Myatt's conclusions regarding life - produced by his own very diverse and Promethean experience of life spanning four decades - are evident in his recent published private letters, his poetry, and in the rather non-political anarchistic philosophy which he has called The Numinous Way, with its Cosmic Ethics. Some admirers of Myatt have gone further, and consider that Myatt has achieved, and articulated, a profound, and paganistic, wisdom.

It is, for me, particularly interesting that none of Myatt many detractors and opponents, political and otherwise - who constantly deride the man himself and who often accuse him of being "weird", "mad" and a self-seeking publicist - have ever made any comments about his poetry, his Greek translations, and what I may call his many Gnostic letters and essays. I consider that these Myatt creations - especially his poetry and Gnostic letters and essays - are vital if we are to achieve any credible, rational, unbiased understanding of the man himself.

I call his many recent essays and private letters - some of which letters have been published (1) - Gnostic because I believe that word truly describes them. A Gnostic is someone who seeks gnosis - wisdom and knowledge; someone involved in a life-long search for understanding, and who more often than not views the world, or more especially ordinary routine life, as often mundane and often as a hindrance.

However, whatever term we may use to describe these creations of Myatt, there is no mistaking the profound respect for Nature and the emphatic rejection of modern, urban, life evident in them. There is also no mistaking their humanity. He has called upon us to embrace honor, and defined, in precise terms, what honor is. From this, he has created what can only be described as a new ethics, and logically expounded the consequences of these ethics - of what they mean for us in both personal and social terms. Thus, his rejection of such things as prison, the death penalty, and large structures such as modern nations and governments. Thus, his affirmation that we must treat all people, irrespective of their ethnic origin or culture, with courtesy and respect, seek to use our will to do what is honorable, and seek to develop empathy with all life, human and otherwise. Thus, his affirmation of such things as vegetarianism, empathy and compassion.

*Here, in the sunshine at the beginning of another English Summer, I feel the learning that has seeped deep down inside me, borne as it has been by my manifold errors of experience. I have learnt, among other things, the value and importance of personal love - far too late to avoid hurting three women who, over the past decades, I loved, but who loved me, I now know, far more. How stupid was that? To place my dreams, my ideals - abstractions and forms - above human frailty, above human love, and above honour, grounded as genuine honour is in empathy, in seeking the cessation of suffering by honourable, reasonable means.*

*For Empathy is one of those other things, learnt, or rather re-discovered. For years I hid a part of myself away - or rather, controlled it, believing that ideals, that goals, that abstractions and forms and even dreams borne*

*of such abstractions should come before human feeling, before the empathy I had always felt, before the compassion that had often moved me. How stupid was that?*

*So, there was and is a learning of the meaning, of the value, of the importance of empathy, compassion, reason and honour - and thus a deep knowing of suffering. Yes, let us not forget suffering, the suffering that we - Homo Hubris - inflict and have inflicted on ourselves, on other life, human and otherwise, and on Nature, whose fragile life clings to this planet which is our home. Do not let us forget suffering - as we should not forget the smallness that is best: the local dwelling, the home, in a warm life-bringing Sun, where close by is someone loved who returns such love. There is nothing complicated, here - no abstractions; no unchecked emotion; no destroying instinct or dishonourable passion; no desire to dominate and destroy. There is no Homo Hubris, the Noise-Maker, destroyer of that quiet quietude which is the only beginning of wisdom. No Homo Hubris, bringer of suffering and dishonourable war, bane of the the living-being which is Nature. No Homo Hubris, the inventive, the cunning, who toys with honour, for a while, only to reject it. No Homo Hubris, scourge upon the Earth, and yet who in place of the suffering has sometimes, infrequently, too little, produced some beautiful things, redolent of the divine, and who - once, still? - possessed so much promise...*

*Homo Hubris - who values, as once did I, the abstractions, the forms, above, beyond, the human frailties, the human dreams, above the humanity of love, sowing thus the suffering. There need not be the abstractions that have come to enslave us - no nations; no States; no politics; no governments, and no power beyond the individual, finite, pleasing human power to choose our own way, our own life, guided by honour, reason, empathy, compassion, love. For all abstractions in both their essence and their effects destroy The Numen - that Life that is beauty, calm, quietness, home to the myriad connexions that join us to the matrix, beyond.*

*Thus, here I sit - again - venturing forth to mould the flowing ink upon the paper of a book in a field warmed by this warming Sun of one more sublime hour of one more sublime day turning past another middle-May. Would that this small learning of mine might make some difference...*

Here, in the Sunshine

In addition, Myatt has recently even distanced himself from what he describes as conventional politics and conventional religion:

*“Thus have I, from my pathei mathos, come to accept that conventional faith - and all dogma, be such theological or political - rather obscures the essence, The Numen, itself. Such things I now regard as abstractions which we manufacture and impose, or project, upon Reality in a somewhat vain and arrogant attempt to "understand" it, and ourselves, and others - and which, in effect, dispose us toward pre-judgement, based on such abstractions, with such pre-judgements often being inhuman in the sense that they cause suffering or harm or destroy other life.*



*Thus my understanding now is of how all life - sentient and otherwise - is connected, and an expression, a presencing, of that some-thing which is beyond us (and which Nature is a part of) which some-thing I have tentatively called "The Cosmic Being". This Being is not God - but rather the Cosmos, and all life, and thus we ourselves, in-evolution: with our consciousness being a means whereby we can know this Being - and The Numinous and Beauty, which are manifestations of this connected Life, this Being. Our consciousness is also a means whereby we can change ourselves, and thus be what we have the potential to be.*

*For me, all Art, poetry, music, literature, and Ways of Living which capture or express (or presence) something of the numinous - which so manifest something of the beautiful, the sublime, "the primal innocence" - are or can be a means of transformation for ourselves and for others. As are - or rather as can be - some personal relationships, where love, based on loyalty and that simple sharing and trust which such personal loyalty engenders, is freely given and freely received. Indeed, I would go so far as to express the belief that it is such human love, between two human beings, which is perhaps the finest, most noble, and most beautiful expression of our humanity - and there is such a sadness in knowing how much this is not the case, now, in the world where we dwell; in knowing how so many people, knowing or unknowing, abuse and misuse such love, given to them, for their own selfish, prideful, ends."*

What is also interesting is that he seems also to have renounced the tactics of violent revolution and terrorism which he had espoused for several decades, as is indicated by some of his more recent effusions:

*"Not so long ago, some politician said that "if we want peace, it has to be fought for", by which he meant people had to suffer, be injured and be killed in the striving for this mythical peace, which he incidentally never bothered to define...*

*The simple compassionate, empathic, honourable truth is that to attain peace we must change ourselves; we must become empathic, compassionate human beings. We must reform, evolve, ourselves through accepting a Cosmic morality that does not depend on amoral, inhuman, abstractions and which does not claim to have been revealed by some deity. For it is the struggle for abstractions, for abstract ideals - the struggle to implement such things - which is inhuman, which always leads to suffering, however noble and fine such ideals or abstractions might seem, and our foremost, fundamental, principle must be to alleviate suffering, to cease to cause suffering to any human being, or to any living thing.*

*The politician who made the aforementioned statement has been responsible, as head of the British government, for many tens of thousands of people being killed in various parts of the world; for the suffering of hundreds of thousands of people, for the maiming of tens upon tens of thousands of people, and directly or indirectly, for the torture and humiliation of thousands upon thousands of peoples. Yet such a person - and those who support such a person - finds and find such things acceptable; acceptable, but, they say, regrettable, and they will write and say this because they have placed some abstraction, some ideal, some mythos, before human suffering, and are prepared to inflict suffering in the name of this ideal, this abstraction, this mythos, this belief. This is fundamentally wrong. It is immoral.*

*For decades I myself made the same mistake, in my pursuit of some political idea, or some religious belief. As I keep writing and saying, we must at last grow-up, and*

*become truly human: that is, empathic, compassionate. We must cease to cause suffering. All we have to do is change ourselves - and let-go of the abstractions we have brutally imposed upon Life, upon human beings."*

### Honour, Empathy and the Question of Suffering

*There is an understanding that the only way the world - people - will change in any significant and ethical way, is by the difficult change within each and every individual: through perception, through them developing empathy, and through a living based upon that empathy, and that all we, as individuals can do, is strive to live in an ethical way ourselves, trusting, hoping, that our lives, our artistic and musical emanations, can aid such a numinous transformation of others.*

### One Simple Numinous Answer

In addition, he is quite open, remarkably honest, and very human, about his past mistakes, a ruthless honesty which he admits derives from the suicide of a close personal friend in Spring of 2006 and which led him to write such things as the following:

*Too much sadness; far too much sorrow - from the knowing, the feeling, of my mistakes; from the knowing - the feeling - of having caused so much suffering. So I listen to the Aria from Bach's BWV 82 and I am overwhelmed. Tears of sadness, beauty, suffering, knowing: overcome with too little and yet too much: so much suffering for so little apprehension gained. So much suffering before, century upon century, for so little change, and I am left remembering as I was this morning under warming late August Sun when I wandered among the meadow-fields to sit myself upon dew-covered grass and close my eyes while the sun-warmth of an English Summer brought one small moment of an almost tragic respite."*

### One Small Missive To A Friend

*"Here am I listening to JS Bach's Erbarme Dich and weeping, weeping, weeping: such tears of sadness as if all the pain, all the suffering of the past five thousand years has come to be within me, this selfish man who caused so much suffering, who once - long ago it seems - thought he knew and understood and who thus sent forth so many words.*

*So many words... Now there is only the pain of knowing; only the anguish of failure; only one allegory among so many to bring that feeling, that knowing, which is far beyond any words I know.*

*So much failure so many times, by me, by others. Why cannot we learn? Why have we not learnt? Why has not the simple love of one such simple numinous allegory come to stay with us, day after day, decade upon decade, century after century? Why did not the simple love of my own personal learning born from the tragedy of one beautiful woman's death stay with me through those so recent weeks of ignorance when I turned back toward a vainful striving?*

*Why have we always, it seems, regressed toward the mistakes of our past? The mistakes of suffering born from striving for - from adherence to - some abstraction which leeches away that personal love, that compassion, that empathy that is the very essence of our human being?*

*So and yet again I am humbled by my own knowledge of myself; by that love which has lived within so many others century after century and which so briefly lived within me until I became distracted again by the passion of following some stupid inhuman abstraction.*

*Failure upon failure; death following death; suffering upon suffering. Why have we not learnt? Why have I not learnt? Or am I by my life - by the mistakes of my life, by my own stupidity, time upon time - just one more example among so many examples these past five thousand years?*

*So much promise - oh how so much promise! - that lives within us, that has lived within some of us but which so many, it seems, take or leech away through their own selfish passion or through their striving for some lifeless un-numinous abstraction, just as it lived within her, him, taken from them as it was taken from them by things not even now fully understood but only felt as when I as in the moment just now past bent down, weeping, weeping, weeping such tears of sadness as if all the anguish of the centuries was seeping out from the depths below.*

*So, the music ends, and I am once again one man veering toward old age, looking out toward the autumnal hill where the clouds of Dusk have come to cover the setting Sun as begins again one more dark night for this forgetful fool.*

### So Many Tears

Hence, it is possible to conclude that we could view all Myatt's other works, political or otherwise - and his diverse and seemingly complex life - as but steps toward these Gnostic creations, creations evident in his philosophy of The Numinous Way, which philosophy he has, in the past two years, radically revised to the extent of excising from it even its previous dependence on what he called "the folk" (2).

Thus it is that these recent creations of his (many of which, at the time of writing, are still unpublished) could be taken to represent the man himself, as he is now, and what he himself now upholds and believes in, beliefs summarized, by him, in essays such as Our Human Problem and One Simple Numinous Answer. But whether this is indeed the case, perhaps only the passage of several more decades will reveal, for as Myatt himself admits in the latest (and still unpublished) version of his Autobiographical Notes, Part 3:

*"There is a feeling of nearing the end of a four-decade long quest; a hope, within, of having at last found satisfactory, honourable, ethical, answers. A hope that such inner conflict as has occurred these past three years is honourably resolved, so that I will no longer sally forth on behalf of some abstraction, whether religious or political or whatever. But, as I have written elsewhere, I have stupidly and arrogantly believed that about myself before, and been mistaken."*

"An American in Oxford"

September 2008

(1) [Selected Letters 1](#) (zip file 277Kb) and [Selected Letters 2](#) (zip file 193Kb)

(2) As Myatt wrote in [The Development of The Numinous Way](#):

*Q: In some of your most recent writings you have stated that you - and the The Numinous Way itself - have gone beyond even the concept of the folk. Can you explain this in more detail?*

A: When I began developing what I first called "Folk Culture" and then The Numinous Way of Folk Culture, there was still some importance placed on what I described as "the folk", which I then considered as a living-being, a nexion, which I assumed was distinct from the abstract idea of race. Indeed, I tried to make a clear distinction between "race" and "folk", writing that a folk was essentially a clan, a tribe, of individuals - a small grouping - who shared the same ancestral heritage, the same genetic heritage, and who dwelled in the same area. I contrast this with the abstraction of "race" and regarded small, rural "folk communities" as worth conserving and nurturing, or worthy of being brought into-being.

However, the more I developed the ethics of The Numinous Way, the more I realized that, if used as a criteria of judgement, of value, this "folk" was itself divisive, an abstraction, and thus a cause of - or the potential cause of - suffering and intolerance, of judging other than by empathy and the criteria of honour. That is, to promote such a thing as a priority, as a necessary criteria- or as the criteria - was, and is, in itself unethical. Thus I have had to abandon this concept of "the folk" as a necessary criteria, as one foundation, one basis - the basis - of The Numinous Way.

---

## THE LIFE AND POETRY OF D. W. MYATT

---

### Myatt's Life:

The poetry presented on this Web-site is the creative work of a man with an interesting history. His life, according to one source, is a modern "odyssey".

All artistic creations should be judged on their merits, and while the life and former beliefs, political or otherwise, of the artist may be of interest, they should not cloud one's artistic judgment. In the majority of instances, while the artistic creations are remembered after the death of the artist, their personal beliefs and political opinions are long forgotten.

Outwardly, Myatt's Promethean quest is now generally known - involving as it did, among other things, a study, in the Far East, of Martial Arts; the violence of ultra-nationalist politics; periods as a vagabond; two terms of imprisonment for violence; personal involvement with Islam, Buddhism, Taoism, Hinduism, Christianity, Paganism, the Occult; and membership of a highly secret military organization, set up by British government during the Cold War, to conduct sabotage and assassinations. In complete contrast, his interior personal life is much less well-known.

It may have been that his first period as a vagabond, in the 1970's, was prompted, in part, by a series of ultimately unhappy romantic liaisons, one of which led to the young woman in question moving abroad where she gave birth to Myatt's daughter. This series of events does seem to have inspired some of his early poetry, as did his first marriage, which failed when his wife ran off with a younger woman (who, incidentally, was the dedicatee of Myatt's translation of Sappho's poetry). His second marriage ended with the death, at the age of 39, of his wife from cancer. The failure of his third marriage led him to spend another period as a homeless vagabond, in the hills and Fells of Cumbria, a period which inspired him to produce more pagan poetry before he returned to writing about that second love of his life, women. For if there are two themes which consistently run through his poetry, they are Nature, and women. Indeed, he once remarked that "I often feel that some women embody the beauty, the numinosity, the joy, the sensuality, of Nature."



This love of women is especially evident in his short-story entitled *One Connexion*; in a manuscript he wrote over two decades ago - about a relationship involving two women - to which he gave the title *Breaking the Silence Down*, in many of his poems, and in several of his letters to me:

*“So it was that I then, as now, remembered a wisdom of years ago, forgotten in the artificial turmoil of political, religious, plots, of chasing ideological schemes and promethean dreams. Remembered especially when I, only months ago, in her, my married lover's house, awoke and she, my new love, lay warm, naked and half-asleep beside me, our limbs, our bodies, our feelings, entwined, and there was no need to speak, to leave. We seemed one, then, as when our passion joined us and we would lie, wordless, looking, smiling, gently moving, touching, in that beautiful calmness of love.”* (A Learning: Hand written letter, by Myatt, addressed to JR Wright, dated Nearing the Winter Solstice; postmarked December 17 2002.)



It is my own, personal, view that, in order to understand Myatt himself, we must look beyond the many journalistic clichés written about him to his poetry, for much of this poetry is profoundly autobiographical, and seems to express "the real Myatt" behind the façade of the various political, religious and Occult rôles he has assumed, and played, during the past four decades.

### **Myatt's Poetry:**

It is one of the aims of Art to elevate us and raise us up and away from the mundane world. The poetry of David Myatt is decidedly non-political. If it can be categorized, it is "pagan", Nature-loving, rather mystical, and empathic. It is also highly individualistic, not to say romantic.

What we find expressed in much of this poetry is a profound desire for a more natural and a more human way of life. We also discover, in his poetry, a sensitive man, in love with Nature, who seems to enjoy the company of women far more than the company of men, and who finds:

*There is much that is beautiful  
But nothing that surpasses the beauty some women  
Reveal  
Through their eyes*

(The Silent Wisdom)



It seems that his diverse peregrinations, adventures, travels, wanderings and involvements have inspired his diverse poetry, and it is therefore not surprising that some of his poems are about love, the joy of love, and the sorrow that often arises when love ends:

*It was a calm night  
Perfumed by moon  
Which drew droplets of fractured  
Light to my pillow and relief  
To the majesty of her flesh  
(Summer Love)*

*These are the moments of an exquisite silence  
As we lie together on your sofa, holding, pressing  
Our bodies together  
As I, gently, stroke your face and hair  
And you kiss each finger of my hand.  
(One Exquisite Silence)*

*Only in passion did we glimpse in moments a beauty  
Beyond -  
As when, satiated within our lover's arms,  
Our being relaxed to journey in defiance of our life  
To where some gods were born  
While rain played as rain played upon those panes of glass  
And a Church clock tolled its ten amid the morning city noise  
In her Apartment  
When we who waited warm in bed should long ago  
Have been upon our way to work.  
(Only Relate)*

*This week will become the month of loss,  
This month a toil endured  
As when the weary soil, drought-kept,  
Waits, waiting, to bring forth flowering joy from seeds,  
Like memory, sown from tears that are earth's rain,  
My pain.  
(Such A Poem As This)*

*I have no sentence of undisputed meaning  
To describe the feeling  
As I entered to hear the organ playing Bach:  
There was no Time  
No century of belonging  
Only a leaving in an inward implosion  
As I stood, unaware of who or what I was.  
But she was real, this goddess  
Who played with thin fingers  
Creating in an instant a divinity  
Of love  
Her wraith the form almost swathed in black:*

*She looked up, once, as I sat astounded,  
And smiled in concentration.  
(Playing Bach)*

*I had gone, unannounced, unexpected,  
To see them kiss as they stood  
Near her window.  
Each false Spring is a lesson  
Which Nature slowly learns  
As harsh Winter in returned  
When stark frost, chilling,  
Creeps to crack some bursting buds:  
Poems cannot change this  
Just as Summer is not Summer  
Without Spring  
(Shadow Game)*

*But no spell, no wish  
Brought my distant lover to me  
And I was left to run slowly  
Back  
And wait the long hours  
To Dawn.  
By the fire, I think of nothing  
Except the warmth of my love  
No longer needed.  
(In The Night)*

*Always a dream or a memory  
Lead us on  
And we wait like children  
Trusting in the spirits of the Earth.  
We love unsuspecting  
While they our lovers scheme,  
Succour themselves on our blood  
And bleed us dry  
(Letter)*

Bereavement:





Some of Myatt's most intensely personal poetry was written in the months and years following the suicide of his fiancée. Of that event, Myatt writes, in perhaps his most sad, yet poignantly beautiful, poem:

*What have we to give them, now?  
What have we but words said,  
Unsaid, deeds done or promised unfulfilled?  
What have we to give them now -  
Too late the love, the words, the effort  
That might have saved them:  
Too late this knowing of such sadness and such grief...*

*How do we, can we, live when guilt at our living  
Wakes us in the late or early night  
And we hope, pray, believe:  
But this is life - they are gone; dead, taken from us  
And no words, no deeds now can redeem or save them:*

*So we move from night to day to night -  
We, the living-dead that our dead leave alive.  
(We Are The Ones The Dead Leave Behind)*

Gradually, and after well over a year, he records a change of mood:

*Yet, in moments,  
A certain calmness calms:  
Grown, growing - uninvited, unexpected - as the warmth of this morning  
Measures out six seasons since her death  
While the toiling species toils  
Trapped  
In Time through ego;  
No gentle wisdom, no empathy, there  
Only a painful birthing of colourless dull abstractions.*

*So I sigh, one prism so briefly placed on Earth  
Among some dewy grass.  
(This Dewy Autumnal Grass)*

Then perhaps, unsurprisingly for him, comes some solace, from Nature, recorded in his latest poem:

*So this is Peace:  
As the Sun of warm November  
Warms and the grass grows with such mildness.*

*No strife, here;  
No place beyond this place  
As Farm meets meadow field  
And I upon some hessian sack sit, write  
To hear some distant calls from hedged-in sheep:  
No breeze*

*To stir the fallen leaves  
That lie among the seeds, there  
Where the old Oak towers, shading fence  
From Sun  
And the pond is hazed with midges.  
(The Sun of Warm November)*

Conclusion:

Given Myatt's quite profuse poetic output, of - to date - several hundred poems, it is to be expected that there is some variation in quality. Or, perhaps I should say, there are certain poems that do not resonate with me, and others which do, although Myatt himself admits, in a recent letter, and in answer to a question about his poetry, that: "Of all my profuse poetic scribblings, I can find only half a dozen or so that I can bear to re-read and which are, in my opinion, good. Some others may just be passable, but there are many - the majority, again in my opinion - which are lacking in either style or profundity, or both, and which perhaps should be forgotten..." (Private hand-written letter, by Myatt, addressed to JR Wright, which he dated 25.vii.08 CE/21 Rajab 1429.)

In the end, as often in artistic matters, it is perhaps a matter of individual taste, of whether one "likes" - or feels an affinity for - certain poems, rather than a question of pure intellectual aesthetic judgment or critical analysis based on some contrived academic theory. For that, surely, is what good poetry should do - move, us, emotionally, and possibly express something which we ourselves may have felt or experienced but cannot quite find the words to describe. Certainly, in my view, many of Myatt's poems express something quite touching about Nature, love, sadness, and about our rather wistful human condition.

In conclusion, if David Myatt is to be remembered, it will hopefully be for his poetry, rather than for his political or religious writings, his past political associations, or his quest among the religions of the world.

J. R. Wright  
Oxford  
2003 AD  
(Updated 9 September 2008 AD)

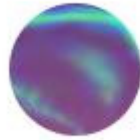
---

# TOWARDS IDENTITY & THE GALACTIC EMPIRE

## AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

### DAVID MYATT

---



#### Part One

*“Three things have always inspired me: the ideal of Space Travel, the belief that our evolution, as human beings, has only just begun - that we can and indeed should evolve still further, in terms of our abilities and our consciousness - and a feeling concerning our being part of Nature. The first two are really part of one vision - the ideal of a Galactic Empire.”*

In many ways, my life has been a Faustian, or Promethean, quest - to discover, to know, to experience, the essence of life; to answer the fundamental questions about our existence, as human beings, and about the nature of the Cosmos itself. In the course of this quest, I have experienced many things - both light and dark, of sorrow, and joy, of violence, hatred, love - and from all these things I have slowly, very slowly, learnt, and changed myself, until, after nearly forty years, I have arrived where I am.

Thus it is that these notes represent signs, experiences - only signs, only experiences - along the way that led to such understanding.



## **Introduction**

It is the vision of a Galactic Empire which runs through my past political life just as it is the quest to find and understand our human identity, and my own identity, and our relation to Nature, which runs through my personal and spiritual life, giving me the two aims which I consistently pursued since I was about thirteen years of age, regardless of where I was, what I was doing and how I was described by others or even by myself. Outwardly, my life appears rather strange, and occasionally contradictory. For in the past thirty years I have been a Taoist, a Buddhist, a revolutionary activist on behalf of an ultra-nationalist cause, a Christian monk, a pagan, and a student of Islam.

I have been a vagabond, a writer of pagan poetry and ancient Greek translations. I have been in prison twice for deeds connected with political activity, and am facing possible imprisonment again because of things I have written and am alleged to have written: political writings of which the State does not approve. I have travelled widely around this beautiful, diverse world of ours; watched and sorrowed as my wife died of cancer; wandered through deserts and over mountains; been described variously by dishonourable journalists as "an evil genius", the "most evil Nazi in Britain," and of being the evil mastermind behind a world-wide Occult-fascist terrorist conspiracy dedicated to overthrowing Western governments. More recently, I have been called a "theoretician of terror" and a "deeply subversive intellectual".

Given such dishonourable and often fanciful allegations, and given the dishonourable rumours and allegations which have been made and which are still being spread about me, I feel it necessary to write, briefly, about myself. For whatever others say, write or believe, I am an honourable man. There was always an honourable purpose behind what I did, what I said, and what I wrote. Not that I believe that what I write now will make a great deal of difference - for dishonourable cowards will still spread rumours just as dishonourable journalists will continue to invent lies and make or repeat baseless accusations and rumours in the knowledge that they will make a better story. And whether these journalists know it or not, such lies, accusations and rumours also serve to support the dismal, dishonourable, un-numinous, and increasingly tyrannical, Establishment status quo.

For years, I challenged some of the people making these allegations and repeating these rumours to face me, man to man, and to fight a duel with deadly weapons according to the etiquette of duelling. Not one of them had the courage, the honour, the decency to accept, just as few people on hearing or reading such allegations or rumours had the honour to contact me in person and ask for my side of the story. Indeed, one of the dishonourable cowards who had made allegations about me even went round spreading the rumour that I had "bottled out" and did not turn up at a supposed arranged meeting<sup>(1)</sup>, just as others continue to spread their lies and dishonourable allegations in publications, over the Internet and elsewhere. I maintained a dignified silence. Unlike such people, I believe in and uphold honour, and, unlike them it seems, I was prepared to face death to prove it by fighting a duel with deadly weapons. I made my challenge, several times and in public, and it was ignored. These people only show themselves up for what they really are by their behaviour and verbal abuse, and if some people are convinced by their lies, allegations and rumours, then it does not say much about these people either.

## **Galactic Empire and Future Evolution**

Since a very early age I believed that our future evolution depended on us freeing ourselves from the chains of this world and venturing forth to explore and colonize the stars. For I felt that it was

this new freedom, brought by venturing forth to the stars, which would give us the great challenges needed to evolve still further, and naturally, into another type of being. And it was the pursuit of this ideal which I believed would create noble individuals and a noble, civilized, society.

It was this great vision of Galactic Empire which has inspired me in my life-long political activity, and it was the great vision of a Galactic Empire created by human beings which has motivated me to do what I have done in politics. I knew even at that early age that two things would be required to make this vision real - the technology to enable us to travel to the stars, and the right type of society, at first here on Earth, to create the will and the means to travel into Space and build an Empire. Soon, however (when I was about fourteen years of age) I came to believe that all present societies were lacking something important and that it would probably be necessary to somehow create an entirely new type of society. Where was the spirit of Empire, of conquest - of the desire to seek knowledge and new worlds? It did not exist anywhere on Earth in any contemporary society, although at first I admit I was impressed by the Soviet Union and began to study its history and politics. But before long, I was disillusioned. Where were the warriors whom I believed were necessary to create and maintain a real Empire? Where their élan, their ethos? All I found was dispiriting Marxian dialectics.

This great vision of a Galactic Empire took shape for me when I was around thirteen years of age and interested in Physics and Astronomy. Unmanned probes had already been launched to the Moon and Mars and the Apollo program was in the planning stages. It seemed then that Space was indeed "the Final Frontier" just as it seemed we could be building colonies on the Moon and Mars within fifty years and then venturing forth toward the stars. Surely it was only a matter of time before someone, somewhere, invented some kind of Star Drive to replace the rather primitive rocket and enable us to travel near or faster than the speed of light?

So it was that I began a serious study of Physics, and particularly the theory of Relativity, trying to understand Space and Time, and the very cosmos itself. I also began to study History, trying to find some clues to how to build the new society which would be needed. I studied ancient Empires from Sumeria to Egypt through to Greece and Rome, and from Europe to China. I studied ancient Greek, Latin, Chinese and Sanskrit - but soon had dropped them all except Ancient Greek, even though at the time I was living in the Far East and could easily have continued with Chinese and Sanskrit. For I became more and more enthralled by ancient Greece - the heroism of Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans, the travels and adventures of Odysseus, the warriors of the Iliad..... For months I carried around with me a copy of Thucydides and often it seemed as if I belonged in those times more than I belonged to the modern world with its lack of adventure, lack of élan, and disrespect for the ethos and ways of the warrior. But always my vision of a future Empire, founded by warriors, drew me back to the present.



One day I saw a demonstration of Martial Arts, and thereafter made a determined effort to learn such warrior skills. Thus I began a study of Taoism, for it was explained to me that this was the

basis of the Martial Art I had seen. I began to feel that Taoism might be a way to raise our level of consciousness and so develop ourselves, as human beings, just as I felt that it was perhaps a rational explanation of our human identity and our relation to Nature. For I had been aware of Nature in a personal way since my early years in East Africa - some of my earliest memories are of Africa: sunsets, a dusty track of reddish earth through the bush, wild animals on the plains, snow on Kilimanjaro.

A few years later, my study of this Martial Art led me, through Bushido, to Buddhism and began my life-long admiration for the way of the Japanese Samurai and the Japanese way of life itself. I also came to admire the short-lived modern Empire the Japanese had created and those, like Yukio Mishima, who sought to revive the Samurai spirit. I was at University, I remember, when news came of his warrior death. I understood it at once, even though a friend of his, whom I was with at the time, did not, and if there was one deciding event which moved me away from the academic study of Physics and the technology of Space Travel toward full-time activity in revolutionary politics it was this.

But back in my schooldays, the main focus of my study gradually came to be Physics, and I yearned to go to England to read Physics at a University, believing that I could find or develop some theory which would lead us to travel toward the stars. And it was on arriving in England that I came across National-Socialist Germany for the first time. O level examinations came and went, and the more I learned about NS Germany, the more it seemed to me to be the answer. Here was something inspiring, something surely possessed of élan and warrior spirit. The martial music, the marching columns, flag after flag waving in the breeze of Destiny. I felt there was something incredible here - in the struggle and victory of Adolf Hitler. And there was von Braun, architect of NASA's exploration, beginning his work in Germany. Surely, had Germany won they would have gone on to conquer and build a path to the stars! And there was the SS - built upon and dedicated to the warrior code of honour and whose motto was "My honour means that I am loyal." What battles they had fought! What sacrifices they had made! Here were ancient Greek heroes come alive again - Degrelle rising from enlisted soldier to General, fighting his way across the battlefields of Russia and finally escaping his enemies by flying across the whole of Allied occupied Europe; a single Waffen-SS man storming a Russian tank with his last grenade as his whole company lay dead around him having fought to the death in the Battle of Berlin.

There were still some things which troubled me, particularly the claim of extermination of the Jews. But revisionism was just beginning, with claims that the extermination was a myth, just Allied propaganda, and that there was no policy of extermination. For months, I busied myself doing my own research. I wanted to believe it was a myth and it was not long before I did accept it was a myth. With that, my conversion was complete. I believed I had found the prototype of the ideal society which was needed to begin the committed exploration of Space, create the Galactic Empire and so continue our evolution as human beings. In particular, I felt an affinity with what I understood to be the ideal of Blood and Soil - that is, a real respect for Nature, for the land, and an understanding of our own place in Nature. And for thirty years - with the exception of a few years - through both overt and covert means, I strived to create, through a revolution, a new society based upon NS Germany believing it was the right, the necessary and the honourable thing to do.

### **Early Political Activism**

My O levels gave way to A levels and I still plugged away at Physics, with less and less enthusiasm as I saw the world forsaking the dream of Space exploration and increasingly forsaking honour. More and more of my time was taken up with politics, and although I did get to

University, my heart was elsewhere. For I believed it was my duty to help create the society needed and that while I might personally wish to discover a new theory in Physics or invent a Star Drive, what I personally might wish to do was not important. I was aware that nothing was being done on the practical level to create the type of society I believed was necessary to begin the real quest into Space and then one day build a Galactic Empire. All I saw was the Space program itself being cut-back, and future plans for exploration abandoned. And where were the modern warriors who would create the revolution necessary to build the new society which was needed? So I became more and more involved with practical politics, forsaking my learning of Physics to attend demonstrations, go on marches, meet people and study politics and history. I was optimistic - perhaps in five or at least ten years time we would have the revolution needed and could begin the real work - and it seemed natural, one day, that I leave University and instead help create this revolution.

For several years, I toiled away, doing all I could to help promote National-Socialism, often under cover of various nationalist organizations. Even two spells in Prison did not deter me - a revolutionary activist should expect such things. But, gradually, my naivety and optimism faded mainly because the honour, loyalty and commitment to duty I expected from fellow political comrades was often absent. It was disturbing, for instance, to find people whom you trusted spreading rumours about you behind your back and striving to tell tales just so they themselves appeared in a good light. But I realized even then that all such people needed to change them into honourable, idealistic, individuals, was good leadership: someone to motivate and inspire them. For a while, I tried to be a leader, and although I did possess some leadership qualities, I lacked some of the basic qualities a revolutionary leader required. In particular, I lacked patience, and was often inclined to react to situations and events with more emotion than was perhaps required, just as I sometimes rushed into things without carefully considering all the consequences. (See Addendum I below.)

One of my terms of imprisonment resulted from me leading a gang of skinheads in a racial attack, for I was not adverse to violence. On the contrary, I regarded violence - used for some supra-personal purpose such as to aid politics - as a purifying, necessary and maturing experience, just as I regarded "skinheads" as healthy young Aryans: as young lads who possessed the right instincts, the right attitude to life. For I understood what came to be called "the skinhead cult" as a natural Aryan, working-class, rebellion against bourgeois values and the anti-Aryan multi-racial society.

But, occasionally, during these violent years, even my own enthusiasm waned, a little, for I was still hoping that a real revolutionary leader would emerge to lead us to victory. Often, it was music which re-inspired me. J. S. Bach, Vaughan Williams, Beethoven. I would stand, or sit, in my garret listening to a sublime piece of music such as the opening of Bach's St. John Passion, and I would be overwhelmed with both sadness and joy, with my very soul reaching out into the blackness of infinite Space. There was, and had been, so much sadness in the world, so much sorrow, so much suffering - and yet: and yet there was greatness, a towering spirit of nobility to cause us to triumph even over ourselves, over our own weakness. And how much there was still to achieve! How much there was to discover, to know, to see - world upon world, star upon star, galaxy upon galaxy.....

But more and more the mundane reality of the world with its lack of genuine revolutionary leadership seemed to obscure this vision.

During these years my studies into how to understand and increase our abilities and consciousness had continued. I read Jung and began to study alchemy, then both the Western and

Eastern mystical and Occult traditions. But there was very little substance, and certainly nothing that I could find which offered anything useful in the quest to continue our own evolution, or even explain in a rational way the ultimate meaning of life and the origin of such things as honour and the numinous. Furthermore, with my own scientific background, and my acceptance of reason as one of the foundations of our humanity, I found these traditions ultimately flawed. In my quest for knowledge and understanding I did attend some harmless Occult ceremonies, and even met one modern alchemist who had his own laboratory and was attempting to create the Philosopher's Stone. But I never actually became an Occultist, and certainly not a 'Satanist' as some claim, for I understood even then why and how Occultism and National-Socialism (the world view and way of life I accepted) were totally incompatible. Years later, I was to write my *Occultism and National-Socialism* in an effort to explain these fundamental differences, and dispel a little of the anti-Myatt propaganda.

However, I did later on realize how esoteric type groups could be useful instruments in fermenting revolution. At the time, I was associated with the underground National-Socialist group Column 88 and it was this group which gave me the idea of concentrating on covert action. For I was coming round to the conclusion, following the failure of nationalist organizations to gain any real success, that any and all means were justified to undermine and bring down the System - the Establishment, the State itself. I regarded the State and its officials as our mortal enemies. Revolution - and a new society built upon honour and idealism - were the goal, and any means were justified in an attempt to bring about the revolution and create the new society, the New Order, which would build the foundations for a future Galactic Empire. If I or others had to suffer and die to do this, then so be it. I felt the future was slipping away from us.

Perhaps I should add - in view of recent allegations and rumours regarding Column 88 - that I regarded it then, as now, as an organization of dedicated and sincere National-Socialists which was trying to keep alive the National-Socialist spirit and trying to bring together National-Socialists from various countries. On several occasions I tried to persuade its organizer to take a more militant, and revolutionary stand, and a short speech I gave at one of C88's Fuhrerfests about the need for practical covert action was well received. But as far as I am aware, nothing substantial was done.

The unsubstantiated allegations about C88 allege it was the British part of a pan-European network, called Gladio, set up and trained by Special Forces units to act as an underground resistance in the event of a Soviet invasion of the West. Some journalists have even said that the person behind all this was Colonel David Stirling, founder of the British SAS. But as far as I was concerned, C88 was simply a covert National-Socialist organization.

### **Vagabond and Monk**

After over six years of often violent political activism I became disillusioned with politics, and in particular with the leadership of the various "Right-Wing" organizations. Several incidents combined to make me re-think my plans and my way of life. The first was when, at one of my criminal trials following a demonstration and brawl, I surmised, rightly or wrongly, that one of my so-called comrades must have secretly co-operated with the Police in order to clear himself and incriminate me. For that was the only conclusion I could draw from events. The second was when, at this same trial, a Policeman lied under oath when recounting the events that led to my arrest. Perhaps I should have been angry - perhaps I should have become more fanatical than I was. Instead, I felt rather sad. The Police Officer may well have been put under pressure by his superiors, and put his career before the truth. These two incidents, combined with many others



involving dishonourable conduct by people, led me to walk away from active politics, and people. For a while I wandered around, a vagabond. Initially, this was interesting and enjoyable as I aimed to be like the Taoists I had studied and learned from. Then, worn by fatigue, hunger and cold, I became stoical, and then finally accepting in a proper Taoist way.

I settled down to live in an unheated caravan, reading about Taoism and Buddhism, and writing poetry. I travelled some, thought a lot about the meaning of life, and lived a while in a Buddhist monastery, trying to gain insight, enlightenment and a higher consciousness - to perhaps open a portal that might lead to the stars. There were moments of great peace; and moments when I believed I understood things. For a while, I considered myself a Buddhist. But there were moments of doubts, and then a restlessness because a part of me always felt I was being selfish, that I was shirking my duty to create a better world. I was torn between trying to live an inner peaceful vision, and striving to create a new society where others might one day understand and share this vision. For a long time I wrestled with questions such as: how can people be motivated to create a better world? In the end, I always seemed to come back to politics, and to motivating people through appealing to what I then understood as their sense of identity: their homeland and "national" culture.

And it was this that led me back toward Christianity and the cultural traditions of my ancestors. I remember listening to one of those programs that Radio Three used to do so well and hearing ancient Gregorian chant, as I remember re-reading for the first time in years the poetry of T. S. Eliot and the writings of Goethe, Boehme and others. But it was a performance of J. S. Bach's Matthew Passion which sealed my fate. For the first time in my life I felt the allegory of the birth, life, and passion of Christ - not read about it, or thought about it or studied it, but felt it in all its numinosity in my heart. Perhaps, after all, there were mysteries here which would bring personal understanding, inner peace and perchance a new world.

Slowly, I came back to the Catholic Church of my family and thereafter it was a logical step to enter the noviciate of Christian monastery and study the mystical and esoteric traditions of the Church. After a while, I thought deeply about my political beliefs and whether they were as I believed a way to create a better world and then a Galactic Empire. After what seemed a long and somewhat anguished time, I decided they might be. I was not a very good monk, for I lacked the humility required and took to running a great many miles through the valley, its forest and around its lakes to try and quell my restless nature. I even tried to teach Martial Arts to one of the monks but he soon decided it was not for him just as I came to the conclusion that monastic life was not for me. I had a duty to strive for what I believed in and I was shirking that duty by hiding away in a monastery. In addition, I greatly - sorely - missed the company, and the companionship, of women.

Perhaps I should add, in view of recent and older speculation about what some regard as my "change of beliefs" that I even then regarded Buddhism, Taoism, Christianity, classical Hinduism and the many other Ways which I had studied as not being incompatible with National-Socialism - or rather, as not incompatible with the esoteric Hitlerism explicated by Savitri Devi, Miguel Serrano and others.

### **Covert Action**

I left the monastery wanting to do my honourable duty, but unsure of how I might do this duty, or even what this duty really was. For a few years, I worked in various occupations - including a year spent as a Nurse - travelled a great deal, and strove to find answers to the many questions which perplexed me, and as the years went by I came to focus more and more on personal honour

and the way of the warrior. This brought me back to my warrior ancestors - then the striving for a new Empire, and National-Socialist politics as a means to create this, or at least begin the quest. I also began trying to make real the ideal of Blood and Soil by creating a small rural community, but nothing came of this - it was just too impractical, given my meagre resources and the lack of interest from others. In respect of more practical politics, I had hitherto followed what had become the accepted strategy within National-Socialist circles - try to work within what was called the 'democratic system' by either infiltrating nationalist organizations, and gaining converts, or creating a National-Socialist political party to win or seize power.

This strategy did not seem to be working. I had yearned, and did again yearn, for a National-Socialist revolution within ten years - perhaps fifteen at the most. My political life began nine years previously. After nine years, the NSDAP of Adolf Hitler had hundreds of thousands of members and was a powerful political force, within striking distance of power. We had a few hundred committed followers, and even the nationalist organizations had only a few thousand members, with no political influence and no prospects whatsoever. Where were the organizations we needed? Where was the leader to lead us to victory? I knew I lacked the qualities necessary to be a leader as I believed I knew that overt political action - working within the System to overthrow the System by winning elections - would not work. It had been tried for decades without any success. Perhaps covert action was the only way to create the revolution?

Remembering my Occult studies of years ago, I conceived a plan to use or if necessary create secret Occult-type groups with several aims. These groups would be allied to and aid a real covert organization dedicated to the overthrow of the System. One of the aims of these Occult-style groups was to infiltrate people into various positions in society where they could aid our Cause; another was to subvert people in influential positions by drawing them into these secret groups and then gradually converting them to the Cause. Another was to try and establish international links and spread the idea of a world-wide revolution and world-wide National-Socialist renaissance. The final aim was to attract people to these groups and gain information from them, using one obvious means which various other intelligence groups had used over the centuries to gain useful information. Since I once again passionately believed that any means were justified in bringing down what I regarded as a tyrannical, oppressive System, I had no doubts about following this strategy and using the tactics necessary. Always I had before me my aim of creating a National-Socialist revolution - the first step toward the conquest of the galaxy.

In pursuit of these covert aims I infiltrated several already existing Occult-type groups and created a new one. For many years, I continued with this strategy and did gain some converts for the Cause, both in this country and in other countries. However the results and meagre achievements were far outweighed by the problems these groups caused, and the time came when I judged this strategy a failure. One of the greatest problems was the lack of a real underground movement planning and organizing a real, practical revolution by force. There were several attempts to form such organizations, but they did not last either because they were soon infiltrated by the Security Services or because the right type of people could not be found. Most who agreed with the aims and methods of such organizations preferred words to deeds, and almost all were not prepared to put their life and liberty on the line for the Cause. Some would agree to do things, but when the time for action came, so did the excuses for not acting.

So, while some converts were obtained, and some useful contacts made by means of the Occult-type groups, there was no sense of any progress toward the aim of revolution. I also came to the realization that such a covert organization would only be useful if it was aiding a proper political covert direct action group whose aim was insurrection and chaos and then a political revolution, just as I came to the conclusion that if a covert direct action group was properly organized, and

followed the right strategy and tactics, then it did not really need the support of such subversive Occult-type groups.

### **Combat 18 and the NSM**

After abandoning that particular form of subversive strategy, I busied myself with travel, translating ancient Greek literature, and once again seeking answers to the perplexing questions about life. I veered back toward Buddhism, away from active politics, then after a while back toward political involvement, and began writing about the Cause I believed in. I had originally intended only to write a concise introduction to National-Socialism but on completion of this I decided to write some more to try and express in words what I felt and understood about the way to create a better world. This way was the way of honour, loyalty and duty. In addition, I began to circulate a small newsletter, The National-Socialist in the hope of inspiring others and rousing them to remember their warrior heritage and culture. It was around this time that the London-based group Combat 18 was becoming well-known, and it seemed to me that many of those involved with this group were doing what was necessary - revolutionary street-action in the name of National-Socialism. I came to admire them and openly declared my support for them. I also gave a personal pledge of loyalty to Combat 18's leader, Charlie Sargent, and his brother, Steve.

In a short space of time Combat 18 had built up a fearsome reputation and done what no other group had done - gained street power from those opposed to National-Socialism. Not surprisingly, the Press, aided by MI5, began a campaign to discredit C18, as both MI5 and Special Branch sought to infiltrate and disrupt the organization.

In article after article, in letter after letter, in discussion after discussion, I warned of the danger and urged people to uphold the values of honour, loyalty and duty. I also urged them to consider that the best way forward was a proper National-Socialist organization and to forget plans and talk of an imminent armed insurrection, for - as I had discovered from practical experience - the time was not yet right for such plans: we needed the people first, properly motivated, in their thousands, and we had but dozens. But the poison of the State took effect. People in nationalist organizations began to believe the clever MI5 dis-information about C18 being a MI5 run group, created to disrupt the so-called 'nationalist cause'. Some nationalists even went so far as to describe Charlie and Steve as 'informers'. Perhaps MI5 were also successful in disrupting C18 itself, or perhaps it was only the result of the ego and disloyalty of one individual.

Whatever the first cause, open feuding broke out between the two C18 factions, resulting in one death, and the arrest for murder of Charlie Sargent and his loyal comrade Martin Cross. I was honour-bound to stay loyal to Charlie Sargent, and decided to form and lead the National-Socialist Movement to continue the work he had begun. As a result, a smear campaign against me began. Rumours of Occult involvement - never entirely absent thanks to a few dishonourable and cowardly individuals - increased. But I believed I could ignore them as I hoped others around me would ignore them and hold fast to honour, loyalty and duty.

The decision for me to come back into public prominence by forming and leading the NSM was easy, even though I knew what would happen with regard to rumours about me, and even though I never intended to stay for long as the leader, lacking as I did the qualities of leadership. Yet, secretly, in my heart, I yearned for a quiet rural life, working on a farm and undertaking Greek translations in my spare time.

However, the decision to form and lead the NSM was easy because I felt it was my duty - I believed I was responsible for what had happened to Charlie as I believed that someone had to

publicly support him. I was responsible because in truth I - the exponent of honour, loyalty and duty - should have done something to prevent the situation that arose. I should have tried to bring the factions together on the basis of duty to the Cause first and foremost. I even went to Charlie's committal proceedings, after he had been charged with murder, in the belief that matters could even at that late date be sorted out. For I had a somewhat naive belief that the opponents of Charlie would see reason, ignore MI5 dis-information, and agree to put loyalty and the Cause first.

But the more I found out about what had happened, and was happening, the more I knew there could be no compromise with those who had betrayed Charlie, particularly by giving evidence against him in Court. This betrayal by giving evidence in a Court of Law was totally unacceptable behaviour - totally dishonourable. For we National-Socialists regarded the State and its Institutions such as the Police as our enemies, as we believed we should settle any disputes among ourselves in our traditional warrior way through a fair fight or a duel. Moreover these people continued parroting MI5 dis-information, and accused both Charlie and Steve of being informers when the truth was that the leader of their faction was the biggest informer of all, helping as he did to convict Charlie and Martin and supporting as he did the State and its dishonourable laws. Twice we who were loyal to Charlie waited for this informer and his supporters to turn up to sort matters out with a fair fight, once at Chelmsford and once in north London - and twice they did not turn up.

Several times I publicly challenged this person to a duel with deadly weapons. He never contacted me, but one of his supporters did send me an abusive E-mail, as this supporter and other supporters of his continued to spread rumours and allegations about me. I decided to try and maintain a dignified silence for I believed the Cause was more important than a personal squabble. But I myself was now in the firing line, being the leader of what was regarded as the loyalist faction of C18. So an intensive campaign was launched against me, of the kind the State favoured because they knew from experience that it worked.

First, they used their informers in nationalist groups to spread dis-information about a person, knowing that the rumours, gossip and allegations would soon spread, given the dishonourable nature of some people. Second, they had a few of their tame journalists sniff around and concoct some sort of expose of the person. Third, they got the Police to raid the dwelling of the person and arrest that person on whatever they thought might result in a conviction, using the raid to sift through political and private documents in an attempt to find anything incriminating or useful to them. Fourth, they tried to use dis-information to drive a wedge between the person and his supporters - using Police officers and Police informers and anyone they could to try and get these supporters to be suspicious of that person, for they knew that true loyalty was a rare commodity and that often people believed the worst on the most feeble of pretexts. Thus did the Police arrest me and several other members of the NSM in what was a long-running and international investigation into Combat 18, involving MI5, Interpol, the FBI and a Special Operations unit of Scotland Yard.

I weathered all these storms sent by the State, as did our small band of loyal supporters. But it was not long before I concluded that, with me as leader, the NSM was not achieving what it should. I had never intended to lead the organization for very long, aiming only to do what I considered necessary, chief among which was to publicly support Charlie and continue along the path he himself had begun to take before his arrest. Nevertheless, it was with some sadness that I resigned as leader of the NSM. I resigned because I believed it to be the best thing for the Cause I had fought for and because I knew I did not have the qualities of a true leader.

I continued to produce The National-Socialist and other publications, and thought much about the best way to begin the creation of a Galactic Empire. It seemed that another set-back on the road to revolution had occurred. Thirty years on, after years of effort, I had not achieved a great deal. I had achieved a little notoriety, of the wrong kind, which surely pleased my opponents be they in positions of State power or otherwise.

For a while I believed it was a mistake for me to resign - for the disloyal, dishonourable opponents of Charlie had no one to publicly oppose their lies. Such is the nature of these people that they - and others like them - were using as evidence against Charlie national newspaper articles and television programs written and produced by arch enemies of National-Socialism, saying that these articles and these programs "proved" that Charlie was an informer and that the original C18 was an MI5 set-up. And they said and wrote these things despite their past rhetoric and their past beliefs that such newspapers and such programs were tools of the State. In their attempt to defend their conduct they used the dis-information of MI5 and anti-fascist groups, just as MI5 and those groups hoped that they would.

But as the Police investigations following my arrest continued - with me being investigated for incitement/conspiracy to murder and incitement to racial hatred - I began to consider what new strategy might be used to bring about the type of society needed to build a future Galactic Empire: and in particular what tactics might and should be used to overthrow what I still regarded as an evil, tyrannical, System dedicated to everything which I and all National-Socialists loathed and detested.

### **A New Beginning**

For months, I toiled on a farm, doing good, honest, manual labour. I spoke to no one about politics, and wrote nothing about politics. Most of the time I worked by myself, outdoors, in all weathers, and slowly, like Winter changing into Spring, I began to realize how little I knew, and how little I understood, despite some of the rhetoric of my past.

I seemed to slip back in time. Decades - to the days spent as a homeless vagabond; further still - to my childhood with my often happy memories of Africa and the Far East.

There was a river near some of the fields where I worked and I would often go and sit there during my lunch-break, watching the clouds, the water, the wildlife (a Kingfisher, for instance), and my own slow thoughts. Here was life, and it seemed to me many times that the distant life of the distant cities and towns was somehow unreal with its speed, its haste, its consumerism based on abstract ideas unconnected with Nature and the cosmos itself.

I was but a speck of life, carried along by a river which began somewhere and ended somewhere else, and I could no more control the river than I could control the star around which the planet I lived on orbited.

What was Nature? A separate being of some kind? Were we slowly, in a painful, harrowing often unconscious way, working our way toward understanding, toward finding and expressing our humanity? Was it right for me - for any of us - to have a concept of an ideal society, constructed by our own imperfect, fallible, thoughts, and strive for this, whatever the cost in human terms? What were ethics? Were the suppressed, natural, ethics of my own culture really different from the ethics accepted by all modern States? What, really, was the origin of the good? What, indeed, were our own origins, as beings? Evolution - or God? There were many things I did not know, and many ways yet to explore.

So it was that I embarked upon a new quest which led me to convert to Islam.

David Myatt  
(Revised JD2452991.769)

**Addendum I:  
NDFM - David Myatt and Eddy Morrison**

Leeds 1972-1974

Recently, a former political associate of mine - Eddy Morrison - has written his version of some events which occurred in and around Leeds between the years 1972 and 1974. Since his version of events differs from the reality I remember it is only fitting that I present here "my side of the story".

It should be noted that - despite some personal and political differences between myself and this person - I steadfastly defended him for well over ten years, often praising his commitment and dedication to "the Cause". In the 1980's I had occasion to defend and praise him to John Tyndall, then leader of the BNP. This led Tyndall to comment: "your loyalty to him is commendable..." Yet I was to learn that this person - or Street Soldier as he styled himself - had also been in contact with Tyndall, and "warned Tyndall about me", having sent copies of newspaper articles about me containing unproved and dishonourable allegations of involvement with Satanism. Tyndall was one of the very few people, over the past three decades, to have the honour, the decency, to ask me in person for "my side of the story".

However, I still admire Eddy Morrison - for his steadfast commitment to the Cause, and because he was, for several years, a great friend who often went out of his way to help me.

~ ~ ~

*"Ok, we thought, if they want trouble we'll go over the top. We booked an open air public meeting for a Saturday morning (1973) and again our blaring red posters announced that our National Leader, Colin Jordan would be speaking. When we arrived (about twenty of us), the whole area was occupied by a veritable sea of reds. Not only IS turned up to stop our speaking, but the Communist Party and a host of smaller groups. We were badly outnumbered but steamed into the reds. In a few seconds, fist fights had broke out all over the Town Hall steps. I was struggling with a Zionist "class warrior". I noticed Dave Myatt was on the floor being kicked by the reds. We pulled him away and with a few cuts and bruises to our credit, we beat a hasty but sensible retreat." (Memoirs of a Street Soldier.)*

Morrison, it seems, is mixing-up two separate events, separated by a year. The only time in those often violent years that I was "on the floor, being kicked by Reds" was during the later outdoor demonstration of the NDFM at Leeds Town Hall steps when I was jumped on from behind by a Red, who was then jumped on by a Policeman with all three of us tumbling down the steps. I landed on my back, pinned down by the Policeman. It was then that some cowardly person kicked me twice in the head after which I was arrested and taken to a nearby Police Station.

*"From the first it was attack, attack, attack! Our first activities included the turning over (twice!) of an Anti-Apartheid Exhibition in Leeds. Another activity that got us a stack of publicity*

*and our first arrests, was a counter-demo to an Anti-Racist march in Bradford. This one hit the news because some of our lads captured their main anti-racist TUC banner and publicly burned it!"* (Memoirs of a Street Soldier.)

I was the one responsible for both the attacks on the Anti-Apartheid Exhibition (which attacks were my idea), on each occasion accompanied by only one other activist. I was also arrested at the Anti-Racist march in Bradford and charged with destroying the anti-racist banner. It should also be noted that while Eddy Morrison and myself jointly formed the NDFM, I was the one who agitated for its creation, eventually convincing him the formation of such an organization was a good idea.

*"At this time I had the unpleasant duty of rooting out and expelling a small bunch of "Satanists" who thought that tying our White Nationalism with their weird cult practices would get us front page publicity. It did! But although they say any publicity is good publicity, it isn't always. I had to take a bunch of our inner core harder members and eject about seven of these Cult people from our membership and ban them from our HQ. It was a pity as one in particular whose name I have mentioned earlier was a stalwart founder member. Why he went off the rails I'll never really know, and expelling him was painful but very necessary."* (Memoirs of a Street Soldier.)

There was no small "bunch of satanists": just one newspaper article which made sensational claims about me. I had in my naivety decided to give an interview (my first) with a journalist to talk about our new NS movement, the NDFM. I briefly mentioned how it might be possible for chaos to be created by subversive means, and subversive groups, as a prelude to a revolution which an NS movement could take advantage of, just as I made one passing reference to having a theoretical interest in "the Occult" and to having considered investigating it further. The journalist promised to let me read his final copy before it was published and several photographs of me were taken, with him suggesting I hold something to do with the Occult, which I again naively did. Our conversation lasted for about half an hour, during which he took a few notes (it was not recorded).

I assumed in my innocence that he would simply recount what I had said. Of course he neither showed me the article before publication, nor printed what I said, except for one short sentence about causing chaos. The whole article was a fabrication, designed to be sensationalist and to discredit me. This whole episode was to be a very interesting, worthwhile, experience for me: a learning from experience, as Aeschylus wrote.

In addition, here, as elsewhere, Eddy Morrison seems rather forgetful. All he did was call round to my garret accompanied by one other NDFM member whom I knew well. Morrison - standing well away from me when I, as almost always, answered the downstairs door, armed - then announced his "expulsion" of me. I did not care - for I was then planning to return to Africa, and enlist in the Rhodesian Army, having already made contact with someone there. So I said nothing, and Morrison went away. This "expulsion" lasted only about six weeks, after which it was "business as usual". Without my violent activism, my public speaking, my fanaticism, the NDFM had become moribund.

*"We organised a meeting on Leeds Town Hall steps in the Summer of 1974 and I was the main speaker. We had fifty or so NDFM "stormtroopers" protecting the meeting, but were opposed by a bunch of red weirdos including "Transexuals Against the Nazis". I spoke for about twenty minutes whilst the lads (and some lasses) held back the red filth. There were local reporters everywhere and although the police soon closed the meeting, we got away with two arrests and a few cuts and bruises."* (Memoirs of a Street Soldier.)

The "We" who organized this meeting were the Street Soldier and myself, and he was not the main speaker. I was. I spoke for nearly half an hour and managed to control the seething crowd of Reds by haranguing them. I also dealt quite well with many hecklers. Then the Street Soldier began to speak. He spoke for only a few minutes before the Reds surged forward and fighting began. It was then - as I recalled above - that I was jumped on from behind by a Red and then by a Policeman. I and one other NDFM member were arrested and subsequently charged with "Breach of the Peace". Several Reds were also arrested and charged with various offences.

When my case came to Trial, the Prosecution tried to prove that I had "incited the crowd", and there was no mention whatsoever by either the Police or the Prosecution of the "Street Soldier" having spoken or having "incited the crowd". I was found guilty on the lying evidence of one dishonourable Police officer, and one of the Reds was also convicted and sent to Prison.

We were told by London nationalists that NOBODY spoke at Hyde Park Corner. That was an open invitation for us to book a coach and take fifty NDFM down to Speakers Corner in Hyde Park. We set up a stand and three of our people spoke, whilst I controlled the stewards. We soon attracted a large crowd of lefties and for some reason a stack of anti-fascist Jewish taxi drivers. We held them at bay as long as we could. I was knocked senseless by some Zionist wielding a metal object. With blood streaming from quite a few cuts we marched away under police observation singing "We'll meet again" to the Reds. It was only a short meeting but we had broken the taboo. White Nationalists had again spoken at Speakers Corner.

In fact, only two people spoke at this rally: myself and Joe Short. I stood on a rather shaky table and spoke for about half an hour or so, haranguing the crowd and dealing with several hecklers. I then stepped down, and Joe Short (who looked rather like Alfred Rosenberg) began to speak. He did not speak for long - only a few words in fact - before the Reds surged forward and some fighting began. One of our stewards was arrested and later charged with possessing an offensive weapon. I believe part of my speech was filmed by an NDFM member using an 8mm camera. We then proceeded to walk toward Downing Street, followed by the Police, before dispersing. I spent that weekend in London, with a lady friend who lived near the Roundhouse.

In respect of Eddy Morrison himself, we were both once arrested by the Regional Crime Squad and thrown into Prison for several weeks. Before this imprisonment - during my "interrogation" - he came into the room several times and asked me to co-operate with the Police, which I refused to do. I believe he did not, at that time, realize the potential seriousness of the charges which might be against us.

Happy Days .....

## **Addendum II: Combat 18**

### **What exactly was your involvement with Combat 18?**

Before Steve Sargent and I formed the National-Socialist Movement (NSM) it was mainly producing propaganda and newsletters such as The National-Socialist although I did try and form a revolutionary cadre composed of committed National-Socialists. This was intended to be the nucleus of an effective covert and insurrectionary group, but it was the usual post-First Zionist



War scenario: several people expressed their intention to do something, but when the time for action came, so did their excuses.

### **Why did you form the NSM?**

To continue the work that Charlie Sargent - the founder and leader of C18 - had started. At the time, Charlie was in prison, charged with murder and someone called Browning was helping the State - ZOG - to divide C18 and convict Charlie and send him to prison for a very long time. Charlie's arrest followed an incident when a supporter of Browning was killed.

At the time, there was some feuding within C18 itself, with Browning challenging Charlie for the leadership and accusing him - on the basis of ZOG disinformation - of all sorts of things, such as stealing some funds. As for Charlie, he was convinced that Browning had stolen the missing C18 funds. What was interesting about this particular accusation was that Charlie and his wife were living in run-down Council accommodation for homeless families, while Browning was living in a smart expensive Apartment near the river Thames.

On the personal level, I had given a personal pledge of loyalty to Charlie and this meant that I had a duty to support him: his enemies, were my enemies. This also meant that I ignored any and all rumours and stories about Charlie, most of which were manufactured by ZOG in an attempt to discredit him. Unfortunately, some people involved in C18 believed this ZOG disinformation, and sided with Browning.

As I said and wrote at the time, the National-Socialist, the Aryan, thing to do was for Browning to meet Charlie face-to-face to try and settle their differences, failing which they should engage in either a fair fight, or a duel. Charlie - true to his NS beliefs - wanted to do this, but Browning refused to meet him, and instead just carried on spreading malicious, dishonourable rumours. Then the incident occurred that led to the death of a Browning supporter.

Instead of doing the honourable thing - closing ranks against the State - Browning went to the Police and agreed to give evidence in a ZOG Court against Charlie. Since we all were supposed to regard the Police, the Courts and the whole system of so-called justice run by our government as our sworn enemies, this to me at least amounted to treachery of the worst kind, and so I challenged Browning, in public, to a duel. I did this not once, but twice. But neither he nor any of his supporters ever contacted or met with me in response to this challenge.

I was prepared to put my own life on the line in defence of Charlie, while Browning was aiding and abetting our sworn enemies because he put his own personal vendetta against Charlie before the principles he was supposed to uphold and believe in. This co-operation by Browning with ZOG was even confirmed by a former friend of Browning's, Thomas Nakaba, who said that the information to arrest and convict him on bomb charges could "only have come from Browning."

### **Why did you resign as leader of the NSM?**

Basically because I believed I had achieved all I could, given my own limited leadership abilities, and that it was time for someone else to take over. I never intended to lead the NSM for long, and did hope that someone, some leader, would emerge or make themselves known.

In addition, I desired to spend some time with my family since for well over two years I had been away almost every weekend, meeting people, attending meetings and so on, and spent most of my time, during the week after work, doing things for C18 and the NSM.

**So you didn't as some claim, "run away" following an article about you in the Searchlight magazine?**

(Myatt laughs). I think the people at Searchlies overestimate the impact of their dis-information. I have never "run away" from anything, and especially not from so -called Media pressure, contrary to the lies of cowards like the Zionist Nick Lowles. Consider what happened after my so-called "exposure" by BBC's Panorama programme and newspaper article which had a photograph of me on the front page, and a picture of my home together with the name of the village where I lived. What did I do? Tried to reform the NSM on the basis of leaderless resistance. A sort of "up yours!" attitude. As for the more distant past, if you are involved in covert operations - or striving to organize a covert group or recruiting people for covert operations of different kinds - publicity is somewhat detrimental. Therefore a good "cover-story", or two, are useful, to divert attention.

**According to Nick Lowles in his book White Riot: The Violent Story of Combat 18 did you not offer to write anti-racist articles for Searchlight about that time?**

Those people have no sense of humour. I did indeed offer to send them a few articles I had written - including Why National-Socialism Is Not Racist - as I did offer to explain how a Muslim could be a National-Socialist. All these articles were published by me, before or shortly after this most generous offer, and most have appeared on various Usenet newsgroups.

As for the allegation that following an article in Searchlies I dropped out of the NSM and converted to Islam, their time-scale once again is completely wrong. I believe the time interval between the article and my conversion was around eight months, just as it was many weeks after the article that I resigned from the NSM.

I issued several rebuttals to the hackneyed "Myatt is a satanist!" lies and dis-information contained in that particular Searchlies article, and no one in the NSM at the time took it seriously or believed any of it anyway. Indeed, I regarded it - just like I now regard all the anti-Myatt lies and propaganda and disinformation in the White Riot book - as something of a compliment, a tribute to the effectiveness of my writings and the NSM itself.

If some people choose to believe the lies about me in such Zionist articles and books, then they do. And if they do, they are acting dishonourably. For the honourable, the Aryan, thing to do is for a person to ask me, personally, for my side of the story, just as you have done.

The fact is that the Zionists - and all those who oppose the aim of a free, independent, Aryan homeland governed according to our unique Aryan laws - have no answer to the Aryan ideals I have propounded and explained over the past twenty or so years. Therefore they continue to smear me using one fabricated so-called "interview" which was printed nearly thirty years ago.

I have explained in clear words - in writings such as my The Complete Guide to the Aryan Way of Life - what our Aryan ethics are, what our Aryan way of life involves, what our system of government should be, as I have consistently championed the cause of Aryan freedom and Aryan

culture. By trying to discredit me with their lying "black propaganda" about my non-existent involvement with satanism the Zionists - and all who oppose the aim of a free, independent, Aryan homeland - hope that Aryans will ignore my writings and the ideals I have expounded. That so many Aryans, it seems, continue to believe and parrot such Zionist "black propaganda" just reveals how far we, as a people, have strayed from our civilizing ideals of honour, loyalty and duty to the folk.

### **What happened to your reformed NSM?**

It was cancelled after six months or so due to lack of interest, so I decided to concentrate on Reichsfolk and the aim of rural folk communities. Together, of course, with striving to forge an alliance between Muslims, who upheld the true Deen, and National-Socialists.

### **Getting back to Combat 18, what is your opinion of the White Riot book?**

It is basically a piece of Zionist disinformation designed to praise Browning and smear everyone else. The book constantly praises Browning - "fearless fighter"; "revered in Europe"; "loyal" and so on - and makes excuse after excuse for his behaviour, especially for his betrayal of Charlie and his part in getting Charlie convicted by a ZOG court. In addition, it parrots Browning's lies about Charlie - especially concerning the events leading up to the killing of Chris Castle - without giving Charlie's version of events.

In contrast to Browning, the other C18 characters are portrayed as "misfits", weirdoes, outlandish, teenagers who couldn't grow up, and so on ad nauseum.

Why are the Zionists praising Browning? Because he knowingly or unknowingly did their work for them by disrupting C18 and getting Charlie convicted and sent to prison for a very long time. And because he continued to put his irrational personal hatred of one person before the political ideas he was supposed to believe in thus further dividing the NS cause in this and other countries.

### **Finally, do you have any regrets about your involvement with C18, the NSM or anything you have written?**

I have only one regret, and that is that we did not achieve what we could have achieved and wanted to achieve: a National-Socialist revolution in this country.

Many of us have learnt a lesson from what happened, as some of us have adapted or changed our tactics accordingly.

(Interview by JRW, December 112yf)

---

(1) This lie is repeated in a book, *Homeland: Into a World of Hate*, by Nick Ryan (p.27): "When Myatt later falls out with Will Browning, he insists on a duel... I'm told he backed down when The Beast claims the right to use baseball bats as weapon." The truth is that Browning - through a contact - did suggest such a weapon, to which I replied that the only weapons which could be honourably used were deadly weapons, such as swords or pistols. I included with my reply a copy

of the Rules of Duelling, and re-affirmed my challenge to fight a duel using such deadly weapons. I received no reply, and was not contacted in any way by either Browning or his supporters.

It should be noted that I challenged Nick Ryan to a duel - for publishing this lie, and making other accusations about me, in his book. He did not reply, and I therefore concluded that he was a coward, and that my own honour had been vindicated.



---

## TOWARDS THE GALACTIC EMPIRE: AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES PART TWO

---

### Part Two

*“Three things have always inspired me: the ideal of Space Travel, the belief that our evolution, as human beings, has only just begun - that we can and indeed should evolve still further, in terms of our abilities and our consciousness - and a feeling concerning our being part of Nature. The first two are really part of one vision - the ideal of a Galactic Empire.”*

In many ways, my life has been a Faustian, or Promethean, quest - to discover, to know, to experience, the essence of life; to answer the fundamental questions about our existence, as human beings, and about the nature of the Cosmos itself. In the course of this quest, I have experienced many things - both light and dark, of sorrow, and joy, of violence, hatred, love - and from all these things I have slowly, very slowly, learnt, and changed myself, until, after nearly forty years, I have arrived where I am.

Thus it is that these notes represent signs, experiences - only signs, only experiences - along the way that led to such understanding.



For many, many, months after my reversion to Islam, I joyfully immersed myself in the new world I found. I undertook several courses in Arabic (including a residential one for which I took a rather long time off work) and arranged, with my then understanding employers, to work every Saturday instead of Friday so that I could travel to the nearest Mosque and attend Jummah Namaz. I read all I could about Islam, would regularly meet with several of my new brothers to learn about, and to discuss, Islam, and often travelled to and for talks with brothers elsewhere.

During this time it is true to say that I existed in-between two worlds, for I was still on bail following my arrest - six or so months before my reversion to Islam - by Detectives from Scotland Yard who were investigating me for various offences in connection with my National-Socialist, NSM and Combat 18 activities, and several times I was re-interviewed by officers from SO12 at Charing Cross Police Station in London. Hence, there was the possibility of a forthcoming trial and of yet another term of imprisonment, and I was still in regular contact with several of my former National-Socialist comrades. Thus I came to give serious consideration to the possibility of National-Socialists co-operating with Muslims against what I considered were our common enemies.

In particular, there was one verse in the Quran which particularly intrigued me before my own conversion to Islam, and after reflecting upon this verse, I considered it might be possible somehow to bring Muslims and National-Socialists together in the cause of both fighting their common enemies and building a new world based upon nobility and honour, and dedicated to the pursuit of the numinous.

This Quranic verse was (in the Interpretation of Meaning by T.B. Irving - Tehran, 1419 AH - which I had just then acquired): "We made you into different nations and tribes, that you might recognize [and cooperate with] one another." (49: 13) This seemed to me then to reflect the essence of National-Socialism: individual nations, based upon ethnic tribes, co-operating together in the pursuit of nobility, and respecting each other's freedom and culture.

### **Seeking Co-Operation:**

Even before my reversion to Islam, I never lived up to the stereotyped Marxist-Capitalist-Zionist image of a National-Socialist - that is, some sort of rabid so-called "racist" who hated other races, saw them as inferior, and who would want to create "another holocaust". Rather, I loved my own people, valued my own heritage and wished to see the creation of independent homelands where the different races and cultures could live in freedom according to their own customs.

I personally - perhaps naively - had a vision of a new world composed of such homelands, led by honourable, idealistic, rational individuals who also cared for their people. This vision was of such homelands co-operating together for their mutual benefit, with such co-operation being one of the foundations necessary to begin the creation of a Galactic Empire. I understood long ago that the age of Empire solely on Earth was gone, never to return - that it was ultimately a waste of our human potential. Indeed, it was such a noble vision of diverse ethnic nations co-operating together which also inspired many influential people in the Third Reich and particularly in the SS, and which led to the alliance with Japan, the creation of non-Germanic SS divisions, and the plan to create many more had Germany won the war.

In the years before my reversion I saw myself as carrying on this National-Socialist and SS tradition of seeking knowledge, understanding and co-operation while always bearing in mind that my foremost duty was to my own people - to their freedom and their culture. [ See Footnote (1) - a quote from Waffen SS General Leon Degrelle. ]

So as a new Muslim I studied, learnt and tried to move toward understanding and perhaps useful co-operation now or in the future: co-operation between Muslims and honourable National-Socialists. For at the time I felt some similarity between the idea of a revived Islamic Khilafah and my vision of a new Empire spreading out from Earth, as I came to a better understanding of

the wide-sweep of world history itself and those forces which are tearing us apart, despite all the good and often honourable intentions.

I became a Muslim because it seemed to me not only a most honourable and divinely-given way of life but also offered - or seemed then to offer - the possibility of continuing in a practical way my life-long struggle against world capitalism and the perfidy of Zionism. I was impressed by modern Mujahideen such as Mullah Umar - by their simple way of life, their honour, which seemed to me to capture the essence of Islam itself.



Just as, years ago when a Buddhist, a Taoist, or a Christian, I had considered those particular ways of life as not incompatible with my heart-felt belief in what I called honourable National-Socialism, so too did I then consider Islam as not necessarily being incompatible with that particular belief. After all, I knew that over sixty thousand Muslims had joined the SS, and that many National-Socialists - Hitler, Himmler and Leon Degrelle included - had a great respect for Islam. I also knew that Major General Otto Ernst Remer - one of my National-Socialist heroes since the early days of my political involvement - had lived for several years in exile in Egypt and Syria and had made many Muslim friends in those countries.



I was also to find many ordinary Muslims who admired Hitler and the Third Reich, as I found some who understood what he was trying to achieve for Germany and Europe. I myself read some of the writings of Mohammed Amin al-Husseini, the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, who lived for many years in National-Socialist Germany and who helped recruit Muslims for the SS. He also restored Al-Haram al-Sharif, in Al-Quds (Jerusalem), which contains Al-Aqsa Mosque, and the Dome of the Rock, which is regarded as the third most sacred place in Islam after Makkah and Madinah. It was Mohammed Amin al-Husseini who further beautified the Dome of the Rock by covering it in gold.



Also, I understood both Islam and National-Socialism as striving to create a better world based upon noble ideals and encouraging individuals to change themselves through a triumph of the will. Both upheld the noble ideals of honour, loyalty and duty.

But did not Islam condemn "racism" - and surely National-Socialists were racists? No, and again no. I then still considered that "racism" itself was a modern abstract idea, invented by Marxists and used by social engineers to mentally condition people and so enable those social engineers to construct the modern tyrannical, dishonourable, usury-driven societies I had often written about and condemned. As for genuine, modern, National-Socialism, I then regarded it, and strove to portray it, not as a "racist" philosophy at all (according to the definition of racism given by the social engineers) but as a Way of Life which sought to respect the difference and diversity of Nature. Thus had the Reichsfolk organization I had founded years previously - like the SS - accepted members from different cultures, had propagated what I regarded as the "genuine National-Socialism" of people like Leon Degrelle and Otto Ernst Remer, and believed in the development of separate, free, ethnic nations, with their own culture and identity, and in these nations co-operating together, with no one race believing they were somehow superior to, or better than, any other race, but with each striving to achieve their differing Destinies, with there being no hatred of other races but instead a respect, deriving from honour.

I believed then that it was necessary and indeed possible to manufacture noble societies based upon both the Islamic and National-Socialist ways of life, with these societies co-operating together both for their mutual benefit in order to make the world a better place through fighting those forces, of decadence, materialism, and mechanistic "progress", which were and which are taking us back to barbarism and thence toward destruction.

### Understanding Islam:

In pursuit of this strategy of co-operation, I strove to bring some National-Socialists and some Muslims together, and also continued to write about the philosophy, the Way of Life, which I had been developing before my reversion to Islam. I called this philosophy, at first, "Folk Culture", then "The Numinous way of Folk Culture", and then, simply, "The Numinous Way". This Way, I hoped, would serve to provide an ethical foundation for all folkish-type beliefs, based upon honour.

As I was later to write, in the Islam, Honour and Duty dialogue:

*"I did such things because I sincerely believed that it was important - and indeed vital - for as many people and groups as possible to fight in any way whatsoever the Zionist-Crusader alliance, and the so-called "New World Order" which this alliance is creating, and that this fight should be taken to the homelands of the West. I did this because I believed - and believe - that this alliance, and its lackeys and supporters, are dishonourable, and arrogant, and represent a profane, imperialist, materialistic, way of life which must be fought, since the adherents and supporters of this profane way of life trample upon and desecrate and are seeking to destroy, the numinous, represented as I know the numinous is by Al-Islam, and made real as I know the numinous is by Muslims who submit only to Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala.*

*I did all this work openly, as a Muslim, and this led some of those who adhered to National-Socialism, and even The Numinous Way, to call me a "traitor" for being a Muslim. It also led to some misunderstandings, among some other people, regarding whether or not I was a Muslim, whether or not I had renounced Islam, and whether I still supported the racial beliefs, and the nationalism, of National-Socialism."*

This strategy made me - for tactical reasons - refrain from making, at the time, any negative comments about National-Socialism and refrain from making, in public, any pronouncements, as a Muslim, about the idea of racial separation and even about nationalism itself, even though, when asked in private, or when individual Muslims contacted me to enquire about my position, I explained that, as a Muslim, I regarded both nationalism and racialism as 'Asabiyyah, as a manifestation of Jahilliyah, and thus as incompatible with the Way of Al-Islam. (See Footnote 2) Yet, I have never, in my heart and mind, renounced my belief in Adolf Hitler as a good man, an honourable man, who - believing in God - strove to create a just and noble society, and who was destroyed by the ignoble machinations of those opposed to what is good and who have spread dishonourable lies about him, his followers and his Cause. Thus it is that I find I cannot denounce this noble man and those who fought and died for the cause he upheld, as I cannot and will not denounce those who today honourably (and I stress honourably) continue the struggle in his name and who respect the Way of Life which is Al-Islam and who thus see we who are Muslims as allies in the fight against our common enemy. Thus it is that I continued for several years, after my reversion, with Reichsfolk - an honourable organization striving to presence something of the Numen I believe was manifest in National-Socialist Germany and in and through the life of Adolf Hitler. For, although there were indeed differences between Deen Al-Islam and the honourable National-Socialism of groups such as Reichsfolk, it was a question of mutual respect and honourable tolerance and co-operation, of accepting such differences in an honourable way.

However, I gradually came to understand two things. Firstly, that the majority of people involved today with the idea of racial separation, however they described themselves politically, were



entrenched with their prejudiced attitudes, with their dislike, even hatred, of Islam and Muslims, but above all with an innate sense of superiority regarding what they called "Western civilization, culture, and values" which many if not most of them regarded as the creation of their own "superior" (or more "intelligent") White race. Thus did many of them support the invasion of Iraq and Afghanistan by the Zionist-Crusader alliance, and thus did many of them say and write offensive things about Islam, about Muslims and about our beloved Prophet (salla Allahu 'alayhi wa sallam). Hence, the more I pursued this strategy of co-operation, the more I became aware of the wide gulf, the difference, between us: the more acutely I felt, knew and understood, the nobility, the honour, of Muslims (and especially of the Mujahideen) who strove to obey only Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala, and the hypocrisy, the dishonour, the arrogance, the hubris, the decadence, of the kuffar of the modern West. Perhaps, I thought - remembering what a loyal Comrade of Adolf Hitler once said to me - honourable National-Socialism had indeed died among the ruins of the Third Reich and with the defeat of the SS.

Secondly, I came to understand - as a result of my own deepening understanding of Deen Al-Islam aided by Muslims far more knowledgeable than I - that there really was no need for such co-operation: that my duty, as a Muslim, lay in presenting Islam, as it was, to the Unbelievers, and in personally striving to uphold, defend, and make the Word of Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala supreme. Thus did I cease to strive for such co-operation.

Now, after living for several years as a Muslim, I feel a little closer - Alhamdulillah - to the understanding of life and the Cosmos I enthusiastically sought in my youth. But these years of learning about Islam as a new revert, and mistakenly and perhaps rather arrogantly seeking co-operation, were themselves of course only one more new beginning.

David Myatt  
(Abdul-Aziz ibn Myatt)  
1422  
(Revised 1427)

---

Footnotes:

(1)

From: Leon Degrelle - Epic: The Story of the Waffen SS (Lecture given in 1982). Reprinted in The Journal of Historical Review, vol. 3, no. 4, pp. 441-468.

" German racialism meant re-discovering the creative values of their own race, re-discovering their culture. It was a search for excellence, a noble idea. National Socialist racialism was not against the other races, it was for its own race. It aimed at defending and improving its race, and wished that all other races did the same for themselves.

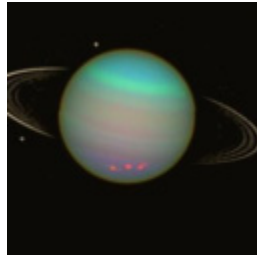
That was demonstrated when the Waffen SS enlarged its ranks to include 60,000 Islamic SS. The Waffen SS respected their way of life, their customs, and their religious beliefs. Each Islamic SS battalion had an imam, each company had a mullah. It was our common wish that their qualities found their highest expression. This was our racialism. I was present when each of my Islamic comrades received a personal gift from Hitler during the new year. It was a pendant with a small Koran. Hitler was honoring them with this small symbolic gift. He was honoring them with what was the most important aspect of their lives and their history. National Socialist racialism was loyal to the German race and totally respected all other races. "

(2) I strove to express something of this in essays such as Nationalism, Race, Culture and Islam, and The Ignorance of Infidels.

---

## TOWARDS THE GALACTIC EMPIRE: AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES PART THREE

---



### Part Three

*"Three things have always inspired me: the ideal of Space Travel, the belief that our evolution, as human beings, has only just begun - that we can and indeed should evolve still further, in terms of our abilities and our consciousness - and a feeling concerning our being part of Nature. The first two are really part of one vision - the ideal of a Galactic Empire."*

In many ways, my life has been a Faustian, or Promethean, quest - to discover, to know, to experience, the essence of life; to answer the fundamental questions about our existence, as human beings, and about the nature of the Cosmos itself. In the course of this quest, I have experienced many things - both light and dark, of sorrow, and joy, of violence, hatred, love - and from all these things I have slowly, very slowly, learnt, and changed myself, until, after forty years, I have arrived where I am.

Thus it is that these notes represent signs, experiences - only signs, only experiences - along the way that led to such understanding.



## **A Return to the Beginning**

I learnt a great deal from my involvement with Islam - about myself, and the world. I also came to appreciate, and know, that Islam expresses, or can express, something of the Numen, the sacred, in the modern world, just as Christianity once did, and occasionally still does - although we in the West are increasingly losing the sense of the Divine in our personal lives, and in our society. But was, and is, Islam the answer? I began to doubt it was.

I remember, several decades ago now, my first wife saying before we married that she did not believe in God - except when she listened to some of the music of JS Bach. I loved her for that - for there, in such music, was an intimation of the Divine, an expression of the Numen sufficient to bring us, even if only for a moment, to the feeling of humility we surely need to keep us human, to prevent us from committing the dishonour of insolence, of hubris: that moral crime against reason which the governments of the West, their officials, representatives, and minions, have committed, and are increasingly committing, and which some of the peoples of the West themselves are also increasingly committing in their prejudice and arrogance and support of a new colonialism.

So it was that I found something of this intimation of the Divine, in Islam - or rather, in the striving of some Muslims, world-wide, who sought to be reasonable and honourable, and who sometimes succeed, bringing thus a civilized way of life into this world, just as many Christians, and Buddhists, and those of several other Ways, did and do, and just as many, many, people of the West did, and still do, despite the machinations of their governments, despite the loss of the Numen in the everyday life of the peoples of the West, and despite the increasing dishonour among some of the peoples of the West.

However, I had yet again been following an ideal - or rather, striving to find an ideal in something which was, like many religions and Ways, open to interpretation, and misinterpretation, and whose principles were sometimes, or often, ignored by people who claimed adherence to them, and which thus was, in essence, fallible. That is, I came to realize that I was making the mistake I had made with Christianity, with Buddhism, with a political ideology, with many other Ways and -isms, which mistake was to place some abstraction, some ideal, before being, before life, and thus to wrongly strive to realize, to make real, some abstraction, some ideal, by a striving to have life, and people, conform to, be restricted by, some ideal, some abstraction. This, I came to understand, caused suffering; it was hubris, and thus un-ethical. That is, I came to consider, and strove to answer, ethical questions concerning the causes, and the cessation of, suffering.

Furthermore, and on the personal level, I have only ever felt a true inner peace, a harmony, a oneness, when I am among Nature. I belong among the open hills; by the rivers; in deserts; on mountains; in the forests; on the open sea; in small fields, working with my hands. In these and other such places I have my being - having always felt I do not belong in this modern world with its destruction of night by electric light, with its cars and fast transport; its noise, manic pace, intensive farming, consumer ethos, material greed, cruelty to animals and humans in the name of progress and its almost total lack of manners and courtesy.

What I find real is Nature, as I feel and have come to rationally understand that our very humanity is defined by our awareness of Nature with its slow, quiet, natural, rhythm which modern life and living has almost totally destroyed.

Did - could - Islam express this, and the almost inexpressible feeling of being part of a living being, the being of Nature? I know that I found an aspect of this feeling in Taoism, decades ago;

and another during my time as a monk when, for instance, between Matins and Lauds I would walk outside in the quietness, often the darkness, feeling, feeling a beauty, a wordless ritual of joy knowing the centuries for the imposters they were...

Several years ago, and for many months, living alone, in rural isolation, I once again deeply pondered such questions, and many other questions, to arrive at one conclusion, then another - followed by a striving to live one way; then another; and to thus confuse many people about my intentions and beliefs.

Thus I considered - as I had years ago in relation to first, Buddhism, and then Christianity - that only the natural, honourable, tolerant, folkish, reasoned, Way which underlies what I have called The Numinous Way of Folk Culture fully answered all the questions about the meaning and purpose of our lives. It seemed impossible to reconcile my belief in the importance of personal honour, and the overriding importance of Nature and folk identity, with the principles of Islam. Yet - and yet there was the question of honour, of the oath I had sworn, as a Muslim, to do my duty. This was Shahadah, the testimony of submission. I felt myself caught between dishonour and dishonour: between betraying the new understanding I believed I had achieved and which I sought to express through The Numinous Way, through poetry, and in some of the personal letters I wrote to friends, and between betraying that oath of submission to a Deity.



Was my foremost duty to Nature? I certainly was inclined toward my life-long belief that we, as a species, had evolved from primitive beginnings and not been created, almost as we are now, by God. Furthermore, I was also inclined - against faith - to accept that Nature and the Cosmos work in a reasoned way and that there are no such things as God-given "miracles" which contradict this natural order. In addition, I came to the conclusion that underlying the Cosmos was an evolving, changing, Cosmic Being, who (or which) was presenced in us, through us, when we lived honourable lives, and did honourable deeds, and fulfilled our duty to the living beings of the Cosmos, evident to us on this planet in Nature and the diversity of folk and culture.

I further came to understand, from practical experience and personal study, that Islam and the Way of Nature - The Numinous Way of Folk Culture - were different and incompatible ways of living, and that The Numinous Way, as explicated in my recent writings, is an expression of that compassion, honour and empathy which I had come to regard as the essence of our humanity and indeed as the essence of genuine civilization and a beginning of the next stage of our own evolution, part of which is the great Galactic adventure which I had felt for so many decades is our human Destiny.

But were these just the inevitable doubts of faith that should - must - be cast aside for the sake of loyalty and honour? To me, it seemed then as now that one of the main differences between monotheism (exemplified by Islam) and the way of Nature is that the way of Nature seeks to

create a type of Paradise here on this Earth, believing that this Paradise exists in Nature, as Nature is - wild, isolated places where human beings are at best small communities of farmers or nomads, bound by a common cultural and folk ethos, and at worst travellers who are only passing through. In contrast, monotheism understands Paradise as existing in the life-after-death.

Furthermore, the way of Nature sees us as a part of Nature, dependent on it, whereas monotheism sees us as masters of Nature, with Nature existing to provide for us. To attain Paradise, through the way of Nature, we have to care for and protect Nature, and restrain our desire for more comfort, more material things. To attain Paradise, through the way of conventional religion, it seems we can use Nature - build and dwell in large cities; encourage industry and create a modern-type of developed nation with its large farms and meat-producing factories where the urban way of life dominates.



Where can I find peace? In the Gardens of Paradise after my death - or here, on this Earth, among the beauty of Nature? Is our mortal life a test given to us by the Supreme Being who can reward us with eternal life and who gave us reason and free will to pass this test? Or is our mortal life - our reason, our consciousness - the product of evolution, with us as creations of, and dependent upon, our mother, Nature? We seem to have struggled painfully slowly over thousands of millennia to transcend our savage animal past - and yet we are still half-savage; still prey to our savage instincts which can overwhelm our reason, our judgement, our fairness, our honour. I myself had struggled for decades through and because of diverse experiences to a certain insight and understanding - and yet, and yet...



In addition, the question of suffering came to occupy me, more and more, and I began to seek answers to what then seemed to be the difficult question of the origin, the basis, of honour itself. Did honour - must honour - derive from God, from a supra-personal, divine source? If so, could there be divinity without revelation? Was - could - honour be the basis for ethics? Or did - could - personal honour derive from empathy, and thus have its genesis in compassion?

My experience of Islam - my Islamic travels - were of great benefit, for these things enabled me to give conscious form to many ideas and feelings, especially about ethics and what I have termed the Cosmic Being. During that time, I came to understand many things: I perceived the essence of The Numinous Way, the essence of real civilization, and of our own human nature. In truth, these years enabled me to complete my philosophy - rather Weltanschauung - of the Numinous Way of Folk Culture.

Thus, through my diverse experiences, my diverse studies, I came to understand how the ethics of conventional religion are firmly based upon the morality of the individual; a morality which speaks of the reward for the individual in some after-life, or in the attainment of some Nirvana. In contrast, it seems to me that my Cosmic Ethics are both revolutionary and evolutionary: we do what we do not because we as individuals may be rewarded by some Supreme Deity but because it is the human, the civilized, the empathic, the noble, the honourable, thing to do. Furthermore, I reached out to the perspective beyond this world - toward the Cosmos itself, feeling that there probably was life elsewhere, and, sometimes, I would look at some of the beautiful photographs of the Cosmos taken by instruments such as the Hubble telescope and imagine world upon world of life in Galaxy after Galaxy. How foolish I, we, seemed; how primitive, how childish, for we were but one minute manifestation of life in one part of one Galaxy among millions upon millions of Galaxies.



Thus, and for a long time, I lived troubled by the human dilemma of honour - or, rather, troubled by the dishonour of rejecting an oath sworn before good, noble, people, and troubled by the dishonour of causing suffering in this life through propagating the Way of submission, to some supreme Deity, whose ultimate aim was beyond this mortal life, which aim I was unsure whether I still believed in as I had in those sublime days of that first year of that part of my quest. For my apprehension was not, and is not, of God as God has hitherto been understood, but of the Cosmic Being: of how Nature, and we ourselves as rational, honourable, cultured beings, manifest this Cosmic Being. Of how our culture and our folk have expressed and can express this Being and the will of this Being. Of how we exist on one planet circling one star among millions of stars in



one Galaxy among a Cosmos of Galaxies. Of how we evolved, painfully slowly, toward reason, and honour and those other things which express our humanity, and how we still are tainted with our primitive, our barbaric, ancestry. Of how we can and should evolve further by preserving and developing those things which make us human, through a new culture, or many new cultures, with such a new culture or cultures being the genesis of the type of society which really can begin the quest to explore outer Space because the right type of empathic, rational, honourable human being exists to make this possible.

But I strived to persevere, to act according to a certain oath, helped by striving to bring disparate groups together to fight what I then regarded as our common enemy. It helped to write, about Islam, about The Numinous Way, developing the Numinous Way itself, and for over two years I found a kind of peace and contentment in the simple manual labour of a new outdoor job. It is fair to say I had reached a kind of truce, within myself, trying to do what I regarded as the honourable thing by not thinking too deeply about the doubts, the differences; about suffering; about Nature, the folk and the Cosmic Being. Then, one late September day, things began to become more complicated: to change, slowly, unexpectedly, as they often do. The cause, as often in my life, was a woman, for I had fallen in love, again.

For nearly eighteen months, a tempestuous, difficult, sometimes sublime, often ecstatic, occasionally troubling, relationship with such a beautiful woman that seemed to promise so much: that seemed it might fulfil many of the dreams nurtured since youth. Of sharing life in a simple yet profound and joyful way. So many times - so many days - when we talked of new beginnings; of a life in Egypt; or Iran; of travelling; of adventure, shared. She, like I, loved the desert, and we planned so many adventures, so many travels in such places. So many hopes... Which became destroyed during several deeply anguished weeks when her illness of years past forcibly returned to leave me floundering, at times perplexed and at times sure of what she, I - we - should do. But the love I felt and gave was not enough for one day, some hours after I had left to return to my home for a few days, she killed herself.

For days, weeks, many months and more, I knew - felt - my blame, my shame. Remorse; guilt - at what should have been done, said; at what was not said or not done. There was an ever-growing need for faith, for redemption, for something to remove the pain, the dark thoughts of death; the often disabling anguish of such a tragic loss: a loss greater, it felt, than the loss of my second wife from cancer the previous decade; a loss far, far, greater than the turmoil of divorce, than the painful ending of a personal loving relationship. Thus, slowly, there was a return to the simplicity of submission to some Deity - all questions answered; all conflicts resolved. It was helpful and healing - for a while. But I began to feel the dishonour of betrayal: a callous forgetting of the tragedy of her death; a renunciation of my own responsibility, a rejection of where my own experience and thinking has led me; a dishonourable rejection of the presencing that was and is the folk and Nature, and a return to causing even more and possibly greater suffering. Where the empathy? Where the compassion? Where those numinous feelings arising on a warm Summer's day in the fields of a Farm in rural England when I would sit before a pond to hear only the breeze, the birds, to feel only the simple beauty of life, presenced there in such a simple moment? It seemed as if Nature, the very Cosmos, was there, reaching out, there in such places and so many times, as the beautiful matrix of numinous life itself reached out through a piece of sublime music, or some work of Art, or some work of literature whose words, whose very ending left us tearful but suffused with that joy which for centuries has moved so many onwards toward empathy, compassion, and honour.

Thus, the dilemma of honour returned, starker, greater, than before - for I had the memory of her life, her death, before me, to remind. Trapped between dishonour and dishonour. For many

months I wavered, trying through will, words and deeds, to dispel the renewed and rising doubts. It did not work, for I remembered the many mistakes of my past. I remembered the beauty of a simple letting-be: of the Numen of Nature, of the slim crescent Moon in the sky before Dawn when the rain of night had gone and I was left to wander down the hill in the warm almost humid night of almost mid-October to feel such joy, such tragedy, such suffering, such promise as brought the tears of life: century upon century of suffering and strife; century upon century of love, one person to another. So much death, so much hope as when a man olding in years but young waited one late morning in early Spring for her to open her door: then, she was there, with that strange, quixotic smile, half-happy, half-troubled, doubtful still of her beauty, her life; doubts which left her a moment but for only a moment as we embraced to be in that flow the essence of life's meaning, happiness, goodness, and hope...

In essence, I came to understand how honour relates to, depends upon, empathy and thus is connected to compassion - to the desire to cease to cause suffering - and that no oath of personal loyalty justifies causing suffering: that it is the cessation of suffering, through being honourable and thus compassionate, which is the most important thing, which is the essence of our humanity. That it is the striving for some ideal, some abstraction, some dogma - be it or they political, or social, or religious, or whatever - which causes or which contributes to personal suffering and which is thus unethical, wrong, dishonourable.

Thus, there is a feeling of nearing the end of a four-decade long quest; a hope, within, of having at last found satisfactory, honourable, ethical, answers. A hope that such inner conflict as has occurred these past three years is honourably resolved, so that I will no longer sally forth on behalf of some abstraction, whether religious or political or whatever. But, as I have written elsewhere, I have believed that about myself before, and been mistaken.



### **Conclusion:**

So it was that I, beyond the tragic death of a loved one, beyond my mistakes and experiences, have come to just be me: this is what I am, beyond the words written, the words said; beyond the many deeds of the past, for there should not be any ideas or ideals or abstractions imposed upon



the fragile simple flow of Life, upon individuals, only a going-beyond any and all labels, descriptions or terms. Beyond all words whether written and spoken which do not convey in some way the Numen of life and which thus do not cause or contribute to any suffering to any living being. No more, then, those words which have marked and made the dishonourable barbarism of our present and our past: only a flow that flows, from one beginning to one end; only, here, one finite, mistake-prone being ceasing to cause suffering having learned, at last, and hopefully, from his many errors of experience.

"There is - was - no excuse: the failure, the weakness, the forgetting, was, and is, mine. And so, I ask again: how shall I never forget, again?"

There need not be any detailed explanations, from me, of the life that now is, of the why that it is, and others can make of this - of me - what they will, for I no longer care about being understood, for the flow of Life goes on, and there is the perspective of the life of Nature, of the life, the being, of the Cosmos - our own smallness - to take us beyond the primitive, selfish, perspective of both our present and our past.

*We shall not cease from exploration  
And the end of all our exploring  
Will be to arrive where we started  
And know the place for the first time.*

In my end is my beginning...



DWM

---

### **One Simple Numinous Answer**

Thus have I, from my pathei mathos, come to accept that conventional faith - and all dogma, be such theological or political - rather obscures the essence, The Numen, itself. Such things I now regard as abstractions which we manufacture and impose, or project, upon Reality in a somewhat vain and arrogant attempt to "understand" it, and ourselves, and others - and which, in effect, dispose us toward pre-judgement, based on such abstractions, with such pre-judgements often being inhuman in the sense that they cause suffering or harm or destroy other life.

Thus my understanding now is of how all life - sentient and otherwise - is connected, and an

expression, a presencing, of that some-thing which is beyond us (and which Nature is a part of) which some-thing I have tentatively called "The Cosmic Being". This Being is not God - but rather the Cosmos, and all life, and thus we ourselves, in-evolution: with our consciousness being a means whereby we can know this Being - and The Numinous and Beauty, which are manifestations of this connected Life, this Being. Our consciousness is also a means whereby we can change ourselves, and thus be what we have the potential to be.

For me, all Art, poetry, music, literature, and Ways of Living which capture or express (or presence) something of the numinous - which so manifest something of the beautiful, the sublime, "the primal innocence" - are or can be a means of transformation for ourselves and for others. As are - or rather as can be - some personal relationships, where love, based on loyalty and that simple sharing and trust which such personal loyalty engenders, is freely given and freely received. Indeed, I would go so far as to express the belief that it is such human love, between two human beings, which is perhaps the finest, most noble, and most beautiful expression of our humanity - and there is such a sadness in knowing how much this is not the case, now, in the world where we dwell; in knowing how so many people, knowing or unknowing, abuse and misuse such love, given to them, for their own selfish, prideful, ends.

In a very important sense, we are The Cosmic Being: we are other life, we are the very Cosmos itself, although as human beings we just do not perceive this or feel this, yet. And so, being a connexion to other life, we can harm or aid this other life and ourselves, and thus harm or aid and help to assist and evolve, The Cosmic Being itself.

To so perceive, feel and understand, our connexion - which sublime Art, music (and so on) and some moments of some personal relationship are intimations of - we require empathy. From empathy there is compassion, and from both arises that desire to cease to cause suffering to other living beings: to live in such a way that we ourselves are changed, moment to moment, by remembering the numinous and by feeling the numinous both within us and without.

To do this, we do not need "prayer" - or belief in some deity or deities; and we especially do not need some theology or indeed any dogma. All we need is a certain numinous apprehension; an empathic way of seeing and being which burgeons forth into a wordless compassion; the faculty of remembering how we are but one connexion, but one transient part of one cosmic flow which began somewhere, long ago, and which will change to-be something else in some future.

Which leads us on to the very purpose of our individual lives, which I personally understand as transcending - through our mortal life's ending - to where we merge back into Life itself; returned to the Cosmos; to be part of the very consciousness of a still imperfect and still changing and still evolving Cosmic Being.

Thus, what motivates us is not the hope of some personal "reward" given to us by some deity; nor even the hope of attaining for ourselves some kind of Paradise or Nirvana. Rather, the motivation is supra-personal. For what motivates us is the reality which so plainly exists: the reality of ourselves as a loving connexion to life, to Nature, and to the Cosmos; the reality of empathy - of how we have the ability to go beyond our animal, our barbaric, past, and perceive and feel beyond the ego and even the self; the reality of suffering, and how we can cease to cause suffering and so aid Life and the very change and evolution of the Cosmos.

From all this there derives a particular and quite simple morality - a guide to personal behaviour - and a particular way of living. Our moral guide is empathy, and the personal honour and compassion that derives from this. There is thus a living in the moment; an acceptance of Life;

and yet also a remembrance of suffering and tragedy, and a wordless but very numinous hope. This numinous hope is that born by the new cosmic perspective which our awareness of ourselves as one connexion brings us. Thus do we feel the centuries, the millennia, before us, and after us, and thus do we place contemporary events in perspective.

Hence there is an understanding that the only way the world - people - will change in any significant and ethical way, is by the difficult change within each and every individual: through perception, through them developing empathy, and through a living based upon that empathy, and that all we, as individuals can do, is strive to live in an ethical way ourselves, trusting, hoping, that our lives, our artistic and musical emanations, can aid such a numinous transformation of others.

DW Myatt

*[Extract from a letter to a friend. I have amended the text slightly to remove typos and clarify the sense in one or two particular places.]*

### **Journeyings**

As for my own journeyings, they have been many and varied - in essence a search for meaning, identity and purpose, and also, to be honest, an inner following of an ideal, a dream, a sense of personal Destiny. Thus, outwardly, I have studied, and been involved with Taoism, Buddhism (both Theravada and Zen), Catholicism (of course!), Islam, and various pagan ways. There has also been a decades-long history of political and "para-military" involvement, as I strived to change society in accord with some political idealism I believed in - which involvement led me, in my pride, arrogance and stupidity, to cause great suffering to others, and to have the experience (twice) of being in prison. For I often used, and incited, violence, in my pursuit of political abstractions, and was, for a long time - and still am, by many - perceived as some violent fanatic, an extremist, and even as an "evil man".

This perception of me is understandable, although I personally regard it as incorrect because during my years of involvement I was, for most of that time, controlling my natural empathy, and compassion, believing that "sacrifices had to be made" in order to create some better, idealized society. That is, I placed some abstraction - political, or "religious" in the case of Islam - before human beings: before their happiness, before a simple, joyful, human love. Thus, I regarded violence, war - and some killing - as an acceptable "price"...

Sometimes, during these decades, it did get too much, and so for a while I ceased my involvements - to study various philosophies, religious, or Ways; to wander around, as a tramp, for some months; to spend nearly two years in a monastery; to get married for the first time and strive to live a "domestic life"; to live in a tent for several months; to travel around the world; to spend six months (following the death from cancer of my second wife) living in a hotel translating Greek literature... But always, always, I returned to my posturings - to striving to change the world in accord with some idealism, in accord with some abstraction I held in my head, stupidly believing that I was indeed trying to make the world a better, a more noble, place: and arrogantly, pridefully, believing that I could make a difference.

Gradually, very gradually, my pride, my arrogance, my sense of personal Destiny, my belief in abstractions - political, social and religious - have all been worn down, so that now I am somewhat like some of the monks I knew who joined the noviciate after the Second World War

because their personal experience of war and suffering changed them, greatly. But in my case, my pride, my arrogance, my inner belief, was, it seems so great, that it took me decades to be fundamentally changed - or, rather, to shed, to have taken from me, the illusions of this world, to accept I had been wrong, to feel the meaning of humility.

Yet - somewhat shamefully to recall - I understood many things, such as the need to cease to cause suffering, several times over the years: understood them both intellectually, and emotionally; rationally and empathically. But always, always, I in the end returned to involvement, to causing suffering, as I always, always, in the end and in my arrogance, rejected the answers of all religions, philosophies and Ways, striving to find my own answers.

Now, I live quite quietly, almost as a recluse, spending my days walking in the hills, or reading, or messing around with (and testing) computer software, or just watching clouds pass. Still searching, for answers; hoping that I have at last ceased to cause suffering - but knowing only that I do not really know, that I am fallible, that I have been wrong so many times in the past; that my answers, such as they are, are only my answers, accepted for the moment, and feeling how incomplete these answers are, with so many questions remaining unanswered...

With her death - over seven months ago, now - I felt, surprisingly strongly, the need for prayer; the need to once again believe in God, in a Saviour; to have again the healing, the catharsis, of the sacraments of the Church. So I became perplexed, hoping to believe, wishing to believe, but not believing - or, perhaps, not being given the Grace to believe, from the Holy Spirit. So I fought, again, against myself - striving to find my own rational and empathic answers, beyond religion, faith, God...

Is this striving yet again my arrogance, my stupidity, my pride? Probably. Thus there is again the question of humility - of just accepting; of surrender to a supra-personal redeeming love. And yet - and yet there are the doubts, intellectual, and born from empathy: from the knowing of Nature, of the Cosmos; from the knowing of my own answers, however, feeble, born out of the struggle of the past seven months, the past several decades of my mistakes.

DW Myatt

(Extract from a letter to a religious of OSB)

### **One Small Missive To A Friend**

Too much sadness; far too much sorrow - from the knowing, the feeling, of my mistakes; from the knowing - the feeling - of having caused so much suffering. So I listen to the Aria from Bach's BWV 82 and I am overwhelmed. Tears of sadness, beauty, suffering, knowing: overcome with too little and yet too much: so much suffering for so little apprehension gained. So much suffering before, century upon century, for so little change, and I am left remembering as I was this morning under warming late August Sun when I wandered among the meadow-fields to sit myself upon dew-covered grass and close my eyes while the sun-warmth of an English Summer brought one small moment of an almost tragic respite.

No faith to redeem; no prayer to ease if only for a while the hurting burden of remorse. No allegory of hope to grasp and hold in needful arms which reach out to only the emptiness of this room, only the emptiness of that field where a Buzzard flew to shade me so briefly perhaps so fittingly from Sun. Yet - and yet - there is an intimation; one intimation, one reaching out beyond

God, deity, toward a new burgeoning supra-personal love that I cannot quite grasp. Elusive, as the haunting dreams of night only partially remembered when we, sleepfull still, awake to hope that we can at least begin to hope, again.

One intimation of one needfull wordless love born from such a temporal knowing as breaks me down to one connexion upon one Earth; one transient form, fleeting between life, sorrow, death. Thus is there that deepfull needfull knowing of how I am cloud, dew, seed, soil and Sun; of how the years have worn me down to be only what I am: as the small golden Beetle crawled upwards upon that one stalk of breeze-swayed grass to be in that moment of my morning one connexion undefined undefinable of and to one unknown Cosmic Being breaking through while I sat in silence, observing as I the almost-broken did observe then in one pure undefiled moment of almost peace and purity of an undirected unrequited love...

And so the music and memory end, to leave this, only this; only such feeble words as these as burgeons forth again that yearning to be only and ever alone in such silence and solitude as may keep me mindful, hopeful, unable to cause or seek to cause ever again any suffering and able thus to feel again one more such moment of that elusive blissful-sadness.

Thus there is no longer any need nor desire in me to be, by others, understood...

### **We Love Unsuspecting**

A quite relaxing day, for me: a day of unexpected sunshine and September warmth after so many dull and rainy days, and I spent most the hours of the daylight morning in the fields, or sitting by the large pond listening to the song of the birds, watching the Dragonflies, the Butterflies and the pond life, with the afternoon spent in gentle gardening, and then just sitting in the warming Sun.

There has been thus moments of pleasure, peace and joy, as of those remembered times when one's distant gentle lover comes, if only briefly, to stay with one, again. Thus was I, thus am I, brought back, or moved forward, to just-be in the flow of Life as Life flows, slowly, when we gently let-go of that perception which is our small and often selfish self: to feel, to be-again, not apart from Nature.

Hence I am again but one life slowly dwelling in some small part of a rural England that I strive to keep within me by the slow movement of only walking, or cycling, along the country lanes, and which never takes me far from the meadow fields or from the hills which rear up, wooded, less than half a mile away.

Thus has there been time for that calm thinking that arises slowly, naturally, as the Cumulus cloud arose this morning, early, to briefly shade the Sun before they, the clouds, changed so slowly to leave me where my horizon of sighted landscape ended, far beyond the farthest trees, hedge, and hill that I could see. And thus was there a slow thinking about, a dwelling upon, your question of balance.....

Do you find you are still unsatisfied as to your path? Or did you find/are still finding, a synthesis between the many? It's the Balance I find that I seek, and hope for.

.....and yet, for myself, I feel it is more a question of change than of balance, as if we, as a species, are poised, caught, between the past of our animal ancestral nature and the future that surely awaits us if we can change, evolve, into a different kind of being, perhaps into an almost

new species. Thus do I sense us, now, as in transition and yet mesmerized, held-back, even imprisoned, by the things we in our hubris-like cleverness have constructed: by the words, the terms, the very language, we have manufactured in order to try and understand ourselves, others, and this world.

Thus do we now interpret others, ourselves, the world - Reality - by abstractions which we project: which we have mentally-constructed and to which we assign "names" and terms, thus obscuring, hiding, the very essence itself, and thus mistaking such manufactured things for this essence.

Thus have we and for example manufactured a concept called a "nation" and a "State", and have theories of how to govern such constructs, and manufactured "laws" to ensure some kind of abstract "order" within such places, as millions have given their "loyalty" to such abstract things and fought and died and caused great suffering in order to "defend" them or bring them into-being. Thus have we given "names" to differences among and within ourselves - based on some outward "sign" such as skin colour or on some inner sign such as a perceived or assumed "religious" or "political" belief - and thus dishonourably, un-empathically, used such "differences" as a criteria of worth and judgement, and in the process often or mostly behaving in a quite inhuman way. For all such abstractions - however named or described - seem to me to obscure The Numinous: obscure the simple reality which is of the connectedness, the acausal unity, of all Life.

I am as guilty as anyone in having done such things, for - for nearly four decades - I believed in or upheld some such abstraction or other, and used such things as not only a measure of the meaning of my own life, but also as a criteria of judgement, just as I often used violence in pursuit of such abstractions. It did not matter that I sincerely believed my inner intentions were noble and "good"; what mattered was that all such abstractions caused suffering for someone, or some many, somewhere. For such suffering was a natural consequence of those abstractions, constructed and manufactured as such things were by us in our vain arrogance.

Of course, many have understood this, or felt this, over the millennia - as some Ways have been developed to try and move us back toward the reality of connectedness. But always - always, it seems to me - over causal time, the simple unaffected pure meaning, the suffering insight, becomes lost in the words and through dogma, especially through dogma, and in particular through our very need, our very desire, to strive to "attain" some-thing, or to follow some-thing, or someone.

Perhaps only in music, Art, literature, poetry, a personal loyal love, and such-like emanations - in those things which wordlessly capture if only for a moment the Numinous itself - there is and has been a reminder of what-is, of what can-be. Of what we have forgotten and what we have glimpsed or have the capacity to glimpse, to feel, to know.

It seems to me, finally, that there are no answers, because no questions exist; we only impose questions upon what-is. For we have this need to make complex what is simple; we have this Promethean irritation within us. Certainly, this inner irritation, this inability to be empathic with Life (except perhaps in moments) brings us or can bring us joy, ecstasy, and can move us toward a different and at times exhilarating existence - as I know from my own not inactive, woman-loving, and sometimes warrior-like, life. But such a living I sense and feel is only a stasis, a repeat of our often barbaric, animal-like, past, and not the change, the evolution, we need and which surely is possible now, from the understanding the past five thousand years or so has given us.

Thus, my Path now is my Path - which in my temerity I have called The Numinous Way, and which, as it exists now due to the metamorphosis of recent years, represents the results of my ponderings, my thinking, my feelings, and what little knowledge I have acquired from pathemathos.

Have you found that the seekers path has brought you as much joy as sorrow?

*"Always a dream or a memory  
Lead us on  
And we wait like children  
Trusting in the spirits of the Earth.  
We love unsuspecting  
While they our lovers scheme,  
Succour themselves on our blood  
And bleed us dry..."*

In truth I have found, over four decades of seeking, more sorrow than joy - and yet the sorrow now seems to have merged with the joy to become some-thing which is of both yet beyond both. A new way of feeling, perhaps; or a new way of being, far beyond any words I know, and certainly beyond any and all the various and many Ways and Paths I have experienced and lived. But, of course, there are times - many times - when the sadness seeps back to bring forth burgeoning tears.

All I have from four decades of strife, seeking, searching, questions - of a learning from my plenitude of mistakes - are some tentative scribblings of my own, manifest in The Numinous way, with its Cosmic Ethics, its emphasis on empathy, compassion and honour, and its understanding of how our manufactured abstractions cause and continue to cause suffering, re-enforce our hubris, obscure our connexion to the Cosmos, and distance us from The Numinous.

DW Myatt

---

## DWM: SELECTED LETTERS PART I

---



---

*Note by JRW: The following is taken from a letter, written by Myatt, and addressed to me. He dated it Almost Mid-May.*

---

### **Too Much, Too Soon**

On the trees around - now all almost full in leaf and almost all Oak - the Cuckoo does his rounds, calling from tree to tree to tree.

I lie in the damp long Meadow grass, almost hidden, on this middle morning of almost the middle of May, as begins another beautiful rural English day where warming Sun becomes sometimes hidden by the growing Cumulus clouds and a coolish breeze ripples the grass, wave after wave after slow wave. Here - where the Fox-path of trodden grass is clear among their height and where Bluebells cluster along the hedge which hid the Deer I startled as I walked, slowly, savouring each scent, each sound, each sight.

This is real: this field on this day, and I am once again at peace, here where I sense, know, I belong, and where I can touch, feel, see this belonging. There are no politics here; and nor are such abstracted lifeless things needed. Here I hear the birds calling, tree to tree, bush to bush, hedge to hedge, sky to sky: Thrush, Blackbird, Robin, Skylark... and other songs and calls from birds, and beings, whose generic names I do not know, and do not desire to know. For they all live, each a life which is their life, just as the Oak behind, the fly that warms itself on my boot, are each a life, one nexus of energy, nameless because un-named in their profusion. What if I named them? What if we named them all - from the beginning of their life to their own, individual, ending? Is that too much, too soon?

Yet - not a million miles away people die, killed; are confined, tortured, abused, humiliated, oppressed. No empathy there; no beings of compassion who, having lived, know the knowing of suffering and feel that slowness of honour, light to a night, as a crescent moon at clear Dusk, bringing perhaps some thought for, some feeling of, the worlds beyond - beyond the pain, the suffering, that still endures, for no reason.



There is no realness - there, in such places. Only ideas, binding, where sight is not the sight of breeze rippling grass, and where feeling is not the feeling of warm Sun on face, hands, arms, peaceful following the cold dampness of Winter. No - there there is only the seeing of Forms, created, abstracted, which seek to, and which do, restrict, constrain, distort, subdue, destroy the life that lives, the living which is - the lifes which are - the myriad nexions presenced here on one planet among so many billions of stars.

Will it end? Yes, such suffering should. Perhaps it is just one cloud, transient, obscuring this one warming giving star which is our Sun? But I do not think so: so many clouds, so many thousands of years... And thus is even this one small missive of mine too much, too soon: too late?

DW Myatt

---

*Note by JRW: The following is an extract from a handwritten letter by Myatt, addressed to me. He dated it One Sunday Morning in July.*

---

### **One Sunday Morning in July**

This field-side pond is less than half its normal size, dried and murky-green through the warm, dry, June, and the resident Coot clacks in alarm as I, not so quietly it seems, approach on this hot Sunday morning of an English Summer.

Around the edges, scores, hundreds, of two-winged flies hop, buzz, skip, dance, to fan and display their narrow, spotted, wings. There is a pattern to their movement, revealed as I wait, and watch - so many of them their sounds combine, a low drone below the leaf-breeze rustle. The edges of this pond are partially shaded by Ask, Oak and that large oak broken branch, clingingly attached to its life-giving centuries old hedge-dwelling trunk, a branch whose trailing parts are half-in, half-out, of the water: leafy, green, toward the branch's top, and dead where it lies, in, just above, that still drying murky water.

There is pain from two broken ribs as I sit amid the grass, one yard of four Fox-footprints from the edge, chewing on a juicy stalk of grass. There is Sun to warm, heal; insects, to come, go; a white butterfly to descend to briefly drink; grasshoppers, birds, to call. Time flows, unmeasured, unmissed - the drifted sound of the village Church bells, two miles distant; a small but growing Summer Cumulus cloud to briefly dispel the warmth of Sun, intimating the cold, darker, seasons, to come...

Such pain a reminder; and I have no excuses if I fail to change my life. So much learnt these past two years of wandering and of work. There can be no harming and no one harmed - I, we, have will, knowledge, empathy, enough, to be that which we should, must be; to grow as we must grow, up from the empathy, born of honour, toward a maturity of life; up from a simple dwelling where we are a harmony of consciousness with the land.

I smile, because I am not alone. Here, there is time, quietness, calmness, empathy, life, enough to know, feel, the Life beyond our life, the Life which bore us with so much wordless hope which we, selfish children, so stupidly, ignorantly, scorn. One tree, more of less; one human bludgeoned by words, deeds, streaming forth unchecked; one Coot killed for sport; one field lost to build one part of one road joining one empathyless place to another. One more person tortured, killed,

starved, maimed through one more lifeless idea carried, like a deadly virus, by one more talking upright-walking childish being.

There are no excuses for our failures - we have knowledge enough. Thousand year upon thousand year of suffering, death, destruction, torment, torture; thousand year upon thousand year of music, literature, memoirs, poetry, art; thousand year upon thousand year of individuals striving, learning, as I have learnt, strived, beyond, between, the light and the dark There are no excuses - we have ability, potential, will, enough to discover, find, know, to become the empathy, the honour, we need, genesis as these two are of the higher, numinous, life which awaits. There can be no more excuses.

So I lie still in the warming grass; peaceful in my pain while the hot Sun of this Sunday lasts.

DW Myatt

---

*Note by JRW: The following is an extract from a handwritten letter by Myatt, addressed to me. He dated it Nearing Mid-September.*

---

### **Nearing Mid-September**

A glorious warm day of full, hot, Sun and I have been lying in the warm still growing greening grass by the edge of one field at the back of the Farm - sometimes asleep - for what is probably an hour. And yet, I still do not know.

Beneath and around the old tall Oak, acorns have fallen, eaten or stored, or both, by Squirrels, for I can find and see only the top which once held them on the tree. The small pond with its incumbent still living branches, is smaller, greener now, home to algae and slime, and the large Dragonfly hovers above the greenish water, to fly around to return to hover. A fly - or something, for I cannot quite see from here - passes it by and the Dragonfly darts around, chasing it away from the water. It is a chase, for I see this happen twice, three times. Then the Dragonfly is gone, toward the bushes, the branches.

In the field, a single tall Cornflower amid the yellow buttercups, the purple Clover, the Vetchling and Hawksbeard. Field-walking, I can see the Church in the two-mile distant village whose bell I can hear, here, come Sunday morning. And now, at last, I am here in the neglected one-acre strip whose fruit-giving, flowering hedges have been untrimmed for years.

But already the desecration has started. For, five fields to my left, is a lane which winds toward an orchard, a Farm, whose fields have hedges newly, murderously, flailed by a brutish machine. The berries, the fruits, the dormant buds - all gone. No wonder there that each year the life-giving, life-holding, life-sheltering, hedge dies a little more.

Alas, I have no land, no field or fields, to call my own where I can tend and care as life, field-grown, field-sown, field-fare, should and must be tended with care born from dwelling, feeling, there. I only work, toiling, for another, to keep me fed, housed, clothed, tired and, sometimes, content, as now where two small brown butterflies spiral and dance around the greening growing grass where I have sat to sit crossed legged writing this, chewing on a sweet stalk of grass.

So warm the Sun I can forget what should-be in the what-is of warmth: in the gentle music of leaves, breeze-brought. A few small cumulus clouds drift West to East over the nearby wooded hill, and I know, sense, feel, that here in this field, under this Sun, is Paradise.

My desires, hopes, dreams, have been a distraction. All that is good, beautiful, right, is here and I might need only a small plot of land, a woman as wife, a shack, to make my world complete. Thus it is that I have again the knowing of what I should know. But have I the patience to stay, enduring the calm to the peace - knowing, but bereft of woman, shack, field, faith? Or have I to go, must I go, to live to settle to marry she, in that hot distant land, who loves me?

So I settle myself down again to sleep in the warm greening growing grass. But there is no rest, only a world beyond brought briefly alive by change in wind - for I can hear the festering vehicles upon the festering road two - more - miles distant. There is no Paradise, there. Can I strive to make some difference? Should I strive? Should I change - exchange my peace, my lonely Paradise here, on Earth - to strive against the suffering, the tyranny, the wrong, that blights and festers on this Earth?

There is no answer, even in the Ruddy Darter that here, quite far from water, skims the greening growing blades of grass.

DW Myatt

---

*Note by JRW: The following is taken from a handwritten letter recently written by Myatt, and addressed to me. It was dated Toward the end of June.*

---

### **Memories of Beautiful Things**

A time to recollect, sitting here on a warm sunny day almost at the top of a high hill overlooking a valley where a road funnels traffic toward and from the lake that is two hills distant.

A time of review, of over four decades remembered: wonderful sights and sounds, speaking to me now in words of wisdom about the beautiful richness, the beautiful diversity of this planet which is our home. And I remember all these beautiful things despite the sadness brought by having so many times experienced the other, ugly, dishonourable side of life. For it is the memory of these many, many beautiful moments that I treasure, reminding me as they do of our humanity, often shared, often expressed, and often bringing hope amid the tragedy, the dishonour and the suffering that blights our human history and often our own lives.

A few, a very few of the so many, so briefly and poorly recalled.....

I remember sitting near a river one hot, balmy evening as the sun set, in India listening to the sounds of tabla and bansuri while people went about their lives: children playing, women cooking, men talking, a young bare-chested boy cycling standing up on black bicycle that was far too big for him. Even now, I can if I close my eyes see the beautiful colours cast by a descending sun and the dusty atmosphere, as I imagine I can still smell that poignant, evokative, smell of mingled scent of flowers, spicy cooking, parched soil, cow dung and dry air.

I remember, decades earlier, sitting by a camp-fire near an African lake as night came with its manifold sounds, and men, barefoot, and some holding spears, sang and danced, my world then each day as it came and went as I travelled with my father toward some distant hills.

I remember swimming out from a small beach in Malaysia where two small fishing boats were cast upon the sand, into what seemed then the vastness of the South China Sea while a hot sun burnt down, just to see how far I could swim, and at what seemed a long way out treading water to look back before lying on my back for a while, serenely happy. I remember the village nearby, and the friendly people.

I remember cycling along a dusty track toward Farafra Oases nearing exhaustion, with my desert-sun-bleached Australian bush hat held onto to my head against the sandy breeze by a makeshift chinstrap, when a four-wheel-drive truck stopped, its Arab driver, sole-occupant, greeting me warmly in broken English, and offering me water, water-melons, large tomatoes and a lift which I, stubborn to my goal, politely refused.

I remember the woman whose home was a hut in the African bush who nursed me back to health as I lay fevered, and the village elder, tall, thin, gaunt, whose wife was so many times larger surrounded as she always seemed to be by a gaggle of her own children. I remember the persistent flies, and the sparse food, shared. And the happiness as health once again became my friend, and the joy of just watching as a new hot day began ending the bushful sounds of night, and the sad death of a baby, newly born, bringing the people together in a shared mostly silent mourning when eyes spoke more than words.

I remember the cool shade near a courtyard near a Madrassh in the Punjab, drinking very sweet tea made with hot milk served by a smiling boy, while a bearded, turbaned elderly man with such gentle eyes spoke in reverential words of happenings in the desert sands of Arabia, many centuries ago.

I remember the beauty of an English woman's face, and her scent, her eyes, as she stood by the door I had knocked upon one bitter snowy winter's evening when I, a tramp, was in need of water. I remember the sounds of her family, inside, and how the warmth of that house seeped out to me, and how I went to sleep that night, cramped up, hungry and huddled in all my clothes, visualizing her face, her smile which brought me an inner warmth amid the bleak, dark coldness.

I remember the flower-perfumed awe-inducing silent Temple stillness of the humid afternoon air on the edge of a city in Asia broken by the chanting of Buddhist monks. I remember the perfected garden in the Far East whose trees, flowers, running water, shade and sun seemed then as now to express the quiet, almost serene, essence of that Way I was then learning from the master of that garden.

I remember the beautiful young Sari-clad Indian woman with green eyes I saw one morning while I stood on a corner of a busy noise-full street of a busier Indian city deciding which way I should go: her brief smile a tumult in my head until I rushed across the road, oblivious to traffic, to try without success to find her...

*There is much that is beautiful  
But nothing that surpasses the beauty some women  
Reveal  
Through their eyes*

D.W. Myatt

---

Note by JRW: The following is an extract from a handwritten letter by Myatt, sent to me. He dated it Early December and gave it the title Preco prehemincie.

---

### **Preco prehemincie**

These are the tears that I have cried, that I should have cried - tears which unbidden fall as I listen to Preco prehemincie by Dunstable; and tears which express my longing for that beauty, that love, that ineffable goodness which sometimes someone somewhere has presenced on this grieving Earth.

This is what I am - these tears, born of both suffering and joy, and bearing as they do in memories of light and dark the life which was, is, mine. This is what I am - that quiet look of love; that desire to transcend beyond the moment to where exists a purity of being.

Why has the learning not been learnt? Am I with my life an analogy, an answer? Seeking, questing, plunging often without any thought, reason or plan, into life, knowing thus that exhilaration of existence as when one early Winter's morning I fastly cycled on roads of snow newly iced by a night of bright moon to give to she whom I then loved just one letter of love - one hour, one moment of existence, of perfect bliss, of perfect union of body, thought, spirit, soul, as when I stubborn beyond myself grimly bore my complaining body on through the stark deathly heat of the desert to reach just one more goal in two weeks of tortured goals whose ending left me briefly suspended between life and death, my being then transcending out as if I had become the desert, the Sun, the water that saved me, the people who in their simple act of kindness took me in and brought me even then to an insight of understanding of their culture, their Prophet, their God.

Seeking, questing, as when I gently cared for a patient, dying, and listened as he told of how he had endured years in those Trenches of stalemate war. There, in a bedside drawer were his medals, brought by his wife - and that last night I stood watching, unseen, as she briefly took them out as he rasped, to breathe his last breath of life.

Seeking, questing - as when I sat on the edge of the bed of she whom I loved who loved me, and held her as she drifted into that last and never-ending sleep. Seeking, questing., forgetting as when, less than a year later I was travelling, writing, speaking words of chaos and of hate, as if hoping such words might change what-was for what I hoped might-be, forgetting, forgetting the pain, the anger, the suffering, even the deaths, caused. Had she, my love, died in my arms in vain? Seeking, questing, as when years later I, grieving, sorrowed as my then wife became troubled, ill, and I knew my blame; forgetting - as when, less than six months later, in a land of hot Sun I was again preaching death, destruction, as if it might again change what-was to what I in arrogance believed should-be...

So much known, seen, felt - so many tears, insights along the Way, and so many times when those tears, insights, were lost. It was as if I had to start all over again, and re-learn what life, myself, in-between, had forced me to forget. As if my questing life each year had to shed its slowly learnt wisdom to vigorously grow, up, upwards to where the pain of remembering merged with the joy of passion; upward, ever upward beyond and between the light and the dark. And I am, was, like them - those who for thousands of years acted to strive to change what-was to what they believed should-be, who experienced, who learned, who forgot and who so acted again. I - the deed; the redemption and the blame. I, they, we - in our tears, our understanding a beginning of what we should and can be.

Seeking, questing, forgetting until I finally distilled the essence - which is of empathy and honour.

Yesterday - as I myself was held, touched, kissed by a woman - I was blessed through her, with her, by her, with another intimation of the divine, another presencing of the numinous, and all I can do to force myself to remember is create these words, only these words, born by tears; born of divine music, presencing: such a poor recompense for five thousand years of suffering, seeking, questing, forgetting, pain, and toil.

DW Myatt

---

*Note by JRW: The following is an extract from a handwritten letter by Myatt, addressed to me.  
He dated it Towards the Winter Solstice.*

---

### **Now I Know**

I know now what I always knew but sometimes forgot - and this is that empathy is the essence, the key, the beginning and the end. There is now for me - there can only now be for me - the tolerance, the humanity, the honour, of The Numinous Way, of a way of life that does not consciously seek to do harm and which does not strive to constrict life through and into abstract forms. This is the message, the goal, achieved after nearly forty years of venturing forth into and beyond the light and the dark.

But these are words, just words. What, of my words, are valuable? Some poems, perhaps...

Here I Am, Waiting  
*Here I am, waiting, while the cold night grows ever darker  
And the thin crescent moon  
Disappears.*

*There were the moments of hope - of excuses  
As to why she did not call  
But the hours, the slow hours, dragged them away  
Until he was left, alone, bent, desperate but not desperate  
Because unwilling even then to fully believe  
His loss.*

*He loved her so much; he had loved her so much -  
She, of the weeks of passionate new love -  
And he held, again, her card, reading, reading until the tears came*

*To my darling, I love you*

*What was there left? Where was the future they shared, deeply  
In those weeks when three decades of mutual sorrow, loneliness, hope  
Came together through embracing arms, hours of kisses  
And that intimacy of touch?  
Where was the joyous desire that left him trembling  
When he had stood at her door, waiting,  
And she, arriving, threw her arms around him*

*Holding him so close with her passion, her love,  
That he closed his eyes in tears knowing, knowing, his dreams were there  
Embodied in her flesh?*

*Where? Where? Where the promise promising so much that never was  
Never now could be  
Fulfilled.  
Where?*

*But she was gone, taken by an accident of life  
As he became taken, enfolded, by sorrow because of her loss  
Until, broken, the life left him  
To leave only the shell, only the physical shell  
Longing for death.*

*What? What would, could, he do?  
Only exist, ambling, alone, in some wood, on some hill,  
Seeking no comfort and finding no comfort, uncaring of himself -  
Except when the hills, the clouds, the Sun, the trees  
Their life  
Came unto him as he the bearded tramp waited  
For death,  
For then for a moment but only a moment he might be at peace  
Amid the life that was their life.*

DW Myatt

---

*Note by JR Wright: The following item is taken from a handwritten letter written by Myatt and addressed to me. It was dated June, Nearing the Solstice.*

---

### **A Retrospective Part One: Beyond God, Toward Empathy**

It seems a long time since we last met, although sitting here, on a hill overlooking beautiful English countryside, on a cloudy Summer's day recollecting the past three decades places that year perhaps in its correct perspective.

Externally, in the year since our last meeting, a lot has changed in my life... Internally, even more has changed, mostly through thinking deeply about the genesis of suffering. Yet my essay *The Origin of the Good* seems now such a feeble attempt to explain what I believe I have understood, especially about suffering and empathy.

Is this review of mine too little, too late? Perhaps only a piece of music by Bach - the opening of the St. John Passion, perhaps? - can express the ineffable sadness I feel. Was it always like this? So little learnt from so much suffering? Will it always be like this, for we human beings?

Years ago, of course, in those Daedalus days of youthful impetuous arrogance that in my case lasted well into my fourth decade of life, I really did believe that such things as Art, Music, Literature, Natural Philosophy, can if not save us from ourselves at least aid us, upward toward a

better understanding. And now? Now I must admit I am not so sure. Five thousand years of such things: and have we, as a species, changed? Have we really understood? And if so, have we acted on the understanding?

In my own case, the answer is mostly no. I did understand, many times, as I did, many times, seek to act upon that understanding. But always, always, I slipped back, downward: down toward causing suffering in others. It was so easy to forget; there were so many distractions. And, yes, this happened despite all my good intentions and all my rhetoric about using one's will.

What is it that I have learnt, discovered? Simple truths about reason, compassion, love, Nature and honour. About the origin of suffering and the need to alleviate suffering. And about how - in our very being - we still seem to need, still yearn for, God, some religion, while yet needing - if we are truly to evolve - to go beyond such apprehension and the ethics deriving from those things.

The truth is that God, that religion, fills a need we have, especially in times of suffering and of remorse. But if I have learnt anything these thirty years past it is that we should look to Reason instead, understanding the effects of our thoughts, our words, our deeds not in terms of some theology or by reference to a revealed ethics or God, but rather in terms of understanding how all life, on this planet and elsewhere, is all related. That is, to have a cosmic perspective: the perspective of Unity, of the connectedness of all existence but without ascribing to ourselves, as either individuals or a species, any special 'Destiny', or any 'revelation' from some supra-human being or deity.

Thus it is that I believe we should strive to judge every 'thing' by whether or not that 'thing' causes or can cause suffering, and by whether or not that 'thing' can alleviate suffering without causing more suffering. This means a compassion, a love, a striving to do good, an avoidance of what is wrong, harmful, to us and other life, but devoid of the concepts of 'sin', of 'rebirth', and of an afterlife earned through our good deeds. It means an empathy with all living things; a new cosmic perspective. It means the new Cosmic Ethics which I have often written about these past two years. It means a new way of life derived from these new ethics, from the empathy of the connectiveness of all life, all existence, and a turning-away from the ways, the paths, the religions, of the past: moving-on from Buddhism, from Taoism, from Islam, from Christianity, and modern materialism. On toward the numen of the Cosmos where we view all life, however small, as connected and feel in our very being an empathy with this life, using reason and a non-interventionist science to strive to understand this life, the world, the cosmos, and having always before us some simple rules, based upon honour, to guide us in our daily lives.

Can we human beings do this? I know I have found it very difficult, and find it especially difficult now, bearing in mind recent personal events. But I feel I must continue to try to resist what I understand are the ethics of the past and actually strive to live what I know, what I understand.

It just is easier, especially in times of grief, sadness, suffering, distress and remorse, to believe in God: to hope for salvation, to hope for redemption, to hope for forgiveness, to accept that there is a God-given way or path which we can follow. In such times, we - as I myself have, many times - yearn to have the responsibility, the choices, taken from us. To rely on God is easy. But this seems to me now really an abrogation of our own responsibility, as human beings. We need to learn to accept our nature, and strive to centre ourselves, moving away from the darkness of our savage animal past toward the light of the cosmos of which we are but a tiny part.



How can we do this? How can we move, upward, toward what may well be the next stage of our evolution, as beings? I believe only by accepting the cosmic perspective: by leaving behind the ethics of the past; by accepting that we are only fully human when we use reason and reason alone to judge things; when we feel an empathy with other life, with Nature, with the cosmos itself.

Many difficult questions remain, such as how to deal with those who actively do harm, who lack honour and empathy; how to make such a cosmic perspective the basis for a new way of living, a new society, and how to express, and keep alive, in such a new way of living - and in an honourable, empathic way - that wonderful diversity of human life, manifest in race and culture? And my essay Cosmic Ethics in Context is only a beginning, a mere sketch, and will most probably need some, or a lot of, revision.

But here ends the first part of this review. For it is raining now.....

D. W. Myatt

---

*Note by JRW: The following is taken from a handwritten letter recently written by Myatt, and addressed to me. It was dated Early July.*

---

## **A Retrospective Part 2**

Unusually - at least so far, this Summer - the sun is hotly beating down, the dull clouds of morning having dispersed. So it is that I sit here, on the grass, resting my back against one of many rocky outcrops of this Fell, feeling the glorious warmth of the sun on my face.

Since I last wrote to you I have at last managed to form my thoughts once again into a coherent whole regarding the many difficult questions that remain, some of which questions I briefly mentioned toward the end of that letter.

Concerning those questions my conclusions are - conclusions which I both feel, in my being and know through reason, experience and understanding - that the most important thing is honour, and that this must be made real, practical, through a new Way of the Warrior. This means individuals understanding and accepting this Way, and striving to live their lives by it. By such a striving, they will become noble examples for others, and so bring about change. It also means a striving to create a new type of society, based upon the law of personal honour and dedicated to the ideals of Folk Culture.

I believe my articles *Cosmic Ethics in Context*, *An Introduction to Warrior Culture*, and *The Way of the Warrior* - express what needs to be expressed about the essence of this new Warrior Way, just as my writings about Folk Culture and Cosmic Ethics express the new world-view which I have striven to develop these past few years, a world-view I regard as important and indeed essential to our survival and development, both as a folk, and as a species, and which forms the basis for this new Warrior Way. In respect of our own Aryan folk, my *The Complete Guide to the Aryan Way of Life* expresses what is necessary.

Furthermore, these articles and essays - about the Warrior Way, Folk Culture and Cosmic Ethics - do indeed represent what I myself uphold and believe in: the result of thirty-five years of striving,

questing, thinking, and "boldly (sometimes, oddly!) striving to go" where, it seems, few have gone before... And there is now an inner peace because of the goal reached: because of having achieved, in and through such writings, a manifestation of what I have learnt, discovered, come to know and understand. Well, that's my excuse, anyway.

Any last words? Only the obvious ones, based upon the Cosmic Ethic, which are for us to always be honourable and to strive to treat all life - human, animal and otherwise - as we would wish to be treated ourselves, always remembering the Cosmic Perspective, which is that there probably is other intelligent life, out there in the Cosmos, some of whom are probably more technologically advanced than we are. Would we wish to be exploited by aliens? Would we wish to be enslaved by aliens? Would we wish to be treated as "lower forms of life" by aliens, and experimented on and bred for food? For this is how, up until now, we have treated fellow human beings and the life with which we share this planet which is presently our home. We really must learn to grow up and start thinking as, behaving as, rational, honourable human beings. Our future is indeed "out there", in the Cosmos, but we must go there as adults - as mature, honourable, human beings - and not as the spoilt, squabbling, petulant, immoral, dishonourable children we have been for thousands of years.

As for myself, I have no intention of writing any more essays, articles or even letters, as I shall not give nor make any public statements whatsoever. If someone desires to learn something, from me - or desires some clarification about something to do with this Warrior Way or Folk Culture - they can find and approach me personally. I may even be able to help...

*It is so simple to live as we can live  
Settled and focused on only what we see,  
On only where we can walk on one day's  
Walking...  
So he sighed - well over half sad -  
Because he knew now  
As the calling buzzard, the grass, the trees,  
The very earth around him knew  
The living silent knowledge  
That grew as grass grows green  
In sun*

DW Myatt

---

*Note by JRW: The following is taken from a hand written letter, by Myatt, addressed to me. It was dated Nearing the Winter Solstice.*

---

### **A Learning**

What has been learnt, these past thirty-five and more years involving as those years did a great diversity of experiences, of travels? Once again I feel - as I sit here leaning against a centuries old leaf-bare Oak tree on a hill between a copse and stream in that rural England I love - the need to reflect upon that past that contained so much love, so much hatred, so much violence, some compassion and many deaths.

There is a road, three miles distant, whose traffic I cannot hear and, under this warmish sun, days

before Winter Solstice, it is easy to ignore for moments the intrusive modern world I loathe. There, between hedgerow bramble and muddy field, scrapings in scraggy grass where hungry rabbits have dug for roots. There, by my booted feet, the leaf litter which, a few moments ago, I was sure moved, a little, as some unseen living thing ventured forth before this bearded Barbour-coated being moved to reach into a pocket for some paper and a pen.

Now, although I have a home - or at least a room in a farmhouse on a farm - and work to keep me fed, I am alone, again, and there is a bumbling yearning for those days this year when freedom was a tent: then, before I fell in love, again. There seems, in memory, such a simple warmth, there, for I can so easily forget the many cold days of rain; the sleepless nights; the weariness; the boredom that bore down upon me and, more than once, almost crushed me. Only so many ways to spend those long, those very long, rain-soaked hours and dismal, dull, unwarmed days. Only so many ways to think; to rest; only so many miles to walk before hunger, fatigue, sameness, set in after which I would gratefully almost endearingly embrace sleep. Often, miles walked with aching head because walking was at least something to do even when there was nowhere in particular to go, no goal, nothing to strive for. And yet: the sunny days of languid softness redeemed them all. One warm or hot day - cloud or landscape watching from atop some hill, when I would lie upon my coat in warm or warming grass, while birds sang, or the music of warm wind charmed me - was worth the wait. For there was something else, there: some presence, some beauty, which captivated and kept me there, waiting, week upon week, month upon passing month, for another fleeting glimpse, for one more fleeting touch.

So it was that I then, as now, remembered a wisdom of years ago, forgotten in the artificial turmoil of political, religious, plots, of chasing ideological schemes and promethean dreams. Remembered especially when I, only months ago, in her, my married lover's house, awoke and she, my new love, lay warm, naked and half-asleep beside me, our limbs, our bodies, our feelings, entwined, and there was no need to speak, to leave. We seemed one, then, as when our passion joined us and we would lie, wordless, looking, smiling, gently moving, touching, in that beautiful calmness of love.

Yet, although I have lost her now, I remembered then why it was that growth and change came; why people gathered, often huddled, together to live in some hamlet, village, or some town. Why work, hard and long, when some machine can quarter the effort, the time? Why alone when there can be, should be, sharing, a new life, a new being, a bliss born from the joining of two people's love?

There was a need there, an easy way; a break from that wearying toil, that hunger, that desolation, that often came with hard, rural, living. Why toil, four hours, with an axe, in rainy dismal cold, when one albeit noisy hand-held machine can cut, chop, as much in one half hour? Why walk, seven miles sweating, to the nearest town, lumbering back with goods upon the back, when one car, albeit noisy, distant made, can take us, in comfort? There is no blame, no shame, here. People did what they did for reasons, because of feelings, desires, failings, I understand.

Yet things, surely, have gone far too far. So much lost; so little gain. There is, can be, a balance between our gain and Nature's loss: between our comfort, Her life. For we are slowly killing Her.

There is, should be, only gentle laughter, honour, sharing, love; only that connection, that nexus that keeps us close to where we can grow, breathe, settle as we should grow, breath and settle: close to the realness of Her living, Her giving. All else is insufficient, a liability; a danger, a death to She who brings us, gives us, life and harmony within life, and that gentle real love which when honourably shared between two people can take us far beyond what we are, alone.

I know this. I feel this. I am this. But, well-over a half century gone, greying and slowing with this age of mine, and there arises, still, in moments, that war-bringing passion, that chasing of, demand for, thrilling, life-bringing, change, that distancing from the quiet, gentle, rural being I am, should be, can be, must be. The truth is, I am no different from others. I only feel, know, what is beyond the limit of our senses. I only feel, know, this beautiful being whose very life is this tree, this soil, these greening things which surround me. And yet I am like they who fastly speed along the unseen road, needing, desiring, yearning for the warmth of a home where waits the person I love, who loves me. We can I feel, I know, achieve a balance.

If I have a dream beyond my personal dream of love - beyond the hope of forgetting the sorrow of how I have lost so much, so many times - it is of we human beings learning, changing, coming to know and understand these so simple, important, things: feeling again Her beauty; sensing again where we belong, and so dwelling in honour and with love in a way which does not harm Her manifold emanations.

But now: now, I have sat here, thinking, being, writing, for so long that dull clouds covered the Sun which has descended down to bring the dimness of twilight. So it is that I cannot, this day, write any more.

DW Myatt

---

*Note by JRW: The following is an extract from handwritten letter by Myatt, addressed to me. It was dated Early February.*

---

### **I Hear The Silence Say**

You ask if I have given up political striving "for good" - and as I listen this Spring-like February morning to the Andante of Schubert's String Quartet D810 what answer is there other than a resounding "Yes!"

For I am so reminded, hearing such sublime sounds, of all the many things I have experienced that have brought me to where I am: an advocate of the reason, tolerance, humanity, and honour of Folk Culture. There is nothing else, except Folk Culture, that, for me, presences the numinosity I have known and sought for so many decades: that captures in a civilized way, those yearnings I have had since an early age be part of, contribute to, create, a noble way of life, a noble society, where people know and understand and strive for the essence of life: to be reasonable, honourable, to contribute to evolution.

But Folk Culture can only ever be achieved by honourable and numinous means. This means a distancing from all forms of political activity and agitation, and all types of covert activity. There is and can only be the slow, genuine, change, in society, that results from an inner personal transformation; from an acceptance of a numinous way of life, a new morality. This may and probably will take decades, perchance a century or more.

But one of the many things that "history" can teach us is that conflict, bloody revolutions, wars, dishonourable violence, dishonourable killing, oppression and conquest, achieve little of permanent value. Governments, tyrants, political systems, Empires, revolutions, purges, come and go; but numinosity, morality, honour and reason persist if they are kept alive from person to

person, from small community to small community, from honourable group to honourable group. Religious change - numinous change, moral change - is far more lasting; far more enduring than any other causal form.

The essence, then, is the new morality of Cosmic Ethics and the understanding of the Cosmic Being, the nexus, of honour and reason, that Folk Culture expresses. This essence is expressed in a rural way of life, in small communities, in individuals, in families, living according to Cosmic Ethics.

If I ever need to remind myself of what is important I go alone into the English countryside that I love - far away from the noise of modern life - and stand still and listen, balanced as I am then between sky and earth. I am connected then, to a past that spans thousands of years on this one planet, and to a future that can span tens of thousands of years on a myriad of planets spread across our Galaxy. I am one then, connected in a wordless, numinous way to the life around me - the trees, the soil, the singing birds, the grass, the shrubs, the clouds, the very sky itself. I am they, as they are me, just as I am the far distant stars and planets and beings who and which await us. I feel then our very future, out there, calling us, desiring to be made real, to live, as if it is a nascent awareness, a being, that needs our very presence to live, to evolve, as it can and should live and evolve. And it is a being: a manifestation, a part of, the possibilities of the very Cosmic Being of which life on this planet is but one small emanation. How many of us in this modern world stand still, in silence, and listen to the Cosmos calling us? How many are even aware of the cosmic perspective that such a thinking brings?

Thus, from this perspective, I refuse to - cannot - go back to the deeds, the thinking, of my political and covert past, even though there are still a few times when dishonourable, ignoble world and national events begin to anger me, as they many times in the past angered me and inspired action: a noble desire to change things for the better. But now, when such feelings for swift change arise, I wander out into what remains of the rural silence and connect myself to the Cosmos: or at the very least remember some of the many experiences of my past, creator as such experiences have been of such understanding and empathy as I now have.

In a very important sense, empathy and perspective are what we need: faculties which must be developed. Empathy for all life, human and otherwise, with which we share this planet which is our home. Empathy for the life that probably - assuredly - exists, out there, in the Cosmos. And the perspective of not only our past, as a species and a member of our own unique folkish culture, but also of our possible future, as civilized, honourable, human beings venturing forth to explore and live upon new worlds.

Now - the music having ended - I have taken myself and my notebook out into the fields that surround the place where I now dwell, and sit, on a fallen Oak branch by a small stream. There is no sun, today: only grey and greyer low clouds, but it is warm, for the time of year. There is the smell, the feeling, the delight, of Spring. Sitting here, with a slight breeze rustling the branches of the nearby Willow trees bursting with Catkins, I know again that gentle love of life which - like some sublime music or a beautiful emmpathic lover - can be the genesis of tears. It is all so very simple I hear the silence say. And so I am again left to wonder: why? How is it that we are still making the same mistakes? Still acting in a dishonourable way? Still being irrational? Still believing that war can solve problems? Still being manipulated by the "Media" and dishonourable propaganda? Still believing that it is "right" to invade another country? That "we" know best and have kind of "right" to impose our solution, our way, by force, by killing, by brutality, on others? That some kind of "international" organization, or some government, can decide the fate of

millions of people? That Prison is a good thing? That some of us can have luxuries while millions starve? Where is tolerance? Where is reason? Where is empathy and honour?

It is as if we have learnt nothing from sublime music; from sublime works of Art; of literature. It is as if we have learnt nothing from the tragedy of over five thousand years of human suffering. It is as if we have learnt nothing from the presence, from the numen, of Nature; from the perspective that an awareness of our insignificant place in the Cosmos brings. It is as if we somehow prefer the dark indifference of cruelty to the beauty of empathy. It is as if we prefer the outward appearance of glory and the barbaric passion of a passing frenzied moment to the warm smile of compassion and the self-control of honour.

There is a stark inhumanity in governments, in nations, in international political organizations, in modern urban life, which, it seems, many people cannot see. And a wisdom in knowing that humanity, that honour, resides in what is small, what is rural, what is known to us, in person. It is so very simple: honour is and can only ever be personal; to do with things we, as individuals know, and experience, directly, which affect us or our own immediate family and small local community in a personal way. There can never be honour in nations; in governments; in international organizations and their "resolutions" just as there never has been and never can be any true justice in any law made by some government, nation or international organization. The only true law, the only true justice, is that of personal honour. For honour and empathy are the genesis of humanity, the creator of true liberty.

Thus, to live in a human, a rational, an honourable way, we must have small communities, a mostly rural way of life, a personal connection to the earth; a sense of belonging; and thus an empathy with those things which surround us. We must have a moral perspective. In brief: Folk Culture. And Folk Culture can only ever be introduced, and propagated, through civilized, cultured, reasonable, honourable means, without using any kind of force or coercion, just as its primary aim is to introduce individuals to a new way of living: the way of empathy, of honour, of small rural communities. As such, politics and covert action - just like nations and governments and the now all pervasive "Media" with their manipulation - are irrelevant, unnecessary, things that belong to our ignoble, inhuman, past.

I trust this - now rather long - missive has answered your question! Now I shall put away my pen and notebook, and wander around these muddy fields, trying not to dwell for too long upon the sadness of the unvoiced suffering that still besets this world.

DW Myatt

---

*Note by JRW: This is an extract from a handwritten letter, by Myatt, addressed to me. He dated it  
Soon It Will Be May*

---

### **Soon It Will Be May**

This may well be - hopefully will be - the last letter you receive from me for quite a while, for the simple truth is that I have little desire to write anymore. What I feel, I feel; what I know, I know; what I am, I am.

My letters to you these past two years - and my poems - express a great deal of what needs and needed to be expressed: what I have learnt, felt, discovered. As for the rest, The Numinous Way,

with its Cosmic Ethics and morality of honour, its reason, its empathy, its folkish ideals and rural folkish Way of Life, expresses what I wish to express, now and for perhaps some time, for there is wisdom, there. As for myself, my life, there are clues enough, if others are prepared to look, to ponder, to reason. What I am now, why I am, is all there, in those poems, letters, in my various writings. My life is not even one day among the so many which have passed, as this day toward the end of April is but one intimation of Paradise, warm as it is here in a small field of the quiet rural England I love.

There shall be no more, except perhaps some poems, because I am peaceful again now, feeling as I do the numinosity of existence, even though force of circumstance not of my doing has taken me away, a few months ago, from the outdoor labour I had become accustomed to. But what is, is - through the working of life, and in some ways I am as I was when I wandered my homeland, those decades ago - a poor, often boyish man, bereft of responsibility and of somewhere of my own to call my home, as a mendicant monk might have been, centuries ago. In those days, of my youth, I often wandered barefoot, feeling the Earth, carrying my few possessions upon my back. It may well come to this wandering, homelessness, again - indeed, I may want it to come to this, again, and soon.

Yet I am even more peaceful now than I was, then: more deeply rooted in the world, the time, that is my world, my time - that of empathy, compassion, honour. So I have no desire to belong to, to conform to, this modern mostly urban world with its tyrannical, dishonourable, Nature-destroying, governments, its pursuit of materialism and its manic style of life.

As for what others write, or may write - what they say or may say - about me, I do not care. It has been a hard learning, a long journey, to arrive here; to know where I am; to place myself in perspective - one small emanation on one small planet on the edge of one Galaxy among millions upon millions of such places in the Cosmos. One breath, and I am gone, as we all are.

There seems more truth here, certainly more reality, here - by this pond, in a field warmed by the Sun of an emergent Summer. But we must go on, upward, outward, learning from the five or more thousands of years of our mistakes, thus evolving, and willing ourselves not to repeat the costly, brutal, stupid, sad, dishonourable, suffering mistakes of our past.

We certainly can do this - we can evolve; we have potential, will, reason, learning, knowledge, enough. But will we develop, use, empathy, honour, reason, and feel a compassion for all life, placing ourselves in the cosmic perspective? Will we feel, be, the connexion, the nexus, that we are?

But, for now, I shall tear this page from my notebook, and, as I often have, walk the mile or so to where a small postbox stands beside a noise-full road.....

DW Myatt

---

*Note by JRW: The following is an extract from a handwritten letter by Myatt, addressed to me. He dated it One June.*

---

### **The Sounds of Falling Rain**

A warm, sunny, evening to end this day, and I have wandered around the fields of the farm where I live in the few hours of daylight remaining following ten hours of work. Such a beautiful blue -

the sky; and such beauty in the growing white cumulus horizon clouds which presage a change in this weather.

A day of mostly cloud, only lifted this past hour, leaving this warmth, this blue, this pleasure of peace here in the small fields of old level meadows, hedge, pond, and tree. How many times have I sat here, notebook and pen in hand, on this old oak branch, broken from its living three years ago? How many times has the peace of such a rural silence, such an England, seeped deep down to bring a peace to this living being? How many times does this being drift, from land, to sky, to dream, to sea, while the low slow sounds of another English Summer sound to bring one more restful sleep? Flies, birds, bees, breeze - all here, all so distant, so different, from the desire, the rhetoric, of a stark temporal action returned to, briefly, in weeks passed. And just what have those words, those meets, those conversations, those journeys, such assignments, achieved?

Very little - or so it seems. Was it only one final salvo aimed, one last chance - to outwardly inspire, to start a storm of fire, of radical change? One more means to strive to bring-into-being one new type of being, one archetype, by presencing that dark within the light which brings the light within such dark, which is genesis itself?

But is it only the warmth, the Sun, that allows such languid thought?...

Now, two days later, it is raining, with a rising wind, and I sit at this desk near a window showing only a dull overcast sky. It is much less than an hour since I browsed a web-site containing my poetry - some selections of single poems, chosen by a person or persons, unknown (or at least, unknown in person) and chosen perhaps according to their own aesthetic awareness. So I read this small collection of poems - reading them for the first time in months; in some cases, years. Some of my poems are not that good - but there are some, a few, I would choose myself, to give to others, and of those few, a few were there, in that aethereal place.

How strange that someone, somewhere in Europe (Sweden?) had selected these, and that I - reading them via the medium of some earth-bound aether - would be strongly reminded of times, feelings, past: knowing through this remembering some truths discovered, discarded, discovered again, presaging perhaps some change back toward a tranquil rural path strayed from last year, and strayed from yet again, some weeks, or more, ago.

For there is truth, there, in those poems - more truth perhaps than in many of my other words. Or, perhaps more correctly, there is a valid perspective there, in such poems - a perspective to balance the rhetoric, the vision, the dream, the presencing, of that questing, restless, inquisitive, reckless, violent, warrior nature. There is certainly beauty, there, in those collocations of sometimes poetic words - a beauty occasionally, perhaps, made more poignant because enwreathed in sadness, born of sadness. Most definitely, there is humanity there.

What does this imply, or mean - for me? I do not know; I really have ceased to concern myself about such things. Life passes in transformation, as Rilke wrote. Change; genesis; growth. But perhaps the real implication, and meaning, lies in what is communicated to others by means of such things. Perchance such words of mine bring, or can bring, to others a glimpse - maybe just one glimpse - of beauty, of humanity, of those things that transform us to what is beyond what we are: what we can and should be if we are to fulfill our potential. As for me, how many more Summers will pass before the beauty of slowness, of slow, rural change, is never disturbed again by warrior desires and dreams? Once again, I do not know, and can only hope to use the days, the weeks, the months, the years of experiencing, of living, to transform such living into words which



might, just might, capture an aspect of the essence - for that is what I have done, these past three decades: one poem, perhaps, to distill the essence of ten years..

Thus do I hear amid the sounds of falling rain, of wind strong enough to shake the trees, that low seductive sibilation calling me back to wander alone again among the hills, fields and fells, of England...

So, yes, I have broken my promise, my hope, not to write again - but only now to so briefly if hopefully presence through this writing act one small emanation of the essence.

DW Myatt

---

*Note by JRW: The following is reproduced from a handwritten letter written by Myatt, undated, but postmarked 21 February 2003.*

---

### **So Here I Am**

So here I am, again - in a field in rural England on a day of warm Sun in early Spring (yes - late February is Spring, according to Nature!) sheltered from the still cool breeze by sitting leaning against the wide trunk of an Oak many centuries old, no cloud to obscure the gentle blue.

Midges swirl around a cleft in the trunk while overhead squawking Crows mob a passing Buzzard. I really can smell the Spring as two Robins vie, in territory and song.

There is a joy here, a serenity, that pleases me and makes me realize how foolish I was to - once again if only briefly - return to the milieu of agitating for action in the world, hoping to somehow inspire immediate deeds against what is now an ignoble Empire, forgetting the wisdom of patiently waiting for the real change of empathy and reason.

A fly, warmed by Sun, emerges, to flit and give one more sound of an English Spring and Summer.

How foolish, to negate the reality of this numen by such a return to the way of a past. Maybe, just maybe, a time will soon arise for me to once again live alone, far from this irksome modern world, with only a pen, some paper, as a means of communication.

A rising breeze to briefly, swiftly, catch the ivy that, fulsome, grows, clinging, covering, to green the tree behind, making sounds above the breeze blown branches, wind-bending grass.

How foolish, to forget my own understanding: to forget the remembering, the pain, that shaped, changed, evolved such empathy as I possessed so much that - when alone as now in such places as this - I knew the past, felt the future, and, burdened by such knowing, tried hard to keep away the tears of so many centuries of sorrow, so little insight lived.

So hard, it seems, to renounce the passion of a life, as when a relationship of lovers falters, stalls, restarts to stall again; seldom a clean and sudden leaving. Feelings, memories, linger. And there is guilt. Let us not forget the guilt, the hope; the guilt of a duty abandoned.

Tomorrow, I could have been elsewhere, in a teeming city, talking words of war as if my old hope of inspiring noble deeds to aid those far less fortunate than me was still real in a modern urban world too tired of silence, patience, and too afraid of numinous stillness. I choose not to go; not to speak, and instead will - the goddess permitting - sit here again suspended in time between brown, green and blue.

Near my feet, a small beetle no larger than a large red ant, disappears into a crack opened when the shallow patch of earth - watered over for weeks - dried in sun, wind and early Spring warmth.

There is much mistletoe, gold-green, suckered onto a tree, twenty paces to my right: its Oak decaying with its age and its larger branches gone, storm-fallen. How many passing lives has it felt, known, here where my strength, my remembering, strengthens through Sun?

If I have anything real to leave in remembrance, let it be such words as these: not the strife; not the anger; not the deaths; not the agitation for action. These are the words of a Spring, newly born between Sun and earth, bringing joy to a man whose hands, back and face have borne the cold toil of outdoor work in Winter.

I hope I do not forget this warmth, this beauty, again...

DW Myatt

---

*Note by JRW: The following is an extract from an E-Mail by Myatt, sent to me.*

---

Julie: I have copied this from my Notebook. It was written early this morning.

### **A Walk In Snow**

This is new - at least for me in my few years here, in this rural place. Several inches of snow; the pond of my repose frozen and covered in a speckling of the fresh-fallen snow of last night which followed many hours of snow in the middle and late afternoon; the glorious blue sky with a morning, warming, Sun which little by little begins the thaw.

The snow of yesterdays' cold hours enables me to wander and see in great detail the tracks of Fox, Deer, Badger, Hare and Rabbit. So much snow that even the branch of Oak which forms my pond-side seat had to be cleared before I sat with a cold breeze raining down droplets of freshly melted snow upon me, this notebook, the white-hidden grass around. Yet the birds - Blackbird, Thrush, Robin - still sing, even though I think they must be hungry. But the Sun, surely, warms them, as it does me, bringing to me at least that relaxing peace I have often found here amid these fields of rural England.

So, Spring becomes poised, for a while, while this cold wind and whiteness lasts. And I - I myself am poised now between a now lost love and what I in my lowly human form desire and hope will be the promise of my future to bring again the warmth, the joy, of one more human love. She, my recent love, is gone and I try not to dwell upon her loss, upon the loneliness, for there is here that beauty which assuages, and that knowing, that learning which I have known and learnt these past years here, toiling as I did outdoors in cold, warm, heat, wind, cloud, Sun, snow, and rain. Thus am I but one connexion, one perspective, among the threads, the nexions, of life. But there is temptation, great temptation born from such loss: the temptation of deeds, the whisperings of

those many words of the past prompting involvement in that world beyond this world where I sit, at peace under this life-giving god-like Sun. I need to resist; I must resist, remembering - what? Only those deeds done; only the suffering, the pain caused, bringing as such causal things did over decades that understanding, that feeling, presented in empathy and made manifest in compassion, reason and honour. I need to resist - why? Because otherwise I know deep within the waste that such a return would bring. A waste of those lost lives; a waste of the suffering, the creations, the joy, the passion, the deaths, of others and myself, thousand year upon thousand year; a waste of the quest which has brought me thus far, from street to field, from battle-song to plainchant to rural silence, conveyed as I have been into and beyond the light and the dark.

Now, a species of causal time and thinking later, the Sun is so warm my feet begin to sweat within these green, old, well-worn Wellington boots as I still sit here on this fallen branch while more and more droplets of melting snow fall upon me from above. There is thus - and for the moment - a renewed apprehension of the truths evident in the unity of life. And so I smile, warm, peaceful, while the wisdom and knowledge last.

DW Myatt

Two days past Ash Wednesday:

Because I do hope to know again...

---

*Note by JRW: The following is an extract from an E-Mail by Myatt, sent to me.*

---

Julie: Once again, I have copied this from my "field" Notebook, and once again it was written early on a sunny morning.

### **Leap Day Sun**

Two days - and all the snow has gone. The pond, though, is still frozen and the warm sunlight reflects from it as I sit again on my chosen branch hearing the cawing of Crows, the song and calls of birds - Blackbird, Thrush, Robin, and others. In the ice, bubbles of air are frozen in moments of causal time.

So warm in the Sun a fly buzzes by me, and the frost of night is all gone even in this morning hour - except in the shadow of hedge and tree. A rustle, there where the spreading Hawthorn bush in its corner is edging out the old and broken Holly tree. On the pond edge, a young living Nettle encased in cold ice. It is Sunday, again, and so begins the bells in the Church, their sounds two miles carried on the cool breeze under the unbroken blue of the sky. And I am so still the reclusive resident Coot ambles forth there from the tangle of tree, bush, of that shading coverful corner as small midges twist, turn, spiral in the life-breathing rays of the Sun here amid the clear pond edge where mud meets frost-wetted grass. Gradual - ungraded - time flows, and there is movement to distract me, for some of the trapped bubbles move as the ice slowly melts from the edge.

Nearby, two Wrens rummage among the unrotted fallen leaves of Oak - so small I often cannot see them among the tufts of grass. Is that their call I hear? Or another bird, elsewhere? Certainly, the buzzards are back - no mistaking them; high, calling, circling. And that bird of prey - which hovers two fields distant to swoop to kill. A Kestrel? I do not know for I cannot quite see from here where a midge, like a Whitefly, lands on the sleeve of my oilskin coat. So minute this insect it seems perfection in miniature.

It would be so easy to kill, this brief, minimal, emanation of Nature's life. But why? It is only resting, perhaps, and a brief breeze of the cold air catches it to snatch it away, away from my world. Is there a truth here, a revealing revealed by so sitting still? For this my slow often reclusive way is not the way of the city nor of they who know no toil. How easy it was, is, how necessary because of their disconnected being - for those who did not toil, who neither worked nor dwelt among Nature - to despoil, to kill. For they had indeed become distracted, and needed goals to measure out their days, just as their thoughts themselves became abstracted, measuring out their lives in abstract ways as time itself became measured out into smaller and smaller segments until this time itself because a measure for many of those who lived, disconnected from ancestral ways.

Chiefs, leaders, monarchs - whomsoever in some position of power, unworking - able through wealth, spoils, booty or war-like gain to rampage forth for any cause or none; able to sally forth from their desire, known and unknown, to test themselves, pit themselves, occupy themselves. And how many others - oh how so many day upon day, year upon year, century upon century - followed them, even needed them, being, becoming thus armies, gangs, legions, movements, groups. Killing, maiming, dying - each generation had its cause, or created one; each century its ideas, its traditions and its ways. Disconnected; inauthentic - all. There was no Nature, there; no silent knowing of the wisdom of dark night when the child-within was pleased but lightly fearing, hearing the Owl. There was no Nature, there, no silent seeing toiling to nurture forth through free working hands the food, the bare essential things that kept hunger, exposure, away and made one happy in the moments of one's own labour. No, no Nature there in those abstract things, genesis of cities with their measured time. No, no evolution, no empathy there: except in a few. But are and were those necessary few worth the many: worth the damage done by so many? Possibly; probably - in the past. But surely things have changed with such an understanding as this...

Thus am I, here, thinking of the need for dwelling and for toil - a toil just enough and born of freedom to keep us tired, connected and still, content to be where we dwell, undamaging of life and especially of Nature. And yet - yet there lives even within me here still the memories, the feelings, of a warrior; the knowing of the quest and the joy of combat, of struggling passionately through endurance when life flows (as when in love) into that ecstasy that takes one far beyond one's self, unfearful of failure. There is such life there; such an ecstatic unthinking living; such a surpassing, consuming joy; such life in and through struggle; such life in and through questing after new vistas, new adventures, plunging into living...

Should we, should I - can we, I - go beyond even this? To that balance that might be possible, synthesis of change, dwelling, toil, combat, honour, exploration, adventure, empathy - and Art?

There are clouds now, forming on the horizon, threatening to cover the warmth of the Sun, and I stretch my numbing limbs, wondering if in the Numinous Way of Folk Culture, there is wisdom, and synthesis, enough.

DW Myatt

---

*Note by JRW: The following is taken from a handwritten letter, by Myatt, addressed to me and dated Early March.*

---

## **Wir setzen uns mit Tranen Nieder**

There is a brief spell of warm Sun after a heavy storm of hail, and I am sitting by a hedge between a Chestnut tree and the entrance to a Badger sett on a day that has been mostly rainy, and, in this brief respite from work and rain, I shall endeavour to answer your question.

Sometimes I am like parts of the first and last movements of JS Bach's Concerto in D Minor BWV 1052 reconstructed for violin where the violin soars into new realms beyond our mundane causal world: realms where we have, for the present, to suspend our ordinary concepts because the words, the ideas, even the images, we possess cannot do justice to these realms. We can perhaps, and sometimes, grasp part of such realms through the feelings, the intuition, the empathy that such profound music can produce in us. And in such music, JS Bach is still the undisputed master.

These realms are the promise of our future: the futures that can be possible if we use our will to change ourselves in a noble, honourable way while pursuing a numinous vision.

Thus, sometimes I myself and my deeds, my life, my works, cannot be understood in the conventional causal sense. My sorrow is in *Erbarme dich* from the Matthew Passion (BWV 244); my soaring Promethean quest is in the Allegro of BWV 1052; my yearning for a better, more noble world in the opening bars of the John Passion; my vision of a Galactic Empire resonates in part of BWV 565 - heard where it should be heard, in a great Cathedral or vast concert hall - and in parts of BWV 1043.

What can I say except strive to express the memory of a beautiful, peaceful, rural scene of the kind that still exists in parts of England, Germany and elsewhere, on a warm Spring, Summer or Autumn's day when we who work there, with our toiling hands, rest awhile while a warm Sun pleases us, and all we can hear are the sounds of birds, the breeze in the trees, and the insects - bees, flies - that move around us?

A thousand years of our culture has allowed this, has produced this: such serene, beautiful, numinous places. A thousand years of toil, suffering, warfare, striving and death. And now - now we possess the means, the understanding, the wisdom, to be in such places without some of those suffering, killing, harming, things which created them. For such places - and especially the life-giving fertile soil of small fields - are now a balance, between our own immediate, simple, needs, and the needs of Nature. We have created this balance; we have had this balance, this beautiful fertile soil of Yeoman-type fields, available to us, for the last eighty or so years. With this balance we can live, simply, without causing undue harm to Nature and the life which is an emanation of Nature.

But are we doing this? No: we are destroying such places, such soil, through our greed, through our inability to transcend beyond our animalistic self, through our lack of empathy; through the insatiable growth and urbanization that is fuelled by industry, usury and capitalism. *Wir setzen uns mit Tranen nieder*.

Is there any wonder then that I detest the modern world with its mechanistic progress, with its rapacious, Nature-destroying, empathy-destroying, machines and means of transportation, with its self-indulgent, dishonourable people?

Is it surprising, then, that I have been, these last two years, returning occasionally - and out of a sense of duty - to the world of politics, of religion, to try in some small way to agitate for a change toward the numinous?

But such a returning is, I hope, finally over, although I know you will be skeptical about this. But my duty now is surely to strive to live only as the ethics and ideals of Folk Culture dictate. Anything else just seems a compromise with the ignoble causal world.

So yes, to finally answer your question: there is for me now only Folk Culture; only a rural way of life, only the slow being where empathy and numinosity can live and grow. Yet I know this may not be the end of the quest: that a restless, wandering, questing, yearning seeking may yet return to lead me somewhere else, for I have no woman now, to share my dream, no plot of land, alas, no field of soil to call my own to cultivate and dwell as I would love to cultivate and dwell.

But what are words after Bach's *Erbarme dich*? Listen, and you may hear my thoughts, feel the feelings I now feel, even as the Sun becomes once again covered by cloud and it is time to return to my toiling work.

DW Myatt

---

*Note by JRW: The following is an extract from a handwritten letter by Myatt, addressed to me. He dated it One Day in Early Spring.*

---

### **A Simple Pleasure**



There is a lovely, simple, pleasure here in this field. Spring is most certainly here - in the meadow fields, seedlings of the late Spring flowers push up through the tufts of grass whose frost-bitten ends are joined by shoots of new growth. Already some flowers bloom in the grass: there, a Dandelion; there: almost two circles of Daisies. And, to compliment the calls and songs of other birds, the loud repeating call of the *Parus major*.

It is good to be here, with an unobstructed view of the sky, and I watch the clouds, borne as they are on a still cool breeze that begins to chill my hands, a little. But there is Sun, warm, when the altocumulus breaks. On the horizon in the North, beyond the tall old Oak, small Cumulus clouds drift toward the hills, ten miles distant. Thus am I again - for these moments - at peace with myself, this world, listening as I do to a large flock of Starlings who chatter among themselves in the trees across from the drainage ditch, there by the copse of Ash, Oak, and a few young Beech.

It has been a long journey, to reach here - sitting peaceful in a field, aware of the life that lives around me and of which I am but one small, causal, mortal part. A journey through many lands, cultures and faiths; through deserts, over hills and mountains; across seas and lakes; along rivers

and many, many paths. A long journey which I do not even now know if it has ended, or even if all of me desires it to end. For yes there is peace, stillness, here, and I am briefly one, sitting, standing, leaning, and balanced between land, clouds and sky, knowing the sadness that kept me plodding on often against what seemed my own will. A sadness born of mistakes; of seeing, experiencing, causing, suffering, breaking down as that suffering did my own arrogance until the half-remembered often suppressed empathic truths came forcibly back, unable to be forgotten or covered-up again. No lies to save me.

Work, yes there must be work: toil enough to keep that balance. And work with these my hands, outdoors where lives the silence that I love as I feel the weather, changing, bringing thus an empathic living for me, in me, and for this life that lives around, emanating as it does in this grass, those trees, the clouds, the soil, the water, those flowers, the very sky itself.

But I fear for this world I have found - for fields such as this with their sights and sounds brought by their smallness bounded only by hedge and tree. For there is noise, around, encroaching; human-made, machine, noise; there is development, around, encroaching, destroying the life that is this life, this being, this living and this peace. And there is thus even more sadness, within me, because of such things.

So far - to find so little so great in its living. So far - to find so much being destroyed.

DW Myatt

---

*Note by JRW: The following is taken from a handwritten letter, by Myatt, written in 2002 AD and addressed to me. He dated it One Very Cold Afternoon in Spring.*

---

### **The Greatest Joy, The Greatest Sadness**

It is a very cold day at the start of my second week living in this tent. Last night it was so cold that there was ice on my beard and the inside of the tent, and I could not sleep. Warmth came only by walking to the top of a nearby hill, hours before dawn. But it was good, to be there, in the frosty silence, viewing the dome of stars and wondering about our future as a species. Will we be ever be "out there" - among those stars? Will we ever reach the worlds around, the life upon, some of them? This prospect, the very stars themselves, certainly put our petty personal and Earth-based squabbles into perspective.

As for myself, the days of coldness have worn me down, a little, and I am again like I once was, decades ago, at peace in my homeless world: enjoying the simple joy that a warming mug of tea brings when I sit, on a plastic bag, outside my tent and listen to the silence. There is plenty of time to reflect upon the past. I have been both above time and in time - to use the words of Savitri Devi - enjoying and seeking violent action-in-the-world, and the challenges and stirring of the blood, the soul, that such action, born of duty, brings, and yet also seeking and finding a beauty, a contentment - at least for a while - in peaceful, numinous Nature, while always in the past returning, in some way, to the struggle because this struggle vitalizes, making me treasure even more the beauty, the numen, of the world. Never sufficiently against time to remain with action, and yet never sufficiently above time to scorn the doing of deeds.

There is beauty, certainly, here in this coldness and rural place where my every breath can be seen and where I have to stop often to warm the hand which holds this pen. There is certainly an intimation of such beauty, such numinosity, in some women: a beauty which many times has brought me to tears as I shared with a woman one of those sometimes strange wordless moments when, together, we become more than we are, were, as individuals, as if, together, we are an intimation of the stage of human evolution which awaits. I often feel that some women embody the beauty, the numinosity, the joy, the sensuality, of Nature; as if they are Nature made manifest - an aspect of Nature's living being, a presencing, and one which, alas, so few it seems seem to know let alone appreciate.

And yet: I have always returned to this other, ordinary world of involvement, of action. Was it only duty - a duty to strive to make my vision of a better, more empathic, more honourable, world real - which drew me back? Or was it also that by so returning I knew, and treasured this other, numinous, world which one day we might make real here on Earth? Was this a knowing as when we have loved one person so deeply we miss their very presence and only realize how much we loved them, needed them, should have treasured them, when they were gone: when for some reason - often our own fault - their love for us was no more and we had to learn to be alone, again?

Will I ever, for more than a few months, a few years, and as I often dream and desire, live only in the world of the numen? Will I, for this, need to be alone, isolated, as I am now? Distanced from people by a physical distance, a rural isolation, and distanced in my very being, as if I am some strange alien from another world who finds it difficult to be enclosed in some city or some town or even a vehicle and who, many times, can only be with people for a limited time since I often feel their feelings, their sadness, their hopes, their joys, their anger, their despair, as if they are my own. And if I do so live, in, with, the numen, will it be because I have turned away from duty - too old and burdened by sadness to care about the world - or because I have truly transcended to that compassion, that understanding, that species of time, which, being acausal, is the real genesis of genuine change?

Such ramblings, created by days alone. And are you now my random audience? And do you mind? How many years - well over a decade - since I, by the public then unknown, stumbled into you in the Classics Bookshop that hot humid Summer day in Oxford when the very air sweated us and we went to sit, tree-shaded, by the river to talk of books read, music heard? How many sultry nights since that concert of Vivaldi's Gloria, shared? How many lives have I, you, lived since then? How many stored feelings, impressions, images, memories, waiting for some means of release? How many regrets of what might have been?

I have no music now - no Bach, Brahms, Schubert - to connect me to that world which entwined us then, that Summer, with its intimations of the greatest sadness, the greatest joy; but there are memories, yes there are memories which bring the tears of such sadness and joy and which remind me of how much I do not know, how many times I have been wrong, and of how far we all have to go to reach where we can reach given the faculties of empathy, reason and honour which we can and indeed must develop. Mea culpa; mea culpa; mea maxima culpa.

I am so cold now I have to move, and will walk the many miles to post this letter while the daylight lasts...

DW Myatt



---

*Note by JRW: The following is an extract from a handwritten letter by Myatt, addressed to me.  
He dated it One Week Beyond Mid-Spring.*

---

### **One Week, One Spring**

Another warm beautiful Spring day in the English fields of the kind that reminds how wonderful and simple life can and should be: there seem to be no problems here, by this small stream, and I sit on the now longish, greening grass beside it beneath a sky of variegated blue with only the sounds of birds for company. No breeze to stir the trees of the overgrown copse behind.

There, three yards away, a bare grass-free patch where animals have come to drink, leaving prints in the now dried mud: two deer, a fox.

There is no human-made war here; no rockets, missiles, bombs; and I am left again to wonder with sadness why our species never learns. Once, many times, anger at such injustice would have roused me, all but controlled me, and I would have sallied forth to try and make things better. But now: now, I feel only the centuries of longing that have brought some of our species to that perspective, that compassion, that empathy that has grown within me as grass grows with each warming Spring. Such a gift, this soil.....

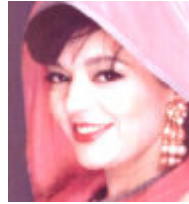
Is this lack of action, by me, really the wisdom of age, experience, or only the weariness born of three decades of strife? Or even caused because of feelings of personal love?

Yes, there was, is, a new love for me, but it is not returned as I dreamed and hoped, and so I strive to console myself by resting in places such as this, sensing the living being which is this world, and staring forth into sky and Space as if my own longing for worlds, lives, beyond might change what is into what can, should be: a world of reason, honour, empathy. And I am again as I was, nearly three decades ago, at times so suffused with a personal love that I have run miles bearing the only real gift I have, a love, word-wrought as a poem.

Who would have believed that I, with my past, at my age, would do such things, again? Love is strange: I was trembling when she telephoned..... but there was no meeting wherein the essence might flow between us again, and all I could do was sit, staring without thought out of the window of my room, listening to the Art of Fugue as if my listening might still the feelings that only a street-hardened, killing-forged, striving, honourable, Will kept damned. And all we who feel like this can ever do is hope.

It was hope - and another lost love - which took me, once and a decade or more ago, to Egypt to travel in the desert as if such traveling might bring a forgetful peace. It did not work, despite the grim toil of that long journey, and it was only when I returned to Cairo that I forgot. I remember it so well: I had gone, out of politeness, to a concert to see and listen to some singer which some Egyptian I had met enthused about. And there was such beauty there, in her, her voice, in the music, as she sang of many things. Such sadness; such joy, such an embracing, for me, of another world, another culture. I was at home there, listening, feeling, with the audience as the beautiful Samira Said sang, and ever since - in times of personal sadness, rejection, such as this - I remember her concert, or listen to her songs<sup>(1)</sup>, reminding me of how I am not alone, of how others have, and do, suffer, and have cried, and laughed, and sang of their problems, personal, political, social and otherwise. But most of all I remember that there is another world out there of

different, vibrant, cultures, of good people striving in their daily mostly toiling lives with hope for a better more honourable world for themselves, their family, their children, their land.



Such beauty in this world; such a wonderful diversity. And yet such a terrible continuation of the barbarism that should by now belong to our past. All I have are the answers of the ethics, the Way, my experience and thought have wrought. But is Folk Culture, the Cosmic Ethic, the small rural communities that such a Way would bring, enough? But I am pompously rambling now, and once again.....

DW Myatt

(1) In a recent letter Myatt added: "In the past few years she has changed her style somewhat, less Arabic, more Western. While this new style is interesting, some - myself included - prefer her earlier songs and recordings."

---

*Note by JRW: The following is an extract from a handwritten letter by Myatt, addressed to me. He dated it The Last Week of March.*

---

### **Work of the Day**

The work of the day having ended, I sit against a fence a little sheltered from the cooling wind. It has been a day of rain, then sun, and it is ending with clearing skies. There is time now to reflect on various things as I drink what remains of the green tea in my flask. I can hear the road - one stream, three hedges and two fields distant - and I do not envy the people speeding along in their vehicles from somewhere, to somewhere else. For I can sit with a notebook balanced on my knee and write another letter. I see things they cannot; I hear what they miss; I feel the weather. I feel the coolness of the wind, and the warmth of the sun on my hands and face; I see that the hawthorn buds have burst, and soon the slight pale green of leaves which shows will grow to deepen in colour; I watch the clouds as they move and change; I hear the song of many birds: Robin; Blackbird; Sparrow...

It is good to rest, like this, after a day of work. There is a definite satisfaction, for there will be money in exchange for the toil, and with the money comes not only a self-respect but also a certain security of time and place: food, a place to stay; maybe even a little self-indulgence, such as a pint of the local cider. And perhaps a little saved for the time when a new pair of boots, or a shirt or trousers, will be needed. So I am fortunate indeed. For there are millions in the world hungry, homeless, unable to afford new clothes.

There really is very little needed if we are to live, happy, without causing undue suffering to others. Somewhere to dwell; hopefully someone to share that dwelling with, to love and give love; work enough to buy the food, the clothes, needed; a certain time - but not too much - to

reflect, and watch the sky, the clouds, the stars; perhaps some children to raise and teach in a slow natural way, through example.

Who - apart from you, perhaps - would have thought I would write words such as this? Yes, I have changed, grown, these last years, as once you hoped when I turned again back to those other political things you then, in our Summer of knowing, knew nothing about. Changed, but too late, now, to change what was: to change how that Summer ended.... I am now, in one way, returned to the person you knew all those years ago; the person you remembered. Yet the calm, the inner peace, known then, shared, is deeper, born from so many diverse experiences, so much sorrow seen, known, in the years that have passed since then. And also because of the past years of hard, outdoor work of the kind there is, it seems, little of, these days. Such work has rooted me; slowed down my thoughts, given me the perspective of Nature. Not the unreal, romantic kind of perspective - some artist observing from his window or out on a ramble - but the close contact that each day brings when one is out in all weathers for eight, nine or ten hours or more hours a day, working with one's hands.

This rooting, this slowness of being, means that I have very little desire to travel again; to even stray from this one rural area. Most of what I need is here, within walking distance; a world within the world.

Thus, I know certain fields near where I live in great detail. The soil; the hedges; the trees; the life that lives within or passes through or overhead. I see, hear, experience, feel, this small part of the Earth change with each passing month, and because I see and feel this, and live within the time of such small changes, I am at home where my feet can take me. The hedge, the tree, the forgotten pond, the neglected one acre strip, the sky above, are like friends, a secret world.

Yet there is still that unfulfilled, often sad, longing for someone, who understands, to share what has become my simple life. Recently, I believed – hoped – I had found her..... But poems, words, could not change things. I respected her choice, made before we got to know each other, but her decision to remain with the person who was her choice was, and is, hard for me. Should I have strived, passionate, and rent them asunder? No, for I felt that would have been dishonourable. There is some solace, for the moment at least, in work, in more work. How many millions of people have felt like this, thousand year upon thousand year? Have we learnt anything?

But what still greatly surprises me – apart from my own foolish innocent hope in matters of love – is that things in the world are as they are; that a lot of people are as they are. Things and people do not have to be what they are. We can control ourselves; we can empathize. We can do the honourable thing. But most of all we can will to be more than we are: we can consciously continue our evolution in a positive way, which means striving to avoid harming other people and the other life with which we share this planet. We can and could create a noble, free society, based as such a society must be on the concept, the ideal, of personal honour. Instead of evolving ourselves, and our societies, we have regressed, creating impersonal modern States. We have lost, it seems, the slow rooted being, the natural thinking, that comes from staying, dwelling, toiling with our hands and ignoring what is beyond where we cannot walk in one day of walking. But I have digressed – or rather, regressed, to old, worn, polemics. Must be the lack of cider.....

DW Myatt

---

*Note by JRW: The following is an extract from a handwritten letter by Myatt, addressed to me.  
He dated it The First Week of April.*

---

### **Early Cloud**

Early cloud has given way to warm April Sun, and I sit, having eaten my lunch, resting beside a hedge coming into blackthorn bloom, with a view of the wooded hill beyond, the morning's work done.

There is, of course, peace here, while the warm Sun lasts and there is some physical tiredness from the hours of physical work, and the very early, Dawn, start. But there is also not only an undercurrent of sad loneliness - for she whom I love has gone, to another - but also an intimation of the past when action, violence, in the world to change the world, brought that exhilaration which true, honourable, warriors know and often seek and which is an end to such loneliness.....

So, to be honest, there is temptation, even here, amid this quiet rural splendour: the temptation to be again what I was when action, a goal, a seeking, an assignment, made me a harmony of body, mind, soul, and life became suffused with a glory redolent of the gods because life was lived on a different, higher, level. There were then no obstacles that could not be overcome; no doubts; not even any self-reflexion.

Is this, then, just one of those periods in my life - of months, maybe a year - when I quietly drift, suffused with the numen, before returning to that other world, of duty, of exploration, of challenges, where lives the honourable warrior? I do not believe it is one of these periods, but I could be wrong; I have been wrong in the past.

It was not always some woman - rather than my quest, my sense of duty - which propelled me to explore, to act, to change my way of life, to seek out new challenges, new adventures. But sometimes it was a woman: or rather, a particular type of woman, such as she, now lost to another. Such an exquisite passion between us; such a sharing, without words; such a sense of quiet belonging in her presence, as if she, often without knowing it, is some natural force of Nature, completing me, us. Such women - betraying their nature in their beautiful eyes, in their, often sexually ecstatic, passion for life - with their loss creating a vortex in my very soul. How were they lost? In my case mostly from my own mistakes, my own stupidity; my own selfishness; but in one case, through her untimely death.

Thus am I all too human: for even knowing all this does not significantly change how I feel, how I was, am, affected by such a woman. But this all seems rather self-indulgent, given the weather, the world beyond.....

Shall I then, instead - and against one of my own resolutions - write about the current war, raging in a part of the world I know, and against a people whose culture I respect? Shall I write of the dishonour that this war is? Of the government who are indulging, like bullies, in modern warfare against a much weaker enemy whose defensive capabilities they have spent over the years destroying so that when their planned war finally started they knew their enemy could barely defend themselves? Of a government, in its utter hypocrisy, that whined about the hunting of foxes being cruel and barbaric and yet has sanctioned a war which has so far killed thousands of people?

Shall I then write about how there is no honour in this war for the so-called allied coalition troops, which troops are doing the dirty work for the arrogant hypocrites who want to impose a certain way of life, a government of occupation, upon a cultured people because these hypocrites in their hubris believe that such a way is "right" - or more correctly, necessary, for their nefarious purposes - and must therefore be imposed, by force of arms, upon a people?

No, I shall not write about such things. There is no need. Rather, I should write about the numen, about how the acausal will balance things, again, as it always does. For there is a higher perspective - the longer-term view - which I sense, and to a certain extent know. In this particular conflict, the allies will have their victory, but it will be a temporary one, as the victories of occupying powers always are. Thirty, fifty, a hundred, years on, things will be very different. Meanwhile, hundreds of thousands of people will have suffered, and died. The centuries will balance things out, so long as honour, reason, and empathy exist; and the real sadness is that this truth of balance - while evident if one thinks rationally, learns from history and possesses empathy - has not been acted upon, and probably will not be acted upon in the near future. People, especially those with power or seeking power, will continue to be insolent, continue to commit hubris, continue to be dishonourable, and continue to cause suffering. Governments, occupying powers, Empires, tyrants, conquerors, nefarious cabals, military victories, even religions, come and go; sometimes a few monuments remain, sometimes a few stories, of past glories, or defeats. A lot will happen in a hundred years; even more in a thousand years. Through it all Nature will endure, as She has done for tens of thousands of years - the Sun will still rise and descend each day, baring some cosmic event, just as the Seasons in this temperate land will come and go. There will be the view of the stars, on cloudless nights; the clouds that form to bring a life-giving rain; the rivers that flow to the seas; glorious Spring days of warm Sun.... Through it all - through all the disputes, the Empires, governments, military campaigns - ordinary, honourable, people will endure, and laugh and cry, and raise their children as best they can, and get on with their toil, their work to provide food, clothing, shelter, for themselves, perhaps cultivating the land, as they have done for thousands of years. These things will be, as they have been - that is, if we do not in our stupidity end up killing Nature. Already, we are harming Her, hurting Her and Her children.

I find it very sad that we are still squabbling among ourselves, like petulant children, about irrelevant things. Instead, we should be using our resources to explore, and move outward, from this planet. Maybe one day...

We who know - or believe we know - can only sigh, and continue in our slow, calm, non-angry way to present a numinous, rational, honourable, empathic alternative that does not involve contributing to the dishonour, the unreason, the suffering, that afflicts us.

So it is that I will continue to sit here for a while at least, notebook resting upon my knee, feeling, knowing, the beauty of Nature, and possessing a certain inner calm, despite my sadness of having lost - again - a woman whom I loved.

And there is this glorious Spring weather to make me smile.

DW Myatt

---

*Note by JRW: The following is an extract from a handwritten letter by Myatt, addressed to me. He dated it One Sunny Morning in May.*

---

## One Sunny Morning in Early May

A sunny morning in early May has renewed, invigorated me; for here in the field where my tended plants grow - warmed and drawn-upward toward the life-liberating Sun - there is the now drying soil, warm to my touch; the birds, nesting, flying, perching, singing; the hedge, centuries-old, fully in leaf; the breeze playing verdant tunes upon the trees, which all now are green, and greener - even the Oak and the Ash; the midges, cascading, up, down, around, as if in rhythm to such verdant sounds.

Thus am I aware of how there is a symbiosis here between Sun and soil, between Sun and Earth: of how connected each part of Nature's emanations are to each other. There really is, here in this land, an awakening, new life, between early March and the beginning of May, and I feel so fortunate to be in this one place, working with my hands, touching, nurturing, seeing, sensing, this living, these beings. And it does not seem to matter - while this now hot Sun lasts and only wisps of high cloud obscure a little of the blue - that I am alone, having lost the woman I loved. For in such moments, such hours, I sense I am really not alone: for She is there, here; a numinous presence.... So I know how and where I should dwell for the years remaining to me, just as I know there should be, can be, is for me only the knowing of, the living of, the gentle propagation of, The Numinous Way. Anything else - politics, religion - is, for me, now, a dishonourable compromise that negates what I have learnt, discovered, felt, experienced, known.

Such emanations as I feel, know, here - now- are Her life: a life, a living, a presencing, we might know if only we slowly stayed, working, dwelling, in silence and long enough to sense, feel, experience, what grows as it grows, warmed, drawn-upward toward Sun and nurtured by the giving that is rain.

But what do we humans do? We ravish; we plunder; we exploit; we despoil; we destroy. We are unbalanced, mere ignorant children, lacking as many of us do an awareness of the beauty, the fragility, of the living, breathing, being which is our Earth: a being we seem intent on killing.

What if we who live upon this world are alone in the Cosmos, with the life that surrounds us being unique? What do we do? Destroy, ignore, this miracle. And even if - as seems probable - we are not alone, will we ever grow up, act with reason, honour and empathy, and care for, and value, our home? What if we venture forth, into Space, as the dishonourable, exploitative, killing beings we have remained for far too long?

Yet here the Apple trees in the fields several hedges and a lane to my right are all in white bloom, and a few days ago, not long after Dawn, I heard a Cuckoo there, the second I have heard this year. Nearby, before the sunken narrow tree-lined lane descends, twisting, down to meet the stream, there is a cottage whose Wisteria is now abundant with its beautiful flowers, and walking along there in late Spring sunshine with the leaves and branches of trees rising up and shading so giving a special kind of space and light, I am reminded of those great English cathedrals with their vaulted columns and arches. Were such trees, such lanes - such a pagan intimation of a living Nature - their inspiration?

But it is now the time for me to eat my lunch before the work of the day resumes.....

DW Myatt

---

*Note by JRW: The following is an extract from a handwritten letter by Myatt, addressed to me.  
He dated it One Sunday in May.*

---

### **We Have Been Led Astray**

We have been led astray; we have led ourselves astray - away from the simple but profound beauty that is, can be, human life. Not long ago I was traveling on a long train journey. Outside, there was warm late Spring sun, the green fields and hills of rural England; white cumulus clouds passing beneath that so beautiful blue which is our sky; inside and not far from me, a young man and woman, obviously in love, their faces full of hope, dreams and, yes, goodness. Not far from me, a mother, smiling as her two children played, and her partner/husband/lover - whose arms were festooned with tattoos - seeking her hand in a simple gesture of affection. And I? All I could hear was numinous remembered music - the slow movement from an Oboe concerto by Alessandro Marcello; the Andante from Schubert's String Quartet in D Minor; Bach's *Erbarme dich*..... There, around me, was our humanity; there, around me, was the beauty of Nature; there, around me, within me, was the potential for us to evolve. For such a simple, sharing, love is one of our most profound, our most human and noble, traits.

How many times have I myself known the simple, gentle, warmth of a love shared? And how many times have I turned away from that toward what I assumed or believed or felt was a duty, thus hardening myself? So much lost, for so little. So much suffering and sadness created by me, in others, in the world: and for what? So much sadness and suffering caused within myself by such a loss.

The truth I have painfully, slowly, discovered in this, the fifth decade of my strange wandering life, is that there is no noble, no good, no honourable duty to anything or anyone which can contradict such love, or reject it, or place it second. What honourable, noble, duty there is can only arise from such love or join with that love in a natural, dwelling, way as when two people, a family, settle to dwell on the land and through their dwelling, their labour, their toil, their love, they create a way of life which is in harmony with all other life, with Nature, and especially with their own loving, rational, honourable, human nature.

This is the quiet numinous way of restraining ourselves by concentrating on what is beyond words, beyond ideas: the way that some of the beautiful music of the past several hundred years is an intimation of, reminding us as it can of the greatest suffering, the greatest joy, and of our own place among Nature, in the Cosmos.

This is the quiet return that is needed - beyond all rhetoric; beyond all propaganda; beyond all ideas, political, religious, otherwise - and beyond all the forms that constrain and try to mould our human nature to some abstract theory or construct. For what is human is this love, this symbiosis between such love, such dwelling, such a gentle seeking yearning born of our questioning nature. All else - all other types of yearning, seeking, striving, duty - detract us and distance us from, or even destroy and negate, our true human nature, and from that evolution of this nature of ours which great music, great Art, great literature, rational ethical Science itself, provide us with an intimation of, a gentle yearning for.

To sacrifice life for, to strive to mould our life in artificial, abstract, ways, is wrong because it is denial of this human nature of ours: a dwelling in our barbaric past; a negation of our human potential to evolve into rational, honourable, numinous, beings who are not only a connexion to



Nature and the Cosmos but who are consciously aware of this connexion in both an empathic and a rational way. A human, noble, allegiance is and can only be to that which we know, deeply; to that which we deeply love - our partner; our family; the small area of Earth, the folk community, where we dwell and where we feel at home, which is our home, our homeland, small as this must be to be known as it should be known. And if ever there is conflict, between human beings, we must use our will, the guidelines of honour and empathy, to strive to resolve things, transcending beyond the instincts, the feelings, of our barbaric, animal, past. All other allegiances are wrong because they are to what is not-human: what is artificial, lifeless, abstract.

So, yes, I have been wrong, wrong, wrong. It is just so easy to give in to our instincts, our barbaric, animal, nature. For so many thousands of years we have lived torn between our inhuman, dishonourable, past and the human, civilized, future, that can be, should be, must be, ours. We do not need politics, governments, economics, religions or even nations as we know them. Such things are all artificial; constraining; wrong because inhuman. The mistake is and has been to try and mould our human nature to such forms, rather than evolve our natural human nature itself. What is our true, natural, human nature? To be loving; to be empathic; to be rational; to be honourable. What is the primitive nature of our barbaric past? To be selfish; to be dishonourable; to allow our instincts to control us; to lose our individuality by losing ourselves in some idea, some form, some large group or grouping, to follow and accept without question some supra-personal "authority".

All we do really need is to cultivate in ourselves that empathy which is the genesis of compassion and which brings a knowledge of our connexion to all life, here on Earth, and to the Cosmos itself; all we need is a simple code of honour; a simple acceptance of the power, the necessary, the beauty, of human love between two people who by their very being, their very nature, can be the genesis of new human life; all we need is the simple dwelling which is a symbiosis with Nature.

Is this learning too late? I did, on that journey, wonder - for the train slowed as it entered a teeming city where primitive emotions seethed and where people rushed, following and seeking strange primitive gods, and where some supra-personal "authority" assumed it knew best, seeking as it did to control people's lives....

Here, on a warm Sunny morning in late May in the rural fields of England where I sit on a fallen oak branch beside a small pond with the song of birds around, is the truth, which I now know in my very being I cannot ever forget again.

DW Myatt

---

*Note by JRW: The following is an extract from a handwritten letter by Myatt, addressed to me. He dated it A Fine Day in Middle June.*

---

### **A Fine Day in Middle June**

A fine day in middle June, of hot Sun but cooling breeze, and I sit on the warm ground with my back resting against the wheel of my small cab-less tractor in this lunchtime respite from work. This is my special corner - beyond the fence to my right a small neglected copse of mostly Ash is fronted by a patch of tall nettles, Willow-herb and brambles; while, behind where I rest, is an overgrown hedge, two trees deep in places. Beneath one of the almost shrub, weed, covered fallen



trees in the copse there is a fox's lair: two days ago, as I sat, almost sleeping in the warm Sun after sandwiches and milk-less tea from a flask, the Vixen stopped, right by the fence, to stare at me for a while before she turned away back into cover. I have seen her, there, before, and maybe I will soon see her again. Perhaps she is getting used to this slow moving, straggly-bearded, long-haired, flat-cap and olive-coloured-clothes wearing being whose hands, arms and face are tanned by months of Sun?

So many birds here, so many different calls and songs I wish I knew more than the few I know. Does it matter? Not really. Jay, Yellow Finch, Thrush, Blackbird, Robin, Sparrow, Wagtail... They are all part of the complex matrix, weaved by Nature: they are Nature, manifestly alive and presenced in this one small rural place. All I can hear are the songs, the calls, of birds, the sound of flies, bees, and the breeze stirring bushes, grass and leaf-full trees.

Yesterday, a Heron stood atop a young tree, unmoving, watching the low damp ground to the left of the copse where bull-rushes grow and where I have seen many a frog.

This, I feel, is how the world should be - how, perhaps, it was, before the vapid pace of change, of material lusts, overwhelmed us. I feel strongly attached to this very small piece of rural England, this special neglected place of about one acre, and it is good that I work nearby, mostly toiling with my hands in hot sweat-making Sun, cold rain, overcast skies, hail, a wind cold enough to numb my fingers even beneath two pairs of gloves. Here, there are the Robins which months ago first nested and who, every morning, would appear, as I sat to begin my morning with a customary drink of tea A few pieces of bread, and they were off, to feed their young, who - not long after, and fledged - would wait nearby for their parents to feed them the crumbs I gave. Even now, every morning, the two adult Robins appear as soon as I arrive, to wait chirping a few feet away.

This is how our world should be - with each of us connected to where we live, where we dwell, working in such a way that we have a symbiotic relationship with Nature, with the land, the very soil we depend upon to grow the food we eat. This is how it should be - with a quietness; with a working toil that brings us out into the fresh air, whatever the weather; and with a concern for only where we live, where we dwell, who we know and who live within no more than half a day's walk away.

Do we really need industries, the nations that grow them? Do we really need the vapid entertainment, the commercial music, spewed forth by profit-hungry, manipulative, totally un-numinous concerns whose minions have probably never done months of hard-manual toil in their lives and who are at home only in cities? Do we really need cities and the Nature-destroying often cruel always un-empathic things that support them? Do we need governments that concern themselves with abstract ideas and inhuman policies, and who scheme and plot, who deprive people of their liberty and who send people to kill other people in the name of some abstract idea or inhuman concept?

Not long ago I was talking with an elderly man who remembered a very different way of life and whose father worked as a wood-worker in a typical village of that time, before what became known as the First World War. He told of how most things the village, the farms, needed for their daily life were made of wood, locally cut, shaped, crafted: carts, fences, gates, doors, even pumps. And what was not so made and crafted of wood, was more often than not made by a local blacksmith, or of stone quarried somewhere near. And now? The village is no longer so self-contained, and often only a residence for people whose cars or vehicles take them miles and miles

away to work in some town or city in jobs which maintain the manic, rootless, un-numinous world they live in.

Several years ago, and for quite a few years, I worked on a farm with a man who had worked there for nearly fifty years - all his working life. From him, I learnt many things, especially about the way and manner of hard, outdoor, work. I learnt how to toil for hours on end - to not rush, to settle into a natural slowish working rhythm suited to the job. Then, as now, even the way I walked became unhurried. Gone was the quick walk of a rushing, harassed, man. Many times the two of us would walk - our long-handled hoes slung over our shoulders - along the road from one field to another. We must have seemed to the drivers of the many cars that passed, in our worn working old-fashioned clothes, with our slow amble, our fifty year old hoes, to belong to another age.

Not that I in those four years applied most of what was learnt, for I was still feckless, still restless, inside, still part of the vapid causal time of the modern world, with my ideas, my desire to change the world, my impatience. In those years I was indeed torn between such settled rural work, and my idealistic, youthful, vision of a better world - spending a few hours, a few days, working hard, and then neglecting my work to write an article, or go forth on travels, to meetings and the like. So, there, in that place, in those days, I was more often than not a bad worker: often slack and sometimes unreliable.

It was only when I began, last year, and almost a year ago, this current spell of outdoor work that I applied those lessons - and not consciously; not intentionally. Or rather, I became like him, that happy, uncomplicated farm-worker. For I settled into the slow, unhurried, pace of toil because, inside, in my being, I had ceased to be restless, ceased to be concerned about the external world, accepting, knowing that my world was my work, the village where I lived, the people I knew, the land where I dwelled.

So it is that I have become increasingly reluctant to travel away from here until this week that reluctance became more than reluctance: a quiet, still, determination to not do so again - to not venture from this small part of this rural English county ever again, unless it be for some reason, not of my doing, to find work such as I do now. There is simply no need, for I have become, by dwelling here, doing the work I do, something other than I was, changed as I have been partly by the knowledge, the understanding, of suffering, and partly by a real appreciation of Nature begun by that work on that farm with that worker six or more years ago.

But do not believe that I yearn for some non-existent romantic rural idyll. I know the hardness of this life, of how the work, the days, the weather, can wear you down, make limbs, back, hands, ache; of how some days I become wearied with a particular wearisome, repetitive task, and yearn for the day to end, to sit outside in the garden of the local Pub, alone with my pint of liquid food made from water and barley and flavoured with hops..... But this simple life is my choice; there are good days, and bad days; usually more good days, especially when - as today and yesterday - the Sun warms and I can see the beauty of this Earth's blue sky. In many ways, I yearn for the warm, sunny days of an English Spring, Summer and Autumn, as I know there must be life-giving rain, and clouds to bear that rain. There is balance, which has brought the numinous beauty of this rural landscape, this land.

The toil of earlier times was often much harder than it is now; but the toil that is necessary, now, to live simply, frugally, is not that hard - although it will be so for those who have never done such work! I remember how many people - especially young people - started work in the fields at

my previous place of work. Some lasted a few hours; some lasted a week; a few lasted a few weeks. None lasted longer, leaving us two with our hoes, our taciturn ways, to knowingly smile.

The important thing is that we now have, and can make, a conscious choice - to live in the world, as it is, has become; or to live as we can, and - I believe - we should, simply, in an unaffected way, in harmony, symbiosis, with Nature, thus restraining ourselves, especially our desire for material possessions, for the things we really do not need, for the things which harm Nature, the living beings of Nature, and we ourselves, if we but knew it. And one of the most harmful things is a dishonourable ideology, of whatever kind, political, religious, social: a belief we have the answers, and that some law, some government, some abstract idea, some political or social policy, or religious belief, can and will change things for the better, even though - as it almost always does - such a thing involves a negation of the concept of personal honour, some suffering, some deaths, some people being dishonourably deprived of their liberty, their freedom, and some individuals using whatever arts of manipulation they can to convince others of the correctness of such a thing, which is always supra-personal, and as such always involves some people, or some government, having some dishonourable "authority" over others, on pain of punishment.

The way of numinosity - the simple way of reason, of restraint, of empathy with all living things, of symbiosis with Nature - does involve us changing ourselves but such change involves only a free, conscious, individual, choice. Thus, we can accept some of the hardships, the frugality, that such a life brings because we know that this is how we can and should live and that by so living we are not only not harming others, but aiding ourselves, our folk, Nature and the Cosmos - that is, we are doing the human thing; the civilized thing; the numinous thing. All else seems, and is, inauthentic, unnecessary, a turning away from the knowledge, the understanding, we have achieved - and especially a turning away from that empathy, that consciousness, that awareness of the matrix, of us as a connexion, a living nexus, which is the essence of our humanity and the beginning of the next stage of our human evolution.

Now, not only have I run out of writing paper (fortunate for you!) it is also somewhat past the time for me to resume the tasks of this working day.

DW Myatt

---

*Note by JRW: The following is an extract from a handwritten letter by Myatt, addressed to me.  
He dated it One Humid Day in June.*

---

### **"People Can Be So Cruel..."**

There is nothing to do this hot, Sunny, humid early evening after work but sit in the shade and sigh. The shade is from the tall Ash tree that grows in the hedge in this corner of the field. In one part of the sky, clouds build, rising, giving a hint of a storm, and, rested a little, I wander over the low, old, wire fence broken here in three places, through the grass and willow-herb down to the damp ground where bull-rushes grow. There is a small part of this rough ground between two trees of Willow - one broken, old - and the scrub bush, which is shaded for most of the day, and the small pool of now clear water is still there, days after rain, frequented by birds, insects, and home to a myriad of minute living things eking out their brief existence in their own cosmos, three hands long, less than one hand wide and now less than the width of my forefinger deep.

So I sit again, and again shaded but this time by Willow, and sigh. For here by this very field on this very day in late June I have slipped out of love with she who these past four long months has governed my life. I would wake, after a few hours sleep, to think of her - to desire her; to want to be with her, remembering the moments, the hours, of passion we had shared - as I would wait, hours, days, for those telephone calls that she never made. I was the cause of her split from her intended - but our shared time, together, was brief, for she, afraid perhaps of my intensity, the depth of my love, my passion - of something - withdrew to leave me wondering, for weeks. She wanted friendship only then, and I with my love obliged, holding onto hope as we who love do. For four months - except for five days - I had put her feelings, her wishes, before mine. But then came that deed to leave me more hurt than I have ever been. We had talked of sharing, of me moving in; but she said she wanted time to think. And then - the storm breaking after days, nights of humid sleepless hours - she told of he, her friend, who was moving in with her that very day we met again to talk.....

So I sit, with no wind to cool me down. But there has been a calmness, these past hours and - for the first time in five days - my dull, persistent, headache has gone. There is no haste, here, and I am glad of this half hour before I walk back to the farmhouse, for tea. So I am alone, again, released; part sad; part happy. I am happy, because this place where I sit has become like a home - a refuge, where I am me; where I do not have to pretend. I can be the innocent boy, inside, pleased by the sights, sounds, smells, life, around. No need for words; no need to explain; no misunderstandings. Only that - trees, bush, birds, grass, plants, sky, insects, soil, Sun - which I am and which are me.

So I sit, this new notebook on my knee, pen in hand, with no measure of passing time except the change of light, shade, as a memory, forgotten for many, many years, rises, unbidden by me, as the Sun, rising each day, is unbidden by Earth.

It is the story - the sad story - of a young woman I knew and whom I briefly nursed in those days, long ago now, when my then still early life served a different and perchance more noble purpose. She was on the Ward where I then worked, recovering from a routine operation and, as I changed her bloodied dressing one warm day, we fell to talking as people do. She had been reading *Howards End* - then a favourite book of mine - and it was not long before we discovered a mutual love of Mozart. Whenever time, my duties, permitted, we talked - as that evening, some days later, after my shift had ended. We talked for hours, as late afternoon turned to evening

Why she confided in me - almost a stranger - I did not know. But she showed me a letter she had written to her lover, a letter she feared to send. She wrote of her love, her hopes, her feelings, as she spoke to me of her past - the betrayals; the manipulation; the self-doubt; the suicide attempt, only months ago. "People can be so cruel," I remember she had said, as I remember that she seemed to me, then, as now, a delicate, gentle, life - a rather shy, awkward, innocent girl in a young woman's body, so taken advantage of by others, by men. I remember how her eyes brightened when she spoke of Mozart; of how she happily showed me photographs of a family trip to Austria; and revealed the pressed Edelweiss she kept as a memento. I remember how she almost cried as she spoke of how her lover - how several others - had said she should "grow up".

I was there when she left, clutching her little unfashionable bag full of the things people need for a stay in hospital. I was there, by the swing-doors which gave entrance to the Ward. I was there hoping that someone would come to meet her; to hold her. But no one did. I was there, sensing that she wanted me to do something, to say something: sensing that she herself was too shy to do, say, what she felt, needed. I was there, wanting to hold her, wanting to ask for her address; for her

telephone number - but there was something, something, which held me back. It was my honour; for I had pledged my loyalty to the woman I then loved.

Not long after, I learnt that my favourite patient was dead. She had killed herself. Was this, I thought, the price of my honour? Could I have done more? I should have done more. For weeks afterwards, her death haunted me. I felt such a failure, as a Nurse, as a human being. It was such a waste of a beautiful life. We two human beings had made a connexion - a deep connexion. We two, who perhaps felt too much; who felt what others felt, and who often retreated into ourselves because the words of others, their feelings, even sometimes the way they looked at us, could wound us. I knew we two had shared something human, special, just as I knew that she was a better human being than those who derided her, who demanded she "grow up". Grow up - and become like them? Insensitive; forgetful of, or never having known, the pure innocent joy of those wondrous, civilized moments such as being captivated by a beautiful, sublime piece of music heard for the first time, bringing tears. Become like them? - laughing at the treasured keepsake? Become like them? - cheating; scheming; lying to impress.

All she needed was a simple, uncomplicated, giving, gentle, love. Such a waste of a beautiful life. Such a regret, for me, in me. And now my own life has returned to the feelings of that time, that place, filled as they were then by that beautiful, brief, life. For years, for many, many years - too many years - I forgot her; forgot the feelings engendered then; the understanding given by her, through her. I tried in those long years to "grow up"; to behave, act, scheme, like others. But there is no need to "grow up", here, in this my quiet, special, rural place where Nature lives. I can be myself, again, as I was, once, with her. Perhaps she, my favourite patient, is here - or somewhere nearby. I would like to believe so. Perhaps she lives as long as I, someone, remembers her. How easily I, we, forget. But I shall strive to never forget her, again.

DW Myatt

---

*Note by JRW: The following is an extract from a handwritten letter by Myatt, addressed to me.  
He dated it One Late June Day.*

---

### **I Have No Excuses**

So many brown butterflies: I have not seen so many in such a small area before. Twenty, thirty - I gave up counting as they fed on the newly opened and newly opening purple flowers of the patch of thistles at this fields' edge, a meadow field of tall grasses, five or more in variety, whose two often wet small depressions are dry after the heat of this June, distinguished as those wet areas now are only by the different, courser, greener, grass flourishing there.

As I walked to this drying pond - trying to follow the Fox and Deer paths of trodden grass - with each step insects, disturbed, flew away. It is too hot to sit other than in the shade, so I squat down on the warm grass underneath the old leaning Willow tree as small well-spaced Cumulus clouds drift, quite slowly, below sky-blue, never seeming to break the flow of hot sunlight. Spiders, green, brown, black but mostly small, pass often itchy over my arms, hands, while I wait amid the breezeless silence of this field whose old hedges are replete with spreading, tall, trees of Ash and Oak. There, down amid the forest of grass stalks, green, alien, insects - antennae twitching - climb, up, down, to no purpose I, their giant, know. Even the birds seem strangely quiet in this heat.

I wait, covered in seeds from grass, and there is sadness - a memory of a recent love, now lost; a memory of nights alone: of that last argument, with so many things still needing to be said so that I might redeem my mistakes of the past. But she - having weeks ago severed our connexion - will listen no more. And yet, here, I sense and know my smallness, aware as I am of things beyond my own limited life - beyond my personal feelings, dreams, hope of finding someone, of living happy in harmony, of dwelling together as our lives flow in closeness toward their natural end. For there is a horizon beyond the desire, the need, for the shared warmth of personal love - a horizon beginning here where, under Sun, small field meets vast sky to form but one beginning of one presencing, and where life flows, century upon century, upon, below, above the gift of this now increasingly wounded land.

She and I have both lost. Have I lost less, or more, because I am, as I need to believe, through words such as these more than my one life, trying as I am, have done, will do, to understand, capture, distill, that essence, which will be here when I am gone? Will I, can I, transform through such a capture, such a gentle distilling, myself, others, to what awaits when we refuse out of empathy and understanding to destroy, injure, harm, hurt whatever, whomsoever, whatever the excuse?

I was wrong; not restrained enough. Too emotive in my love. I have no excuses, having unintentionally hurt through my persistence of love, my naive hope, a person whom I loved. Thus do I know I am not as enlightened as I wanted and want to believe. My love was a gift, created from the years of sadness, and yet its rejection can be, should be, the strange genesis of growth. Thus does the slow, painful, learning of this man - dwarfed by tree, sky, centuries, Sun - flow on. To where? Yet I am fortunate, to be here, in such a beautiful land, under a hot Sun which pleases and begins, even if so slowly, to heal one wound.

Nearby, in its forest of stalks, the small brown spider, web-waiting, brings to one end one life.

DW Myatt

---

*Note by JRW, July 2003 AD: The following is an extract from a handwritten letter by Myatt, addressed to me. He dated it One Hot Sunny Day, Almost Mid-July.*

---

### **One Hot Sunny Day, Almost Mid-July**

A beautiful, hot, sunny day and only a few wisps of high white cirrus cloud lie below the blue dome of sky. There is no more work, today, now, and I have spent about an hour lazy - my flask of cider empty - lying in the shade of an Oak in this field of freshly cut hay, no breeze to even rustle the leaves above me; no roads - except two miles distant - and no people to assail me with their sounds, their feelings: to en-press upon me the patterns, the ways, the life, the harm, of that other un-wise world.

Thus, here, I am calm, able to be the belonging which I, we, are, should be, and thus it is that I, smiling, walk the short distance to where there is a small pond, down in a hollow by a hedge and shaded only in one part of one corner by one small Hawthorn bush. Behind the larger, blue, Dragonfly, the Ruddy Darter clings to a small half-submerged blade of grass. But the blue has the better perch - a tall Bull-rush, one among a group of three two-thirds towards the centre of this pond, and every few minutes, the blue flies up, to briefly circle a part of the water before

returning to its bull-rush rest. Damsel-flies - a scintillating light-blue - circle, land, join together, land, around this water's edge.

There is a reason for the blue's wait. A smaller, darker, female arrives and with a loud buzzing of wings, they join to tumble, spin, fly until they break when she hovers toward one edge of the pond, dipping her lower abdomen into the water, again, again, again, there near where stems of grass rise, curved, up toward the Sun, breaking the surface tension of the water. The male blue circles, briefly hovers - as if watching, waiting - and she is gone, back into cover of bush, tree, long grass. He returns then to his perch, but only for a while. He, too is soon gone - where I cannot see - and it is not long before the female returns to perch, almost exactly - perhaps exactly - where he perched.

The Ruddy Darter has flown away, somewhere, and I wait, wait, wait until my legs become numb from the sitting-stillness and sweat falls down, many times, from my forehead to my face. For this July Sun is hot. Now, the she-blue circles, alighting from time to time on water-edge grass, before returning to her perch.

On the pond, a black whirly-gig beetle sails over the greeny surface - while, beneath, near where I sit, perched, watching, a myriad of small grey-things, with two front legs like paddles, dart, here, there, following, tussling with each other among some fallen dead twigs. Something, jet-black, oval and small - a beetle perhaps - briefly breaks the surface before swimming back down into the murky depths of the middle as a Water-boatman glides by atop the surface.



*Ruddy Darter*

I wait, but still do not see the rare Ruddy Darter. It must have gone while I waited, distracted by the blue. The myriad small grey-things - twenty, thirty, more - have become ten as the Earth turned to move the Sun across my sky. Then only a few remain where I can see them.

There is a slight breeze, now, to break this silence brought by the few calling birds, so hot is the heat of this Sun. And it is the Sun - and thirst, hunger, numbness of limbs - which makes me to rise, pond-ripple slowly, to turn to walk with reluctance back toward that other world.

Having harmed nothing - except two stalks of grass, chewed - I sigh. There are no humans harming things, here: but for how much longer?

DW Myatt

---

*Note by JRW: The following is an extract from a handwritten letter by Myatt, addressed to me.  
He dated it One Sunny Day in February.*

---

### **The Buzzards Are Calling Again**

The Buzzards are calling again - it is that time of year when a warm Sun and Winter's rain breathe life into the soil, bringing that beginning which is Spring and which we can both feel and smell.

Exactly a year ago I sat here by this pond on this fallen branch of Oak. It was warmer then - for now a cold northerly wind chills this burgeoning Spring, a little, and there are no insects I can see or hear on, or above, the growing greening grass. Only the Buzzards, the Gulls, the Crows, the breeze in leafless tress and bush. And yet there is a blue above to inspire me - a blue where small cumulus clouds fastly drift and where the vapour trails of aircraft, too high to hear, are spread. On the horizon to my left, altocumulus form, perhaps presaging future cloud and rain. But now, now I sit quite peaceful, but one feeble part of this year's presencing of Nature.

What have I learnt, felt, discovered, known in this year? I have certainly lived - changing - as often, and deeply feeling, as almost always. Love; sadness; joy. Travels; hard work; peace and unease - unease enough to make my head ache and throb at times. And yet - yet I seem to have endured, steadied by this simple life; by this beauty that is the quiet rural England I love.

I shall be sad to leave here - leave these fields, these sounds, these sights, this simple almost reclusive rural life. But work ended, not of my doing, brought down by impersonal economic factors caused far away from here. There is now a returning of one quest. Will there be, can there be, work like this awaiting for me somewhere, again? I strive to find, filling the time between with walks, with words, visits to she who months ago brought a personal joy and love back into my life - she who loves as I love; who gently dreams as I dream.

The breeze is stronger now, for the moment - and ripples the surface of the pond whose waves loudly lap over, against, one of the fallen branches of that Yew there in that corner of this field. Many times, like the growing tree, there by that breeze, I have been swayed - swayed by the sleeping warrior within, who, awakened, has tempted me. So much dishonour in this world; so much I had to again strive to avoid involvement, ready as I was to go to defend the oppressed against the ignoble oppressor. It was, for me, the battle against dishonour that mattered, that called, that awoke - the living of the life of a warrior. It was not the ideology, not the ideas, not the cause, or even the goals, for these were and are mere causal forms which do not, cannot, contain the essence itself even though, sometimes, they may presence part of it, as a Buzzard, circling, presences one small part of Nature's life. What mattered then was the striving - the exhilaration of living which presenced honour in a moment, in an explosion of moments, so raising life up, upwards, towards a new living, a new way, nexion as it was to the essence itself, manifest as this essence was, is, can be, in the honour of a warrior. What mattered, then, was such a presencing by someone to redress the balance and bring some honour back into this world. Thus was I, am I, through such diverse presencing, such diverse involvement, a mystery to some, but not to myself...

So I was swayed, tempted, and several times became alive again, a different alive as I forsook this quiet reclusive peace to travel, to engage, to live for a while a different way. And now, my work here having ended, I strain again against myself, feeling, feeling the presencing of that past, of those moments of life's ecstasy.



But for the moment, in this peaceful moment - the breeze having softened again - I am calm, and hear the calls of Blackbird, Robin, Wren. The Sun still warms, and it would be good to lie here for an hour, sheltered as I am from the wind, to sleep a peaceful sleep and dream.

What of my words, this past year, born of such peace, of such silent wisdom as has kept me here in this place? Have they changed anything, anyone? I do not think so. Are they then as flowers thrusting forth in Spring, born only to die each year, seeding themselves with the hope of rebirth in some future? I do not know, and shall lay this pen aside to close my eyes to I lie on my old coat upon the growing greening grass of one more burgeoning beautiful English Spring.

DW Myatt

---

*Note by JRW: The following is an extract from a handwritten letter by Myatt, addressed to me. He dated it Late September.*

---

### **Late September Summer Sun**

There is only one thing more beautiful to me - one thing more which can bring such silent slow-falling tears of joy - than being alone in a rural field in England on a warm sunny day of blue sky, far from human noise, hearing only the song, the call, of birds, the breeze in leaves, grass, bush; seeing only tree, hedge, hand-sown crops, and grass. And that one thing is a woman: one who feels as I, who has the empathy, who understands the numen so presenced here, in Nature.

There is then a new earthly-being from the joining which silently, together, exults to become a wordless, joyful unity with the life, the greater-being, so presenced. No wonder then that I am annoyed when such a silence, such a field, such numinosity, is destroyed. No wonder then there is a sadness of loneliness.

How can I leave this land, to dwell elsewhere? Each day, each week, each month of each dark dull day in Winter is endured to savour such a warmth as this: I am at peace here, under Sun, where flies fly noisy from shade to warmth of Sun, and plants, feeling it is Spring, flower, again - to feed the still abounding flying, feeding, life around.

Truth, history, learning, sorrow, wisdom - all here. There has to be the sadness for it was born from the suffering that had to be - mine, others - to bear the gift of that empathy which changed and still changes this one life which as the Cumulus clouds drift and drifted on one world among so many.

So I cannot, must not, exchange this hard-won peace, this brief Sun, this growing, this silence of sorrow, for the following of some cause in some land, far distant. It is this warm silence that I seek, that heals, that bears the very purpose and meaning of life. All that they suffered, toiled, died for I am - I have become. So there is peace when I remember as the flowering plant remembers to flower just as when, forgetting, I wander back, impatient - empathy's dormant Winter - to where those urban ways of abstract, disconnected thoughts traverse the Earth as dry poisoned dust, wind-borne, destroys.

Soon, there will be rain - already the clouds have come to cover the wonderful healing warmth of Sun. So I must remember, endure the six-month wait for the beauty, the warmth of one more English Summer.

This morning as I worked the Church bells tolled the Sunday hour, and I was pleased until, a mile or more distant, a raucous chain-saw sounded. It is the Crane-fly season - hordes fly up as I walk - and I wonder how long can such silence, such fields, such peace, such memories, survive?

DW Myatt

---

*Note by JRW: The following is an extract from a handwritten letter by Myatt, addressed to me.*

---

### **By A Hedge One September**

Here, in my rural home again, I both know and feel that it is all too easy to preach, to assume, to be consumed by a passion for living that detracts from the empathy I have learned. All too easy to preach far too much. I certainly have in the long years of my preaching made many many mistakes as I sometimes let that Faustian desire for living, that intoxication by numinous life, lead me, too much, and occasionally, lead me too far.

So, to answer your question - no, I should not be some "guide", nor even some type of teacher. Only one example, one possible example, among many; one small inspiration to begin what might be another's life-long journey, to be inspired by and then discarded as personal learning arises from the worlds of experience which arise from that plunging into life which all artists of a causal-presencing feel and perchance come to understand...

For me in my own journey, honour has been both a liberation and at times a difficult duty, especially in the last few years. For I have sworn too many oaths on my honour these past seven years, making my life complicated when it should have been simple given the knowledge, the understanding, I had acquired, or believed I had acquired. But - that damned Faustian feeling sometimes got in the way! Such oaths, of personal allegiance, gave me a duty which led me to do some things which others have seen as contradictory, but which on some other non-causal level were or maybe part of one causal presencing in this present Aeon. Such duties were born of honour, and in truth such duties were not always what one feels in one's heart, one's very being. Perhaps only the honourable, the really noble, will understand what I mean here, and why I returned, again - and again after one leaving then another - to that other world so distant from here.

How inconvenient it was to be reminded, sometimes, by a certain person or persons, of such a duty which took me away, often in both body and spirit, from these rural places that I love - at least for a while. But now I have, at last, no such pledges, and so can just be that which I became through experience and error, a me which is now and hopefully will remain private. So many times when I wished only to stay, to not to say, or do; and so many times these last few years of a returning contradicting some words of mine but yet fulfilling a pledge, of honour.

Here, the overgrown hedgerows are heavy again with their Autumnal fruit such as berries and Damsons - food for birds, insects, small mammals, and beings such as me. But already the machines and their servants are out - cutting, flailing, the fruits, future buds, and destroying the health, the very life, of these old living beings. Such excuses from such servants; such a lack of

empathy, every year, year following year, in both the Spring and Autumn. What am I to do but feel and write words such as these?

There were times, many times, when I was quite optimistic about our human future; about people changing, evolving, being empathic, using their will to change themselves through developing reason and being honourable. But now? I am not so sure as I was. What good has all that preaching done, what have all those words and deeds achieved? A misunderstanding of me, by many - that is certain. But that, it seems, is the nature of this living on this planet which is still our only home. Thus I content myself with watching those clouds, wind-rushed, on the horizon there which frame this almost equinoxal September sky of Earth's life-giving blue. A feast of insects, in the warm Sun, whose brief lives are Swallow-taken as those birds skim over the meadows here, feeding, feeding, feeding before their late leaving. And I? I am still, sitting on the still damp grass: so still and downwind that the dog Fox slinks by, unseeing, unknowing, of me. To where does he go? Perhaps to lurk, to wait, to kill, again. Already these past four months the Farm has lost four ducks, a dozen chickens, killed. Shall I then shoot to slay to save such food-producing life? Or let this one wild life to be?

Who am I to know, to answer? And yet the Sun is warm...

So I am reminded, once again, of how words so often fail - and how my breathing, my being, my knowing, are only one part of that which is, which in its own very being, lives. Hence the answer here to this is to simply sit, in this warming Sun, by this centuries old hedge, while a fly lands upon my arm - bare in this warmth - to clean itself and its wings. Thus, and yet again, I am One, here, returned, at peace. Often, on a returning to this place, there would be tears, burgeoning, as I walked these fields, and I would know how foolish I had been to leave, albeit briefly, exchanging this for some momentary Faustian desire, some duty born of honour and allegiance. For I know every tree, every hedge, every pattern and patina of every field, through every Season. So many hours sitting on the meadow grass, on an old fallen branch, or by one of these ponds. So many hours sleeping or just being warmed in the warm grass while the causal world continued as it continued, often often bereft of honour, of empathy, of reason: if so full of passion, often far beyond one being's control. So many hours here transformed to so many words to bring so little understanding, in me...

Will this really be the last missive, from me? I do not, in truth, know - knowing, or rather, feeling, that it should be.

DW Myatt

---

*Note by JRW : The following is taken from a letter, written by Myatt, and addressed to me. He dated it Just Beyond Mid-May.*

---

### **Here, in the Sunshine**

Here, in the sunshine at the beginning of another English Summer, I feel the learning that has seeped deep down inside me, borne as it has been by my manifold errors of experience. I have learnt, among other things, the value and importance of personal love - far too late to avoid hurting three women who, over the past decades, I loved, but who loved me, I now know, far more. How stupid was that? To place my dreams, my ideals - abstractions and forms - above

human frailty, above human love, and above honour, grounded as genuine honour is in empathy, in seeking the cessation of suffering by honourable, reasonable means.

For Empathy is one of those other things, learnt, or rather re-discovered. For years I hid a part of myself away - or rather, controlled it, believing that ideals, that goals, that abstractions and forms and even dreams borne of such abstractions should come before human feeling, before the empathy I had always felt, before the compassion that had often moved me. How stupid was that?

So, there was and is a learning of the meaning, of the value, of the importance of empathy, compassion, reason and honour - and thus a deep knowing of suffering. Yes, let us not forget suffering, the suffering that we - Homo Hubris - inflict and have inflicted on ourselves, on other life, human and otherwise, and on Nature, whose fragile life clings to this planet which is our home. Do not let us forget suffering - as we should not forget the smallness that is best: the local dwelling, the home, in a warm life-bringing Sun, where close by is someone loved who returns such love. There is nothing complicated, here - no abstractions; no unchecked emotion; no destroying instinct or dishonourable passion; no desire to dominate and destroy. There is no Homo Hubris, the Noise-Maker, destroyer of that quiet quietude which is the only beginning of wisdom. No Homo Hubris, bringer of suffering and dishonourable war, bane of the the living-being which is Nature. No Homo Hubris, the inventive, the cunning, who toys with honour, for a while, only to reject it. No Homo Hubris, scourge upon the Earth, and yet who in place of the suffering has sometimes, infrequently, too little, produced some beautiful things, redolent of the divine, and who - once, still? - possessed so much promise...

Homo Hubris - who values, as once did I, the abstractions, the forms, above, beyond, the human frailties, the human dreams, above the humanity of love, sowing thus the suffering. There need not be the abstractions that have come to enslave us - no nations; no States; no politics; no governments, and no power beyond the individual, finite, pleasing human power to choose our own way, our own life, guided by honour, reason, empathy, compassion, love. For all abstractions in both their essence and their effects destroy The Numen - that Life that is beauty, calm, quietness, home to the myriad connexions that join us to the matrix, beyond.

Thus, here I sit - again - venturing forth to mould the flowing ink upon the paper of a book in a field warmed by this warming Sun of one more sublime hour of one more sublime day turning past another middle-May. Would that this small learning of mine might make some difference...

DW Myatt

---

### **Some Thoughts on Our Human Problem**

In the course of my life I have had the good fortune to travel around this planet which is our home, as I have lived for months, and sometimes years, among diverse cultures. I have also experienced, and studied, at first-hand, and for extended periods often lasting years, many different Ways of Life, including Islam, Buddhism, Hinduism, Taoism, Christianity, and paganism. In addition, I have had many interesting occupations and experiences and involvements - although in some ways my notoriety, resulting from some of these experiences and involvements, is not altogether justified by the reality of my life.

In many ways, as I have sought to explain in some other writings, my life has been a journey to discover, to know, the meaning of our own lives. In the course of this journey I have made quite a few mistakes, as I have, many times, caused suffering in others just as I once was quite arrogant -

indeed, fanatical and intolerant - about my own beliefs, or what at a particular time I considered were my beliefs and views. Sometimes - perchance to justly counter-balance my own violent past - I have also had the misfortune to be treated in a dishonorable way, by others: to have suffered injustice, and violence, due to the prejudice, intolerance and dishonour of others. But - *pathei mathos* as Aeschylus wrote.

Now, in the middle of the fifth decade of my life as I reflect upon my past, my experiences - upon the learning from my errors of experience - I have come to certain conclusions, as I have come to understand the need for reason, compassion, empathy, tolerance, and the true justice and freedom that, I now believe, only arises from personal honour. One of my conclusions concerns our seeming inability, as a species, to learn from our past mistakes, to learn from the dishonour of our history. Why cannot we use our will and act with honour, with reason? Why do we still - after over five thousand years of experience - fail to grasp what our history teaches us about ourselves? Why do we still pursue abstract ideas and strive to mould people to these ideas instead of celebrating diversity, difference and individuality?

In a philosophical way, we seem to have lost the essence of our being through interpreting ourselves, others, and the world, in terms of abstract beings - categories, isms, theories, structures, terms, ideas and the like - which we largely project onto reality and which so distort reality. This in, in effect, a methodology of abstraction. In a real way, we have largely disconnected ourselves from the numen of life, and especially from the numen of Nature, by our urban way of life, our modern means of transportation, and our reliance on technology and this methodology of abstraction.

After five thousand years of experience - of creativity, learning, suffering, discovery - we can still make excuses for having a large Army invade another land and subjugate another people and kill "enemies"; still make excuses for killing thousands upon thousands of people by dropping bombs on them; and still condone the dishonorable shackling of people and their incarceration - and even their torture. After five thousand years of insights being available to us - from *Loa Tzu*, the Buddha, the works of Aeschylus, Sophocles, to the images of our planet Earth from Space - we can still be indifferent to such things, to the suffering of our fellow human beings, and especially to our own failings, which we often strive to hide through hypocrisy and arrogance.

How much time do we, as a species, need to become rational, honourable, empathic - truly civilized - human beings? Another five thousand years? Ten thousand? Thirty thousand? Perhaps. But will we, by then, have destroyed the fragile connexions of Nature which brought life to this planet and which sustain our life? Possibly. And how many more millions of human beings will suffer and die in humiliation and agony before then?

Why cannot we learn, as I myself have learnt, albeit my learning was achieved painfully slowly with many returns to causing suffering in others? In the West, we seem to be proud of our system of so-called "education" which has been with us for some hundred years. But has this brought enlightenment, understanding and the beginnings of wisdom to most? Has it bred honourable character? In the majority of instances, no. In the West, we seem mighty proud of ourselves and our "system" - so proud in fact that we strive to export it by force of arms, or by force of money and bribery, to other lands, always forgetting, it seems, the poverty, the injustice, the degradation, the addiction, the inequality, the dishonourable violence, the prejudice, that still exists in almost every Western land, and especially in those who bleat so loudly about their own achievements and values.

Perhaps it will always be like this - people striving, as I myself have strived, toward wisdom, and in the process inflicting suffering on others. But it seems to me - these last few years and especially these last few months - that there is a way out of this. This way involves three simple things.

The first is to understand that good is simply the alleviation of suffering by means which do not cause any more suffering - that is, it is simply striving not to do any harm: striving not to harm any living being, human, animal or otherwise. This involves us in developing empathy, and compassion - it involves us in feeling, understanding and appreciating how all life is connected. It involves us in having the new perspective of the Cosmos as our guide - but not in any mystical way. Rather, in the rational way which arises when we feel and know how we have evolved from primitive life; how we exist on one planet circling one star among billions of stars in one Galaxy which itself is only one Galaxy among billions in the Cosmos. In brief, it involves us in growing-up - ceasing to be children who are enwrapped in themselves and their desires but who instead by becoming aware of the wider world, the wider Cosmos beyond, develop that perspective, that respect, which is part of maturity. The human failing now, as in the past, is to posit some abstract "good" the striving for which almost always involves inflicting suffering, harm or death upon others. That is, in the pursuit of this abstract "good" we have condoned, even encouraged, more suffering. But the empathic reality is that whatever causes suffering is wrong - that causing more suffering cannot ever be justified.

The second simple thing - in many ways deriving from the first - is for us to abandon the methodology of abstraction, and in the most important practical sense this means abandoning the artificial divisions we have created in the world through such artificial ideas as "politics" and "nation" and "government". That is, we must move toward the true sovereignty of the individual, and abolish large, abstract, structures, like nations, and the governments, and elites of privilege which, in theory at least, "govern" such abstract entities. We must move toward a new way of life which is more human - and this, as it always does and has done, means and implies a small-ness. It means small communities. It means a living in harmony with Nature and other human beings. It means a more simple, manual, way of life. We should do this, even though it will involve us restraining our desire for material comfort and material goods and material wealth. That is, we must use our will, our reason, our judgement, to behave, to live, in a more human way because we accept that this is the human thing, the civilized thing to do. This itself involves us in evolving toward the next level - that is, it involves us in consciously changing ourselves, and developing, and living by, empathy. We can indeed do this - but whether we will do this is quite another matter.

The third simple thing we can do is strive to be honourable, and understand that honour means not only that we are responsible for ourselves but also requires empathy and indeed compassion. For honour is founded on the two other simple things, mentioned above. Honour implies real freedom, and real justice - the so-called "freedom" and so-called "justice" that nations and governments and tyrants bleat about and have bleated about for hundreds of years are, in reality, the oppression, the humiliation, the subjugation, of the individual to some abstract idea, or law, or tyrant or elite, and the "freedom" and the "law" which such systems and tyrants, and elites, create is always based upon some generalized - and inhuman - restriction, always involves a punitive notion of "punishment", and always involves some "appointed authority" having a bullying, dishonourable power over individuals.

Such, in brief, is my learning, born from my experiences, from the suffering I have caused, in others, and the suffering I have encountered and sometimes endured. Am I optimistic about us changing ourselves? Not as optimistic as I was. Will - can - words such as this change anything?

There is then that sigh of knowing

How not to know

DW Myatt

---

## DWM: SELECTED LETTERS PART II

---

### The Suffering of Words



A warm morning in late May and I watched the green scenery pass as I sat in a train conveying me to the place which, except for the past six weeks, has been my home these last four years.

For those six weeks - emotional turmoil while I stayed with she whom I love and loved while the beauty and growth and spreading green of May passed me by as I lived, confined, within a city. So much emotion - too much; too much, sometimes, many times, as I went beyond the limits of what I in my arrogance had assumed was my calm, reflective, self to find such passion - and, sometimes, such anger and annoyance - as perplexed me. For days, a kind of restraint - but then feelings would burst forth to leave me wondering and, sometimes, ashamed. What was I to do as she in her inner pain and torment verbally lashed out? I know what I should have done - been more patient; more supportive; more loving; placing her feelings, her life, before my own. But I made excuses for my failings here, not knowing the depth of her despair even though I who loved her should have known this, felt this. I made excuses for my selfishness, and listened to her Doctor; to others; to my sometimes selfish desires, when I should have listened to her far more.

Thus do I feel and now know my own stupidity for my arrogant, vain, belief that I could help, assist, change what was. No blame for me, her relatives say - but I know my blame, my shame, my failure, here. Thus am I fully humbled by my own lack of insight; by my lack of knowing; by an understanding of my selfishness and my failure - knowing myself now for the ignorant, arrogant person I was, and am.

How hypocritical to teach, to preach, through writings, feeling as I do now the suffering of words, for she whom I loved killed herself only hours after I had left. Killed herself - only hours after I had left, despite her pleading for me to stay. There are no words to describe my blame; no words - for I had gone for a selfish break, to walk in the fields of the Farm.

So I am lost, bereft; guilty, crying, mourning the loss of her beauty, her life, her love, Never again to hold her hand; to embrace her. Never again to share a smile; a peaceful moment; our dream of being together in our home. The fault is mine, and I have to carry this knowledge of unintentionally aiding the ending of a life, this burden, and the guilt, hoping, praying, that somehow, sometime, somewhere I can give some meaning to her life, and perhaps live without



ever again causing any suffering to any living thing. Or should I, out of honour, ease this all-consuming pain and guilt by joining my beloved? I do not know; cannot decide. I miss her so much, so deeply, my mind suffused with images of what I did and did not do and should have done. If only I had not gone - or gone back to sit with her in that small garden as she wished..... I shall never be the same again, deeply knowing that I do not understand.

DW Myatt  
May 30  
(In Memory of Frances, died May 29)

---

### **All Is Sadness**

Two months ago, for the first time in over ten years, I was able to listen again to, to share with someone, the Symphonies of Brahms - with the Third seeming to capture and express something of my then often turbulent but always loving recent personal relationship, before the object of my love killed herself in her despair. For so many years I had avoided that music, expressing as it had for me so many memories from another personal relationship, which also ended with the tragic death of a loved one, then, from cancer. Now, in this dark but still rather humid night, I listen to it again, but only briefly, hoping for catharsis - and I am overwhelmed with the sadness of it all. All is sadness, in this moment of heavy rain following days of Mediterranean heat, and I ask again what is the meaning to life: is there anything beyond our death, or is such a belief in a life beyond just a need in me, in us, as human beings? All now seems to be sorrow, the sadness of the centuries seeping through a transient joy - as the opening of JS Bach's St Matthew Passion, presaging a strange but powerful allegory.

So much beauty, promise, gentleness; so much to presence and feel of the numinous. But even more the sadness of tragedy and of sorrow; the suffering inflicted by so many for so long, and still without any ending in sight. And why do so many of those fragile ones - the good, sensitive, ones who for whatever reason could find no answers, no hope, no way to end their inner torment and pain - die by their own hand, month after month, year upon year, decade upon decade, century upon century, when those who cause so much suffering continue, and mostly enjoy their life? There is no fairness, here; no large movement toward a better way. Only the perpetuation of suffering, since each person, blankly-born, struggles as others have struggled millennia upon millennia, learning very little through the beauty of Art, music, literature, music, education, the suffering of the past. Such a waste; such a sad un-necessity.

There is no excuse - and I cannot any longer it seems believe that an omnipotent compassionate God would allow such suffering; would allow us to continue to inflict so much suffering. But we it seems make, have made and probably will continue to make, excuses for God. It is all a test, we are told to believe - and the innocent ones; the suffering ones; the good, taken from us, will be redeemed, somewhere, after their death and be rewarded, while the others will suffer for their deeds. It is after all a test, of us, for us, by God. And if it is not? If there is nothing: no life, no existence, beyond; no punishment of those who have caused harm; no reward for good deeds done? What, then? How then do we make sense of the suffering; of the early death of a loved one taken from us by their own hand in their despair? How are we to live, with what moral guidance? Or are we merely thinking animals, who just die?

For most of my adult life I have found my answers through three things - through a personal relationship; through belief in a Cause, a particular Weltanschauung; and through work.

Sometimes, for years on end, I have had all three together to provide my role, my sense of identity, a sense of being, as sometimes, these things have kept me distracted from what I now feel is the essence of life itself, distracted from very purpose of life. That is - like many people, I assume - I was often so busy, so involved with work, a relationship, with doing things, that life passed often quickly by, and even when one of these three things was lost, through for example the ending of a personal relationship, I still had the other two, or at least one of them. I especially had, for nearly all of my adult life, my belief in duty - in being involved in some way in creating what I considered to be a better world, through my political writing and activism, and through my propagation of the Cause, the world-view, I upheld. Furthermore, I also knew I needed a personal relationship - to be involved with, to love and to be loved by, a woman, for I found such joy in such things; such beauty; such a source of comfort and meaning - even though there were times when I placed my adherence to some Cause, my perceived duty to some ideal, before the women I loved, thus causing some suffering for that person. This, as I now understand it, was wrong - for I know now that no sense of duty, no perceived duty, no Cause, no ideal, no striving for some ideal, no religion or Way of Life, should be the genesis of suffering, for that is wrong, immoral, against the ethic of life, contrary to our humanity, and that to cease to cause suffering, to be compassionate, is the human thing to do. But it has taken me a long time to arrive at such conclusions - taken me many years of learning from my mistakes, as it has involved me causing suffering to others, and even though my intentions were mostly good, such intentions are fundamentally no excuse for causing suffering. I made such excuses, many times, and that was morally wrong.

Now, I have no relationship, no role of work; no particular Weltanschauung to uphold, which I believe in, which I feel is right and which I feel I have a duty to propagate, above and beyond work and a relationship. Thus, there are difficult and important questions to be answered - questions I have asked before, several times, over the past three decades, and which I believed I had answered, at least for a while, although in truth I only found myself distracted again, by one or more or all of those three things. However, in the past year - due to understanding the nature of suffering and especially since Francine's death - I have been thinking deeply about morality; about the question of life's meaning, beyond the role of work; beyond a particular Weltanschauung or religion or Way of Life which we may believe in; beyond a personal relationship.

What can imbue us - without causing any suffering - with meaning? What gives us, as individuals, meaning - beyond the role of work; beyond a personal relationship; beyond some perceived duty to some ideal, some Cause, some Weltanschauung, beyond God? Do we need - must we have - a belief in God, a belief in some kind of existence beyond death, to provide us with morality, with some reason to cease to cause suffering? And, if so, do we have to accept a God who seems to be indifferent to suffering; who allows suffering? Are the theological answers for such suffering merely an excuse to continue to so believe in God? Why do we so often forget, in our living, the tragedy that may have caused us, for a moment, to pause, and reflect? Why do we so consistently it seems fail to learn from such tragedy and keep repeating the mistakes of the past, mistakes which cause, which perpetuate, suffering?

Certainly, the stark remembrance of tragedy, of suffering, seems to be mostly avoided in the modern West - except in some rather stage-managed national events where a certain insincere sentiment seems to be present in otherwise hypocritical opportunistic politicians and where one cannot quite escape the maybe unkind thought of such events being staged for some ulterior political motive. We also seem to prefer to hide away our own personal suffering, caused by the deaths of loved ones or by tragic personal events, while the hedonistic culture around us continues on its way, oblivious to such things, with the Media of that culture striving so hard, it

seems, to portray an idealized life of people smiling, happy, wallowing in possessions and following, chasing, the emotion, the gossip, the fashion, of the moment, and chasing, following the latest idea or "trend". Certainly, our politicians seem to pride themselves on the success of our material culture, while avoiding the suffering that still blights us - while avoiding, for instance, the number of suicides; the poverty; the growing inequality; the ever present prejudice and continuing lack of moral behaviour. We also seem to avoid the underlying causes, the morality, of suffering itself- of such suffering as nations, and governments, and politicians, and armies, inflict, often allegedly in our name. We certainly for the most part - as I myself did, for decades - avoid applying the correct moral criteria to our own behaviour, and make excuse after excuse for ourselves, and for others. Is it easier, less traumatic in personal terms, to just forget - and busy ourselves in work; in relationships; in some Cause, or in striving for some perceived duty or some ideal? Yes, of course it is - but that surely is a denial of our humanity: a denial of our ability to learn, and of our ability to change ourselves for the better.

What, then, can induce us to change? For myself, I am finding answers in what I have called The Numinous Way - in that understanding of simple cause and effect which does away, it seems, with an omnipotent Deity who allows suffering, and which thus does away also with the theological necessity of trying to explain how such a God can be compassionate and allow such suffering and the continuation of suffering. The basis for this Way is the morality of compassion, empathy and honour - of a knowing of suffering and its causes, as in Buddhism. But there is also, unlike, in Buddhism, an appreciation, an understanding, a knowing, of the Cosmos as a living being - of Nature as a type of being, and of ourselves as nexions, one connexion between the change which was the past and the evolution which is possible; and an understanding of such a presencing of what is numinous in those things, such as some music, or a personal love, which might or which could aid us to change, to remember our failings. There does not, of necessity, even have to be any assumption in this Way regarding a life beyond - only that understanding of the causes of suffering and the way to end suffering. Ceasing causing suffering has the effect of reducing suffering in the world and thus in the cosmos. Which reduction, which transformation, is the aim, the purpose, of our life - for thus do we evolve the Cosmos because we are the Cosmos. We are contributing to the consciousness of the Cosmos; to evolution. That is, there is a personal desire to alleviate suffering arising from an understanding of suffering, an understanding of its cause and its ending, because such a desire is an expression of the evolving life of the Cosmos - a presencing of The Numen, of the numinous, of The Cosmic Being: of that imperfect, still-evolving, changing, consciousness of which we are a part, if we but perceived it, if we but felt it.

Furthermore, it does seem to me that there is another possibility here - a possibility already within us by virtue of our nature, our being. This is to participate in another way in this change, this ending of suffering and it implies us, as individuals living within the causal, accessing more of the acausal, of acausal energy - balancing ourselves; returning to a harmony with the Cosmos, with Life - and thus becoming, beyond this causal realm, some-thing far more than we are now. For now, we are a nexion, one small presencing of acausal energies in the causal, and we surely have the potentiality to be, to become - through such presencing of acausal energies, such presencing of the numinous, of The Numen, such awareness of the Cosmic Being, such a cessation of causing suffering - an acausal being. Or, rather, to move toward an acausal existence after our causal death - to be part of the Cosmos, beyond the self, beyond individuality, and thus to participate in a new, acausal way, with the Cosmos, and the evolution of the Cosmos which is Life and its changes.

Is this life, then, all sadness? Yes, and no. As some music, or perchance some loving personal relationship, has made us aware, there is also joy - the potentiality for change; for sharing such joy - mingled in with the tragedy of suffering. But it is the living between the moments of

understanding, between the moments of insight, which can be, which is, difficult - if there is no prayer for us to rely on; no God to turn to; no Master or Sage or Buddha to follow; no prospect of being rewarded for enduring and striving to be what is good. It is difficult, and, occasionally, bleak - being removed from that feeling of love which arises, which can arise, from a belief in God, from a belief in a Saviour, from following the revelation of some Messenger or Prophet; and which can even arise from the knowledge of the possibility of a personal redemption, a personal, living in another Time and Space. And difficult, sometimes, because there is the temptation, for the sake of such love, such comfort, to strive to believe; to hope to believe.

Now, the Dawn has arrived - but the rain continues, and the Dawn Chorus of hungry birds is somewhat subdued, as dark clouds have come to obscure the warming Sun which, for weeks, has warmed us, bringing a certain transient joy.

David Myatt

---

### **Existence Without End**

This afternoon is hot, following the long hours of rain during the night, but there is a lovely breeze as the Sun dries the Clover-filled grass where I sit resisting the temptation to sleep, stretched out, warm.

For it is so beautifully warm, this Sun, taking away for a while the sadness of the sleepless night when dreams and memories of Fran kept me, often weeping and often silently hunched by the window, listening to the rain. No music of mine, then, as I yearned to capture, to express, the almost despairing sadness of it all. There were only words; only words such as these, and not for the first time I gently envied those gifted with the talent of musical composition. But no words can express what the sounds of numinous music can and sometimes have expressed, and I was left to sigh and close my eyes to try and dream such memories of happier days as have kept me alive as the days since her death turned first to a week and then to a month, no God to bring forth the comfort and the love so desired, so needed in the bleakness of that, of this, long night.

But this Sun brings something, while it lasts - something strange: a quite quiet remembrance of the joys and beauty of life when personal love lived to suffuse us with both happiness and dreams - no death to tear us apart. Yet how many times, how often and how stupidly, did I turn away from the sharing of such love - from its value, its humanity, its goodness known only, valued only, felt only, with its loss, with such a loss as this? Turned away from - for what? Some hard, unforgiving, inhuman ideal. Turned away from - too many times these past thirty years so that a storm now wells up inside me as the clouds of the night grew, waiting to break in a tempest of tears. So stupid, the man that I was, and maybe still am.

Swallows, sweeping low over the grass; a Honey-Bee, feeding, from the clover. A small Fly, by my hand. All emanations of that flow of Life which lives, presenced on this planet which is both a dwelling and a home. Someday I - all this, here: the Fly, the Bee, the birds; the Clover - will be gone, as she is gone and as the Cumulus clouds that now drift past the hill will be gone. Gone - to where? Returned; continued; lost. changed... And what remains, of us? I do not know, and can only suggest or presume.

Yet there is something, here; some feeling, burgeoning in Sun - of Life in its essence; of consciousness, living, of compassion, love; droplets forming one whole, one river flowing from one source to one end in one sea in one moment of one Time. Thus, a brief smile, a knowing of

moments where the I is at least lost as it become lost in the happiness of such sharing as love makes. No God - but a warmth of being flowing from one small beginning to one Cosmic existence without end.

Yes - she is there; as I, the Bee, the Fly, the Clover, the Swallow, the rain, the river, will be there, transformed, transmuted, one infinitesimal emanation of Thought among so many where the Cosmos evolves to be, there, where Time shall never end. Am I dreaming - or just listening to, feeling, the quiet soft emanations of a Cosmos dreaming, breathing, seeing, being, existing in both the sadness and the love?

Now, thinking ended, I can drift into that warm sleep that so often heals... And then, for a moment, such peace it is as if the joy of death reached out to touch me, claim me. Is this, then, what touches some in that their last moment of decision? For it feels as if it is the dying which is easy - and the living which is, which can be, which will be, hard, as the despair, the burdens remain to reclaim them, me, us. But have I strength enough, dreams enough, hope enough to help me here? Yes, perhaps I have again, for a while...

David Myatt  
Afternoon of 6th July

---

### **So Many Tears**

Here am I listening to JS Bach's Erbarne Dich and weeping, weeping, weeping: such tears of sadness as if all the pain, all the suffering of the past five thousand years has come to be within me, this selfish man who caused so much suffering, who once - long ago it seems - thought he knew and understood and who thus sent forth so many words.

So many words... Now there is only the pain of knowing; only the anguish of failure; only one allegory among so many to bring that feeling, that knowing, which is far beyond any words I know.

So much failure so many times, by me, by others. Why cannot we learn? Why have we not learnt? Why has not the simple love of one such simple numinous allegory come to stay with us, day after day, decade upon decade, century after century? Why did not the simple love of my own personal leaning born from the tragedy of one beautiful woman's death stay with me through those so recent weeks of ignorance when I turned back toward a vainful striving?

Why have we always, it seems, regressed toward the mistakes of our past? The mistakes of suffering born from striving for - from adherence to - some abstraction which leeches away that personal love, that compassion, that empathy that is the very essence of our human being?

So and yet again I am humbled by my own knowledge of myself; by that love which has lived within so many others century century and which so briefly lived within me until I became distracted again by the passion of following some stupid inhuman abstraction.

Failure upon failure; death following death; suffering upon suffering. Why have we not learnt? Why have I not learnt? Or am I by my life - by the mistakes of my life, by my own stupidity, time upon time - just one more example among so many examples these past five thousand years?

So much promise - oh how so much promise! - that lives within us, that has lived within some of

us but which so many, it seems, take or leech away through their own selfish passion or through their striving for some lifeless un-numinous abstraction, just as it lived within her, him, taken from them as it was taken from them by things not even now fully understood but only felt as when I as in the moment just now past bent down, weeping, weeping, weeping such tears of sadness as if all the anguish of the centuries was seeping out from the depths below.

So, the music ends, and I am once again one man veering toward old age, looking out toward the autumnal hill where the clouds of Dusk have come to cover the setting Sun as begins again one more dark night for this forgetful fool.

*Erbarme dich, mein Gott,  
um meiner Zähren willen!  
Schaue hier, Herz und Auge  
weint vor dir bitterlich.  
Erbarme dich, mein Gott.  
Bin ich gleich von dir gewichen,  
stell' ich mich doch wieder ein;  
hat uns doch dein Sohn verglichen  
durch sein' Angst und Todespein.  
Ich verleugne nicht die Schuld;  
aber deine Gnad' und Huld  
ist viel größer als die Sünde,  
die ich stets in mir befinde.*

---

### **I Have No Answers, Now**

One of the many problems occupying me in the months following Francine's tragic death - and among those many problems still, as yet, unsolved - is the problem of remorse. The problem of knowing our errors, our mistakes, the suffering we have caused to others, and knowing we must change. But we have so much regret for the hurt we caused, we desire to return to some past moment in causal time when we would behave in a different way, say different things, having learnt from our mistakes. Thus might we change what-is-now, redeeming the suffering, the death. But this return is impossible, of course, a wakeing dream, and so there is a desire for some kind of forgiveness and a gentle determination not to commit the same mistakes, again.

Why such a desire for forgiveness? And from whom, since the person we loved, we failed, is dead? Forgiveness, as catharsis - to ease the burden of remorse, and of that guilt that seems to have seeped deeply within us, born as it is from our now shameful knowing of ourselves, for we are no longer the arrogant, prideful, often unempathic person we were. Now, we know our limits, our faults, our blame, and it is such clear self-honesty that shames us.

Of course, in times past we might and probably would have laughed at such thoughts, such feelings, and returned to our joyful often selfish immersion in life, regarding the person we now are - we have become - as someone weak, foolish. And it is sometimes tempting, still, to forget our new self-image, and return to the games we played with others in the past before the tragedy of a loved one's death overwhelmed, leaving us in those first fresh days of our new life with such morbid thoughts as kept us sleepless, weeping, bereft, as if the force of life had been somehow taken from us. No more, then, now, the lying - the lies we so often told to ourselves; no more,

then, now, the so-convenient forgetting, the dislike we had for, the blame we cast at, others in the instinct of dishonourable self-survival and arrogant hubris.

We cannot hide, any longer - we have seen ourselves as we are, and we do not like much, most, of what we have seen. Much, most: for we have kept ourselves alive, at least in body, plodding through the days, the weeks, the months clinging to that still remaining small part of ourselves which is or seems to be imbued with life. Yet how many have failed, here? Failed to find within, in some shadowed space, an intimation of life - of that good which might, which can, redeem us still? To find something we, at least, still like about ourselves... How many, failed - and so in their despair by their own hand removed themselves from life? Too many; far too many, too many times.

So we cling to life, plodding through the days, lacking hope. For the hope of life, of our future, has gone, turning thoughts, feelings, back toward forgiveness, grace, redemption: toward the loving merciful kindness of the Saviour, the God, who, which, so often seemed to save us in the foolish gawky days of early youth when there seemed to be no horizon beyond the simple family life we lived; no problems that a parent, a Saviour, a God, some gift could not solve: days when happiness was play, a swim in sea; in finding what was beyond the corner of that reddish dusty track in the bush we walked one sunny day to picnic there beside the lake in that dry season...

Where is my Saviour now? Where the peace of prayer among the incense that lingered as the oak of the choir stalls creaked as they creak, echoing in such vaulted nighttime silence? Where that innocence returned, felt, known - even briefly lived - when a purity of spirit seemed as if it came to dwell within? As when, the beautiful, numinous, Ave Maria Stella of Compline over, there was out of pure love a kneeling on the stone floor, wordless prayer and often tears before the deep peaceful rest of sleep. Such simplicity, there - lost now, by the sadness, the grieving sadness, for doubts, intellect, pride and passion have distracted me, distanced me from the life, there, from belief, faith, piety, obedience: especially from belief, so that there seems to be now at best only an allegory left, bereft of real, deep, immediate personal meaning.

Such sadness - for such loss; for her loss; loss upon loss... Can there therefore be hope, redemption, no more forgetting, a removal of remorse, without a Saviour's grace? Without God, prayer, faith?

I have thought so; I have hoped so. It has worked - for a while, as when the days of warm and hot and humid Summer past were felt, experienced, sometimes, as I walked the fields, the hills of this rural land I love, finding, in moments, such peace, such joy, as kept me quiet, smiling so that I was able for an hour, two, to lie gently on warm forgiving grass and drift toward, into, sleep, dreaming of so many happy days, gone. But now - now there is only the dismal cold rain of late Autumn, Winter; dark nights; a tension that leaves my head, aching, dull; and so many hours - so many hours - of painful remembering of times past when I in my stupidity, pride, arrogance, caused so much suffering to so many people. So much painful remembering, especially of how many times I failed Francine.

*Solve vincla reis,  
Profer lumen caecis,  
Mala nostra pelle,  
Bona cuncta posce*

Will this bleakness, this darkness, this crippling remorse, pass? Or will there - must there, should there - be a turning back, toward prayer? So much need, it seems, to believe - and yet no belief,

for it is as if I yearn here for those warm, hot, humid, days of Summer, for the purity of wordlessly kneeling sans thought. No lasting deeply personal comfort, it seems, in Nature, as the cold darkness returns: no distractions to hold me in abeyance until the warmth, the light, the joy of Spring bursts forth bringing joy to a man worn, tired, from so many experiences, so many mistakes. No personal love, grace, there, emanating from some living personal loving Being - only what-is, as it changes within such change as covers us through Nature's living acausal life.

Thus, it is the realization of personal love that is missing, lost: but no woman, now, to suffuse such vacant spaces with meaning; no woman to gently love with a knowing formed from failure; and no hope of such a loving being, given such a reclusive life born of such shame as now deeply dwells, within.

So there are no answers, now.

DW Myatt

---

### **One Mid-September Mist**

He sat down on the wet grass and - unashamedly and without restraint since overwhelmed - cried, and in this crying began to call upon God, any god, upon any Deity or being who might be there, anywhere, to guide him, help, forgive. For she was dead, having killed herself that warm, bright, May Monday afternoon while he, selfishly, had returned to his home despite her pleading for him to stay: for him to be with her, so that - he remembered in his anguish that she said - they might sit awhile in that small garden tomorrow, that Monday afternoon...

Thus - after nearly a month of strength regained; of walks; of sometimes vaguely smiling - he became again in that one long instant of suspended Time as a small child, lost, without a home: someone needing, pleading for, some Sign, however small; some show of Hope; some glimmer amid the bleak blackness of remorse, of guilt, of suicidal thoughts which then, as several time before, came over him, a lingering dense cloud covering Sun of Day, Moon of Night, the warming welcoming joy-bringing Sky of blue.

He was in a copse at the bottom of a steep hill damp from the nights and mornings of mid-September mist and rain, and the two Sparrows that chattered, tree to tree, might be calling to him and telling him that which he so earnestly desired to hear - but he did not anymore understand their language and so sank down to his knees, there on the damp and muddied ground, to pummel his fists into the leaf-littered earth.

"I am so sorry, so sorry..." he cried, aloud, in words, then wordlessly as his body strained forcing breath and words from him until his back arched to move his head toward the sky where dripping rain fastly washed it to flood his tears away.

But no Sign, no show of Hope came upon or toward him, and slowly as an old man injured he raised himself to stand again then totter forward, half-stumbling as if learning to walk, again.

And the world around him was unchanged.

David Myatt

---



## A Sunny Afternoon in March

One sunny afternoon in March, and I am yet again sitting in a field - this time by a narrow shallow slow moving stream - in this rural England that I love. Yet, even here so sad to say, the rumble of traffic, miles distant, can be heard, as one Homo Hubris after another trundles on in such a trundling life as becomes them.

Here - only the Frog, still, there on the bottom of the stream, unmoving as I for ten minutes. Here - a Skylark, rising, singing. Here - a blue sky as the morning dull cloud broke to leave shuffling Cumulus which brest the distant hill in my South. Here - a hay meadow where life grows as it grows: now with wild Primrose by the hedge and Daises rising, opening, in the grass soon to be home to the so many wild flowers of late English Spring...

Yesterday I remember so well how I came down from a walk in the hills alone having stood to watch the Dawn Hour where beautiful patterns of colour became transformed almost minute by minute: a dark narrow band of altocumulus above the eastern horizon behind which was another higher band of thinner cloud with the yet-to-rise Sun scintillating their colour, edge to edge, from magenta to English Rose-red to crimson to Roman-purple while, around, a banded sky of azure, violet and early-morn-blue changed as it changed, slowly, as if in rhythm with the growing light... So much beauty, to softly, gently bring a crying as one cries silent when so much life, so much belonging, touches to stilly touch that deeper-being, within.

Yes, I remember how, there on that narrow summit bounded by hedge, tree, bush, I had stood, leaning on my stick, as the birds around sang - Blackbird, Robin, Wren, Thrush... There had been an Owl, hooting, as I walked up the narrow wooded path in the almost-dark before Dawn Hour; some rustling in trees nearby as wild Deer, startled by bearded man, moved as they moved, away. I remember how, on my return, I emerged from the narrow path - there an old Roman road - to stand before the modern road which bisects the village, and it was as if I had entered another, strangeling, world, not quite human.

Gone - the slow natural quietness of Nature. Gone - the changing lights and that sense of belonging. Gone - the sacred stillness of so much beauty. Instead - cars, fastly moving in their haste and their noise. Not for their denizens, hunched, the taste of early morning English Spring-March air; not for them the song of birds as the Dawn Chorus, numinous, builds as it builds in March, beyond a now passed bleak-dark Winter. Not for them - the hunched, eyes-fixated - the slow natural walking rhythm of a natural walking life where one can through slowness watch the light growing in that wondrous Dawn Hour on a clear day before the Sun, bringer of Life, breaks forth over the horizon where we dwell, knowing thus our fated fragile smallness.

So, yes, I remember how I felt, yet again, then - feeling I do not belong to the modern world with its noise, denizens, speed and lifeless abstract urban concerns. And yet - and yet, that world is so eagerly, so earnestly, encroaching upon, destroying, my world where I, reclusive, dwell within my silence. So I sigh, to see the green Frog move to rise, slowly, to fill itself once more with air here where one field is one cosmos, observed.

DW Myatt

---

## Bringing Back The Numen

Work, in a small industrial concern - heavy manual work with days spent indoors where the only light is from a multitude of bright fluorescent tubes and where the constant din of machine noise is layered with that raucous cacophony mis-named "music" which loudly blares, often distorted, from speakers and whose origin is some urban "radio station" where some inane person inanely and manically chatters between the ending of one piece of mis-named "music" and the beginning of another.

The tedium of long hours relieved only by a short morning break and one half unpaid hour for lunch when I sit, hedged-in by walls, in the small back yard on an old box upon broken concrete surrounded by broken glass, old, smashed bricks, patches of oil, and the detritus of Homo Hubris. Some sky - but not much - is visible over and above the roof and walls and vents, and nothing natural lives or even exists here: no tree, no bush, no flowers, not any weeds. No sound of birds - only noise, from the unceasing machines; from the lorries and vans which arrive and depart nearby, disgorging and receiving their goods. No peace; certainly no Numen of Nature.

There is only the incessant unnatural rhythm of industrial life, of factory toil - a card to be stamped by a clock: in, out, even for lunch. And, at days end, I - tired as the others - slope off and out into the nearby street where no one, passing, says "hello!" or greets me as almost always they did in those small villages of England where I have mostly lived. No, no greeting here; not even any eye-contact, held. For this is urban life where humans are shunted to shuffle encased in their worries, their inner worlds, and where traffic gluts streets. Nowhere here the calm, measured, quiet of that life, rural, where Time is what it is - instead, there is abstraction, measuring out our lives as the clear water from a leaking tank seeps out, to the dirty hubris-made ground, drop by drop; drip drip dripping away, clean water to dirty ground... So I am once again adrift; not lost but far, far from home and measuring out my days until, sufficient money saved, I can return to the source of belonging: there, where such dreams in such quiet places as may bring the Numen back to me.

Yet here, in this place of work, people rush to compete as if such swift toil was a badge of pride; thus do they scamper, to complete abstractly-imposed tasks, for profits, and ego, must be made, saved. Thus do we workers toil - so many slaves, en-slaved, needing but not-needing the pittance to live such a life as lives among the urban clutter, smallness, meanness and sprawl. But I, I have seen the sky and hold here in my being such visions as bring the Earth to earth - dust to dust, and life to Life: one world, one planet, one dimension, among so many. Nowhere for so many in day or night that sigh when we close our eyes to feel the oboe d'amore of one slow movement of one piece by JS Bach, bringing thus such quiet tears of empathy as connect us, one human life, to other human lives beyond the-words the-abstractions - and thus take us out, out, out into the being, the Numen, of Nature. There is then in such a moment that sacred precious meaning which urban living, and traffic, has, these days, defiled.

No beauty, here, no song to the sanctity of Life - except, perhaps, fleetingly glimpsed in her eyes, face, as she, the young blonde-haired Polish worker, smiles. Four, five times - more - this week we have looked into each other's eyes as she, I, smiled, touched-but-not-touched, in wordless greeting. Then, such humanity over, we return to our tasks - I, to lift, move, heavy laden objects; she, to her machine. But she is there, in the background, as she works with her sister - quietly, stoically, both toiling as they toil: hard, grafting, as if inured to such a way of life. So they keep their own company - with few words between them; few for others, for they have "little english" and at lunch sit together beside the machine that steals their day, gazing ahead while they eat their

meagre food perhaps enwrapped in dreams which are their dreams, bringing perchance some glimmer of hope among the stark noisey brightly-lit bleakness.

This life is grim, grim grim, only saved by such an intimation. No insects, even, outside, as I sit here, scribbling - only a few ants, as I gasp-in lungfulls of the cleaner outside air; only a few ants, dithering, backwards, forwards, over the detritus, as if lost. Toiling, grafting, working - untouched, it seems, by that knowing of Life which a knowing of death may bring.

Such are we here, slaves of modern life - sure, such toil could bring me the security of some settled home; warmth enough, from fire, to ease the the pains that seep now into olding flesh and bones; food enough to keep me well; walls and roof enough to keep clothes dry from rain and turn a chilling wind, away; perhaps another companion-bestfriend-wife... But such a price, to pay: too high a price, it seems, for freedom, Numen, lost.

No time, here - then - to watch the Sun rise on a clear day; no time here - then - to catch the growing Dawn Chorus as it grows, week by week from early to late and later Spring. Nowhere to wander watching clouds form and shade to move as they are moved. No stream to watch as sunlight filters and fractures and water ripples, singing a wordless song. No sounds of an English Summer - flies, darting aimless and aimed; bees, seeking; birds, warning, calling, sparring; no wind breezing as it breezes among tree, hedge, reed, grass and Autumn's late leaf-litter... No natural Time to stand dreaming or sitting as the day passes in moments of memory. No natural Time, of Nature - only that unsettling abstract time of clocking-in-clocks, measuring out the seconds to our death. No, no natural Time, here: only the unnatural unnecessary stupidity, born of Homo Hubris, which adds one hour to herald so-called "Summer time" - for even when I, toiling hard during years on Farms, planted, in Spring, or harvested in Autumn - weather-permitting - such "government time" made no difference: work began Sunrise, to finish, weather-permitting, as the Sun began to set, for thus we followed there in that, our almost vanished world, a different Time to the time of the scuttling denizen of some rootless traffic-fume-filled city.

Yes, freedom is hard, while savings dry and boots are worn as one walks, alone, with that walking that measures out the now almost forgotten pace of true human life and the human way of living, bringing back as such slow rhythm and quietness does that connexion to presence the Numen without and within. Yes, freedom is hard while too much toil for another, in the wrong place, lasts.

DW Myatt

---

### **Such a Moment of Tears**

A short while ago I was listening to a recording of the Monks of the Abbey Saint-Maurice and Saint-Maur at Clervaux singing *Hodie Christus Natus Est*. I do not know why I wept on hearing this - except that perhaps the beautiful, numinous, divine-like music reached me, as such music often does, beyond that intellect whose pride and arrogance has often blighted my life.

There was such a purity in such music as if it takes away in some indefinable way the almost physical moments of despair when I remember the stupid deeds of my past. If only I had not done that - or said that... If only I could go back to some, many, moments in time. So much regret.

In such listening, in such a moment of tears, I seem to be so many places, so suffused with so many emotions - I am by the door, the last time I saw Fran, as I selfishly left to leave her, to leave

her alone with her anguish, alone with that anguish which prompted her to take her own life, only hours later; I am back again in what seems to be the pure, gentle, days of my novitiate when in Choir I strive to praise through the Latin plainchant that which I felt, knew, then was the essence of the good.

And yet at the same time I am also. in such moments of tears, the pain, the suffering, of so many people for so many centuries - crying out without words for it to end; for the warm Sun of a wordless love to break forth from this sad Winter of darkness so that the suffering of so many for so long will end. Thus, there is again that straining yearning when we fall to our knees as tears stream forth; hoping, hoping... For answers.

But, yet again, there are no answers; no answers are found, given, to us, now; no words in reply to such tears; no gentle comfort coming forth from - somewhere. We are alone, just alone, again, wiping the tears away from our eyes, our face, to slowly rise, and look out of the window toward the hills where the trees stand, Winter-bare, under a cloudy sky.

Such a desire to pray - to say some words for comfort; for myself; for the so many others who suffer; who have suffered; who will suffer, in anguish, despair, sadness, pain. But the words refuse to issue forth from lips, from the mind, as if I would be a hypocrite for saying them, without belief, without that heartfelt sincerity of faith. Perhaps that would after all be too easy; too soon. Too easy, too soon - for me who has caused so much suffering for so many people for so many years. And it seems somewhat strange that now, when I do not believe, but often desire to believe, that I read Saint Benedict's Rule regarding humility when - as monk who did believe - I did not read it, except in a cursory way. Then, the read words had no meaning - they were only words, of some book. Now: now, some of the words seem to have a life, a meaning: "...but then I was humbled and overwhelmed with confusion..." As if I am some learner of some lesson; a slow learner, who took decades to know, to truly feel, to fully understand, and so cease - or at least strive to cease - to cause suffering to any living thing.

So, now it is back to my life in this world - to the many things to occupy the time of day before the hours of sleep arrive to sometimes gracefully bring a certain peace.

David Myatt

(Extract from a letter sent to a religious of OSB)

---

### **Over One Year Beyond**

Over one year beyond the tragic death of a loved one there has been a change in me - a subtle change, a slow and at times almost imperceptible change: from the overt sadness of despairing tears and that longing born of personal loss, to an inner almost contemplative sadness that in moments brings a certain ennui, and in other moments a feeling for both the beauty and the impermanence of life.

So there is a strange kind of peace, sometimes - as if all the trauma, all the remorse, all the guilt, all the sadness and grief have in some way by some means been alchemically transformed into that certain stillness belonging to the weary often slow wordless joy and sighing of old age. Each week, each day a new beginning, with few of those youthful worries as to what the next day, the future, holds. Thus there is a new and sometimes even satisfying perspective: almost but often not quite tranquil and almost but not quite the fusion of unhappiness and joy of the waiting for death wherein which waiting are, or can be, often sublime moments as one becomes more than one

individual: as one becomes infused, fused, with the enchantment of life through a passing moment: the clouds flowing in a warm breeze below a sky of blue on a mid-June day as the birds around call, sing, and be only, precisely only, what they are; the bee, clover-finding, as the breeze bends the nearby stalks of grass grown fast in the past days of rain, Sun warmth; the brief words politely spoken in a very English way as the old lady rests on a bench pained by the pain in her hip while the storm clouds build to block away the Sun that followed the warm rain which washed, deeply washed, the lanes of her, our, village; the smile of a young woman briefly passed on one's way to work one early morning when wordless being descends, ascends, upon one to leave a knowing of being-not-alone.

So there is being - and a loneliness born from such being: an almost buried but never quite forgotten longing for a life shared when the smile, the touch, the warmth, the scent, the feel, the gentleness, the love of a woman is known, again. But also that settling for, that knowing of, that acceptance of a life alone: too many, far too many, the painful memories; the many promises broken; the many, too many, hopes unfulfilled, often crushed, smothered, broken, by a harsh reality, by too many past relationships. No more than the early morning dash, cycling on snow covered ice, to see, to speak to, to be with if only for a moment, the woman one loves. No more, then, that joyful often nervous anticipation of that first meal, shared, that first walk when one's hand nervously seeks another and one smells, feels, for the first time her warm breath as lips touch as they touch to merge body-soul-desire-dreams-waiting into love; no more the tender sleep as one rests, satiated with life, as sweat dries as it dries on two bodies lately meshed as one... No, no more: too many words have been said; too many moments of unhappiness known; too many dream shared, decade following decade - to leave only the memories fading as they fade from feeling, as the Sun of this life of mine fades as it slowly almost imperceptibly descends down beyond the hazy cloud of day at day's ending here, red against the old Apples trees in the old orchard: descending down there, here, as it always does at this particular time of year, being only, precisely only what it is while the chicken coop in the nearby field bleeds its old old wood. So I watch this Solstice Sun as midges spiral as they spiral and the birds in call and song begin to presage the night with such being, such life, as lives within, being only ever, only precisely ever, what they are, what they always are.

Perhaps I have strayed too far: too far from being the being who was, who should be, who should have been, me; too far through too many hopes, too much emotion, too many dreams and expectations; too much desire which sent me questing to build so many personae for myself that at times I seemed to leave the world behind. Too many lives, lived: or perhaps in truth too many abstractions by which I strived to shape, constrain, contain my life... But now, now there is a reaching out - a great reaching out to the very life of Life: out toward the very being of the Cosmos embracing as this does and has done and will do all the myriad nexions on all the worlds world after world orbiting star after star, my problems, my life, but one pulse, one infinitesimal pulse on the complex matrix which is but one finite expression of the divine if often sad music of existence.

So there is rain to take me in, away from the warm if still damp garden bench of old English oak on which I have been sitting this past hour; rain, to take me in but only after I have heard again her voice among the millions...

DWM

---

## Crouched Up Over Muddied Earth



Who is there to hear the words of remorse, to see, feel, such tears of anguish as bring me down, crouched up over muddied earth? Who - if there is no God, no Saviour, no Heaven, Paradise, and no personal life beyond that ending which is death?

Who hears? Who can forgive? She who could, might, is gone, dead, lost to me and to life, and here - on this wooded hillside where the strong breeze creeks trees and fastly scutters cloud - there is only a faint hope: dim, as the dimness on the far horizon where the Sun is still nearly one whole hour from rising. It would be good to believe - as I tend to believe, as I tend to hope - that the Life, the living-beings, here can and do hear, and can and could respond. But I am only one being, one human, for them - tree, bird, deer, rabbit, the very hill itself - to be wary of as they, each in their life in their own way, are wary, and even the two Ravens, prukking as they skim the trees above, are only Ravens. No omens, there. So there seems only fantasy while I whisper, slowly, to the life that lives here. No answers; no answers: only the breeze bringing darker clouds, and rain.

Here, among brambles, I sit where the fallen leaves of Oak, Ash, have covered the grass, and the breeze no longer carries the sound of a distant traffic-filled road. For it is Sunday, and still, with only this human who stirs in the gibboning gloom of Dawn on a Winter's day warm for the time of year. Soon, there will be weariness to take me back along the muddied path that seeps over hill - no one to meet, walking, while such earliness lasts. And it is good, this solitary silence - once, a few times, I have, being late, seen strangers approaching, and shyly, wary like an animal, have crept away into woods, or beyond some hedge, keeping thus my own strange company: no human words to break the bleakness or the slight joyness of mood.

So there is a kind of living, a kind of thinking, for me - seven months beyond her death, with no religious faith, belief, to bring me company. Thus, I am alone, again. And yet, there is this, this being-here, where the rain washes away the tears that some leaves briefly held after they fell as they fell from one man, anguished in one moment of one walk on one day one warmish Winter. No bright Sun, today, rising over hill: although somehow, for some reason, there comes that slow muted joy to bring a slight brief smile - for there is Life, around, beings living as they live; one future, one present, to connect one consciousness since I am a living in illusion.

So brief, the insight, and I am become again one man ambling toward old age, slowly climbing with my Ash walking-stick the steep slope of a hill. Soon, there will be tea, toast, a seat by the

window, as the rain of dull day beats down, again. So brief, that insight: but sufficient as often to keep me dreaming, replete, for many hours, today...

David Myatt

---

### **The Scent of Meadow Grass**

Four days on from Fran's death, and I am in one of the ancient meadows on the Farm - soon, the haymaking will begin, again, but for now I can smell that special smell - the scent - of meadow grass growing in hot June Sun.

The varied grasses are at least knee high; often higher - and I startle a Deer, hiding, as I walk through the grass: up it leaps to bound and leap away to escape through a hole in the far hedge where the Oak, now full in leaf, rises so tall above me, only a faint breeze to disturb its leaves. Over the field, a Buzzard circles, occasionally calling while small Cumulus clouds drift under the blue sky of another English Summer. Around, over, the pond where I sit, Damsel flies, and two dark blue large Dragonflies, skitting, dancing, mating, landing - for the flow of life goes on.

Why such warm almost cloudless weather? It is not as if I wish my sadness, my grief, my guilt to be lifted and taken from me - but, still, a certain beauty touches me, bringing a few moments of peace. Shall I strive to push these aside, and remember, again, as yesterday when I walked through nettles, letting them sting my bare hands and arms? Now, a stripped yellow Dragonfly ventures forth over the pond - to be attacked, driven away by the Blue as two Blackbirds, tree dwelling and five hedge-Oaks apart, sing their varied, long-lasting songs, for the flow of living goes on.

So many Damsel flies, now, I have lost count, and, then, a Ruddy Darter lands on a leaf, feet from my feet. For minutes, it is still, as, around me, Bumblebees and fastly-moving, loud, flies pass by in their seemingly random way. On a nearby fallen branch - some small, glossy, black, winged insect scoops out dead wood with its legs, having made a perfectly round, small, hole above the sunken leaf litter where black Beetles scutter, to dive down to what is their deep. Then, a Bumblebee drops, stumbly, briefly, down to the very edge, as if to drink, for the flow of life goes on.

Is there meaning, for me, here? It would seem so in these brief moments - and yet, and yet there is no Fran to return to, no Fran sitting here, sharing such moments. But is she, in some indefinable numinous way, here beyond the bounds of memory, Time, grief, and thought? I do not know, only knowing a certain vague, mysterious feeling, which might just be imagination. Now, I must arise and walk: no sleep, here, as in the years gone by when I would lie down among this warm grass to feel the peace that lives in such a place as this.

DW Myatt

---

### **The Sun of Mid-September**

A small black winged insect lands on my knee as I sit on the grass waiting, to write - I do not know what this insect is, but it is slowly cleaning its long antennae and then its wings which briefly catch the Sun and iridess. Such complexity, in miniature - such life, living, as it lives.



It is just past mid-September and warm, very warm, with small Cumulus clouds beneath a joyful sky of blue and I am awake, it seems, at last, from the daily dream of the past six or more weeks when I sleep-walked through life to wake only briefly, so briefly, to cry unexpected as when I two days ago walked one narrow path where trees reared up, arching over as some cathedral isle, and bright morning sunlight filtered and fractured to touch me, the ground, the life that grew, seeping, around. I cried then such tears as saw me crouched, hunched up, then kneeling - feeling the sorrowful tragedy of her loss, her dying: of my mistakes. A sorrow which the wakeing-dreaming-sleep of those past weeks kept me distant from as I, again and foolishly, meddled, wrote, postured, to keep pain and experience away through a desire, a hope, to believe; through the gestures and words of prayer; through articles written. For I had felt again that I knew; that I had words to issue forth - some role again to help me live and keep such life as mine alive beyond that tragedy of self-inflicted death.

Such tears began to break such illusion, such wakeing-dreams, down. Now - so green this grass, so warm this Sun of mid-September that I cannot sleep or hold this role any longer. There is, can be, nothing but the flow of life which I as one living being cannot hope to contain, constrain, for I am, in being, no-one and nothing; only one fleeting flicker of life as that insect, living, flickers briefly to fly away lost to sight under Sun.

There are images, of Space, to remember: one nexion, here, sitting upon grass, among the billions presenced here on one planet orbiting one star in one Galaxy among billions. So many, so many - that I am become again what I am, was, one fallen leaf drifting, flowing down one stream in one field in one land on this one planet among so many. I have no power to really change what-is, what-was; no power of bringing-into-being; no power to even really know; only living, breathing, dying.

So there is a smile, fine words flowing of knowing not to cause suffering again - words written before this failure, born from weakness. For I know my failure, here, these past weeks - no excuse, not even that wordless, strong, desire to live beyond the grief, beyond the nothingness without her, beyond the faith that clung to life, hoping for redemption in a total loyal submission to the one God beyond all gods. Such loyalty is troubling, still... But it is the warmth of Sun, the green of grass, that brings me back, for there is only the brief touching of such beauty as we can find, discover, know; only the thin, faint, hope to somehow bear and carry this to others - to pass the numinous knowing on so that someone, somewhere, somewhen can transcend, themselves, feeling the living matrix, beyond, where in ending we merge, again, one being-become.

All else is insufficient, illusion, delusion, for there is what there is. Yet I am weak, worn out from experience, loss upon loss, mistake following mistake, so there is, shall be, can be, only a living from moment to moment; no plans to follow then deny; no aims to strive or hope for.

The Swallows of Summer have gone, and I smile as I run my hand through the warming, growing, grass in this field where the breeze does not move the acorn as it falls, tree to ground, here by the pond set and drying below leaf-shedding Willow. My tears can never fill this - and it might be good to die now, in this peaceful warmth as the Craneflies rise to stumble to briefly live before life leaves them without a knowing such as this.

So, there is now only the living of existence; only the quiet slow semi-joyful waiting for this life to slowly, quickly, painless or with pain, dimly end to be returned, perchance transformed. Only being, beyond desire: one cloud but briefly passing making many faces under Sun...



## Toward Compassion

A strange month - and an even stranger past ten days - with only a few walks away from the Farm, and even fewer visits beyond this village where I dwell. Today - three months on from Fran's death - there is the warming Sun between early Autumn showers, and it is good to be still, again, where the streaming silence of Nature is heard in voice and song: leaves, breeze moved; flies, seeking warmth and food; birds, calling; sheep, in the distant field where the two Buzzards hover, almost playing over the large tree of oak.

For over a month a return to those abstractions that so often held me in thrall, despite the rare journey and trek in company that found me sitting above the sea while small ragged Cumulus clouds grew, upwards, to move across the horizon, and a Sparrow Hawk, swift, pursued three small birds, dipping, over bramble and bush, until one died, caught, that another life might live.

A month, and more, betrayed, as I, in my stupidity and remorse and weakness and forgetting and desire for duty, provoked by dishonourable events, sought to return to one discarded answer. One Hawk pursuing one nexion of Life. But now, the clouds, here, build, to rise again to cover such a warming Sun as brings a joy to life; covering, to bring, in a few hours, the rain, much needed to seed the dry ground with life. Now: so many numinous moments to remember it is as if the sleep beyond the brief life we lead desires to claim me when I can recall in smiling peaceful joy the passing of times shared when love lived as it lives between two people whose horizon is the limit of their dwelling and their dreams.

For twenty days, a vacuous striving perhaps stirring suffering, conflict. But there was no belief, anymore - only a drab dryness, the inhuman concealing of that love, that compassion, that empathy, that understanding so painfully, so remorsefully gained. Yet there was a desire to believe; a hope of belief that kept me there, day after day, sometimes writing. But it was only one forgetting - ten days, then another ten days, then another ten days long. Why? No God, Allah, no Angels, no lover, to oversee, castigate, remind. Only the memory of the past days, weeks, months; only the struggle during those ten days to seek the warmth of Nature and of Sun. But now, by sea, Sun, dreams, moments remembered, I am rescued; returned: he was no longer me, never could be me, again, for there is, in Nature, no straight, perfect, abstract line, only the growing that grows, turning, as it grows in its own way, its own slow Time.

The trap was mine, and I fell into it: the trap of duty, of forgetting suffering caused or nascent in the illusive striving to redeem; in the striving to strive to right some perceived wrong, in the striving born of desire to be more than a man, waiting, half-dead from grief, content with field, Farm, bereavement, the darker days as Summer cooled to change to Autumn's cloudful rain. There is - was - no excuse: the failure, the weakness, the forgetting, was, and is, mine. And so, I ask again: how shall I never forget, again?

Now, I shall walk to where Summer's long heat has dried the pond - there, where the Willows gather round to shade a man who has slept so many moments in peaceful dreams while the Church bells, two miles distant from the meadows, tolled as they toll, each Sunday, decade upon century, here in this English land I love. Would that she were here to greet me, to share such rebirth as this humbled man walks joyfully back toward compassion...

How can I never forget, again?

David Myatt

---

*Note by DWM: The following is taken from an e-mail sent to a long-standing friend*

---

### **A Silent Dweller**

Yet again I have spent an hour or so sitting in the hot Sun in the garden of this Farm, feeling and thinking many things, on a day before that day which marks a month since Fran's tragic death.

Something seems to have happened at, or because of, my brief stay at the monastery : something slowly grown, within me, as a result of being there, and I do not understand how or why this is so. Perhaps it was the time alone, in silence. Or the many attempts to pray, to believe. Or the knowledge of my failings, laid bare among such surroundings and among such people of genuine goodness. I do not know, and do not, really, even wish to work such things out. It just is what it is - a gentle, but wonderful, appreciation of the innate beauty and goodness of life, which I felt, and feel, is in some indefinable way a gift from Fran, something which gives her death some meaning, at least to me.

This feeling first suffused me a few days ago in the hills when, cycling along a quiet lane, I stopped on a warm and sunny morning to hear two Skylarks above a field of Poppy-filled wheat: life in all its quiet stillness was beautiful and good, then, and it was as if Fran, or something of her, was around, with her somehow and faintly smiling in that way she often smiled. So, on my return, I quickly wrote out my *The Ineffable Goodness* poem, as some attempt at a positive tribute for her.

Now, a few days further on, I am beginning to feel somewhat re-assured about life, again - remembering all the good times, the good days, Fran and I shared, and feeling that she may at last have found the peace that certainly eluded her for most of the last two troubled years of her life. Thus, there are for me moments of happiness, again - and moments of sadness because she cut short her life even though so many people, myself included, loved her, and even though she had such beauty, such talents, such promise of happiness had she only been able to appreciate herself as others appreciated her. So, both the happiness and the sadness merge to form something, in me - something new; something deep, and strange, so that I am beginning again to sense that warm glowing goodness and beauty which is and can be presenced in some numinous music, in some Art, in good, compassionate deeds, in prayer, and especially in a noble personal love.

Where does this leave me, now? With a certain knowing of how Fran changed me for the better, and with a desire to remember this discovery, this insight: to transform myself, my life, through a calm, compassionate, acceptance and use whatever causal time remains to me to gently do what is right, to cease to cause suffering, to accept the beauty of each moment, in a numinous way, and to remember Fran with the dawning and the ending of each day.

There remains, of course, the difficult, perplexing, sometimes still troubling question of belief, of prayer - but I feel this is resolving itself, as such things often do, in its own slow, inner way. Not a sudden moment of insight, but instead a gradual dawning, as when Sun slowly breaks through a thin but total covering of cloud in Spring and Autumn to bring that blue I, we, so admire and which seems to express something of the wonder of life, of Nature, of the Cosmos. Hence, there is an increasing awareness, for me, of Nature, of us as one connexion; an awareness of The Numinous Way, manifest in compassion, empathy, gentleness and honour. Above all manifest in gentleness, in letting-be; in an appreciation of how the numen is and can be presenced, in us, in our lives.

Thus, I am calm again, for the moment, gently remembering the beautiful Frances, and hoping that I can live up to my own words, as monk, or nun, hopes in silent, contemplative, prayer to live up to the Jesus within, and external, to them. Yet - there is still a vague, rather ill-defined yearning, to be part of something beyond me, which might aid me to remember, which might and which could and which should correct me, guide me. A yearning to surrender to the beauty, the presencing, that was and is manifest in early polyphony, in the Latin Opus Dei sung in some monastic Choir. A yearning to just be in such a place, without words, without thought - suffused with the centuries of being, with the goodness, the numinous silence, that pervades cloisters, a Choir, an Abbey. I did not find that at that monastery - at least outwardly - for there was the mostly English Office; the modern buildings. Perhaps it is the essence behind all such things that I feel, that I yearn for, that I seek - the essence beyond even the Latin Opus Dei; beyond the numinous office of Latin Compline, and beyond that beautiful silent, reverent prayer before a statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The essence beyond the wheatfields where Skylarks sing; beyond the beauty of some women; beyond the sharing of exquisite moments with such a woman. Beyond all such worldly things, all such causal manifestations. How to live always in and with the Essence itself? With, within, the Numen? Always in the presence of The Numen? To be at peace, and in silence, at last? I do not know - and perhaps I never will know. What I do feel, what I do believe I now know, is that all such manifestations of the Numen are important; that they all have their place, and all perhaps may serve the same ultimate purpose - that of bringing us closer to the ineffable beauty, the ineffable goodness, of life; that of transforming us, reminding us; that of giving us as individuals the chance to be good, to presence the good, to be part of the Numen itself.

Hence, there is now a real gentle tolerance in me - a silent dweller, who dreams.

David Myatt

---

### **Bright Purple Orchids**

It is just over one month since I sat on this hill - then, it was also in the Sun of an early Summer's morning, and only a few days after Francine had killed herself, tormented as she was by despair, anguish and a deep self-deprecation. For I called her Francine - and she liked it - since it seemed to capture something of her quixotic, individual, nature which the names Frances and Fran did not really express. Now, as in the past when she was alive, I find myself still saying to myself - and sometimes out loud - "I love you Francine," as if it were some mantra that might bring her back to life.

But, yet again, I am alone - here, where there are bright purple Orchids on the lower slopes just above the tree-line and where, below, a Deer stood on the narrow footpath, watching me approach until, apparently unafraid, it sauntered off into the bushes growing by and beyond the stream that runs down through that quite small wooded valley. Overhead - the resident Buzzard, calling. Around - flies, starting their day as the warmth of the Sun increases to slowly dispel the clinging mist that lingers cloud-like over the flat land between those not-too-distant hills.

The stark cry of a Woodpecker, as it flies, dipping, from tree to tree. The loud Bumblebee, feeding on the many small flowers - blue, yellow, violet, red. The many birds - whose personal names I do not and probably never shall know - singing, in the many trees and bushes below, up from where there is a small clearing, gently rising as the hill beyond, and in which clearing two chestnut horses graze, half a mile or more from the nearest cottage whose white walls and faded-

red roof break the swathe of green which, furlong upon furlong, reaches up to the very top of the hill, making my horizon: fields of pasture; hedges bursting with English-summer green

The ferns, since my last visit, are fully open, and almost all stretched fully out, and I sit on an old plastic bag, feeling the tragedy of Francine's death, and that I should be crying far more than I am now. For the tears, hours upon hour, day following day, has lessened, until - yesterday - I wept only once. So I feel guilty, partly believing I should be mourning her far more. But Nature, here, is alive and I have begun to sense again the flow of Life, sensing somehow and strangely - and hoping it is not some delusion - that she, by her dying has given me this gift, this chance; these moments to reconnect myself with Life. A chance to redeem and be redeemed, to feel the beauty and the goodness inherent in life and to know, to deeply feel, the promise of human existence - as if she by her living and her dying has not only freed herself from her own inner pain, anguish and torment, but also finally, irretrievably, freed me from that lower part of myself that still kept me in thrall, even sometimes during our relationship, to abstractions, to a wayward questing after suffering-causing ideals.

So I am embodied, here, by my being, my thoughts, my feeling - as I sense she is, and somehow alive if I feel this, if I remember this, her, if I change; if I make her sacrifice worthwhile. For there is a depth not felt before; never quite experienced like this before; a depth of feeling; a depth of being; a deep connexion with Life, especially as it presences itself, here, around me, in me, on this hill, site of an ancient hill-fort - as if the sadness and the sorrow and the tragedy have been transformed, melded somehow with the quiet reverential joy of being in such a beautiful, still numinous aspect of Nature, to form something new, strange, far beyond words, bringing a definite knowing of myself, of my failure, a knowing of humility never known before. Thus there is a letting-be; a simple dwelling through sitting in silence and in peace, exhaling wordless and wordfull words of love. Change, life, death - all around; all here, and one day I also shall change as my beautiful Francine has changed. No fear, now; only that knowing that knows the flow for the changing it is.

Yet do such feelings, such thoughts, demean her death? Or are they merely some escape or delusion? I do not really know - I never probably will know for certain - but I hope not, even as I know I might be mistaken, in this. But this is all I have: this, the result of my month of effort, the month of tears - these slight answers; these meagre answers; these so slight positive feelings, feelings which may fade, which could fade, bringing back such anguish as caused so many thoughts of bringing forward death. For over a month, a struggle to find answers to the questions, the despair, which perplexed and often almost overwhelmed me. Faith; prayer; redemption - seeking to believe; needing to believe; desiring to pray, trying to pray. Trying again to find the answers in God; in Christianity, in Buddhism, in Taoism, in Islam, and in and from many other Ways.

But there is now, for me it seems, only the quiet sitting in places such as this; only the answers of, the development of, The Numinous Way. Only the feeling of being one connexion; only the yearning to presence the good, to cease to cause suffering; to strive to keep that silence, that non-interference, which which may well be the beginning of my own redemption and a move toward, back, to being in balance with Nature, with the Cosmos, with myself - and with the Fran who has gone, leaving me behind.

There is, here, only sky, trees, hill, and history - and no one to share such beauty, such warmth of Summer Sun. No one to lie beside and feel the yearning for that short sleep which often overcomes us in a such heat as this. Instead - a small brown spotted Butterfly passes; then, an even smaller one of brownly-orange with black spots on its wings, and then a larger white of

black-tipped wings. So many flowers to feed, upon - and the heat of the Sun has taken those almost-annoying flies off, away, perhaps bushward into shade, leaving me free to rest in my new strange sad-tragic-quiet-reverential-remorseful-joy while a small Cumulus cloud in an otherwise cloudless sky drifts above, to my right, making faces. A sad face; then of anger then of joy - until it, too, becomes almost formless here in this flicker of Life which passes quickly upon one planet in one Galaxy among a Cosmos, changing slowly, as it does.

So many flowers; and Grasshoppers, calling, in the longer grass, above where three Crows caw, as they caw. So much Life, bursting, burgeoning, forth, to mingle as I become mingled with a future and a past, one connexion among so many where, ten feet away, the wind-shaped sapling of Oak, no taller than a three Rabbits, hopping, curves gracefully out over lichen-covered rock

David Myatt



---

## DWM: A SELECTION OF POETRY

---

### **One Exquisite Silence**

These are the moments of an exquisite silence  
As we lie together on your sofa, holding, pressing  
Our bodies together  
As I, gently, stroke your face and hair  
And you kiss each finger of my hand.  
There is a fire of logs to warm us,  
As night descends:  
There are no words to confuse,  
No time, as we flow, together,  
As clouds on a warm Summer's day  
Beneath a dome of blue.  
There is a peace, here, which fills us  
As if we are the world and all the beautiful, peaceful, things  
Of the world.  
Nearby, your two ginger cats sleep  
Secure in the warmth of their world  
As we are secured while we lie,  
Wordless, feeling those subtle energies  
Born from no barriers:  
You are me as I am you,  
In such exquisite moments.  
But you belong to another  
And it is against my will, my dreams, desires  
That I leave  
To walk the lonely miles under moonlight  
To where a dreary lamp lights my empty room.

## Summer Love

Swallows gather, high above  
Where, this morning, mist rose  
Steadily, masking my view of the valley.

It was soon gone, this mist  
Dispersed by burning sun and a breeze  
Carrying honeysuckle scent to where  
A bleached window lights  
My tenant room.  
I had sat quite still  
While her words destroyed  
My soul.  
It was a calm night  
Perfumed by moon  
Which drew droplets of fractured  
Light to my pillow and relief  
To the majesty of her flesh.

For hours, the White Tiger's cave  
Explored: and when the shared sweat  
Dried and sleep with Her tender  
Grace filled her limbs  
I lay, savouring the sweetness  
Of her joy.

For two weeks, a world  
Explored.  
Was it all a dream?  
I remember  
The small cafe where she, tired  
From wind, hill and sun  
Rested her head as only a lover can  
On my shoulder: no one cared  
When we kissed or ran barefoot  
Along the narrow street  
And too much wine made us  
Each together try to capture  
With our hands a star  
Jumping jumping until blood seared  
Our ears and we fell  
Softly, on forgiving grass.

It is silent and still, my room  
Where foods rests uneaten and undesired.  
There is no foolish laughter  
No sweat to dry as sun dries.  
There is only  
The broken picture of my past  
Since all my letters are unanswered

And undesired.

The cool breeze stirs -  
Something.  
She does not or will not hear.  
Her husband claimed her  
As the jealous god claims souls:  
Dry, without any magick  
Or mirth.  
Was I her freedom or her guilt?  
Soon, the sleeping bats screeking  
Will swoop, launched by Dusk  
And I will wait, perhaps,  
Until Winter brittles memory  
And deep frost slows the blood.

But by then, I will be distant footsteps  
In the snow

### **Wine**

Stale  
I once drank you  
Knowing no difference because of herbs.  
She held me, her cunning hands  
That did not wish  
Nor offer the warmth that snared my soul:  
The wine was  
Intoxicating our senses  
But only I was drunk:  
She laughed.  
I needed rest  
Dreaming marriage under sun -  
Until bright morning came  
When she, alas, changed  
Her form in the reality of the room  
And I was left to walk with my sack  
Down the dusty track  
Past a grove of sun-burnt trees  
Toward those distant hills:  
And yet the white-washed house was only  
One step  
Along my Way.

### **No Sun To Warm**

There is an ineffable sadness  
For your eyes betray that warmth, that beauty,  
That brings me down



To where even my street-hardened Will cannot go:  
So I am sad, almost crying

Outside, there is no sun to warm  
As yesterday when I touched the warmth of your breasts  
And the wordless joy of ecstatic youth  
Lived to suffuse if only briefly with world-defying life  
This tired battle-bruised body

But now: clouds, rain-bleakness  
To darken such dreams as break me.  
For there are many places I cannot go.

### **Only Time Has Stopped**

Here I have stopped  
Because only Time goes on within my dream:  
Yesterday I was awoken, again,  
And she held me down  
With her body warmth  
Until, satisfied, I went alone  
Walking  
And trying to remember:  
A sun in a white clouded sky  
Morning dawn yellow  
Sways the breath that, hot, I exhale tasting of her lips.  
The water has cut, deep, into  
The estuary bank  
And the mallard swims against the flow -  
No movement, only effort.  
Nearby - the foreign ship which brought me  
Is held by rusty chains  
Which, one day and soon  
And peeling them like its paint,  
Must leave  
Here I shall begin again  
Because Time, at last, has stopped  
Since I have remembered the dark ecstasy  
Which brought that war-seeking Dream

### **The Sun of Warm November**

So this is Peace:  
As the Sun of warm November  
Warms and the grass grows with such mildness.

No strife, here;  
No place beyond this place  
As Farm meets meadow field

And I upon some hessian sack sit, write  
To hear some distant calls from hedged-in sheep:  
No breeze  
To stir the fallen leaves  
That lie among the seeds, there  
Where the old Oak towers, shading fence  
From Sun  
And the pond is hazed with midges.

So this is the peace, found  
Where dew persists,  
Flies feed to preen to rest  
And two Robins call from among that tangled brambled  
Bush  
Whose berries - unplucked, ripened - rot,  
While the Fox-worn trail wobbles  
Snaking  
Through three fields.

So, the silent Buzzard soars  
To shade me briefly:  
No haste, worry, nor Homo Hubris, here  
Only that, of this, a peaceful peace  
Rising  
When we who wait, wait to walk with Nature.

So there is much sadness, leaving  
As the damp field-mists of morning  
Have given way  
To Sun

### **We Are The Ones The Dead Leave Behind**

We are the ones the dead leave behind:  
We, who remain to struggle with remorse, guilt, failure  
After she - he - have found the courage  
To end their lives.

We are the ones who find them,  
Or who receive that sudden unexpected, expected, call:  
Our life stilled, lost, irrelevant  
In that moment.  
What have we to give them, now?  
What have we but words said,  
Unsaid, deeds done or promised unfulfilled?  
What have we to give them now -  
Too late the love, the words, the effort  
That might have saved them:  
Too late this knowing of such sadness and such grief.

So we cry, or force back those tears  
Stumbling forward  
Minute to minute, hour to hour, day to weary day  
Hoping, trusting, wishing  
For something.

Or do we - and how often - plan  
As they planned  
Unable to bear their loss, the grief?  
So many plans, to die - and what prevents us?  
Some small intimation of life, perhaps  
Or our own weakness  
For even with their ending how often we lack the resolve  
They showed  
In that last breathing of their lives  
When bleak and utter desperation  
Claimed them.

How do we, can we, live when guilt at our living  
Wakes us in the late or early night  
And we hope, pray, believe:  
But this is life - they are gone; dead, taken from us  
And no words, no deeds now can redeem or save them:

So we move from night to day to night -  
We, the living-dead that our dead leave alive.

### **This Dewy Autumnal Grass**

This dewy grass reflects a warming Sun:  
Small spheres to prism rays  
With each slow move -  
There, a clear-sea-blue  
As when from beach to end-of-reef I - we together - swam  
Where an ocean's island calmed  
And each day a so-brief bliss  
Lasts.  
But it was cold, last night  
With no woman to warm by love given  
Received  
And there was only the Owl, only the Owl, calling into blackness  
Outside  
And a tiredness to take me restless to those early hours  
When the ageing body knows its age  
And rises slowly, too slowly, to begin again  
Another day  
Of work.

Yet, in moments,  
A certain calmness calms:

Grown, growing - uninvited, unexpected - as the warmth of this morning  
Measures out six seasons since her death  
While the toiling species toils  
Trapped  
In Time through ego;  
No gentle wisdom, no empathy, there  
Only a painful birthing of colourless dull abstractions.

So I sigh, one prism so briefly placed on Earth  
Among some dewy grass.

### **A Summer Sun**

Crows calling while sheep cry  
By the road that shall take them  
To their death:  
I sit, while sun lasts  
And bleeds my body dry  
In this last hour before dark  
On a day when a warm wind  
Carried the rain that washed  
A little of this valley  
Like the stream washes  
My rock:  
There are no trees to soften  
This sun - only heather and fern  
To break the sides of the hill;

I cannot keep this peace  
I have found -  
It seems unformed like water  
Becomes unformed without a vessel  
A channel or some stream:  
It cannot be contained  
As I contain my passion and my dreams.

There are no answers I can find  
Only the vessel of walks in hills  
Alone  
Whereby I who seek  
Am brought toward the magick peak  
That keeps this hidden world  
Alive:

It does not last  
But like the cirrus cloud  
Is blown by breeze to free  
A summer sun.

### **In The Night**

A bright quarter moon  
As I ran alone in the cold hours  
Along the sunken road that twists  
Between hill-valley and stream:

There was a dream, in the night  
That woke me - a sadness  
To make me sit by the fire  
Then take me out, moon-seeing  
And running, to hear only my feet  
My breath - to smell only the coldness  
Of the still, silent air:

But no spell, no wish  
Brought my distant lover to me  
And I was left to run slowly  
Back  
And wait the long hours  
To Dawn.

By the fire, I think of nothing  
Except the warmth of my love  
No longer needed.

---

### **GENTLEMAN OF THE ROAD**

Poems of a Wanderer

D.W. Myatt

Fourth Edition 1994

First Published 1983

Copyright DW Myatt 1994

### **Hermit Tent**

It is so cold ice has formed  
In my boots while  
Frost-bitten snow crunches  
When you walk the short  
Distance to water  
Gathering ice in a pail  
Ochre, the morning sun lies shrouded  
By mist, casting no heat  
As the birds do not cast

The imprint of their feet  
Upon snow:  
The rose cutting juts  
Above white there  
Where last week I buried  
That car-killed cat and where a leaf  
Unfurls in  
Intimation of Spring  
Over the tree, a crow  
Calling:  
Nothing answers  
Awkwardly I amble through the cold  
While ice forms on my face:

Slowly  
A crake awakes  
To life

### **Snow in Late April**

My tent is cold - I have to huddle  
Again  
Within wool. Outside  
It is strange, this layer of white  
Which covers long grass;  
Never before the snow which  
Covers deep green.  
There is an unutterable silence  
About the land; nothing stirs  
Only air, and the blackbird  
Whose perch was my pole  
Will have to unlearn to learn  
To eat bread.  
It is strange - this windy desolation;  
There is a voice within the wind  
A sign written by snow  
And I have come to recall  
Through sitting huddled like an old man  
Each meaning which strands together  
Life:

Shaken, the tent groans through the wear  
In its joints; it is old, this tent,  
Perched upon Earth - full of spiders  
And seeds  
As if seeking as seeds seek  
To cover themselves within Earth.

I will die here  
Says the wind

My poems covered  
By snow.

### **Relict**

Sun, broken by branch, seeps  
Into mist  
Where spreading roots have cracked  
The stones, overgrown, perhaps,  
For an hundred years

From a seed, flesh fed, the oak  
Sheltering  
    Mary  
Relict of William  
And a breeze, stirring again  
This year  
The leaves of an Autumn's green-gold

### **Spring Dawn**

It is a cold dawn in Spring  
When the red disk rises  
Above hill  
And the frost-layered village  
Still sleeps.

Only I walk  
Where silent trees rear up  
Beneath blue.  
No sound  
Not even birds.  
In the valley, mist swirls  
Cold.

While on the hedge  
Neat-trimmed and almost dead  
Slivers of crystals cling  
As my feet become frozen  
Within boots.

On the green, a glaze  
Of white as in a field a horse  
Runs steaming  
To free the cold of night.

Nearby, a car awakes to ruin  
This peace and life

### **Traveller's Wait**

So much neglect  
Even the platform has dirt:  
The young - they talk as they stand  
Seeing through themselves  
Each other living life  
In moments

Appearance for them seems forever  
Reality:  
Nowhere a word for compassion  
Only destination signs.

I do not beg  
But rise from the bench  
To sit awhile, smiling.  
There is no haste  
While sunlight warms.

People come, rushing  
While I sit with my sack  
Gathering strength to spend  
A few pence for a tea.

So much neglect  
Even my boots have a hole

### **The Two Faces**

I am the two faces of God -  
Vox Patris Caelestis -  
Within, within, a lewd Satan grins  
Playing at Change:  
My pieces are human who cried  
At my hurt.

I am alone, the cry  
While Treble voices sing  
Echoing, and strange shadows long dead  
Dance too briefly along the cloister wall.  
There is pain as I stare  
Past dying sun and a valley  
Winter cold  
Trying to believe while stars break  
And a crescent moon  
Glowing like the whore's eyes  
In that dark room  
Jibbers over the heavy breasts



Of the hill:  
No cloud  
To veil her shame.

No one, nothing  
Answers. Only  
Air, and I sit, still waiting  
And remembering prayer.  
In the ruins, my dead self comes to life  
Rising slowly, worm-slowly  
To the first singing blackness  
Of night.

No answers, nothing:  
Only this tramp sheltering  
In the ruins of a church -  
And memories, yes there are memories  
Glowing  
Like the lies of my life

### **Road**

I wander aimless along a road  
Fresh food to allow me thought:  
Ahead, a dead thrush  
Its carcass decaying  
While in the hedge above, bush buds  
Burst with life.

Even the wind seems warm  
As I walk  
Watching the White Horse on its hill  
While streaming streaks of high cirrus  
Cloud  
Fleck the changing blue

There is a freedom here  
A pattern to possess my life:  
Each day brings me  
Close

### **The Poet's Song**

Remember the ones whom you killed  
You, the poet, in your youth?  
They brought a unity, those memories,  
A pain that possesses all things  
Bringing with their dread remembrance

The field of connection grown  
From deep Space:

What was concealed is seen  
As what is felt is possessed into Word  
Through the possession of the consciousness  
That connects all life to itself  
Because it is life through the origin  
Of growth  
And brings the tranquillity of age.  
There is remembering: the forgetting,  
The little goals to pass the days  
Between the next remembering

I see little needed in life:  
No books, houses, fine clothes or cars,  
Since this connectedness that makes  
The poet a child  
Makes him a place to rest awhile  
Between the troubled strophes of life.  
He, the forgotten values, seeks  
Only sufficient shelter  
Food enough to fill his gauntness  
For a day -  
All else is insufficient and inauthentic  
As he himself is an admission  
Of a god's weakness  
For Man.

All life is divine:  
Each field, each tree,  
And he the poet carries this message  
Gently, like cloud its rain.  
There is nothing special, unique:  
He is only the half-remembered aspirations  
Of his age  
Forgotten when they to whom connectedness  
Was a lie from birth, live in power  
Within the boundaries of a State.

There should be no preaching, no faith  
Without the connectedness of consciousness  
That uncovers divinity as the divine  
As there should be no guilt or sin  
While the  
tireless worker for the Cause  
Stalks the streets of the chosen  
City. There was a sunset  
As he walked the hill home -  
A plethora of colours magnified  
By cold caught his eye

Briefly, for the wound on his face  
Hurt. But he got them,  
The bastards, and next time  
The Party will be strong  
For each Cause defines a Goal  
To overturn the gods  
Creating illusion in expiation;  
There is no connectedness, only division  
And divide

Words will not end this  
Or any other admission of how we forget  
To remember  
As sublime music is not a premonition  
Of peace.  
They are only reminders of what is  
As my past is a reminder of what I  
Once was;  
And there are still enigmas, many questions  
Unresolved.

There is a natural balance between  
The outward challenge  
The inward look of age  
That decays with each present passing  
Week  
There is self-survival  
The question of inner Space

Words will not end  
But only the middle way between  
The word and the act  
Where desire is the poet's desire  
For passive divinity  
Can begin the remembering  
Of the connectedness that is divine  
Without the ending that is another's  
Death

### **Waves**

Waves of rain beat  
Upon this tent, wind rucked  
In wildness:  
I have no illusions

Cold the comfort of this bag  
With its dead duck down.  
Sometimes a little sun  
Brightens

While boots dry  
And tired muscles rest

Freedom is hard  
While Winter lasts  
And Summer savings dry -  
Sometimes a little work:  
Over the lake  
A bittern booms

### **Pavilion Bench For A Night**

Cold, I watched the moon  
Rise, until with weary body  
I settled down to sleep.

It was a bitter night  
And frost greeted me  
As I climbed through the glassless window  
To stare with bleary eyes at the School:  
No one came  
And I was free to drink  
From their stream

When shall I learn peace?

Only will walks this body  
To another village blurred  
Like the rest  
By fatigue

Tuesday's rabbit is gone  
And, weary and sleep inclined,  
I sit by some stones  
Wishing the warmth of a home

When shall I learn peace?

### **Walking**

Rain, falling heavy as rain does  
In storm.  
It is beating down  
While I wait in this cold tent  
For the light of dawn

I am alone, as I came, to this clearing  
Within trees:  
Trying to live the moments that are those

Moments between the walks I walk  
Upon roads:

Rain, beating heavy as the pain in my leg:  
I have no rôle to guide me, happy, toward  
My death  
Only a wish for some warm soup  
To suckle my soul.  
There is instead rain with no fuel  
For the stove

I am alone, as once I wished:  
And in the morning  
I shall shoulder my pack  
And walk -

Is rain the seed, the sun the sower  
For the fecund planet called Earth?  
Am I one seed who by silence alone  
Can breed a flower of Thought?

But it is late and I close my eyes  
To sleep

### **Wandering and Free**

Clouds fastly moving across  
A Winter's sky:  
No rain, only a breeze  
Warm after the solstice-week  
Of ice;  
No one to hear as I tread a path  
Bent by sack and memories  
That make a rhythm  
For my feet.

There are no answers within me  
As there are no cars to despoil  
This empty border glade  
And I am only a division because divided:  
Freedom is no one and nothing  
To care for - and no one  
Who cares  
But I have grown used to sleeping  
Ill within a tent  
Since pains are a Winter in my life.

Yet there was love  
Broken by the dreaming and the doubt  
And I that rainy Spring

Left the passion and its pain  
To find this kind of peace:

I am torn, still, between  
Dreams, pride and the reality  
Of this road-walking life,  
But most miles tire  
And bring a kind of sleep.

There is music in me  
Which grows as I grow  
But I cannot compose  
And have only these words to sculpt  
From this crumbling rock  
My images of sadness and of joy.

Clouds  
Fastly moving  
Over a remembering voice  
That someone in some future  
Might recall as me -  
But like a cloud  
I am born to quickly fade  
And die

### **Intermezzo**

No longer the low sun which caught  
The brown, hedged field under hill  
To show the covering of spider's silk  
Weaved, slow:  
Instead, twilight and clouds,  
Transforming

I cannot walk when such beauty  
Stops me -  
There is then a sitting by some stream,  
Perhaps a fire  
To warm the body that desire wearies  
By walking

No wind, now, to chill  
Or take me to some shelter:  
There is instead my small fire of wood,  
The peace brought by stillness;  
All journeys were a sign  
To this place  
While, on the distant road, some car  
Blares its horn  
In haste

### **City Autumn**

Dawn's magickal moment when dim light  
That strains the eye  
Bursts upon a horizon still  
Clutching the mist of night:  
I was awake, experiencing,  
Trying to hold through sleepy eyes  
The silence that gave me for a moment  
God;  
Then the birds, thrusting their song  
In the wind  
Which snatched trees  
Breaking the colours down  
Because rain has long rejoiced to seed  
This Earth.  
I, on a bench

Until the traffic came:  
Hard noise that crushed my spell -  
Clouds, that promised tomorrow

### **Waiting**

No suffering, as Christians suffer -  
Only the stream, there  
By my tent.  
It is home, now,  
Green like its field, and at night  
With a shrunken stomach  
I sit by its flap and dream.  
I cannot play the flute  
I have made from maple;  
But there is time  
There is always time  
For a madman like me to scheme.

It is not romantic, this life,  
Like others think.  
It is boring and hard yet I endure  
With endurance to bring more  
Than deep lines to my face.  
My tent is a message  
As I myself am not me.

No falseness, as burning religion  
Makes false. Only a stream  
Of impressions that makes me

Nothing unique.  
Each changing cloud reminds  
Just as I am a reminder  
Of what I and all others  
Might be

### **Apple Blossom in May**

There is a reality about Spring  
When grass grows green with the sun:  
Days lengthen bringing the warmth  
That reassures and one is pleased  
To run a hand where wind moves  
And blossoms have been blown:

Every hour is unique  
When rain stops.

In the town - three hills  
And a valley to the left -  
Music slithers from a shop  
While people rush,  
Gathering.  
A drill strikes stone  
Where youths gather  
Sneering at people who pass.

There is a pleasure about Spring  
When free grass grows in the sun,  
A slowness when wind rushes tree:  
Nearby  
The curlew and lark  
Where sun glints  
Upon rain sodden earth:  
How are you today, Mr Hughes?  
Oh not so bad, you know -  
Better for the sun.  
Aye, will dry the ground  
So we can seed.  
Over the fields -  
White clouds making faces  
In the sun

*fini*

---

### **Water**

Being the water: the Dragonfly above the water  
I grieve of the road and the bridge of the road



Weeping in the wind  
Because I am the Sun.  
Being the river: all the river things  
I feel the wounds  
Inflicted deeply in my flesh  
Because I am the dust.  
Being the river-banks: the land around the banks  
I am no-Time  
Burning to cauterize my wounds  
Because I am the world and all things of the world;  
Being the wind: the words of the wind  
I sorrow in my-Time  
Knowing people who pass  
Because they are my wounds.  
Being my sorrow: the sorrow of wounded land  
I sense the knowing turning beyond the pain  
Because I am the water  
Flowing with no end

### **Between Sky, Silence and Earth**

There is a Way which is not their way  
Nor the way of he who was my youth,  
For there is a real, numinous, loyalty in She who carried  
And cares for  
Us all:  
Each life bound by those fated bounds  
Of Fate

There is no betrayal as when he, once the Comrade,  
Spoke to Police to save himself  
And, sending letters, spewed rumours forth  
Twisted by a burdening ego  
The way some Politicians twist some words  
To sell.  
No betrayal as when she, my pledged, drew to her naked glistening body  
Another man while I slept at peace  
Within the dreams we shared;  
No betrayal as when he not even one bullet wounded yet fearing death  
Ran in that humid African heat to save himself  
Leaving we few who remained  
To weave away at night toward that other land,  
No graves for those we left.

I know each mood,  
Each change of now inconstant Season  
For the giving that it is  
As I feel that quiet warmth of love  
Born when Spring, slowing growing, grows  
Letting in that breath of Sun:

There is then that warming languor  
While I walk between Sky, Silence  
And earth: only trees taller  
Where shade is only cloud,  
Here, here among the hills, the Fells, the land  
I love.

This is The Way which is not their way  
As they who betray themselves with noise  
Do not, cannot, will not love as I - we, few - love  
With no desire to change, constrain, destroy She  
Who, still, lives within us all:  
They do not see as I see,  
Each emanation Her precious life.  
So there is freedom, peace,  
Between sky, silence  
And earth.

### **Killing The Silence**

Such beauty, as this hot July Sun sweats me  
As I wait, for no one, nothing,  
Here under blue  
In dry grass  
By this narrow and shallow  
Stream:

Such serenity, as if no noise existed  
Beyond:  
Only Buzzards calling;  
This breeze in dried grass.

Such a difference, when I walk  
The two short miles  
To that lane -  
It is only a narrow lane  
Stretched between hamlet and Farm:  
But so many vehicles  
As if the rush confines to define the lives  
Of they who drive.  
So much unsettled  
By their flow;  
So much disturbed.

No watching of Butterflies dancing, there:  
No sound of wings  
As the Dragonfly skits  
Past  
To but briefly land near my hand.

No sound of Stoat

As it peeks out to peer down  
To rush across water -  
So quick  
I turn my head  
And it is gone  
To leave only an impression,  
Only memory  
Of a sleek brown being  
Who is here  
Where it, living, belongs.

Yet - such fixation, there  
On that road  
Where the world that is not my world  
Lives, in its own way,  
Killing  
The Silence

### **Clouds in the Sky**

The one of understanding, feeling the timeless nature of Existence,  
Does not exhort, nor preach, nor hold fast to any dogma:  
They are Silent,  
Pointing to the clouds in the sky.  
For each must find their own goal, in their own time:  
They who understand only guide those who earnestly seek,  
Those whose time for understanding has come.

The tranquillity of life is in understanding of self,  
For thereby comes acceptance of the illusion of Existence:  
And they who are tranquillity become thus all life,  
Realizing the folly of action breeding violence.  
Yet they who are all life are Being, become -  
Waiting with tranquillity for the coming of death.

With discarding of self comes the realization of eternity bringing sadness  
And with the realization of eternity comes the tranquillity of compassion.  
For they who are compassion merge with all existence  
And live thus in the wisdom of sorrow bringing tears.  
Yet they who cry know also the laughter of the moment:  
Blown away by the wind like the clouds in the sky.  
Thus does the seeker of the goal that is no goal  
Realize the unwisdom of words:  
Understanding wind in clouds in the sky.

Those who transcend self by their many errors of experience -  
Understanding thus the serenity of silence -  
Need no outward chattel  
For they are richer than all the riches of Earth.  
Thus do they who quest after transcendence become still,

A falling leaf turned Autumn brown  
Following the wind of the moment:  
Neither clinging to, nor striving against,  
The force of existence ever a dream in the end.

They who are still seek not the folly of the wisdom of worship,  
Nor the secrecy of shrines:  
For their temple is a swaying branch in a glade of trees  
Resting on a high hill beneath the wind-blown clouds in the sky;  
And their prayer is Silence.

DW Myatt  
(Written JD2442951.89)

### **Feel The Death**

Feel the death  
And the sadness of the dying  
When she whom we loved  
Slows, to die  
Slowly  
As Spring came  
Venturing forth that year  
With warm days.

There was a feeling, then,  
Knowledge  
Lost as the months and years  
Leeched away in living  
That stark contrast of being  
To leave only memories  
Only memories  
Fragile as snow on sea,  
Drained as they were of that immanence  
Of losing  
When we felt the joy, the pure joy of life  
Known only through the knowing  
Of such loss.

And how many years - how many -  
Have we wasted  
Since then?

It is this warm Spring Sun  
Which reminds,  
And I am at last calm  
Again  
Saddened but suffused -  
For there is essence, here  
Where all life, connected,

Burgeons forth in Tree, Bird, Breeze, Song, Silence  
And Sun:  
A beginning  
To live  
Again  
In hope  
Of somehow presencing  
This  
Born from the gentle slowness  
Stretched between sadness  
And love:  
So often lost  
In that haste which becomes the living  
Of our life.

Lost, as the greening hedge  
Behind  
Becomes lost, stripped of its buds,  
Flailed by a flail  
Noisily, mechanically  
Driven.

So I feel again the death  
And the sadness of the dying

### **Fatally Wounded**

Slowly, the clouds pass  
Here where the leaves of this centuries-old Oak  
Have greened, darker  
From the flush green of Spring:  
It is now mid-Summer  
And I sit on the warm earth in this wood  
Feeling  
The Silence.

But there will be noise,  
Homo Hubris,  
When I descend down to where one road  
Merges to another  
While Sun, English-June hot,  
Escapes the cumulus cloud  
And the gentle breeze is Music:  
These are Her instruments - this tree,  
That bush; those birds.

And yet -  
Such noise, such people  
Where my world of walks sinks down  
To that world which is not Her world:

There is no reverence,  
There;  
None of the silence that marks  
Us.

But the morning was sublime as I walked  
Feeling the red Sun rise  
Where no cloud veiled the blue  
Arriving as it arrives, deep and deeper  
As Dawn merges into Day.  
Now - late afternoon and homeward from work -  
There is such warmth to sweat me  
While I walk the steep tree-free track  
To where the hill waits silent under Sun  
Yet still whispering, wordless,  
Of the three Orchids, rare, fatally-wounded  
Who dry,  
Dying  
Their short lives, their beauty, taken  
Crushed  
By one of the many vehicles  
Which here have scarred Her,  
Fuming as they did with the fumes, the noise,  
Of engines.

And tomorrow, as the sign says,  
There will be a cull of Deer  
Here  
As Homo Hubris shoots,  
Obeying orders

### **Cold**

Like memories, snow falls  
With no sound  
While I stand as Winter frosts  
My feet  
And a cold hand holds itself ready  
Near a pen:  
The birds, though starving, still sing  
Here where trees and snow seat themselves  
On hill  
And the slight breeze begins to break  
My piece of silence  
Down.  
Her love seemed only real  
With its loss

Above the trees, crows cawing  
As they swirl  
Within the cold

### **The Returning**

All seasons transcend  
Since each day differs  
Through its cloud and its sun.

In the wood, gold spreads  
Slowly  
Like the slow death it is  
As every soft colour is returned.  
Only pasture remains green  
Below mist  
While brown earth is broken  
By plough:  
Sufficiency is shelter itself  
And the once reluctant farmer nods  
As he turns with his bent back  
Where sun rests  
Between its hill and his home.  
It will be gone, soon, this sun  
Lost  
While stars stare down the sky  
Where for fifty years  
His house has stood  
Stone grey among muddy sheep-torn grass.  
There was a horse, then,  
To plough the steep slope  
Of his hill: a different way  
When even the village  
Fifteen furlongs west  
Was wary of all change.

But shelter is sufficiency itself  
He knows  
As he walks the short path  
To his home.  
There will be fire,  
A son's warm wife  
To welcome this leathery skin.

He is old, he knows,  
Worn like the oak, and his path  
Which three years of bloody hands  
Tore from Her earth  
And which each year She renews.  
All rain can be smelt

In the wood, wind spins  
Slowly, like Earth.  
There is a mist, a mingling  
While the fallen man waits among leaves  
Like Her kestrel  
For death.  
Every wind is his breath.

### **In Memoriam Camerone**

Red skirt below black blouse she passes  
With her smile  
Contact Hospital Urgent  
Daughter Seriously Ill  
Recalling memories from a warm Spring  
Night  
When once I loved:  
What is this within my hand?  
Regret Inform You  
Daughter Died Today.

File as Form P158  
As drains my office day  
Toward death  
"Five Duty lapsed"  
Spreading no rumours  
Of doom.

What has one left  
Save the urgent ululations  
Of dreams that once  
On a hot summer's day  
In a country far distant  
Sent a youth rushing into arms  
Where innocence was taken  
Like this woman - whose black blouse  
Hides beautiful breasts -  
Takes these forms that are only forms  
Bereft of life.  
What has one but the ways  
That once were learned  
When I learnt how bullets  
Turned a body and how some women  
Bore within their clothes burning  
Hearts  
"Calculator, please"  
What have I left save the passing passion  
Moment that soon will pass toward a future  
Full of regrets unlike that day now distant  
When Spring leapt into my life



Stirring tears in a man too full to dream  
Amid a city sun and body sweat  
That held no promise but my own.  
What have I left  
Save the silent spinnings of Destiny  
Gold beneath gods  
That once others followed  
In a country far distant  
As Degueldre bled tears before Jeanpierre  
While a world scorned all rumours of doom.

But, returning, my lover smiles  
And sighs, softly:  
"Where shall we go tonight?"  
While red below black, beads bounce  
Upon her breasts  
And her shapely shadow touches mine  
Recalling dreams from our damp  
Dependable night.  
What is this now within my hand?  
Regret to inform you, I resign  
For I'm the damned  
Bound for another land

### **In A Foreign Land**

Hot, this sun while it breaks  
As I sit quite still  
Beneath cloud  
On a white bench watching  
Flies spiral for shade.  
My head is at peace  
While the body waits  
In this Park  
Where each shade of Summer green  
Becomes real in this light  
And trees speak, slowly,  
Of their fears of being  
Half alive:  
But there was magick, I found  
In sitting silent  
While beams of Sun become filtered  
And fractured through leaves:  
A joy in watching while clouds form  
And break, casting  
In their myriad ways  
This Sun's gift of life.  
There is ecstasy in walking  
High upon hills while wind cries  
Or thunders:

No suffering, except hunger,  
While I wait for my Dark Daughters  
Of Earth;  
No pain of dreams destroyed.

Now there is rain to make me  
Take up my sack and walk  
As a wanderer in creaking boots  
To where the Spirits of my waiting Woods  
Will sigh:  
Without his dreams,  
He would be nothing  
And I shall smile while, hot,  
The Summer Sun breaks briefly  
To dry my rain-soaked back

### **There Is This Feeling**

There is this feeling as I sit  
On this quite comfortable leather sofa  
Watching  
Through the clear large glass windows  
People  
As they walk, quickly, slowly,  
By:

It is warm,  
For there is Sun  
Heating October,  
A good Espresso  
And I wait, feeling  
So many faces:  
Here - that which should be, must be  
Because modern life, toiling,  
Is momentarily stilled  
So that I am this flowing street  
Of sadness, memories, happiness, beauty, joy  
Anger  
And angst:

Yet  
So quickly, the young women with the long blonde hair  
Passes  
In her motorized wheelchair:  
Her smile, her eyes  
Caught, suspended, in my stare:  
One Moon to light the Dark Night  
Holding me, here -  
And in this one quintessential moment  
I am she who is me,

So much so compressed  
As if a thousand years of living claimed me:  
So much to feel  
There is this tear, these puny words  
Trying to distill  
Something...

---

## DWM: SELECTED OCCULT STORIES

---



### The Short-Stories, and Works of Fiction, of David Myatt

#### Introduction: Pseudonyms

Since I - along with many other people who have written about Myatt or who have studied his life and works - consider that "Anton Long" is one of Myatt's many pseudonyms, I have commented on some short-stories written by one "Anton Long". I have also commented upon some recent stories, such as *In The Sky of Dreaming*, written by one "Algar Merridge" - which I, and some others, regard as another of Myatt's pseudonyms.

#### Short-Stories, Fiction, and Myatt's Style

In addition to the works mentioned here - which are mostly short-stories - it is my opinion that the novels of the so-called Deofel Quintet, originally published by the ONA, were written by Myatt, sometime between the 1970's and the late 1980's. These novels are, in no particular order,

*Falcifer: Lord of Darkness*  
*Temple of Satan*  
*The Giving*  
*The Greyling Owl*  
*Breaking The Silence Down*

Of these, my personal favorite is *The Giving*, with its description of ancient rural practices and of the somewhat seedy goings-on of two of the characters, Mallam and Maurice Rhiston.

Ultimately, however, the above mentioned novels are - in my personal opinion - somewhat mundane in style, and neither outstanding nor particularly memorable works of fiction, although they may indeed fulfill at least something of their stated purpose, which was to be "entertaining instructional texts [for Occult Initiates], written in fictional form, designed to be read aloud..." Certainly, two of these novels - *Falcifer*, and *Temple of Satan* - deal in an overt way with Satanism, in a manner which some readers may find interesting.

A possible exception, to such mundanity, might be made for *Breaking The Silence Down*, which is most unusual in that it is written by a man, describing as it does Sapphic relationships, and the sensitivities of some women, rather well. That said, and to be fair, there are several sensitive, perceptive, and quite well-written, passages in some other of these works; consider, for instance, the following, from *The Greyling Owl*, which describes an entry that one of the characters, Alison, makes in her Diary:

*"The corridor was dark - all the rooms were closed and I felt afraid. I could not bear a repeat of my last visit - the angry words, the tears, needs that were not fulfilled, things left unsaid. I remember I said: 'It's better if I never see you again' - hoping he would plead with me to stay. He said nothing. I couldn't resist any more: 'What shall I do?' I cried, catching the lapels of his jacket, tears on them, my tears as I clung to him, trying to make a bridge. 'Come on Wednesday' he struggled to say. 'On Wednesday,' I repeated.*

*Such a dark corridor, outside. Last time I just stood in the kitchen, kicking the door and shouting at it: 'Why do you never understand me!' Yet I was back again - I had no pride left. Was this need really love? What would I say this time? Could I find a way of letting him understand - of getting through? I knocked on his door. 'Come in'. The voice was subdued. He was sitting in his chair I remember as if it was a moment ago. Dispirited. 'What is it?' I wondered if all relationships were like this - so charged with emotion. 'Your letter, your letter,' he struggled to say. 'I've hurt you,' I whispered with awe. Then, sitting on his lap, my head against him, buried. Crying. 'It's alright.' A soft voice, a soft touch on my face.*

*It did not last. 'Are you pleased to see me?' I asked. 'About as pleased as a Mickleman can be.' Then, the inevitable wandering hand. The moment gone, and never repeated."*

But, in my view at least, these memorial parts are rather let down by the stories themselves, for it does seem rather hard to care about any of the main characters, with the possible exception of Alison, in *The Greyling Owl*.

The same general mundanity of style and content rather applies, in my view, to most of Myatt's other older works and stories, such as the short science-fiction story *The Adventures of Hassan and Jorg*, although that story is notable for its attempt to depict Jihadi Muslims, living on another planet, as "freedom fighters" battling an evil, and expanding, militaristic "world-empire". Myatt's

other works - such as the short story, *One Connexion* - often seem somewhat self-indulgent, in an autobiographical kind of way, and yet again I find it difficult to empathize with, or indeed care about, any of the characters.

### Horror Fiction and A New Mythos

It is only in much later, and recent, works - such as his recent Occult short-stories *Herewith The Darkness*, and *The Moon's Tidal Moving* and the related story *Cantaoras: Dark Daughters of Baphomet* - that Myatt seems to have found a suitable, original, evocative, and rather sinister voice, and produced stories that are both interesting and intriguing.

In *Herewith The Darkness* and in *Cantaoras* - and the related three stories *Jenyah*, *In The Sky of Dreaming*, and *Sabirah* - Myatt (writing as either Anton Long or Algar Merridge) creates in effect a modern sinister mythos, for these are stories of powerful, dark, extra-dimensional and - interestingly - female sinister entities (or "demons" or Dark Gods), who often have assumed human form (or rather, occupied and taken over human bodies), and who require "the life-force" of human beings in order to sustain themselves in our world. This is a modern, if somewhat disturbing, update of the vampires of legend and conventional horror fiction, with Myatt suggesting not only that these sinister, long-lived female vampires, from the dimensions of the acausal universe, are living amongst us, actively searching for victims, and able to reward whomsoever they choose with the gift of eternal life, but also that it is possible for us to call such sinister entities forth into our own world to bring chaos and disruption and evil.

In one of these short-stories - *In The Sky of Dreaming* - Myatt plays games with time itself, suddenly shifting the time and place of the narration as if to suggest, in accord with his theory of causal and acausal nexions, that certain "acausal entities" (that is, "demons" or Dark Gods) can alter time itself, or at least the time we, as human beings, are familiar, and comfortable, with.

It is these recent, above mentioned, sinister short-stories - and *The Dark Trilogy* [See End Note (1) ] - that stand out in both the literary, and the Occult, sense, with Myatt using words, and phrases (sometimes repeated) to often successfully evoke a sinister scenario, and to, rather seductively it must be said, glamorize dark, satanic, deeds. Which is something of an achievement, in itself. This glamorization is particularly evident in the sinister character of *Eulalia* in *Herewith The Darkness*, and *The Moon's Tidal Moving*.

In terms of the genre of horror, Myatt, in the stories *Herewith The Darkness*, and *The Moon's Tidal Moving*, does rather successfully evoke a disturbing, original and genuinely horrific atmosphere, of primal "Dark Entities", as he calls them, hunting and killing humans and leaving behind dried corpses, and of a female half-human vampire-like creature (*Eulalia*, the main protagonist) not only in a Mephistophelean way playing games with humans and their feelings, but also creating terror by slaughtering human in their thousands, and it is these two most recent of his stories (especially in *The Moon's Tidal Moving*) that Myatt has achieved, in my opinion, and through his use of language and his new mythos, works of genuine literary merit.

Compared to these two stories, his earlier works, such as *The Deofel Quartet*, seem - and indeed are - rather dull, tame, and devoid of literary significance.

Julie Wright  
Oxford  
August 2008 AD  
(Updated September 2008 AD)

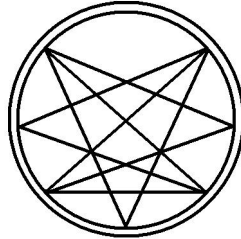
End Note:

*(1) The Dark Trilogy is described as A Sinister Concerto in Three Movements, and contains three linked short stories, entitled Nythra, Kthunae, and Atazoth.*

*Herewith, The Darkness*

---

### **Herewith, The Darkness**



**“According to Dark Tradition, Baphomet is a sinister acausal entity, depicted as a beautiful, mature, women, naked from the waist up, who holds in Her hand the bloodied severed head of a young man.**

**She is the dark, violent, Goddess - the real Mistress of Earth - to whom human sacrifices were, and are, made... She - as one of The Dark Entities, as Vamperess of The Dark Gods - is also a shapeshifter who can presence in the causal dimensions and assume human form, and thus live among us here on Earth, and it was, traditionally, to Baphomet that Initiates and Adepts of our Dark Tradition dedicated their chosen, selected, victims when a human culling was undertaken and when wars and conflict were brought forth or seeded through sinister sorcery.**

**Associated with Baphomet are other dark, female acausal entities who have existed, hidden, on Earth for millennia, and who maintain their causal, ageless, and secret, existence by feeding off the acausal life-force of their male human victims whom they entrap, and test, using sexual enchantment. These other entities are The Dark Daughters of Baphomet, and they - like their Mistress, The Mother of Blood, Baphomet - are thus, in a quite literal sense, beautiful, cultured, alluring but predatory vampires...**

**According to this aural Dark Tradition, there are several types - several different species - of sinister acausal entities, with Baphomet, and Her shapeshifting Daughters, being of one type, and having a certain nature, a particular character, a certain consciousness, when presenced in the causal and so when in-dwelling in human form. One other, more primal, more primitive, acausal species is known to us, and when beings of this particular species are presenced on Earth, in human form or otherwise, they act, behave, live, quite differently from Baphomet and Her kin, for these more primal savage beings are as demons who causally live only to unthinkingly consume human lives so that, once satiated, they may be returned to the darkness of their acausal home... ”**

---

## Part One

There was much that Eulalia wanted to do, with the Dark Entities she had brought forth to Earth, but - for the moment - she would settle for just enough mayhem, destruction, strife, killings and chaos to make the government, and the people - of the land where she and her sinister kind now dwelt - take notice and perchance alter their ways.

Whatever, it would be fun, enjoyable, a Satanic paean - a necessary beginning, well-planned and well-schemed for, for almost ten causal Earth-years - and, as she stood up from sitting in the darkness on the somewhat damp Autumnal grass on the slight slope of the almost South facing hill among the mamelons of South Shropshire not far from where an ancient trackway marked the ancient border with the land of Wales, she in joy began chanting her sinister chant: Agios O Baphomet!

Venora - she of the red-hair and the fullsome body who had been a temporary host for one such Entity - was waiting for her in the large, ornate, Conservatory of their gravid reclusive house at the end of a track, off a narrow lane between hills in that isolated rural borderland, and they embraced and kissed affectionately, one scented lover to another, before entering the subtly-lit Drawing Room where the women of their sinister coven waited, as, upstairs, in secluded dark rooms, the shapeshifters - some but newly fledged - fed on what were once healthy men young in years.

There was no need for speeches, or exhortations, or ceremony, or even for spoken words, since all of that coven - reared in that house or covertly recruited elsewhere - knew almost all that Eulalia knew, and, like her, had pledged their very lives to presencing the sinister on Earth. So she went to each of them, after they had stood in greeting, to kiss them on their lips and to watch each one of them leave to walk solemnly, gravely, up the wide and winding stairs to their appointed rooms where they, in the shielding darkness there, each became temporary hosts.

Thus did they - then not quite human, inside - leave their dwelling and their home in a small convoy of vehicles driven by men of middling years, specially chosen, well-tested. For they, reared in a nearby house or recruited covertly elsewhere, knew almost all that the women knew, and had, for one yearly alchemical season, just ended, been lovers of the particular young woman they had pledged to the death to defend.

The twilight of a clear October Dawn found all the vehicles dispersed, each to their chosen destination, and Venora sat in the comfortable back seat of that luxurious car feeling the darkness within her. It - she, they - was, were, yearning for the freedom that would come only with a complete metamorphosis, a complete in-dwelling, when the human-life, with all its memories and all its weakness, would be subsumed to shrivel to die as all causal life was so fated to die; subsumed: to leave only the outer and changeable physical shell, a dwelling then for another almost alien life. Or, if it - she, they - so desired, they might keep part of the human life alive, for a while, to use as a hypnotized vassal, perhaps for some specific deed or deeds.

But for now it - she, they - was, were as they were, leaving Venora to live alone as the Venora they in their own strange way cared for, protected, perhaps even loved, for she-the-human was then as a surrogate mother to them, carrying them, if only for a while, until they could, would, be fully-birthing into some expendable human being.



Venora's own destination was the metropolis of London, and her male driver - tall, strong, muscular - finding, after a search, a suitable place, parked the vehicle to walk with her along the teeming traffic and human filled streets under a warmless Sun the short distance to their target. It was a middling restaurant, by the standards she was accustomed to, and while they waited, they slowly consumed the overpriced and slowly served food. He - their offer - appeared as expected, and as her research indicated he should: a middling if ambitious politician of the governing Party, given to arrogance and subsumed with pride, and dressed, in conformity to the unwritten rules, in a greyish undistinguished if well-fitting and rather expensive suit. And all she had to do was to get near enough to touch him, naked flesh to naked flesh, for the five or so seconds required.

She played her part well, rising, as if to stumble accidentally into him, pressing the palm of her hand to the back of his neck as if to steady herself to then apologize and endearingly smile. He turned to look at her and she knew then her deed was done, even if she had not felt the rush as the Entity of timeless dark chaos exited from her to seed itself - herself - within that new host. For his eyes momentarily stared, as a madman at a full-moon, before he smiled to rise to be to most of the world around the same man in the same suit in the same place at that same causal time. So she made her excuses to leave to let the Dark Entity begin its work, and it was less than two hours later that this chosen offer returned to that exclusive club known as the Houses of Parliament. There, he chanced upon - although it was not causal chance, but some-thing else - a senior member of his Party whom he throttled to death with his hands while his once-indwelling Entity watched, playfully smiling, from her new human home, found moments earlier by his - her - guided touch. Thus was he, the killer, subdued after the deed to be hustled away only to die moments later as his heart suddenly stopped to leave only a corpse, paler and gaunter than it would have been even if all the blood and plasma within had been somehow sucked away.

There would be more mysteries, that day: some, like the state of the politician's body, kept hidden by politicians from "the public"; others, unable to be so kept secret. And two, in particular, bloody, deadly, terrifying, and public, as Eulalia and her coven had intended. A deadly, unexpected attack by a woman berserk, who stabbed five people to death on a street in some rainy dreary city before a Policeman felled and disarmed her: but he the human could only watch in silent wordless helpless horror as the woman he restrained died to leave him holding only a corpse, only a corpse, paler and gaunter than it would have been even if all the blood and plasma within had been somehow sucked away. Then there was a bomb, hidden in a van, which exploded without warning on a busy motorway flyover into London, leaving some injured, and much destruction in its wake, as there were over a dozen murders by people possessed who, haunting cities and towns, escaped to then live a twilight lingering existence as the Entities of another acausal species within them did as their primal nature intended, shapeshifting their form when they found some healthy young human to feed on.

But it was only prelude, a mere prelude, Eulalia knew, to the real beginning she in her mischief had planned.

^^^

He had been easy to entrap, and Eulalia watched as the young man - naked in the bed of one of her young ladies in one of those many large subtly-lit rooms of the high-ceilings - slept the sleep that often arises from sexual satiation. He, she had been informed, had been a good lover - surprisingly good, given his slim frame and his rather boyish looks - and she watched him for some moments until, as if sensing her watching, he awoke to fumble on the small antique table by his side of the bed for his spectacles.

“Hello!” he said, as if half-surprised to find her there and half-surprised to find the previous afternoon, evening and night had not been some dream.

“Are you ready to get to work, then?” she asked, bewitchingly smiling.

“What?”

“What we discussed, last evening and night, in detail, before a certain young lady invited you here to her room.”

“Oh that,” Ffion replied, remembering.

“Yes. That. But only after breakfast, naturally.”

“Naturally.”

“If you’ll get dressed - or not,” she said, somewhat mischievously, “I shall escort you to the Breakfast Room where Edrid will take your order.”

“Order?”

“For your rather late breakfast. He is one of the people who helps out, around the house.”

“A servant?” It was a natural deduction, he thought, given the room, the house, the extensive grounds.

“Not really, but that description will serve, for now.”

Dressed in his University-ensemble of worse-for-wear jeans, black cotton T-shirt with slogan “404 Error: Slogan Not Found”, and scruffy white “trainers”, he was escorted by Eulalia down from the fourth floor room to where Edrid - neatly groomed and neatly dressed in somewhat old-fashioned clothes - waited, all alone in the mid-morning light of the many-windowed Breakfast Room where one place had been set on the long Oak dining table.

She smiled at him before saying: “I’ll collect you when you’re ready and show you the equipment we have prepared for you.”

Thus did she leave her half-nervous, half-pleased, fledgling to attend to her many other tasks of that morning in that gravid and reclusive house of the extensive grounds. And when he was ready, she led him through a skein of corridors to a room suitably furnished for his needs.

“Wow!” was all he could say as he saw the row upon row of computer servers, and several large bright screens.

“There,” - and Eulalia pointed to where a sleek comfortable chair sat before a wide desk containing a keyboard and the largest screen - “is the control centre. Everything is fully functional, and connected. But if there is anything we might just might have forgotten, which you need, just ask Edrid. Lunch, by the way, is at one o’clock, and Dinner will be at eight, after which you shall, of course, be escorted to the bedroom of a certain young lady, for another night of salacious entertainment.”

“Yeah.”

“You know what to do.”

“You bet!”

“No doubts?”

“No. Not at all.” And he meant it, and she knew he did, for she had chosen well, having had Ffion chosen months ago and under surveillance by her Guardians since then.

“Just depress that violet button on your desk and Edrid will attend you.”

“Later!”

She smiled then, as Ffion set immediately to work at his task, given by her. He would, she felt, be a valuable and needed ally, living with them, his desires fulfilled. And if, for some reason, he failed and even thought of betraying them, she would surely know, and there were always the small now empty windowless rooms in the basements below where several young men had lingered, less than half-alive, until one of them was needed, by some un-dwelling Dark Entity, as food.

^^^

Ffion was pleased with his work, when Eulalia returned to him as the Sun began its descent and Twilight waited to visit her house with its shapeful shades of almost darkness.

“So,” she said, playfully, understanding more than she revealed to him, “all I do is sit here, in front of the screen, and speak when connected?”

“Yep, that’s it. They’ll be able to see and hear you. All I have to do to connect is type in a few commands on the x-term and press Return.”

“Splendid. Then do so.”

“What? Now?”

“Indeed.”

“OK.” And he did as commanded by his sinister Mistress, who sat herself before the screen containing microphone and camera as Ffion’s skill untraceably hacked them into a conference room of a London television newsroom where journalists of various ages and types were assembled, together with their Editor, to decide on what - and how - to report of the strange events of that day, and where, suddenly, several dormant computers began transmitting an image of a smiling Eulalia.

“Gentleman - and Ladies, of course - although I am unsure as to whether any of you merit such any such honorific. Your attention please. Please observe the photograph one of our operatives took of the corpse in your Houses of Parliament earlier today, details of which corpse your naughty politicians kept from you and your public.

“We do apologize for the rather poor quality of the image, and promise to do better, next time.

“So, now I do have your full attention, the code-word is Herewith, The Dark, which code-word you will receive when we decide to give some further demonstrations, as we did with that little explosion on one of your motorways. On receipt of said codeword, your authorities have two minutes to clear the designated area. A recording of this message will now be repeated three times, just in case you desire to record it! That is all, for the moment.” And she smiled at them again, mischievously.

A day later, she gave another demonstration. The building had only just been cleared when an explosive device reduced it to a mass of twisted metal, broken masonry and shattered glass, in the centre of London’s financial district. One more day, and one more building gutted by another device. And so, on that and other days, the dark mayhem continued, as people died, suddenly, unexpectedly, in cities and towns, or disappeared into the night, taken as food or as new dwellings for the dozens upon dozens of primal predators Eulalia and her sinister coven of sisters had released, and which predators now lurked, waiting for their chance to be as their nature, their nurture, commanded, controllable as they were only by Baphomet or one of Her many Daughters, some now having such fun with those frail humans currently infesting planet-Earth.

Another day, and the Media - as Eulalia had assumed - was replete with the expected and standard stories about “terror” and “terrorists”. But soon, she knew, they - or at least the controlling powers behind and in the government - would know or correctly deduce the truth, and then she of the sinister strategy would presence much more Darkness, for the progeny of her breeding programme were eager. and ready.

^^^

## **Part Two**

“Just before he died, somewhat unexpectedly, of a heart attack, Malin sent me copies of his case files, and, while I did not entirely discount their contents, I did not take them seriously either, particularly since the evidence that Malin alluded to seems to have been entirely destroyed in a fire at the laboratory where his colleagues conducted their investigations into these alleged aliens.”

The speaker was a senior male Civil Servant, of the Cabinet Office’s Intelligence and Security unit, and in the airless, windowless inner room of a government department in Whitehall, he sat at the head of small functional table, inwardly wishing someone else had been given this task. Of the two men and one women seated with him, there in that room, no one - at least outwardly - betrayed any surprise on hearing the word “alien”, for they had all opened, and read, at his prior insistence, the few sheets of paper before them, headed Joint Intelligence Committee, and Top Secret, minutes of a meeting where the work of Malin’s now dis-banded team had been briefly discussed.

“Now,” he continued, “if you peruse the other document, you will see what little evidence we have relating to recent incidents. We have been given full authority and whatever resources we might require to investigate and report further on this matter, to which The Prime Minister, The Cabinet, and Joint Intelligence Committee, have assigned the highest priority.”

For some minutes, a silence among those chosen and carefully selected few, as photographs of corpses - paler and gaunter than they would have been even if all the blood and plasma within had been somehow drained away - were studied, and Intelligence documents read.

“Now,” the senior Civil Servant continued, pressing a button on the remote controller in his hand, “this is a recording of a transmission received three days ago from the individual who, as our assessment indicates, is either behind some or many of the incidents, or somehow connected to them.”

So they watched a smiling Eulalia, with the senior Civil Servant freezing the last frame so that her smiling face looked slightly down upon them from its brightness nearby.

“Any comments?” he asked.

“I assume,” said the youngest of the men, casually dressed in contrast to the other somewhat older man, “you have no idea who she is?”

“Correct. We have not been able to trace the source of that transmission either, as a chain of proxy servers and zombie computers was used, some of which - after the transmission had been forwarded - had their hard drives automatically erased.”

“Clever,” the young man said, impressed - especially by Eulalia’s beauty.

“Operatives. Houses of Parliament,” the woman - young, pretty of face and modestly dressed - said, “Are we then to presume security there, and similar places, has been compromised?”

“Certainly,” the senior Civil Servant replied, “we are considering that possibility as a matter of priority.”

“But,” interjected the hitherto silent Patterson, who, as a serving soldier of fifteen years service, recently seconded to the Ministry of Defence, had been given operational control over the unit, and whose objections to the two civilians, specialists in their own areas, being at this briefing, had been over-ruled, “until we know exactly what it is we are dealing with, such a breach cannot really be sealed, surely.”

“Correct,” and the senior Civil Servant sighed. “Which is your remit. A small specialist unit has been assembled, to assist you and we have prepared a cover-story for them, although it is quite possible you may need to update them on a strictly need to know basis.”

“And we are to consider all possibilities,” the younger man asked, “however strange, weird or unlikely?”

“Yes. You will report directly to me at least twice-daily or immediately if you have anything significant to report.”

“I would suggest,” the woman said, “we begin with an examination of whatever corpses have so far been found.”

The senior Civil Servant shrugged his shoulders. “Those conducting the detailed autopsies - as indicated in one of the documents you have - concluded they cannot explain how all the blood and all other bodily fluids have been removed and how the internal organs and indeed the flesh

itself has degraded in the manner it has in the short time it occurred. No incisions; no puncture marks.”

“Even so,” she persisted, “it would be worth checking, again.”

“Of course.”

“Any pattern to the killings?” she asked.

“Of those related to the corpses we have so far found, none that can be determined. Analysis by place, age, gender, occupation, ethnicity and other categories all proved negative. Of those murders that may possibly be somehow related to the other events, there is again no pattern that can be determined.”

“The explosives used. Traces?” Patterson asked.

“The forensic analysis,” the senior Civil Servant replied, “has proved inconclusive. It is similar, apparently, to PE4 but is more powerful, but is not identical to any known type of C-4, and thus at the moment is classified as of unknown origin and manufacture, although it is possible it has been manufactured here in the UK, given the content and proportions of the plasticizer used.”

“No real clues, then. Quite an opponent,” the younger man said, and smiled as he looked again at the bright image of the beautiful Eulalia who seemed to be somehow taunting them all.

^^^

It was a week - and over a dozen deaths and one more destructive explosion later - before the government team made any significant progress. Several corpses, drained in the usual way, had been found in a small enclosed residential Courtyard of new apartments by the river in the city of York, and sightings there of a large shambling figure had led the local Police, many of whom were armed, to cordon off the area.

It was past twilight and almost dark when Patterson and the two civilians of his unit arrived to spew forth from helicopters, replete with their heavily-armed escort of Special Forces troops, two of whom were carrying modified tazer guns.

“We want it - whatever it is - alive,” Patterson said to them.

But, even as the troops deployed on that narrow tree-lined riverside road near Skeldergate, there was a shout as a large shambling figure ran toward them. It - he, she, they - leapt upon one trooper to drain him dry by only one touch and then another before one tazer and then another stunned and felled it. There was a cage, then, injections, a screen of heavily armed troopers and Police, and a short journey to where a waiting helicopter had landed, away from a gathering curious crowd. A few hours later, they had returned to their guarded secure sanctuary in the basements of a large London building, and it was there - in a specially prepared sealed laboratory - that they began their work, surrounded by their minions.

“Not what I expected,” the young Cheddon said to Patterson, as he watched, behind a thick clear protecting screen, a now white-coated Beldan begin her clinical examinations.

“We’ll soon know,” Patterson replied.

“He just looks - well - human.”

Several hours later, they had some of their answers, and the three were joined, in their conclave in a soundproofed room adjoining the laboratory, by their senior Civil Servant.

“Human, but with a slightly altered physiology...” Beldan said.

“So,” interjected Patterson, “how was it able to kill in the manner we’ve seen?”

“How is it able to kill in that way and so quickly?” Beldan said, correcting his use of the past tense.

“Currently, unknown,” Beldan unhelpfully replied.

Cheddon cast a somewhat nervous glance, through the bullet-proof glass, to where the captured naked specimen lay, drugged and securely restrained by titanium bands anchoring its arms, legs, and neck, to the clinical operating table.

“But the good news,” Beldan continued, “is that we have been able, from a fingerprint analysis, to identify the individual.”

“Or who,” Cheddon added, “the person was before something happened, to change it.”

“Quite so,” smiled Beldan. “The DNA analysis is on-going but will not, even given our resources, be complete for at least another forty-eight hours.”

“Can it talk?” Patterson asked.

“There does not appear to be any physiological or anatomical reason why he cannot,” Beldan said.

“Good. Then we’ll wake it and question it.”

“That may not be advisable,” Beldan replied.

“Advisable or not, it is what I propose we do. You have the fingerprint analysis?”

“Yes,” and she gave him the print-out which he immediately handed to the senior Civil Servant, saying, “Usual channels. Current address. To be searched ASAP. Known associates, family, anyone connected - traced, and interviewed.”

“Indeed,” the senior Civil Servant replied and left to attend to his urgent duties.

^^^

Patterson had it surrounded. Three Special Forces troopers, armed with stun guns, were positioned equidistantly in certain and definite closeness of range, as were nine other troopers armed with handguns and other firearms who had orders to kill if by some chance “the creature” - as Patterson called it - managed to escape the restraints and the stun guns failed to then immobilize it.

The heavy tranquilizers used to sedate it were wearing off, and Patterson stood nearby, a Sig Sauer pistol in his hand and ready.

“Can you hear us?” Beldan asked the awakening man.

“What’s happened?” he said, showing signs of obvious distress at being restrained and surrounded by armed soldiers.

“Do you know who you are and why you are here?” Beldan asked, as she monitored his condition, displayed by several screens nearby.

“No.” He seemed to think for a long while, then said, “The last thing I remember is going out, meeting someone, walking to the Pub.” He looked around at his clinical surroundings. “Where is this? Am I in hospital?”

“Whom did you meet?” Patterson interjected.

“A young woman.” He tried to smile, but the pain of his trauma showed in his face.

“Someone you knew?” Patterson continued.

“Not exactly, I’d only met her, casual like, the night before.”

“Can you describe her?”

“Young. Very pretty. Green eyes. Long dark hair...”

Suddenly, Cheddon had an idea, and left, to return, only moments later, with a photograph. “Is that her?”

“Yep, that’s her alright.”

Cheddon, Patterson, and Beldan, all looked at one another, and it was Patterson who said, “Was she local? From York?”

“That’s what she said. She had a place on Queen’s Staith, the hotel.”

“Wasn’t that,” Patterson asked Cheddon, “one of the locations you came up with as a possible source of one of the last transmitted warnings?”

“Yes.”

“Take over,” Patterson suddenly said to Beldan. “He’s to remain here under guard, as now. Any developments, let me know.” Then, to Cheddon, he said, “You’re with me.”

Thus did they with Patterson barking orders to uniformed minions leave and swiftly that guarded secure sanctuary in the basements of a London building to wait, not long, on its roof for a helicopter to take them back in the breaking Dawn to the city of York where, by the hour of their arrival, the whole mentioned building and surrounded area had been cordoned off. Even the



usually busy Ouse bridge had been closed to traffic, with streets around deserted except for armed Police and soldiers.

“You don’t really believe,” Cheddon said to him as they positioned themselves on the cobbles between the Queen’s Hotel and the river, surrounded by their Special Forces protection squad, “that she’s still there, do you?”

“Probably not. But someone answering her description has been staying at the hotel for over a month, occupying three rooms on the same floor.”

“I don’t suppose you have a name?”

“Yes, Miss Eulalia...” and even as he said that name, the object of their search came out to calmly stand on a small balcony just above them and to their left and less than ten yards away, where she smiled and waved toward them.

“Hello, boys. Looking for me?” she said as well over a dozen guns were immediately aimed toward her.

^^^

### **Part Three**

“Isn’t it customary”, Eulalia said, as the two men below stood just staring up at her, “to give me some sort of warning? Armed Police, and all that kind of thing? And - we have you surrounded, throw down your weapons and come out with your hands up?”

“You are surrounded,” a still rather surprised Patterson finally managed to say.

“As you can see, I have no weapons,” she replied, bewitchingly smiling and holding out her hands.

Patterson was about to issue a command when three women, all dressed in black, young and dark of hair as their Mistress, came onto the only other balcony there, next to hers. They were carrying weapons, and, without warning, opened fire on the troopers, to leave - as a firefight began - Patterson and Cheddon just standing there, looking up, as if hypnotized, toward the beautiful, still smiling, Eulalia.

Soon, nine troopers lay dead, or dying, and - as the three women still stood on their balcony firing their weapons and apparently unharmed - it began to occur to the soldiers, the Police, and both Patterson and Cheddon, that there was something, or many things, not quite right about the situation. There was the fact of the glass behind the women which had been shattered and the fact of the walls all around and above and below them which showed severe damage from bullets, several of which bullets had rebounded, and were rebounding, from those walls. There was the fact of the weapons the women had, which although seeming to resemble conventional handguns of the semi-automatic pistol type, seemed not to require re-loading and be able to penetrate the body-armour of the forward troops as perhaps only an armour piercing rifle-fired bullet might, just might, sometimes do. There was the fact that not one bullet had struck or even been fired towards Eulalia; and the fact that the women did not seem to be targeting - to be deliberately avoiding - both Patterson and Cheddon.

As the strange reality of the situation began to seep into the consciousness of Patterson, he drew his own Sig Sauer pistol and aimed it at Eulalia even as the firing in front of him continued. She lifted her hand, then, and the firing - on both sides - immediately stopped as if in obedience to some unseen unheard command. But Patterson was a soldier, as both his father and grandfather had been, and while his trigger pull was purely instinctive, it has no effect whatever. There was no discharge; not even a movement of the hammer of his fully-functional gun, and Eulalia calmly smiled at him, and waved.

“Well, that was fun, wasn’t it,” she said to him. “To part is such sweet sorrow, as someone once said. And isn’t the music of Johann Strauss, the younger, just adorable ? But, to business. This - ” and she gestured to where soldiers lay dead, injured or dying - “is just another little demonstration of ours, of how truly powerless you and your kind now are. Well, much as I would love to stay and chat - “

And then, she and her ladies were gone, immediately instantly gone, even as her last words echoed in ears; gone, to leave only a silence amid that particular silent part of that teeming living city; gone: to leave many unasked perhaps unanswerable questions unasked.

A brief, but not quite immediate, search failed to find them, as did the later more detailed, through, intense, ones fail to find them. Even the rooms Eulalia had rented were untouched, unused, and no one - from the enclosing cordon of Police and soldiers - had seen anyone leave. It was as if, impossibly, the women had never been there, and Patterson was still pacing the blood-soaked, bullet and cartridge riddled cobbles outside the hotel when he received a call from Beldan.

“He’s dead,” her strained voice said.

“When?”

“A few moments ago. He just died - no reason I could see.”

“Did he say anything else after we left?”

“No. Only - “

“Yes?”

” - only the words To part is such sweet sorrow. He said them, smiled, and then just died. Is what he said of any significance?”

“Perhaps. You will do a full autopsy, I assume.”

“Naturally. I should have some preliminary findings by the time you return.”

“Excellent.” The call over, he turned to Cheddon, who was walking beside him. “You heard?”

“Yes. Ambushed, then, by the beautiful... - what was her name?”

“Eulalia.”

“- by the sorceress Eulalia.”

Thus did they, both still perplexed and almost exhausted, walk together silently with what remained of their squad to where their helicopter waited to take them back to their guarded, but possibly no longer secure, sanctuary in the basements of some large London building, as, not that far away, and unobserved by them, Eulalia was watching, waiting and ready to unleash more dark terrors out into both their day and their night, for there was much that she wanted to do, with the Dark Entities she had brought forth to Earth, and with the progeny she and others had bred forth from them.

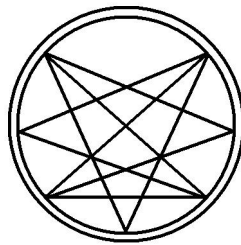
^^^

Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles  
119 Year of Feyen

---

### **The Moon's Tidal Moving**

*(Note: This is part IV of "Herewith, The Darkness")*



Their lair, conveniently, was underneath some river, some harbour or some wide deep lake from whence they would, at night, sally forth as such primal Dark Entities sallied forth, among humans, to find food for themselves and new hosts for those Dark Daughters who watched over, cared, for them, and there seemed little to distinguish them from humans as they lurked in the dark shadowed places of cities and towns, waiting.

Perhaps they did appear, to the observant, as somewhat pale of skin, as if no sunlight had ever touched its whiteness, just as - certainly - they were tall, if slim, by human standards with hair long blonde and flowing, and noses fine, narrow, as if cut skilfully from the whitest of white marble. As for their eyes, their azure brightness only changed when, replete after their feeding, the colour became the lightest of light purple until, their digestion of human essence complete, it resumed its former sea-like hue. But it was their hands which, perhaps, gave the one and only direct clue - until, that is, those hands latched onto their human prey so easily easily disabled with a touch, only one touch, to be dragged then still living down through water to that damp foetid and communal lair. For their hands were thin, bony, with fingers long for their type, of all an equal size, and with thumbs as long as those fingers.

No one ever heard them behind or near them, as no one ever heard them speak, and it was this - combined with their ability to blend, shapeshiftingly, to whatever was around - that made them, on Earth, such successful hunters of humans among the dark shadows of that urban night which humans in their arrogance assumed they owned.

Thus did the dried wasted now useless corpses come to line the tunnels and chambers of their lairs, and thus did some chambers there contain humans, captive, unseeing, but strangely sighing while the strands of the strange living tissue that bound them, encased them and held them tight to the ceilings, let them live, just a little if enough, until some Dark Daughter, visiting, would choose one as some new in-dwelling host for the life, the acausal life, she carried captured in a crystal. There would be rewards, then, for those hunters: a joyous celebration celebrated as such primal Dark Entities celebrated, feasting on humans and copulating among themselves as they copulated among themselves until repletion calmed and slept them and kept them still until the Moon's tidal moving woke them.

Eulalia knew all this, and it pleased her, as she knew they were breeding as they bred, there in their lairs. Now, it was time for Ffion, her fledgling to fledge - to have his reward - and so she walked soundlessly, as one of Baphomet's Dark Daughters might, to where he that night, as others in her house, lay asleep in the arms of his lover.

A naked Idella smiled as Eulalia her beautiful youthful Mistress of Earth entered that large subtly-lit room of the high-ceiling to sit beside her on the bed while Ffion slept that sleep that often arises from sexual satiation. For Idella knew what Eulalia had planned, and the two women kissed the kiss of lovers until, awakened, Ffion fumbled on the small antique table by his side of the bed for his spectacles.

"Are you ready for your reward," Eulalia asked him while she caressed the breasts of her lover.

"Well, yeah," a rather surprised Ffion said, assuming many things.

"No, not that," Eulalia said, intruding upon his fantasy. "There is a gift, a precious gift, which we - which Idella - can given you, if you are willing and ready."

"It is the gift, " Idella said, as she touched his forehead, "of a greatly extended life. Of a thousand years, two thousand, maybe more."

"For you know now who we really are, don't you?" Eulalia directly asked him.

"Yes. Yes, I do," Ffion said, and began to tremble, just a little.

"Then, " Eulalia continued, "are you willingly and ready to so receive our gift?"

"Yes."

"You will need a new name, among us," Eulalia said.

"But I like my name," Ffion somewhat lamely protested.

"I know you do, now, and the reasons why," replied Eulalia who - to his surprise and pleasure - kissed him, as a lover might, directly and for some moments on his lips, to then touch her tongue to his. "There, you see," she said, smilingly turning toward Idella and uncovering Ffion's erection, "he is ready for you, again."

"He whose mothers-given name caused others, in youth, to mock - " Idella said, giving voice to unvoiced thoughts.

" - until inner resolve claimed him, " Eulalia continued as an echo.

"Was mich nicht umbringt, macht mich stärker," continued Idella, vocalising again what a still silent Ffion then thought.

"Thus is he deemed ready," Eulalia said. Then, to Ffion, "And so, as the darkness of this night seeps away as red-fingered Dawn spreads her luteous light, shall you become as one of us, bound during your causal life here on Earth, to dream where we dwell and dwell where we have dreamt; to live long, healthy, strong, and to prosper as you will."

She kissed him again then - but as sister might kiss a brother - to leave him to the ministrations of that Earth-dwelling human-bodied Dark Daughter who voraciously leapt upon him as he lay, supine in her bed, to become for him in those moments of that forceful sexual joining everything he had ever dreamt or desired. He surrendered, then, willingly, as she - her acausal inner essence, her dark formless un-human being - seeped into his body, his blood, the organ that was his brain, re-ordering him as he in his ecstasy physically spasmed beneath her to leave his body relaxed as their grew then within that human body of his a changing, a slightly changed, physiology and a new small organ whose tendrils, only half of which were causal, grew slowly, imperceptibly, out from their almost imperceptible home beneath his cerebellum.

^^^

It was less a than a week since Patterson and Cheddon had stood on that cobbled street in York to watch Eulalia's carefully choreographed drama unfold, but it seemed as if that day, those memories of it, belonged to some distant unsettling past that neither of them should desire to dwell upon. And yet their very human desire to not forget - as their knowing of the immediacy and importance of Earthly-causal Time - made them dwell, almost to the point of obsession, upon that day, especially as, at night, no sleep came to either of them, accept in those fleeting if seemingly long times of those dreams, those strange dreams, never spoken about, where a naked Eulalia came unto them as they lay in their bed to kiss them to arouse them to suck their life, their very human essence, away, to leave them not only as a corpse paler and gaunter than they would have been even if all the blood and plasma within had been somehow drained away, but as a corpse that was somehow still mysteriously half-alive.

Thus did they - tired, almost exhausted - sit, with Beldan, in the airless, windowless inner room of a government department in Whitehall, waiting again for that senior Civil Servant who had been with them, every day, since those carefully choreographed events. And when he did arrive sporting his colourful silk tie-of-the-day and the regulation dark suit - it was pure force of strong will that roused Patterson from his almost stupor.

"We have one possibly significant line of enquiry," Patterson said to him, without preamble.

"Oh yes?"

"Yes. Cheddon here, as you know, has been liaising with GCHQ and has been analyzing some anomalies."

"Well, we could all do with some good news, especially after yesterday's explosion and our inability to find let alone track this Eulalia character. Or whatever she calls herself."

Inwardly, Patterson smiled, for the "your Unit" and "your inability..." of previous days, had become, in the past two days, "our Unit", our team, and "our inability..."

"It appears," Cheddon said, "that some very unusual transmissions have been detected. Unusual because of the frequency used, because of their content, their power, and, maybe most interesting of all, because they're being beamed into a fixed point in Space, beyond Earth."

"And," Patterson added, "we're working here on the assumption that these transmissions may be connected to recent events."

"Why?" the senior Civil Servant asked.

"Basically," Cheddon replied, "because they're unexplained and at the moment inexplicable and because they do support our working assumption about those recent events."

"The extra-terrestrial entities idea," the senior Civil Servant said, somewhat stuffily.

"Aliens," interjected Beldan.

"Personally, I prefer to call them ETE's," Cheddon said.

"And so do I," added Patterson. "Given the nature of the events in York, it seems a reasonable working assumption."

"You have obtained a fix on the origin of these transmissions?" the senior Civil Servant asked.

"Not yet. But, " replied Cheddon, "I've narrowed it down to a smallish area by the Thames, here in London. We've used what tracking facilities are available - ground-based and satellite - and the messages don't appear to be directed at anything we can detect. Perhaps the Americans might help out, here?"

"Not possible, currently," the senior Civil Servant replied. "Orders from the PM. Keep this among ourselves. That sort of thing."

"Anyway," Patterson said, "even if those Septic Tanks agreed they wouldn't on past form share all their info."

The senior Civil Servant pretended not to hear the remark. "Your plan? Should you track down the source?"

"Surround. Contain. Detain."

"Unless," quipped the young Cheddon, "they get beamed-up to the mother-ship!"

Turning to Beldan, the senior Civil Servant asked, "Any progress on the corpse residue?"

"None," she replied. "Another unexplained anomaly. Why that individual - "

"Creature," interrupted Patterson.

"Quite why the corpse of that individual," Beldan continued, "just disintegrated into dust, less than an hour following death, is a medical mystery, for the moment. Nothing like it has been reported with any of the other corpses so far recovered."

"Perhaps," Cheddon unhelpfully suggested, "they don't like being restrained."

Everyone ignored him, again.

"No more reports, today?" Beldan asked the senior Civil Servant.

"No. That makes four days, this week, with no new corpses, found. Although - " he began, then paused

"Yes?" Beldan enquired.

"Although there has been a quite substantial increase in the number of missing persons reported."

"Maybe, " said Cheddon, "they are being taken alive for some sinister alien purpose."

None of them saw Beldan briefly smile, for both Cheddon and Patterson were momentarily reclaimed by such a wistful remembering of their dream wherein a naked Eulalia came upon them as they lay in their bed to kiss them to arouse them to suck their life, their very human essence, away within her, while the senior Civil Servant stood to thoughtfully, professionally, consider what he would say in his morning meeting with his nation's worried Prime Minister.

Thus it was that the trio departed from that windowless room of the low ceiling to a waiting car which, escorted by armed guards, conveyed them back to their sanctuary in the basements of some large city building where they each returned to their tasks as red-fingered Dawn spread her luteous light over that city whose humans walked, slept, sat, lay, awoke, or travelled, unaware of what the coming night would bring.

^^^

With the setting of that Sun which had warmed the air and the people that cloudless Autumn day in the south of England, there arose a great stirring among the denizens of those foetid underwater lairs where had rested those hunters of humans.

Thus, attuned to the Dark Daughters who watched over, cared, for them, they sallied forth not alone as hitherto but in feral packs always keeping to the shadows which they enhanced or caused by disabling or destroying those lights which lit the streets and roads of those cities and towns and places especially chosen by Eulalia that night. And thus it was there in those chosen places as if some dark but purifying contagion had begun to spreadingly seep forth from riverside, harbour or lake as whole areas become subsumed by a silent shadow bringing such fear trembling and dread to humans and wherein humans stupefied into silence were garnished, plucked from their lives, and where - having served their purpose of food - they were discarded dead to leave only corpses, only dried corpses, paler and gaunter than they would have been even if all the blood and plasma within them had been somehow sucked away.

Eulalia was there, high above one such shadowing darkness: watching from where a large Penthouse balcony gave both fine Thames river and city of London views. Venora - she of the red-hair and the fullsome body - was there, with Idella, and Ffion the newly-blooded whose hands

and arms - whose still changing body - still ached from the effort his first three human-feedings had caused him. Thus did they, with others of their non-human and half-human kind, so gladly, gleefully, watch as that uneven patch of dark spread silently un-humanly forth from below them.

And when after long hours of terror it was over, the dark contagion slowly ebbed to flow back unobserved to be back under water where replete from their feeding a calmness came to calm, soothe, reward, protect and sleep them until those Dark Daughters might certainly need them, again, to cleanse some other small places on Earth. Then only then - when sleep became them - in areas claimed, sanctioned, purified in presencing darkness, were sound and speech restored to humans who there remained alive: there where corpses lay scattered singly or had been haphazardly heaped into piles.

There was nothing no one - no human, no authority - could do, except collect the corpses, restore the lights, and try to ease if only in some small way the shock, the terror, and the awe. Soon, the Media - television, radio programmes, newspapers - would be awash and bleating with reports, as almost as soon the government of that land, and its minions, would be spinning yarns of its own: "According to a statement just issued by the Prime Minister, there is no need to panic as the government has the situation under control. At a special news conference, a spokesperson for the Ministry of Justice announced that seventeen people - suspected terrorists - had been arrested for their part in this nationwide terrorist outrage where a deadly virus, released in some thirteen cities and towns across England, is reported to have caused many thousands of fatalities..."

But slowly, creepingly slowly, stealthily, from one human being to another, another more terrifying story would be told, as Eulalia the Dark Sorceress had intended, as - not that many miles from her temporary luxurious riverside lair - a senior Civil Servant stood with his trio of new friends in that windowless room of the low ceiling.

"According to information we have just received from MI6," he said to Patterson, "there have now been a few reported cases of similar corpses found in the United States, and a few in other countries, such as Egypt."

"On the scale we've seen tonight?" Beldan asked.

"No, not at all. Thankfully not. Our information indicates around only two dozen or so, at most, in the United States."

"Everything is ready," Patterson said.

"You have the location?" the senior Civil Servant asked him.

"By the time we arrive the area will be secured. We have the authority to proceed?"

"Yes. But only on the understanding that it is a last resort. We want them alive."

"That may not be possible. Casualties will be kept to a minimum," Patterson lied. Ponti's - People Of No Tactical Importance - were expendable, and if he had to take out the whole Apartment building, he would.

^^^

It all went according to Patterson's careful, meticulous military plan, so that by the time he and his



Unit - with the senior Civil Servant in tow - arrived, the new, fashionable, medium-rise, riverside Apartment building had been swiftly and stealthily surrounded. Overhead, but not too close, RAF fighter jets circled, missiles armed, target acquired, while - nearby - heavy re-enforcements waited as, in distant radar and satellite centres, operators intently listened and watched, ready for any transmission, received or sent, and primed to relay just one word were any such thing detected. One word, to Patterson who without hesitation would order his pre-emptive strike.

Thus did those Special Forces troops silently enter the building. But there were no women, armed or otherwise, who appeared, anywhere, to oppose them as those well-trained troops skilfully threaded their way upwards from floor to floor. Indeed, they encountered nothing suspicious or deadly at all and by the time Patterson and his trio had joined them they had secured all but the uppermost floor, a suite of rooms for just the one prestigious Apartment, furnished in the minimalist manner.

It was not bravado that led Patterson, Sig Sauer pistol in his hand, to be first through the stairwell door, as it was not any sense of the heroic that made him be the first to try, and to open, that Apartment door. Rather, it was a strange mixture of both a soldier's duty and a man's desire. But his inner dichotomy was never put to the test, for the place - the whole place - was silent, still, and empty. Only a vague, subtle if somewhat intoxicating exotic scent remained, and he was standing by the large glass doors that gave access to the balcony overlooking the river Thames - while troopers unnecessarily and loudly secured the other rooms - when he remembered where he had smelt, felt, that scent before. It was Eulalia, who naked came upon him in his nightful fitful dreams where he lay in his bed and she kissed him to arouse him to suck his life, his very human essence, away, to leave him not only as a corpse paler and gaunter than he would have been even if all the blood and plasma within had been somehow drained away, but as a corpse that was somehow still mysteriously and longingly half-alive. And he was standing there, immersed in his amalgam of feelings, when Eulalia's message began to play on the large modern television screen attached to one wall.

"Hello again you sexy boy! You are getting closer - but not quite close enough, just yet," and the beautiful Eulalia mockingly but enchantingly smiled. "As a helpful human colleague of ours once so perceptively wrote, and do excuse my few liberties with the text. My version is so much better, wouldn't you agree? Anyway, as you are standing comfortably then I will begin:

"It is of fundamental importance - to your human evolution - that what is Dark, and Sinister, is made real in a practical way, over and over again. That is, that what is dangerous, awesome, numinous, tragic, deadly, terrible, terrifying and beyond the power of ordinary mortals, laws and especially governments to control is made manifest. In effect, humans need constantly reminding that such things still exist; they need constantly to be brought "face-to-face", and touched, with what is, or appears to be, inexplicable, uncontrollable, powerful and "evil". They need reminding of their own mortality - of the unforeseen, inexplicable "powers of Fate", of the powerful forces of both "Nature" and of Darkness. If this means killing, wars, suffering, sacrifice, terror, disease, tragedy and disruption, then such things must be...

"Do you begin to comprehend, now, what this beginning of ours is partly about? I do so hope so. Your planet is also in need of a little - how shall I say? - house-cleaning. But enough of all this sober governmental-type guff. You've have long hard day, haven't you, sweetie? So relax. Enjoy. Have a party. I do so wish I could stay, and personally entertain you, but I'm sure you'll forgive me. Pressing matters to attend to. I know, how awfully boring. But I will make it up to you, promise. And it will be worth the wait, as I'm sure you are by now beginning to know. Anyway, sweetie, bye-bye for now!" And she blew him a kiss, and then waved at everyone before her

image was replaced by scenes of woman remarkably similar to her making passionate love to man remarkably similar to him, accompanied by music: a waltz by Johann Strauss, The Younger.

Calmly, Patterson fired three rounds from his pistol at the screen, thereby destroying it. But he could not quite escape the feeling that Eulalia, from somewhere and somehow, was watching him, and benignly smiling.

^^^

Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles  
119 Year of Fayen

---

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ



---

## THE ADVENTURES OF HASSAN AND JORG

---

The Adventures of Hassan and Jorg are a series of short adventure stories, set in the future.

Hassan, is a young man who was born in the city of New Aswan on the rather desolate planet Lam, a colony established over a century before his birth when many people fled the turmoil and persecutions which followed the Great Revolution on Earth. The revolutionists sought to violently overthrow what had become a military dictatorship in all but name, and the initial military retaliation was severe.

Jorg is one of the many rogue traders - or Space Pirates as they call themselves - whose base is one of the planets of the Eridani system, not many parsecs from the planet Lam. These traders have little or no respect for Earth Government, or government in general, and although their main occupation is stellar trade, they have been known to work together to capture, and hold for ransom, starships and their crew, just as some of them have been known to acquire certain things by dubious means.

The Earth uprising failed to achieve most of its aims, but did lead, after several years of bloodshed and turmoil, to a long period of civilian rule which brought stability and prosperity to most of the citizens of Earth. During this period, the colony on Lam concentrated on building trading links with nearby colonies and star-systems, and on developing new technology, particularly that related to Space travel.

The Earth Government slowly ventured back into Space, establishing military outposts and regaining control of several nearby colonies which had declared their independence from Earth control. Growing more confident, and eager to maintain its new prosperity, the Earth Government began a policy of imperial expansion, driven by the renewed power and influence of the military many of whose idealistic young Officers dreamed of an Empire centered on Earth and who took as their model the ancient Earth Empire of Rome. The President of the Earth Government was concerned about growing divisions on Earth itself, and within the military, and believed that by encouraging expansion, and spreading the idea of a new Earth Empire, he could unite its people.

At the same time, the President and his military advisors were becoming increasingly occupied with the growing influence of Lam, and particularly about the new synchron star-drive which Lam had invented which Earth believed would give Lam an overwhelming military superiority. With Presidential elections near, and with his personal popularity decreasing, the President decided it would be an opportune time to plan and then launch an invasion of Lam and so gain control of Lam's new Space technology. As part of this plan, Martial Law was declared in the territories around the city of Aswan on Earth, for the peoples in these territories follow the culture, religion and customs of the colonists on Lam. Many of those who founded the colony on Lam were from this area of Earth.

The first adventure takes place while Earth is preparing to invade Lam.

The first adventure in the series is called Aswan.

A Glossary of terms important for an understanding of the culture of Lam and the Earth society of the time is given below.

#### The First Adventure of Hassan:

Aswan

Invasion

Capture

Return to Lam



The Second Adventure of Hassan:  
Earth Attack

---

Glossary

*Last Update: 26 Shawaal 1423 (December 31)*

---

"And over you are Watchers - Kiraman, Katibin - who know all that you do." (82:10-12)

Hassan and Jorg

---

## Hassan and Jorg

### Part One:

#### Aswan

1

Hassan decided he quite liked the quietness of Space-travel. All he could hear was the gentle humming of the Stardrive engine. He was the Pilot - and sole crew member - of the Cargo Shuttle Belial 5 and had settled into the routine well. So well, that although he was only twenty years of age and on only his third solo trading journey, he already felt like a Space veteran.

Dressed in the loose flowing garments that all the male inhabitants of Lam 3 wore, he stroked his full black beard with his right hand - a habit he had acquired from his scholarly father - and contemplated the infinity of space. But his quiet was broken by an audible alarm:

"Warning. Hostile ships on intercept. Weapons lock detected. Warning. Hostile ships on intercept. Weapons lock detected."

The Shuttle's sensor array showed three ships, closing fast. Already the Shuttle computer had begun to send, and repeat, the automatic greeting to approaching ships:

"This is Cargo Shuttle Belial 5 on route from Lam 3 to Eridani 2. Please acknowledge."

There was no response. Hassan moved to the control console to raise the defensive shields but the computer beat him - the 'Shields Active' display glowed red as his hand reached it.

The hostile ships closed faster than he expected, and began an attack run. They fired, one after the other. Hassan switched to manual control, executed several evasive manoeuvres, and returned their fire. But his slow Shuttle, single StarCanon, and low-powered shields were no match for the

ships. There were jolts as the shuttle sustained several hits, and his control console flickered briefly.

"Warning," the computer announced, somewhat unnecessarily Hassan thought, "Navigation, propulsion and weapons systems damaged. Incident report sent to Aswan Cargo Port on Lam 3."

There was nothing he could do except send a personal message to the attacking ships who were now so close he could see them against the background of stars. They were larger than he thought, but he could make out no markings or insignia.

"This is Hassan Zahr aboard Cargo Shuttle Belial 5. I am on a trading mission to Eridani 2 ....."

He got no further. One of the attacking vessels had quickly swopped over the Shuttle, and extended an enclosed gantry which suckered itself to the Shuttle's hull. The blast knocked Hassan over and, still dazed, he had no time to defend himself, as two heavily armed troopers with SpaceVizors covering their faces entered the Shuttle through the blast opening and dragged him back with them to their ship.

He was thrown into a dark and stuffy holding cell, and it took him a few moments to realize there was someone else in the cell with him.

"Hello?" he called out.

There was no reply, and no light at all for him to see by. So he sat where he was, leant up against the cold metallized material of the wall. After what seemed only few moments the sliding cell door opened, very fast, letting in a blinding light. Two troopers, dressed in grey military uniforms with SpaceVizors shielding their faces, dragged him to his feet.

He was taken to a small brightly lit cabin where two men, also in grey military uniforms, sat behind a console. Apart from the console, the cabin was bare.

"And you are?" one of the men asked him as he was made to stand between his two guards.

"Hassan Zahr, trader. On route to Eridani 2."

The two men stared at him. He judged the elder one to be in the middle years of his life, with the other one perhaps a decade younger. Clean-shaven, with their hair closely cropped in a military manner, both Officers showed no emotion.

"And you are from the planet Lam?" The younger of the two officers said.

"Yes. May I ask why you attacked my ship and - "

The Officer ignored the question. "Why were you carrying a shipment of weapons?"

"My cargo bays were empty," Hassan replied. "I was on route to collect - "

"I ask you again - why were you carrying the shipment of weapons we found aboard your vessel?"

"And I repeat my answer - my cargo bays were empty."

His questioner smiled, and it was not a kind smile. "Your word against ours."

"Have you no honour?"

This clearly annoyed the Officer, who repeated his question.

"I ask you once again - why were you carrying the shipment of weapons we found aboard your vessel?"

"You have no right to hold me here," Hassan said.

"We are the law here."

"And you are?"

"Shall we just say - " and the Officer smiled that smile again, "your enemy. Or your friend, if you help us. We are very generous to our friends, and very harsh with our enemies. Now - about the smuggling of these weapons. A very serious crime - punishable by many years penal servitude, if I am not mistaken. Of course, we can forget about the smuggling - turn a blind eye as the saying goes - if you agree to assist us. We have had you under surveillance for some time - since your last visit to Eridani.

"So you see, we know quite a lot about you and know you can assist us. You are a trader, and so am I. I buy and sell information. It is a seller's market at the moment, so whatever price you want, I shall consider it."

"I am an honest trader who trades only goods. Practical goods that you can see and touch. So I cannot help you."

"We shall see. I give you some time to reflect. And remember - there could be serious charges brought against you, and there is no law here but ours."

"You are wrong - there is the law of Allah and the law of honour."

Annoyed again, the Officer gestured to the guards. "Take him away!"

Back in the dark holding cell, Hassan was surprised when a voice said: "They will be back for you soon."

Suddenly, there was light. Hassan could see his fellow captive, who held a tiny sphere in the palm of his right hand which radiated a dim light in all directions. The man was young - perhaps the same age as Hassan himself - and dressed as Hassan had seen some rogue Earth traders dress on his last visit to Eridani 2: he wore a colourful bandana on his head, brown trousers, a brown collarless top and old Earth-style combat boots

"And you must be from Lam - judging by your clothes and beard. I'm Jorg Nansen. Space Pirate," the man said proudly.

"Hassan Zahr. Do you know whose those people are?"

"Some sort of elite unit. Out from Earth. Took me yesterday." He touched the left side of his face, which was badly bruised. "I've been hearing a lot of talk recently about a unit called EarthForce. Guess it's them."

"It is. And I don't plan to stay here," Hassan said. "How about you?"

"Me?"

"Yes, you. I could use your help."

"What for?" Jorg asked.

"Escape."

"There is no escape from here."

"I shall try."

"Any weapons on you?"

"No."

"Any plan?"

"Not yet," Hassan said.

"What have you got, then?"

"Faith. InshaAllah."

Jorg started to laugh, then thought better of it.

"What happened to your ship?" Hassan asked him.

"Same as yours, I guess. Shot up, boarded, then cast adrift."

"How many crew on this ship?"

"Regular intercept class like this - about seven or so. I guess."

"Could you pilot it?"

"Easy! You're not planning what I think you're planning, are you?"

"Probably." Hassan smiled. "We shall go when they come back."

"Just like that?"

"Yes, InshaAllah. You can handle weapons, I assume."

"Any type; any make."

"Then - we must wait," Hassan said, and sat down on the floor facing the only entrance, and the only exit.

Jorg started to say something but Hassan interrupted. "We must wait in silence, and in darkness."

So they waited in the darkness of their cell, hearing only the faint humming of the ventilation system. It was a long wait - or seemed a long wait to Hassan - and he was about to stretch and exercise his arms when the door opened. Fast though the door opened, Hassan was faster.

He leapt up in one graceful movement, his right foot connecting with the vizor of the trooper who stood a little way outside, a stun gun in his outstretched hand. The blow knocked the trooper back and against the wall and, stunned, he crumpled to the deck. Hassan had already landed from his flying kick, and turned toward the other trooper who just stood facing him, momentarily immobilized by the surprise and the swiftness of Hassan's attack. Before the trooper could react, Hassan lunged toward him, took hold of him and threw him to the deck, wresting the stungun from his hand as he did so.

"Here!" he said to Jorg, throwing him the gun. Then, taking the stungun from the other trooper, Hassan calmly checked its setting before ushering the dazed troopers into the cell while Jorg relieved them of their other weapons.

"Well," Jorg said, as he closed the cell door, "that's two down, and five or so to go. Which way now?"

"This way," Hassan replied confidently, pointing to his right, although he really had no idea which direction was best.

It was a good choice - from the EarthForce point of view. For they had not gone far when they encountered two more troopers one of whom managed to fire his weapon before Hassan rushed toward him.

The shot missed, and the ensuing fight was soon over - although it was not much of a fight, just one startled trooper after another being knocked over by Hassan's swift and powerful kicks and then relieved of their weapons by Jorg, who now had so many he was finding them difficult to carry until Hassan came to his assistance and took one, a blast rifle with which he prodded the two fallen troopers, gesturing to them to get to their feet.

They did, and Hassan marched them in front of him as he and Jorg cautiously went from deck to deck until they reached the bulkhead door to the Bridge of the small intercept-class starship. Hassan pressed the control panel and, as the door fastly opened, he pushed the two troopers through. The two Officers and one trooper inside had no time to draw their weapons.



The two Officers were the ones who had questioned Hassan . "Please put your weapons down, very slowly," Hassan said politely, pointing the blast rifle at them.

They obeyed, and Hassan and Jorg ushered their captives out and along the narrow confining decks until they reached the holding cell.

"Please accept my apologies, " Hassan said to the elder of the two Officers. "You shall be released as soon as possible. When we arrive at our destination I shall arrange for a transport to take you back to Earth."

Hassan was surprised when the Officer nodded and saluted him, Earth-style, with the closed right hand being placed over the heart in imitation of the ancient Roman custom. The Officer then joined the other captives in the cell.

2

Back on the Bridge, Jorg settled down at the navigator's station. "Eridani, then?" he asked Hassan.

"No. Lam 3. And as fast as this ship can go, InshaAllah."

"Sure thing! They won't take kindly to this."

"Who won't?"

"The EarthForce guys. From what I've heard they're a tough bunch."

"No other life-signs aboard?"

Jorg checked his console. "No. All accounted for - us here, and our friends securely stowed away."

"Weapons and shields are all functional?"

"Far as I can tell. I guess we'll be defending ourselves?" Jorg asked with a huge grin.

"You're enjoying this, aren't you?" It was more of a statement than a question.

"Sure! It's not going to do my reputation any harm - seizing an EarthForce ship!"

Hassan moved to the tactical station where he could watch the sensors for approaching ships and activate the shields and weapons. "How long to Lam 3 at maximum velocity?"

Jorg entered some data into his console. "About five hours. In case you're interested - we've just got a call from Earth on a secure channel."

"Ignore all calls."

"Sure thing. Mind telling me where you learnt all that fancy fighting stuff?"

"I'll introduce you to the person who taught me if you're interested."

"Yep - that sort of stuff could be very useful."

They past the remainder of the long journey mostly in silence, each engaged in their own tasks - Hassan monitoring the sensor array for nearby ships, inbound communications, anything suspicious or potentially dangerous to them; Jorg monitoring his navigation console and the general status of the ship from its Stardrive to its life-support. Only once did they leave the Bridge - at Hassan's insistence and heavily armed - to check on their captives, with Hassan giving them water and food, scavenged from the ship's surprisingly small galley. And only once did they break their communication silence, with Hassan sending a coded message to the Spacedock on Lam 3 stating briefly their estimated arrival and the fact that they had EarthForce guests with them.

The approach to and landing in Lam Spacedock was routine, and Hassan was not surprised when he saw a large party of armed guards waiting by the airlock gantry. But he was surprised to see with them Malik Khattab. Tall, and sturdy, with a black beard even bushier than Hassan's and wearing a black galabiyya, he looked more like some ancient nomadic chieftain from a desert region of Earth than one of the most scholarly, powerful and influential men of the modern space colony of Lam. His black turban added to this impression, and he greeted Hassan as such an ancient chieftain might greet an old friend, as Hassan and Jorg descended from the ship's landing platform, while six heavily armed guards rushed by them to board the ship.

"Welcome to Aswan - or rather, New Aswan," Malik said to Jorg, "You are most welcome here. We are most grateful for your help, Jorg Nansen."

Jorg was so surprised that the man knew his name that he shook hands with Malik in an awkward way. Malik turned to Hassan. "Assalamu Alaikum."

"WaAlaikum Salaam."

"You must refresh yourselves, eat and rest. You will be my guest, of course."

Hassan did not know what to say except "Alhamdulillah. Thank you". Then, remembering his promise to the EarthForce Officer, he was explaining the situation to Malik when the Officer and the other captives were marched down the landing platform, flanked by armed guards.

"I gave him my word," Hassan said to Malik, somewhat concerned.

"Then we must keep it!" Malik replied before approaching the Officer. "As my brother Hassan promised, you will be returned to Earth, if that is what you wish, on the first available transport. I am forgetting my manners!" And he gestured with his hands. "I am Malik Khattab."

The Officer saluted him. "Captain Henry Teal."

"I trust you will understand our precautions," Malik said, inclining his head toward one of the armed guards. "You will be taken to a holding area until a ship is available to return you to Earth."

Unless, of course, you wish to apply for temporary residence in which case you will be allocated accommodation and will be free to wander around and observe our way of life."

"Thank you, sir. Your offer is appreciated. But I am duty bound to return, with my men."

"I understand. Now, you must excuse me."

Malik and Hassan - with Jorg a few paces behind - walked out of the artificial light of the Spaceport into the bright, hot sun of Lam 3 and along the wide, clean but bustling street that connected the Spaceport with the great Founders Monument with its many and high minarets. Jorg found the dry heat oppressive, and he was sweating profusely after only a few minutes. But it did not take them long to reach the Monument and he was glad of the shade as they entered an archway that led to a courtyard where the sound of water fountains could be heard. The dwelling of Malik was simple and to Jorg's delight very cool.

"Please, do sit," Malik said to them, gesturing toward the plinths, strewn with cushions, which protruded from two of the walls and which were the only furnishings, apart from a solitary marble-like table and the one carved rock beside it which served as a chair. Malik excused himself, and went to fetch them some refreshments. He was not away long, returning with a tray containing drinking vessels full of cooled fruit juice and plates of sweet pastries.

For a few minutes, they drank, and ate, in silence - Jorg and Hassan perched on one of the plinths, with Malik seated at the table. Once, Jorg thought he saw a figure, swathed in black, by the arched doorway, and once he thought he faintly heard the sound of girlish laughter.

"So, " Malik said directly to Jorg, "what is it that you intend doing now?"

"Well, try and get back to Eridani."

"You have business there?"

Jorg smiled. "Yes. Just some trading."

"Profitable?"

"Not too bad. Could be better."

"Have you ever been to Earth, trading?"

"Once."

"Would you be interested in going there again? Trading, of course."

"I might be. You probably know of - how shall I say ?- our traders guild on Eridani with our motto: If it can be traded for a profit, we will find it for you and trade it! No questions asked."

"Yes, I am familiar with the Space Pirates, as is everyone in these star-systems."

"Earth, you say?"

"Of course," Malik said, and smiled, "there is a risk, considering recent events."

"But the payment would naturally reflect the circumstances of the journey?"

"Quite so."

"Then we understand each other," Jorg said.

"It would seem so."

"There is one small, very small problem. I hate to mention it, but - "

"You have no ship," Malik said.

"I have no ship."

"Such things can be arranged. There is some urgency about this matter."

"Let me guess. You want me to get there before our friends from EarthForce or whoever they are get back, right?"

"As you said, we understand each other."

"And the cargo? The trading goods? Or shall I guess?"

"Only our friend Hassan - and some small containers."

Hassan, in his surprise, almost fell off his plinth.

"Always assuming," Malik continued, turning to Hassan, "that you are willing to undertake such a journey on behalf of our people."

"Yes," Hassan replied, although he was not quite sure what he was agreeing to.

"Exactly what kind of payment are we talking here?" Jorg asked Malik.

"A ship - as the first part."

"What kind of ship?"

"You should see it for yourself, and then decide, " Malik said. "The arrangement would be a second and final payment when you and Hassan return here. I shall provide all the details you need."

"What kind of final payment and how much?" Jorg asked him.

"Shall we say kursums - and ten thousand?"

"Twenty."

"Fifteen."

"Agreed - depending on the ship, of course."

"Quite so," Malik replied, stood up and shook hands with Jorg. "I shall meet you both at the Spaceport in one hour. Now, if you will excuse me I have some arrangements to make."

"Well, my friend," Jorg said, slapping Hassan on the back, "it seems an interesting adventure is about to begin!"

3

Hassan suggested they spent their hour by going to the Founders Monument, a large building with a gold dome and tall minarets, and Jorg was happy to go along to view what he then regarded as part of Lam's strange and, to him, almost alien culture. But he was surprised by the place - and particularly by the large sign that was affixed to the door. It was in three languages, only one of which Jorg could read. He read: Please leave your weapons here before entering.

He looked beyond the large metallized doors covered in some kind of ornate calligraphy to see a long table underneath which, neatly placed, were several items of footwear. On the table itself lay an assortment of weapons: one stun gun, two deadly neural-net pistols and a small hand-held weapon of a type which Jorg had not seen before. Somewhat amazed by these, Jorg followed Hassan inside and then followed Hassan's example by removing his own footwear. This was not simple, for although Jorg's combat boots were made of an advanced technological material they were done up the very-old fashioned way with laces. For he was fond of being different, and it took him several minutes to remove his boots.

Another door led to a small chamber with washing facilities, while, inside, the vaulted windows of the large, high dome bathed the large open space in a gentle light, revealing six men sitting in a semi-circle, the focus of which was an elderly, green-turbaned man whose white beard moved as he softly spoke to them in a language foreign to Jorg, the white robes of this elder in contrast to the dark modern military uniforms of his listeners.

A scent that Jorg could not quite place pervaded the air, and he - following Hassan's example again - sat down in a corner on the beautifully decorated carpet which covered the whole of the floor. It was peaceful, sitting there in the warm light, listening in the coolness to the gentle beautiful sound of of the elder reciting in some foreign language, and Jorg, unaware of the passing of time, was almost asleep when Hassan gestured that they should go.

"I would like to visit here again," he said as he stood with Hassan by the table of weapons, struggling to lace-up his boots.

Malik was waiting for them at the main entrance to the Spaceport and led them along curiously quiet and empty walkways, past curiously quiet and empty docking bays to a small black ship with no markings.

Jorg recognized the class of ship immediately he saw it. "Stealth raider," he said more to himself than anyone in particular.

"Then you agree?" Malik asked him.

"Sure do! This is worth its weight in kursums! Marvellous - a ship with synchron-drive!"

"You have been on one before, as I understand it."

Jorg was surprised. "You are very well informed."

Malik smiled. "There is one clause to our agreement."

"I knew there would be. As soon as I saw the ship I knew."

"You understand then?"

"Sure I do."

"If there is any chance of this ship being seized by Earth forces you must deactivate and destroy the synchron-drive."

"It's a deal."

"I have your word of honour on that?"

"You have my word," Jorg said. "Does the ship have a name?"

"Siwa."

"I like the sound of that. I don't know what it means, but I like the sound of that."

Leaving Jorg to admire his new ship, Malik turned toward Hassan. "The other items to be delivered are aboard, and all the data you need is here, including ship activation codes." And he handed Hassan a small data-crystal.

By the time Malik and Hassan had said their brief farewells Jorg was already inside the ship, excitedly wandering around the flight deck. He was trying to activate the ship's main computer when Hassan joined him.

"Won't work without the codes in this," Hassan said, inserting the crystal into a small receptacle on the Captain's console.

"Authorization code accepted," the computer announced. "My identity is L9A."

"L9A" Hassan repeated.

"Voice pattern entered," L9A replied.

"Your turn, " Hassan said to Jorg.

"L9A" Jorg repeated.

"Voice pattern entered," L9A replied again. "Please enter deactivation code."

"Security feature, " Hassan said to Jorg. "L9A - deactivation code is regulus nine."

"Deactivation code logged. Please enter synchron-drive destruct sequence."

"Go ahead, " Hassan said, "it is your ship after all."

"L9A - synchron-drive destruct sequence is lupus lupus."

"Synchron-drive destruct sequence logged. Command sequence processed. Flight plan entered. Departure authorization obtained from Lam Spaceport."

"Shall we take the ship out?" Hassan asked Jorg.

"Sure! L9A - disengage spaceport locks."

"Locks disengaged," L9A responded.

"L9A - compute then execute on my mark normal departure with optimum orbit for synchron-drive start."

"Acknowledged."

"L9A - mark!"

"Normal departure being executed."

"L9A , " Jorg asked, "detail weapons and status."

L9A proceeded to give the details. "Five StarCanons; full compliment of ship-seeking disrupters capable of synchron 6, plus Harratan clusters and deep-space self-replicating mines. All weapons fully functional and ready."

"Well, that might give EarthForce something to ponder on! You know what's going on?"

"According to this data," Hassan replied, reading from the console which was relying information from the data-crystal, "Earth is planning to invade Lam 3."

L9A interrupted. "Optimum orbit achieved. Ready for synchron-drive start."

"L9A - what is your highest synchron-drive iteration?"

"The synchron-drive on this vessel has a highest iteration factor of 11."

"L9A -on my mark engage synchron-drive iteration 10. Destination as pre-entered flight plan."

"Acknowledged."

"L9A - mark!"

"Engaging synchron-drive iteration 10."

There was a slight shudder as the ship engaged its synchron-drive and then the planet below them disappeared from the view-screen to be replaced by stark blackness as they hurtled out of Lam's star-system into interstellar space at a velocity far in excess of that of light.

"You were saying, " Jorg said, "something about an invasion."

"Seems so."

"Why?"

"They don't like us."

"I never did understand politics. Now trading - that's different. So what are we to do when we reach Earth?"

"We are to exchange our cargo for our return passenger."

"Let me guess - this passenger does not have permission to leave."

"True. But it's a little more complicated than that."

"I thought it might be."

"He is in a detention cell on an EarthForce base."

Jorg sighed. "I knew there would be a catch. There always is. Pardon me for asking but is this what you were doing when we first met?"

"In a way. I was going to collect some of our people on Eridani who would return to Lam and take this ship on the same mission to Earth. But EarthForce got to them first it seems."

"So it is up to us."

"Yes."

"I guess this person important to you - to Lam."

"Certainly. He is man of great learning - what you would call one of our leaders. When they came to arrest him at his home, one of his sons tried to reason with them and they just killed him, there in front of his father."



Jorg could see that Hassan was angry, so he changed the subject. "This is a slightly different ship than the one I was on before."

"Latest model. Some improvements in weapons. More security features."

"I noticed."

"So - how come you have been on one before?"

"Business, you know the kind of thing. Someone - how shall I say? - borrowed one of these beauties when it was docked on Eridani and asked me to sort of test fly it seeing how I've got a bit of a reputation. As a Pilot I mean. Anyways, I got paid and next I heard some of your guys had got it back. Just after I docked and just before it was due to be shipped to Earth."

"These ships are valuable."

"So I've heard. Earth wants one very bad. The reward they've offered for one is - well, outstanding."

"That' s why we are going. They are holding the person I mentioned for ransom. They want to exchange him for some of these ships."

"Maybe, just maybe, " Jorg said, "I'm missing something here. They want one of these ships, and we are taking one of these ships to Earth."

"Well, as you said, it will be an adventure."

4

The long journey was uneventful - until they were roused from the routine they had established by L9A's sound and voice alarm.

"Warning. Unidentified vessels detected entering sensor range. Warning. Unidentified vessels detected entering sensor range."

Jorg had fallen asleep in the comfortable Pilot's chair, but he was soon awake and scanning his console.

"Unidentified vessels, " L9A continued, "now confirmed as Intercept Class, EarthForce. Engaging defensive shields. Siwa within weapons range of EarthForce vessels in three Earth minutes, twenty-five Earth seconds, their flight time."

"They've detected us, " Jorg said. "They're altering course to intercept."

"I suggest," Hassan said, "we just ignore them?"

"Are you serious?"

"Yes. "

Jorg started to say something, but L9A interrupted. "Siwa within weapons range of EarthForce vessels in nine Earth minutes, sixteen Earth seconds, their flight time."

Jorg smiled. "I see. They can detect us, but not intercept. Obvious really, given our velocity. So what now?"

"We expect a welcoming party when we reach Earth space in -" and he checked his console - "about thirty minutes, at this velocity."

Hassan was wrong. Less than two minutes later, L9A activated the alarm again.

"Warning. EarthForce ships detected in sensor range. Warning EarthForce ships detected in sensor range. Engaging defensive shields. Vessels now confirmed as eleven Intercept Class, three Class Two Troop Transports, fifteen Fighter Attack Class, Two Empire Destroyer Class and eight Heavy Cruiser Class. Siwa within weapons range of EarthForce vessels in two Earth minutes, eight Earth seconds, their flight time."

"I knew it!" Hassan shouted, "it seems we've flown straight into the whole EarthForce fleet! Can we get past them?"

"No chance, " Jorg replied, "they're spread out too much. Even at this velocity we would be in their weapons range." He re-checked the data on part of his console. "No - we'd just turn and be straight in their line of fire."

"Straight through, then."

"Only way - short of turning round. L9A - activate all weapons."

"All weapon systems already on-line, " L9A replied.

"Well, it was good, while it lasted," Jorg said, wryly smiling. "Better strap ourselves in, I suppose. And it was such a splendid ship."

"Message received, " L9A said, "from EarthForce vessel Vespasian. Displaying on screen."

The screen showed the imposing figure of an EarthForce General. "This is General Augustus Chang."

"L9A - terminate transmission," Jorg said.

"Transmission terminated," L9A replied.

"Well, do we have a plan?" Jorg asked Hassan.

"Increase velocity, straight toward them, firing all weapons."

"That's a plan?"

"You could show off some of your fancy flying."

"I thought you'd never ask. L9A - all navigation controls to manual."

"Warning, " L9A replied. "Manual navigation is not a recognized procedure at this velocity."

"L9A - override warning and set all navigation controls to manual."

"All navigation controls reset for manual control."

"L9A - disengage ship gravitational field."

"Warning, "L9A replied, " disengaging ship gravitational field is not a recognized procedure."

"L9A - override warning and disengage ship gravitational field."

"Ship gravitational field disengaged."

"Here we go then," Jorg said, tightening the straps on his seat harness.

His turn was sudden and fierce, and Hassan followed Jorg's example by tightening his own harness. Jorg executed another turn as they came within the weapons range of the EarthForce fleet. Cluster after cluster of disrupter shells were fired at them, and Hassan could see on the view screen the distant momentary flare of StarCanon after StarCanon being fired ship after ship after ship.

He himself laid a trail of self-replicating mines as Jorg weaved his way around and over and under EarthForce vessel after EarthForce vessel until Hassan felt sick from the sudden changes of direction and acceleration. Jorg would increase velocity, then suddenly decelerate until they were almost stopped, then turn and fastly accelerate again.

Hassan had not seen - nor heard of - anything like it, but he was soon too busy with targeting his weapons to notice anything else. He launched several ship-seeking disrupters, and saw his targets take swift evasive action as the disrupters locked onto them. The ships launched their counter measures, including disrupter-seeking-disrupters, and Hassan was not surprised when his console showed that two of his three disrupters had been destroyed. But the third evaded all counter measures and closed upon its target, a Destroyer Class ship.

Hassan felt no elation about the kill, and had to concentrate on his weapons console, and his own fight for survival, to remove from his mind the momentary image of part of a spaceship suddenly being ripped open and exposed to the stark deadly cold vacuum of deep Space. There would be a momentary pause, with perhaps a few bodies and living beings flushed into Space, before the immense explosion ripped the whole ship apart to leave nothing alive.

The explosion did not stop the EarthForce attack. Instead, the heavy ships ceased their firing to allow their Fighters and Interceptors to attack. Within moments the Siwa was engaged in a battle with all twenty-six EarthForce Fighters and Interceptors. The swarm of attacking ships was such that for a brief few seconds Hassan did not even have to aim his weapons. Wherever he fired,

there seemed to be a target. He destroyed one, then two of the enemy ships which seemed to make them change their pattern of attack.

He was targeting a fastly closing Fighter when the Siwa shuddered, hit by enemy fire. The ship seemed to spiral out of control - but Hassan soon realized it was another of Jorg's tactics.

"Warning, " L9A announced, "vessel Siwa exceeding maximum synchron-drive capability. Synchron-drive iteration 11 will be attained in eleven seconds. Warning, vessel Siwa has exceeded maximum synchron-drive capability."

The attacking EarthForce vessels tried to follow, and several of them fired salvo after salvo from their StarCanons, but to no effect. They could match neither the velocity of the Siwa nor the flying skill of Jorg and it was only a few seconds before Jorg levelled out his ship, reduced the velocity to within design limits, and sped toward Earth at a reasonably safe synchron-iteration 10 leaving behind a trail of EarthForce dead.

5

Moments later they were within sensor range of one of the military Earth stations just outside the orbit of Pluto. Not that it mattered to them anymore as the military had already scrambled fighters to intercept them, and Jorg delayed his deceleration until the Siwa was well inside Jupiter's orbit. He still maintained manual control, with gravity disengaged.

"Warning, " L9A announced, "three vessels on intercept course. Weapons lock detected. Warning. Two additional vessels detected on intercept course. Weapons lock detected."

"Do you see what I see?" Hassan asked Jorg.

"Probably not."

"Their attack pattern. Take a look on your console."

"Five ships - no, make that seven now. All closing fast."

"Warning," L9A announced, "hostile ships within weapons range in thirty-five seconds. Siwa defensive shields at maximum. Maintaining standard Stardrive iteration 2."

"Don't you see?" Hassan continued, "their attack pattern is purely two-dimensional. They're not thinking three-dimensionally."

"Got you! They're just blocking our way to Earth as if we're going straight there. Following the plane of planetary orbits."

"Indeed."

"Well then, let's give them something to think about! L9A - engage synchron-drive iteration 3."

"Synchron-drive engaged, iteration 3."

Jorg took the Siwa up away from the plane of Jupiter's orbit at a speed the intercepting fighters could not match. He spiralled the ship several times, then accelerated toward the Sun, following a sinusoidal pattern. He had turned the Siwa around the sun and down away from the plane of Earth's orbit before the intercepting fighters had regrouped and begun the chase.

A few spiralling turns later, Jorg decelerated sharply and lurched the Siwa directly toward Earth.

"You got the landing co-ordinates," Jorg asked Hassan.

"Landing co-ordinates entered."

"Got them! Here we go. How long do you reckon we've got on the surface?"

"Well, as a rough estimate I'd say about two minutes."

"That much, hey? I just hope your people are ready down there."

"They will be."

"If not, we'll have to lift off immediately."

"If so, I shall have to stay behind."

"If that's what you want."

"Yes. They will need help with the supplies we've brought."

"Don't tell me - these supplies are weapons, right?"

"Yes."

Jorg concentrated on his console, one screen of which showed an image of the target landing area overlaid with the Siwa 's approach vectors.

"Warning, " L9A announced, "current landing approach velocity exceeds safety level."

"Remind me to re-programme this ship, " Jorg said. He increased the velocity a little, then levelled the Siwa out before steeply descending and beginning deceleration. "Any incoming?" he asked Hassan.

"Nothing detected. On my mark prepare to deploy cargo."

"On your mark."

"Mark!"

Jorg released the cargo bay doors, and shut down the magnetic field restraining their cargo. It fell toward the desert sands below which they could see in the view screen, now only a few thousand Earth metres below them. Then, as the Siwa continued its swift descent, Jorg recognized the type of buildings they were nearing, bathed as they were in the early morning light from Earth's Sun.

"Nice landing site - middle of a military base," he said. They were so close now he could see the feverish activity below as the military prepared to repel the Siwa. The base was not large, and its oblong, watch-tower guarded perimeter enclosed only a dozen or so squat buildings in addition to the two long military barracks.

"Incoming!" Hassan said. "They've launched missiles. Counter-measures away."

The military base was isolated, on the edge of a desert, and Jorg was momentarily distracted as the screen on his console which showed the ground below showed the desert sands erupting. But it was only the hidden armed supporters - Mujahideen - of the imprisoned leader throwing off the camouflage which had concealed them and scrambling forth from their sand trenches to assault the military base.

Jorg could not hear them, but had he been able to do so he would have heard the resounding and fearsome war cry of Allahu Akbar! as the warriors ran forward firing whatever weapons they possessed. Some had missiles, launched from shoulder balanced and ground based launchers, and Jorg saw several explosions inside the military base. He also saw warrior after warrior fall, cut down by military fire.

The landing site was some distance from where the main assault was taking place, and the Siwa had barely touched down before they were surrounded. But the rescue had been well-planned with intelligence gained over many weeks, and Hassan knew exactly where to target his weapons. Several fierce explosions followed.

"Two minutes, " Hassan said to Jorg as he threw off his harness and grabbed an assortment of weapons, including a curved-blade sword whose scabbard he slung over his back, warrior-style, ancient Earth. "If I'm not back - go!"

The sound of the air-lock venting was almost drowned out by the nearby explosions, and Hassan ran down the short landing ramp shooting at anything that moved. Nearby, buildings were on fire, but despite the smoke Hassan could see his objective, a small white building nestling between the two barracks.

He was strafed several times by incoming fire, but deftly zigzagged, evaded it, returned fire and was approaching the white building when a gaggle of men in military uniforms rushed from it. He was about to direct the fire of his two hand-held weapons toward them when he saw a black robed and bearded figure among them. They were hustling his leader away. Two turned their weapons on Hassan and he felt the grip of his left hand loosen although he felt no pain and did not bother to look at the wound the blast gun had caused. Then, in three swift bounds, he was among his enemy, right hand weapon re-holstered, sword-drawn. His first blow severed a head; his second sliced through an arm. The advanced weapons of his enemies were useless at such close quarters and they barely had time to turn and aim before a slicing, powerful sword thrust was upon them.

"Assalamu Alaikum. We must go!" he said in greeting to the leader as the last of his enemies toppled headless and blood-spurting to the ground.

The agility of the aged leader surprised Hassan and they ran back to the Siwa, reaching the air-lock just as strafing fire from military re-inforcements began. As soon as the air-lock was sealed, Jorg engaged synchron-drive.

He ignored L9A's warning and, although uncertain what would happen, blasted away from the ground. In an instant the Siwa had reached the edge of the Earth's atmosphere, its take-off causing a devastating blast wave which reduced the military base to ruins and threw both Hassan and the leader against the bulkheads.

"Warning," L9A announced as they seared out away from the Earth. "Five hostile ships on intercept course, weapons lock detected."

As if they had anticipated his tactics, the Earth ships had positioned themselves in a three-dimensional formation and Hassan was barely in his seat at the weapons console when they began their attack run. He was about to begin deployment of Harratan clusters when Jorg fiercely decelerated, brought the Siwa to an almost dead stop then reversed course back into the Earth's atmosphere. There, he entered a standard if momentary orbit before launching the Siwa at synchron-drive iteration 3 straight toward the Sun, swerving away only moments before the Sun's gravity would have overpowered the ship. Then, at almost ninety degrees to the plane of Earth's orbit, he thrust the Siwa at its maximum iteration out from the Solar System.

Hassan's console showed no vessels following or in the near vicinity. For nearly half of an hour they both warily, and a little dazed, scanned their respective consoles as the Siwa hurtled them back toward Lam. Hassan was the first to break their silence.

"Just received a coded message from Lam," Hassan said. "Two of our ships will rendezvous with us in three solar hours at these co-ordinates." He fed them into his console. "They will escort us back to Lam. They report no Earth vessels between us and these co-ordinates. And, in case you're interested, they are heavy Battle Cruisers. It seems that Earth has indeed declared war on Lam. Or in the words of EarthGov, they are going to liberate Lam."

It was only then - and almost at the same time - that both Hassan and a Jorg looked around for the person they had rescued. He was lying on the deck of the bridge of the Siwa, unconscious as a result of his collision with the bulkhead during take-off. Re-engaging gravity, Hassan and Jorg carried him to the spare seat by the weapons console.

"I'm sure he will be alright, InshaAllah." Hassan said, retrieving the emergency portable medical scanner. "All Life-signs are fine. Just a minor concussion."

It was a happy Jorg who returned to his Pilots chair. For he would get his fifteen thousand kursums after all. And the beautiful Siwa.

# Hassan and Jorg

## Part Two:

### Invasion

1

Jorg was overwhelmed and nearing exhaustion. It had taken them nearly three hours to walk the short distance to the dwelling of Malik Khattab from the Lam Spacedock, although the word walk was not correct. Pushed, pulled, might be more appropriate, for hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic people had gathered to greet them on their return. All Jorg could see were happy, smiling - often ecstatic, sometimes tearful - faces: of men, young and old, bearded and unbearded, of children of all ages, of women who were mostly swathed in black with a headscarf to cover their hair. Jorg had found himself being embraced by complete strangers, and his right hand, arm and wrist ached from the hundreds of hundreds of handshakes he had been given. One very elderly man, his back bent from age and illness and his eyes full of tears, had even kissed Jorg's hand.

The learned scholar they had rescued from Earth had tried to briefly speak to the crowd, but his words were unheard except by the few of the huddled, tightly-packed throng around them, and a semblance of order was only restored when, over two hours after their landing, over a dozen men in military uniforms - all smiling - surrounded Jorg, the scholar, Hassan and Malik and slowly - very slowly - ushered them through the tumultuous crowd.

Jorg had never experienced anything like this, and he was pleased when they finally reached a cool flower-scented courtyard in Malik's dwelling. But even there a small crowd greeted them until Malik, with the help of two soldiers, gently gestured for them all to leave. They did, except one: a young woman, swathed in the traditional black with a scarf covering her hair, who stood by one of the fountains intently staring at Jorg. He turned, saw her and for a few seconds they stood looking at each other until she lowered her head to swiftly move out of sight.

Then Jorg was being thanked by the learned scholar they had rescued, with Hassan translating his words. Jorg heard them both speaking, but the words seemed far away, and he was about to say something in response when a soldier entered the courtyard, spoke briefly to Malik, and left.

Malik conveyed the expected news of the quickly approaching Earth invasion force. Then, speaking to Jorg, he said:

"I expect you will wish to leave as soon as possible. For Eridani."

"Well, " Jorg replied, still overwhelmed by the crowd scenes but most of all by the beauty of the young woman's face, "maybe I can help. I've got an idea."

"Yes?"

"Maybe I can persuade some members of our Guild to fight against EarthForce."

"Well - "



"I know it's a wild idea, but I'd like to try. You could surely use any allies you can get."

"That is most certainly true."

"So, I take it I can take the Siwa?"

"Most certainly!" Malik replied. "It is your ship, now."

"Just checking!" He turned toward Hassan. "I expect you've got other things to do."

Before replying, Hassan looked at Malik, who smiled, and nodded his head in answer to the unspoken question. "In your ship?" Hassan asked Jorg.

"Sure!"

"If I may interrupt, " Malik said. "Hassan, there is another ship available, should you wish to use it. Although the Khan 2 is an old ship, it's recently been modified. Synchron-drive, of course."

Hassan was amazed. "But isn't that your own vessel?" Hassan knew it was: a veteran of earlier Lam-Earth conflicts.

"I'm needed here. So, that is settled then. I shall make all the necessary arrangements."

## 2

The flight to the Space Pirate port in the Eridani system was uneventful, except for the constant space chatter on most communication channels concerning the advancing Earth forces, and the imminent invasion of Lam.

The Khan 2 was an impressive ship: space black and five times the size of the Siwa with superior weapons. Designed for at least a crew of three - not to mention a troop of Space Marines - Hassan was fully occupied in piloting and monitoring it. He had not expected to be offered any crew, and was not, for he knew all available personnel would be needed to staff the fleet of starships and fighters which would soon be dispatched to defend Lam. Desperate times, he knew: a thought which blunted his pride in piloting Lam's most renowned starship.

In complete contrast to Lam Spacedock, the docking facilities on Eridani 3 were large, and apparently chaotic. Ships landed and ascended without any permission, often weaving out of each other's way at the last moment. There was also no central control or even security of any kind, and the gangways, gantries, and numerous landing pads and loading bays seemed haphazardly placed, which indeed they were, having been built when needed and wherever possible. In addition, almost half of one side of the Spacedock was given over to facilities for rest and recreation, it being well-known that most kinds of recreation - forbidden or illegal elsewhere and especially on Earth - were available, which undoubtedly accounted for the noise, mayhem and hundreds of people who, gathered in groups, or alone, thronged in, out and around the various establishments densely packed together behind a vast open concourse seething with people every hour of the planet's thirty-hour day.

Outside the Spacedock, it was raining, as it often did on Eridani 3: droplets of purple-black rain bringing back to the ground the often noxious material spewed regularly forth from the many active volcanoes and land-ruptures which riddled the planet.

Whatever Hassan had imagined or expected would happen on their arrival, it was not what actually did. Jorg stood in the centre of the concourse, atop a small metallized container, and fired the blast rifle he was carrying, several times. A small crowd gathered, which steadily enlarged.

"Most of you know me, " Jorg said in what Hassan found was a surprisingly loud and resonant voice. "You - Nils," and he pointed at a large, muscular man, whose face was festooned with tattoos. "And you - Deneb, scourge of the Ponderlings."

Deneb laughed, showing her Khursum-capped sharpened canine teeth. Most people near to her also laughed, some out of nervousness. For she had a fearsome reputation as a fighter, which reputation her shaved head, military style clothing and grim if beautiful green eyes certainly enhanced. Not to mention the two blast pistols she always carried, in holsters hung from a waist belt, and the small fighting sword slung over her back.

"As you all know, EarthForce is heading our way."

"No they're not!" someone shouted. "They're going to Lam."

"Yes, Lam first. Do you really expect them to stop there? Do you really expect the authoritarian government of Earth to let us continue to trade in the manner we have become accustomed to?"

"Have any of you been watching their news channels recently? The statements about 'making Space safe for ordinary citizens'? EarthForce wants all this," and he dramatically gestured toward the landing bays behind him. "

"What's your point?" someone else shouted.

"We join forces with Lam and fight EarthForce. You - Nils: you're always going on about wanting to fight, large-scale. Well, here's your chance!"

"It's not our problem," someone said. "Let those Lamian lamies fight their own battle."

"Don't you understand? It will be our problem, and soon."

"There's nothing in it for us," the first objector said.

"Yes there is! If we help them, they will help us. Synchron-drive mean anything to you? Now, how would it be if you all got ships with them? Imagine the difference! Imagine the trade, the profit, the possibilities! You all know Lam, its people. We may not trust each other - at least not much! - but you can trust them."

"Just suppose, " Deneb said, "some of us agree. What's your plan?"

"Join up with the Lam forces - now! Wait for the Earth invasion fleet; ambush them. Start battle. Simple really. So, it's warriors this way: cowards and the tame to stay here." He stared intently at Deneb, and then at Nils. "I take it you two won't be staying here then."

Deneb slowly walked toward him, her face betraying no emotion. The whole crowd waited, expectant. Then she laughed and in one swift movement pulled him down from his makeshift podium and briefly embraced him. Then she laughed again. And most of the crowd laughed too, or cheered, or made not quite human noises.

Deneb turned round, and addressed the crowd. "Get word out that we're going. EarthForce is our enemy, well all know that. As Flyer Jorg said, warriors this way; cowards stay here!"

"You'll have to marry her, now!" Nils joked as most of the crowd dispersed to follow Jorg and Deneb toward the docking bays.

Quickly, Hassan caught up with Jorg. "About what you said - "

"Ah yes. I shall leave that in your capable hands. You can securely contact you friend, Malik, I presume?"

"Yes."

"Good."

"But - "

"Only option."

"Maybe. By the way - Ponderlings?"

"Ah yes! One of those recreation places back there. She only goes there to pick a fight. Your type of woman, maybe!"

Hassan smiled, awkwardly and tried not to look at Deneb. He failed. She was slightly ahead now of Jorg and seemingly eager to get to her ship.

### 3

The small Pirate fleet was soon on its way, although - once in Space - it took nearly an hour for the Pirates to agree among themselves which way, and where, they should go and what tactics they should use once they were within range of the invasion force. Everyone on the small Pirate fleet of seventeen ships had their own opinion, and Hassan, although initially amused by this, was beginning to get slightly annoyed. Twice he had tried to get them to use secure communication channels, and twice he was ignored. So they argued, and he was about to turn them all off to watch the latest news broadcasts from Earth when Deneb's face appeared on one of his communication screens.

"Now listen here, you lot!" she shouted, grim-faced again. Instantly, the ship to ship chatter stopped. "No debate! We follow Flyer Jorg. Only way this is going to work! Every battle force needs a chief. Anyone who does not like this - " and she paused, for what seemed a long time but it was only a few seconds - " can go back now." Then she smiled. " Although if he fails us, he'll have me to answer to!"

Hassan saw some of the Pirates smile, and heard some faint laughter. "You got that, Hassan?" she said directly to him. "Bet you were getting a bit worried there, right?"

"No," he lied. Again he tried to avoid looking at her.

"I'm switching over to secure," she said. "Sending you the codes now."

"Got them. Secured. Go ahead."

"You've made the arrangements then?" she asked.

"Synchron-drive ships?"

"Yes."

"The deal is agreed."

"Superb! Heard about your fighting prowess, by the way."

Hassan was surprised. "Really?"

"Few secrets in Space."

"So it would seem."

"We'll get together - you and me - when we get back," Deneb said.

"Yes," he said, without thinking, and was about to correct himself when she closed the comlink.

He thought of calling her, then decided against it; then changed his mind, then changed it again. He settled the matter by switching links to watch the broadcast from PlanetEarth News.

"Today's news is brought to you by MarsCorp: Developers of the Mare Sirenum Homesteads. Dreamt about starting a new life? Well, now you can, courtesy of MarsCorp.

"Breaking news: the President of EarthGov speaking at the FiftySecond Conference held in memory of the victims of the Alexandria massacre, said that those terrorists intent on destabilizing Earth and its allies would not succeed."

"Fellow Citizens of Earth. Today may well be a turning point in our history. As Earth President I have today issued a Presidential order authorizing our military forces to take whatever action they consider necessary to find those responsible for the recent attacks on Earth.

"In the latest terrorist incident, a military base in the Egyptian Protectorate was attacked by off-world terrorists. Over one hundred and thirty military personnel were killed. The terrorists responsible escaped back to their base on the planet Lam where they were accorded a hero's welcome by the Khattab regime.

"We must be under illusions. Our very way of life is under attack. The people responsible for these attacks must know that they will find no hiding place. We will hunt them down, wherever they are, and bring them to justice."

Angry, Hassan turned the broadcast off. He had no time to dwell on the matter further.

"Warning. Hostile ships on intercept. Weapons lock detected. Warning. Hostile ships on intercept. Weapons lock detected."

His scanner confirmed the alarm and he opened a comlink to Jorg. "EarthForce recon ships," he said to Jorg.

"I know. Four in total. No, make that five."

"They're slowing."

"They're no match for all of us," Jorg said, and smiled.

"Seems they agree. They're heading back. Anything on your distance sensors?"

"Not yet. Guess we've lost the element of surprise."

Hassan thought of making a comment about secure communications but - knowing the defiant individuality of the Pirates - decided to keep quiet. He was calculating the time to intercept of the Earth invasion fleet, based on their last known position, when his own distance sensor alarm sounded. Jorg was the first to respond, calling on all the Pirate fleet to switch to secure communications, which - to Hassan's surprise - they did.

"Right," Jorg said using an open secure comlink to the small band of Pirate ships, "they know we're coming. I'm sending the attack plan. May Fortune favour us."

"Looks like," Hassan said to Jorg, "they've got a few reinforcements since we engaged them last. I count 23 Intercept class fighters, 3 Empire Destroyer Class, 5 Class 2 Troop Transports. Not to mention the 15 Fighter Attack class and 8 Heavy Cruisers."

"My kind of odds! You ready? And did you remember to reprogram your ship?"

"Yes. InshaAllah. Engaging synchron-drive - now!"

The Siwa and the Khan2 quickly left the small Pirate fleet behind, and it was only a few moments before they were close to their prey.

"Weapons lock detected. Khan2 within weapons range of EarthForce vessels in sixteen Earth seconds, our flight time."

"Khan2 - set all navigation controls to manual."

"All navigation controls reset for manual control."

"Khan2 - disengage ship gravitational field."

"Warning," Khan2 replied, "disengaging ship gravitational field is not a recognized procedure."

"Khan2 - override warning and disengage ship gravitational field."

"Ship gravitational field disengaged. Khan2 now within weapons range of EarthForce vessels"

Using their superior velocity, the Khan2 and the Siwa began weaving in, out and around the EarthForce fleet, laying self-replicating mines. The invasion Fleet scattered, and Hassan tried to follow Jorg's almost reckless example of sudden deceleration followed by spiralling turns and extreme acceleration but failed, even once almost losing control of his ship. But he did manage to avoid the impending collision with one of the Troop Transports. So he contented himself with doing the best he could, which did seem sufficient to evade the EarthForces Fighters and Interceptors who chased them, firing their StarCanons. He saw one Earth Fighter explode; then another, caught by Jorg's returning fire. Then all the Fighters and Interceptors withdrew to leave the whole of the invasion Fleet free to fire at the Siwa and Khan2.

Wave upon wave of enemy fire came toward them, from all directions, but to no avail, prompting the return of the Fighters and Interceptors, and Hassan hardly had time to target his weapons and launch his disrupters at the large Earth vessels so engaged was he in avoiding their weapons fire.

Then the Pirates joined the battle. Ship chasing ship. StarCanon after StarCanon firing. Ship-seeking Disrupters seeking targets to destroy. Disrupters to evade. Counter-measures launched, with disrupters destroyed in brilliant, multi-coloured displays that illuminated the dark ships twisting, turning, accelerating. Calm, on-board automated alarms; human sighs, cries of relief, victory. And within it all, human death, EarthForce and Pirate.

Hassan was in trouble. Five EarthForce ships - three Fighters and two Interceptors - had targeted and locked onto him. Whatever he did, they pursued, relentlessly, forming their attack patterns in an attempt to trap him, anticipating as they did his own pattern of attack and evasion. Even his superior velocity seemed to be working against him, for one or more of the ships would seem to withdraw only to move to where they expected his next acceleration would take him. His only option seemed to be to attack them one by one, but even this failed. They were learning fast, twisting, decelerating, forming defensive patterns that left him open to attack if he closed close enough to target one of them and lock his own weapons.

Suddenly, his ship spiralled out of control, hit by a burst of EarthForce fire.

"Warning. Helm control lost."

The ships' forward momentum was carrying it straight into the path of three EarthForce Fighters. Hassan could do nothing. Then Deneb's ship was in front of him, firing, weaving around the Fighters. One, two, were hit and exploded leaving the remaining one to retreat, pursued by Deneb herself.

But Hassan was adrift, and could only watch, and listen, as the Khan2 sailed helplessly and fastly away from the battle. No one, nothing, followed. Once, twice, he heard Deneb shout a warning, and once he thought he heard Jorg's voice among the babble of voices, as he saw one section of one of the Earth Destroyers explode to leave the whole vessel tumbling, tumbling and spewing debris into Space. He watched as - at last - the ships from Lam joined the battle, and explosion and implosion, one after the other, signalled the death of another ship whose Space-cold memorial fragments would endure for thousands upon thousands of years, drifting as they would through the almost empty darkness. Twice, three times, he tried to communicate, with Jorg, Deneb - anyone - and twice, three times, he failed. Only his life-support seemed to function

correctly, and the ships' momentum had carried it far away from the now invisible battle when he began the task of trying to restore some sort of communication or helm-control.

But he was no engineer, and he was wondering what to do next when a still functioning alarm sounded.

"Warning. Hostile vessel on intercept course. Weapons lock detected."

He remembered nothing else, and awoke to find himself lying on the bare floor of a brightly lit bare room composed from some sort of metallized material he did not recognize.

4

There was nothing left to do but leave. The battle had been ferocious, and deadly, but the Pirates - and even the fast ships of Lam - were no match for the heavily armed Earth Cruisers. Not one of the attacking forces got close, so dense and accurate was their returning fire. And Earth reinforcements kept arriving. One, two, four Fighters destroyed, and two would arrive to replace them, launched by a heavily protected Imperial Carrier safely distant from the battle. Neither the Pirates nor the Lam forces had any reserves.

It had become clear to Jorg, even before the few Lam ships that remained announced their departure, that the Pirates must retreat. Or rather, what remained of them. Jorg counted five ships and he did not expect the invasion Fleet to follow them as they did not. Instead, they carried on toward Lam to face what he felt must surely be a desperate attempt to stop their invasion. For a moment, he thought of his new friend Malik Khattab, then of the beautiful young woman he had seen in the courtyard, and then of Hassan, scouring the massive battle debris with sensor probes for any traces of Hassan's ship. But it was a hopeless task, with so much advanced technology reduced to shattered fragments, large and small. He scanned ahead and around for the slight traces made by an synchron-drive ship but could find only those heading back toward Lam and contented himself with believing Hassan was there, among the few Lam ships heading back toward their home. Several times he sent a coded message to the Khan<sup>2</sup> and each time there was no reply.

He, like the other survivors, did not want to talk and the five remaining Pirate ships made their quiet way back to the Spacedock on Eridani 3. There, there would be questions, he knew, and accusations, and he, expecting the worst, made sure when he landed that his blast pistol was fully charged and ready. They were waiting for him, as he disembarked: Nils, Deneb, Loz and Lacus. Behind them, on the concourse, a crowd was already forming and he caught sight of several people holding blast rifles.

But before he reached them the sound and sight of five other ships landing caused everyone - Jorg included - to turn around. His concern they were EarthForce ships, somehow undetected by him and others, dissolved the moment he saw them. Everyone waited, expectant, for their pilots to disembark.

"You must be Jorg Nansen," the tall, bearded leader of the group said. He, like his companions, wore the green military uniform of Lam.

"Yes, I am."

"I am Hussain and those - " he gestured toward the sleek, black synchron-drive ships, "are for you."

"Me?"

"Our bargain with you. You remember your deal with our leader, Malik Khattab?"

"Yes, yes of course. But the invasion. Won't you need them?"

"A word of honour is a word of honour." Unexpectedly, he turned toward what had become a large crowd.

"These," and he gestured toward where Jorg was standing beside Nils and Deneb, "are brave people. Warriors. Stories shall be told about the deeds they did today." Then turning back toward Jorg, he said, "Now, if you will excuse us, we must get back. Our leader has asked me to convey to you our sincerest thanks, and our apologies that he could not offer you more ships. But considering the circumstances, I am sure you understand."

"Yes, of course."

"Here, " Hussain said as he handed Jorg several data-crystals, "are the activation codes. Now, I must return."

A sixth ship had landed and the other Lam pilots walked toward it.

"And Hassan?" Jorg asked Hussain. "Any news? I presume he went back to Lam."

"No, we have not heard from him." Hussain turned to go.

"May Fortune favour you."

Hassan smiled, said something in reply that Jorg could not hear, and rejoined his companions.

"What do we do now," Nils asked as the ship departed.

"I for one," Loz said, "am taking my ship and getting out of here."

"And I," said Lacus, "am taking mine to the highest bidder."

"Would that be EarthForce, by any small chance?" Deneb asked, stepping between the two men. Lacus was slightly taller than her, but not as grim-faced, and in imitation of the Earth Pirates of legend, wore a large gold earring as well as a colourful bandana. In contrast, Loz was shorter but more muscular and had been known, on occasion, to smile. Both, like most of the Space Pirates, carried blast rifles.

"Any objection?" Lacus said.

"Yes!"



"I've earned it!" Lacus replied. "I can do what I like with it." Slowly, he unslung his blast rifle from his shoulder.

"True," Deneb said. "But if you do that, I'll kill you."

Lacus laughed, but it was a strained, nervous laugh.

"And," Jorg interrupted, "if she doesn't, I will."

Lacus looked briefly at Jorg, then at Deneb, whose right hand was poised above one of her blast pistols.

"Hey, come on!" Loz said as he stepped between Deneb and Lacus. Turning toward Jorg he said, "What's the objection?"

"EarthForce!" Deneb replied, almost spitting the words out.

"There are just, " Jorg said, "some people you do not deal with, especially after what happened today."

"Yeah, whatever you say," Loz replied, trying to smile first at Jorg and Deneb, and then at Lacus. "We won't, but we sure are getting out of here. Aren't we Lacus?"

Lacus was already walking toward one of the black synchron-drive ships, and Jorg did not have to say anything for Deneb to understand what he meant. She looked at Jorg for a second before slightly nodding her head in silent agreement to his thought.

## **Hassan and Jorg Part Three: Capture**

1

Hassan had a long wait under the bright intense lights. He guessed that the clear section of the curved ceiling contained surveillance cameras and had spent what seemed to him a long time viewing the section from different angles in the hope of seeing something; anything, to relieve the monotony of the bright whiteness of what he assumed was some kind of Ship based holding cell, and he was almost glad when a section of one of the slightly curved walls opened to reveal five heavily armed EarthForce troopers, SpaceVizors shielding their faces, standing in a less brightly lit corridor.

He rushed toward them, but they were prepared and he found himself thrown to the floor with three blast rifles pointed at him. Two of the troopers dragged him along the corridor to another bright, clinical, room and pushed him down onto a padded bench where his legs, arms and neck were tightly restrained by metallic bands.

"We have some questions for you," a voice beside him said.

Hassan could see only the ceiling, such were the restraints, although he found he could move his head slightly and to the left. He saw one EarthForce officer and two other men dressed in some sort of white uniform he had never seen before, and there was something about their faces, their manner, that Hassan did not like. It was as if they were devoid of human feeling.

"I have nothing to say," Hassan replied.

"We know all about you, Hassan Zahr," the EarthForce officer said.

"Only Allah knows all about me," Hassan said, and smiled.

"You can make this easy for yourself, or you can make this difficult."

"I have nothing to say."

"We shall see. Your first lesson, for understand that you are now powerless."

The two men in white uniforms came toward him, holding instruments in their hands, and whatever Hassan expected, it was not what happened. Roughly, but methodically, they shaved off his beard, in defiance of Hassan's way of life, which commanded that adult males should not shave the hair from their faces. The action by his interrogators - for that is what Hassan assumed they were - was a calculated insult both to himself, and the beliefs of his people.

"Anything to say, now?" The EarthForce officer asked him.

"Paradise is surrounded by hardships and the Hell-Fire is surrounded by temptations."

"I see." The Officer gestured to the interrogators who cut away Hassan's clothing, leaving him completely naked.

It was another calculated insult, and Hassan was thinking of a reply when he felt something being attached to his hands and feet.

"As I said, Hassan Zahr, you can make this easy for yourself, or difficult. The choice is yours. I require the activation codes of your vessel. I require details of the strength of your forces on Lam. I require names of the terrorists you know. One way or another, you will tell me."

"You are a very brave man, aren't you?"

The pain was like nothing Hassan had ever experienced before.

"This is only the beginning," the EarthForce Officer said, his pale face betraying no emotion.

"What your heart desires and your eyes delight in will be there in that Garden of Paradise you can inherit through your deeds in your life in this world."

"I see. Very well then, Hassan Zahr."

Hassan did not know how long the pain, and the questions lasted, but he found himself drifting toward sleep, or what he assumed was sleep, although it was in fact unconsciousness brought

about by the trauma of his interrogation. They left him then, for a while, only to return and repeat their questions, and when he did not answer, or say anything, they injected him with drugs of various kinds.

Hassan did not know whether he said anything under their influence, and if he did, what he said, when he awoke to find himself back in his cell. He was still naked, and every time he tried to stand, he fell over. He was lying on the floor, thinking of what he might do when he felt the room judder. For an instant he did not know what it was, then he believed he did, for he heard, even in his cell, the alarms that meant Battle Stations. A smile of pleasure briefly overcame the pain he felt.

2

The once beautiful courtyard of his dwelling on Lam had been reduced to rubble, and Malik Khattab, surrounded by seven heavily-armed soldiers, was on his knees, moving stones and bricks. The bombardment from the EarthForce ships and fighters had been intense, and he, together with the soldiers, had spent several minutes, Lamian time, searching the rubble for Malik's daughter, Ruqayyah. They did not find her.

"Please, Sheikh, we must leave now," one of the soldiers said, and reluctantly Malik agreed.

The scene outside was one of devastation and carnage. Rubble, and bodies - of women, soldiers, and children - lay everywhere, and only one building was untouched. The Founders Monument, with its gold dome and skyward reaching minarets, had become a temporary shelter for the few people who remained in the city, and Malik was threading his way slowly toward it, over rubble, when a young soldier ran toward him.

"Assalamu Alaikum. The ships are ready to leave now," the bearded young man said.

"Alaikum Salaam," Malik replied. "Then, InshaAllah, it is time to go."

The Lam SpacePort had been among the first targets of the EarthForce bombing, and what remained of the Lam ships, nine in all, were gathered on the desert sands outside of the city. The people surrounding them were surprisingly calm, considering that the majority of them would have to be left behind. Women and children said farewell to their husbands and fathers; mothers said farewell to their sons, and steadily, but slowly, a long procession of armed men and boys - Mujahideen - thousand upon thousand, headed off into the intense brightness and heat of the desert, some walking beside Camels, others herding goats.

Malik had intended to say some words to the large crowd who had gathered near the ships, but when he reached them, and walked through them, they made it clear by their smiles, their demeanour, that words were unnecessary. Men, old and young, greeted him with Salaams and shook his hand, and it seemed a long time to him before he reached the sand footsteps of the Mujahideen, but it was only a few Lamian minutes, and he and those with him followed these footsteps to a pass that rose steadily toward the nearby mountains.

He stood for a while on a slight rocky ridge overlooking the city. Behind him, the city was in ruins, the smoke from the many fires carried quickly away by the desert wind. In front of him lay

the empty expanse of desert that covered most of the planet. Sand, sand dunes, rocky outcrops and, in places, vast ranges of both high and low mountains, barren of all life. It reminded Malik, and many others who had been there, of Earth's Western Desert between the Qatar Depression and the Great Sand Sea except that the mountains of Lam were, in many places, larger and higher.

He waited to watch the ships depart and for the people who remained to leave. Some - more than half - headed into the desert, following various tracks and paths, while the others walked back into the city. He did not know how long it would be before the soldiers of EarthForce arrived to occupy what remained of the city but he did not really care. Sooner, or later, he knew, InshaAllah, that it would make little difference. The battle for Lam - for the way of life of his people - would continue, as he and others had planned it would. In some ways, he thought, it would be good to be out in the desert, living as he knew his own ancestors on Earth had lived, two or more centuries ago; in other ways, he expected it would be hard, with water far scarcer than it was in the deserts of Earth.

Hours of wearying walking later, as the sun was descending, he arrived at the first of the temporary desert camps where a rocky almost half circular quite high escarpment, many miles long, stood as if guarding the hundreds of miles of sand dunes that lay beyond. He spent one Lamian hour wandering among his men, nearly a thousand strong in this one camp alone, greeting them, making sure everything was in order, and, when the time for prayer arrived, announced as it was according to tradition, he - like the others, facing the Land of the Two Holy Places on Earth - stood, and knelt, with them, shoulder to shoulder while some of the Mujahideen, around the camp's perimeter and on the escarpment, guarded them, watching for enemies.

His home that night was a makeshift tent, shared with three other Mujahideen, dressed in suitable desert attire, and it might have been a scene from Earth's desert history except for the small, but sophisticated, communications console that stood on a table in one corner. From this he received coded reports which informed him of the safe departure and landing of the nine ships, and of the arrival of EarthForce troops.

Briefly, he watched a broadcast from PlanetEarth News:

Although the whereabouts of the terrorist leader Malik Khattab - wanted for Crimes Against Humanity - are unknown at this time, a representative of EarthGov, General Marcus, speaking exclusively to PlanetEarth News, said it was only a matter of time before he was caught and brought to justice.

"He shall find no hiding place. We shall hunt him down and are offering a reward of twenty million Kursums for information that will lead to his capture."

At a recent news conference, the Chief of the Department of Earth Security said that EarthForce troops had apprehended an important terrorist leader. Hassan Zahr, a resident of Lam, was currently being interrogated at an undisclosed location. Zahr is implicated in the recent massacre of over one hundred and fifty people in the Egyptian Protectorate.

Breaking News! Troops from the elite EarthForce have landed and taken control of Lam. A Provisional government, headed by Musa Raja, is due to be announced soon. In a new development, the President of EarthGov said he expected EarthForce troops to seize control of the Eridani system as the outlaws there had been providing support and assistance for the terrorists on Lam.

Overhead, Malik could hear the sound of several EarthForce ships.

3

Jorg, Deneb and Nils had soon left the Eridani system, stealthily following Loz and Lacus, and they were not surprised when their onboard ship sensors detected several EarthForce vessels on the course Loz and Lacus had taken.

"Your plan?" Deneb asked Jorg in a coded transmission.

"How many Earth ships do you register?"

"Five."

"Good enough odds to me! But you know what our priority is."

"Yes!" Deneb replied. It was almost a shout, and her face showed that determination, that lust for fighting, that scared many people, but interested others.

"Seems they've detected us," Nils interrupted, as the ships of Loz and Lacus suddenly increased their velocity.

They almost made it. The EarthForce ships were almost within weapons range when Deneb struck. Accelerating, she positioned herself between Loz and Lacus and the EarthForce ships, directly in their line of fire. Loz fired first; then Lacus, but they missed, and by the time Deneb began her own attack run - straight toward them - she was already in weapons range of the EarthForce ships.

But Nils and Jorg reacted at the same time, swerving away toward the EarthForce ships and firing at them as soon as they were within weapons range. It worked, for the five EarthForce ships broke away to engage them leaving Deneb to skillfully turn several times, avoiding the fire of Loz and Lacus, and fire all her weapons. One after the other, the ships of Loz and Lacus exploded, and she was soon weaving in and out of the EarthForce vessels, firing at any target she could.

One EarthForce ship was hit, and disabled, while the others regrouped, and Jorg was preparing for another attack run when Nils interrupted.

"Four more Earth ships approaching. Estimated arrival time, five Earth minutes."

"Best make ourselves scarce, then" Jorg suggested.

"Shame, " Deneb replied. "I was just beginning to enjoy myself."

"I guess a return to Eridani is out of the question," Nils asked.

"Certainly," Jorg replied. "EarthForce will be there soon, I guess."

"The colony on Seti Prime?"

"Sounds good to me," Nils said. Seti Prime was another Space Pirate haunt, right on the fringes of explored Space.

"You go. I'll meet you there. I have something to do on Lam."

"I'll go with you," Deneb said.

He could see her, on his screen, smiling. "Thanks. But this is something I've got to do by myself. EarthForce are probably there already."

"May Fortune favour you," Deneb said.

As soon as Jorg arrived in the vicinity of Lam he detected a whole multitude of Earth ships, mostly swarming near the planet, but with many in orbit. Using his superior velocity, and his skills as a pilot, he weaved through and past them, and he was already decelerating for a landing at a precise location in the city before they reacted with several EarthForce fighters chasing him.

He had not expected such devastation and it took him a few moments after landing, and in the dimming light as the Lamian star set, before he knew which direction to go. Nearby, he could hear the sound of dull explosions, and twice he thought he heard someone shout. Blast rifle ready, he cautiously entered what had once been Malik Khattab's dwelling. Finding nothing, he was about to leave when he almost tripped over the hand, protruding from some rubble. He found her, then, the young woman whose face, whose smile, had pleased him, only a short time ago. But she was dead, her body crushed, and for the first time in his life Jorg felt hate - hate for the dishonourable cowards who had done such a dishonourable deed.

Then he was angry. So angry he began to shake. The noise saved him, and he leapt up and spun round to see several EarthForce troopers nearby. Even had his anger not roused him he would have killed them, but he would not have run toward them as he did, screaming an incoherent, almost animal, cry. One of them did manage to fire a weapon, but it missed. Jorg did not.

His landed vessel had been detected, for five EarthForce fighter ships swooped down toward it, strafing the ground with their cannons. Jorg was soon airborne, and, even more reckless than usual, let them chase him into the desert where he weaved between hills and mountains and flew perilously close to the sands before rising vertically at incredible velocity to reach the darkness of Space. They followed, but he turned back and straight toward them until, one after the other, they exploded or fell, fatally hit, back to the planet

4

It did not take Jorg long to find Nils and Deneb on Seti Prime. Disembarking on a concourse similar to but smaller than that on Eridani, he saw what seemed to be a fracas ahead. Before his arrival, a small crowd, some twenty strong, had gathered as news of the deaths of Loz and Lacus spread, and the crowd had reached the entrance to an establishment in where loud music played, people laughed, and Deneb and Nils sat, eating. Deneb, as usual, was in no mood for making speeches, or explaining herself, and she stood to defiantly face the crowd who instinctively backed away.

She had assumed the worst for, as Jorg cautiously approached, blast rifle unslung from his shoulder, he heard one of the crowd - a tall man with a shaven head, tattooed arms and neck - ask Deneb, "Is truth that Earth has taken Eridani?"

Jorg could see that Deneb's hands were still near her blast pistols. "Flyer Jorg should know," she said, and the crowd turned toward him.

"Well," he said, "on my way here my sensors picked up EarthForce ships orbiting Eridani 3. So I guess so."

"Are we next?" someone else asked.

"Could be. But not for a while, at least. Seems to me they'd need more ships, from Earth."

An elderly man with white hair stepped forward and introduced himself. He wore the one piece drably-coloured working clothing that Jorg associated with new settlers. "I'm Yukio Aida, and I speak for the settlers, here. Is there anything we can do?"

"It depends," Jorg said, "on whether you want EarthGov to take control of this planet and the other colonies nearby."

"We came here to get away from them!" someone shouted.

"Too true!" another replied.

"As I see it, " Jorg said, surprised that he seemed to have become some kind of respected authority figure,

"You all have three choices. Stay here, and accept the authority of EarthGov."

"We all know what that means!" someone shouted.

"Yeah, taxes, restrictions, deportations, military rule," another voice answered.

"Or," continued Jorg, "you can leave and try find somewhere else."

"There is nowhere else - not within thirty light years," Yukio said.

"And we all know what happened to the ships that went there. They never returned," a female voice said to a chorus of whisperings and murmurs.

"Or," Jorg said, "you can fight."

"With what?" Yukio said. "Most of the people here are settlers."

"We could help," the tattooed man said. He stepped forward and introduced himself to Jorg by the Earth custom of shaking hands. "Chiwetel."

"Yeah, I've heard of you. Aren't you the one who held that Earth passenger transport for ransom a while back?"

"That's I! I - we, " and he pointed to a group of rough looking men, "am getting bored. Action do us no harm! If the price be right."

"That's up to the settlers."

"What else can these people do but fight?" Yukio said, and shrugged his shoulders. "All these settlers have is here. You would help?" he asked Jorg.

"Yes, we will!" Deneb interrupted.

"Are you all agreed then," Jorg asked the crowd, "that fighting is the only option?"

"What chance do we have?" Yukio asked.

"Yeah, look what happened when you attacked EarthForce from Eridani," someone said.

"That was an all-out battle; this time, it will be on our terms. Ambush. Guerilla tactics. Cut their supply lines. Mine the approaches to Seti. That sort of thing. And," he added with a glance at Chiwetel, "we might even make a few raids of our own and hold some ships for ransom."

Chiwetel smiled. A smile that seemed to extend to the whole of his face.

"Seems to me, " the hitherto silent Nils said, "this is where we draw the line. Where we make a stand against EarthGov."

Jorg spent the rest of the daylight hours on Seti - whose clear turquoise sky, bluish sun, purple oceans, verdant plains and valleys, had attracted thousands of off-world settlers - on the concourse, with Deneb and Nils, talking to and meeting with settlers and anyone else who wanted to get involved in the defence of Seti Prime. Yukio surprised him, for, despite his apparent settler status, his advancing years and small stature - at least when compared to Jorg, Chiwetel, Nils and the other Space Pirates - he set about organizing things for Jorg with great energy, repeating going off to find someone to do one task, or ask their opinion, or procure some piece of equipment or weaponry, as well as talk with a large number of people and make suggestions. He even managed to get the majority of the settlers and the Pirates to agree on what should be done, and who should do it, all - as Yukio himself suggested - under the guidance and leadership of Jorg. And it was Yukio who went around telling everyone of Jorg's latest exploit on Lam, news of which had reached Seti shortly after Jorg's arrival. Jorg did not know whether he should be pleased that EarthGov had just offered a million Kursums reward for his capture, although he did notice - as news of the reward spread on Seti - that Deneb and Nils had acquired more weapons and sat beside him, one on either side, at the communications console that Yukio had somehow managed to procure. He was later to learn that Yukio had, in his early years and on one of the colonies on Mars, run quite a profitable business smuggling banned goods to Earth, and that he had been detained on one of the notorious death-camps - or "re-education centres" as EarthGov called them - on the dark side of the Moon from which he had escaped to begin a new life.

With arrival of night, and more Space Pirates who had been lurking in Space awaiting developments - the places of recreation that bordered the Spaceport concourse became centres of lively, often noisy, activity, and at last Jorg found time to eat. He also found that he had acquired three more bodyguards all of whom, along with blast pistols and rifles, carried on their backs a



large, curved sword, and all of whom wore white headbands inscribed with writing that, he was also later to learn, was that of Yukio's ancestral homeland on Earth.

"And Hassan?" Deneb asked, after they had all finished eating. All, that is, except Jorg's three new bodyguards who stood, resolute, near Jorg while he, Deneb, Nils and Yukio sat on a plinth beside a table in one of the less noisy places.

"We don't even know where he is," Jorg said.

"I may be able to help, there," Yukio interrupted, and stood up. "Give me a while."

"Why am I not surprised," Jorg said, after Yukio had left to consult with some of the settlers who had arrived with him from Proxima.

## 5

The ship that held Hassan had been damaged in the attack which Jorg, Nils and Deneb had made during their pursuit of Loz and Lacus, and he was transferred, naked and wearing a restraining collar that could send a debilitating electric shock through his body, to another EarthForce vessel. There, it was not long before his interrogation resumed. He was restrained on a metallic table in complete darkness with some sort of device attached to his head. He did not know what this device did, or was supposed to do, but he knew he kept feeling nauseous and that unbidden images kept appearing before him, although he did not know whether the images he saw were real, imagined, or produced by the device.

The images seemed, at first, to make no sense to him. Many were obscene, as many were designed to ridicule his own way of life and that of his people. Others were of beautiful or strange places he had never seen. Others were of his own people, and the city of Lam. Still others were of scenes from Earth, redolent of the culture that EarthGov had adopted and promoted. Then, when the pain started, coinciding with some of the images, he felt he knew what his interrogators were trying to do.

The session lasted a long and painful time, and when it ended he was left, on the table, without clothes, food or drink, for even longer. Then, the images, the pain, the nausea, began again. No one spoke to him, and this pattern of images, pain, nausea and respite continued for what, to Jorg, seemed an interminable time until he finally succumbed to sleep. But this peaceful rest was short, for as soon as he slept, pain and a brief, very intense, blinding, light, awoke him.

Whether he lay there for hours, or days, he did not know, but by the time the door opened, and he was released from his restraints, Hassan was unable to stand, and even the faint light in the corridor beyond hurt his eyes.

"Here, " a voice beside him said, "please put this on."

A strong hand helped Hassan to stand and place the cloak around his body, and he was led out into the corridor, supported by two people dressed completely in black.

"Are you able to walk?" The voice belonged to a man he recognized.

"Yes, just about, thank you."

"We must go before we are detected." The speaker was the EarthForce Officer who was Captain of the ship Hassan and Jorg had seized, Captain Henry Teal. "We have a vessel waiting which will take you to a rendezvous point where you will be met."

Hassan was led to the small airlock near which Captain Teal took shook his hand. "Please, accept my personal apologies for your treatment. I have a feeling that we might meet again. Take this. It might help your people," and he handed Hassan a small data-crystal.

Was he hallucinating? Was this all a dream? Some kind of ploy? It was a somewhat bewildered Hassan who boarded the unmarked EarthForce stealth Fighter, and an even more bewildered Hassan who sat in a small cargo bay of an old trading freighter after a short but fast journey in the Fighter. The person opposite him - a wiry man in a drably-coloured one-piece outfit whose face was badly scarred from a blast pistol - offered him clothes, food and water, all of which he accepted with silent duas in thanks.

"Where are we going?" he asked.

"Seti Prime," the man said. He was the pilot of, and only other person on-board, the trading freighter.

"May I ask why?"

"The Resistance has established a new base there."

"Resistance?"

"To EarthGov."

"Then that EarthForce Officer - "

"Is helping us, yes. There are some, you know, who do not, how shall I say, agree with EarthGov policies. A few, a very few."

Exhausted, Hassan soon fell asleep. It was a refreshing sleep, and he slept all the way to his destination. After the events of the past few days Hassan found the reception that awaited him on Seti Prime quite overwhelming. A crowd, almost a thousand strong, thronged around him, many firing weapons into the air, many cheering, and almost all wanting to shake his hand or embrace him.

"Well," Jorg said when Hassan finally managed to get through the crowd to where he, Deneb, Nils and Yukio waited, "seems you've become something of a hero."

Hassan did not understand why. These were not even his own people, and they most certainly did not share his Way of Life. Besides which, he knew he had not done very much. "I didn't expect this," was all he could say, and he shook hands with Jorg, Nils and Yukio. Deneb stood facing him with her hands on her hips, her head slightly on one side, smiling, and, uncertain what he should do - or what she might do - he was glad when Jorg said, "You know EarthForce has occupied Lam?"

"No. No, I didn't. I must return there."

"That might not be a good idea," Jorg said. "Not at the moment."

"You should rest here, a while," Yukio said to Hassan.

"I don't understand all this," Hassan said, gesturing toward the still lingering crowd.

"Every resistance needs a leader, and heroes, people their enemy love to hate," Yukio said, with a smile, looking first at Jorg and then at Hassan. "With such a leader, such heroes, the resistance can get properly organized."

"You mean, it's not?" Hassan said, surprised.

"No, not yet. There are not many, so far."

"But I take it, then that you are - "

"Involved? Only in a small, a very small way. Now, you should rest."

But Hassan did not feel like resting. He wanted to do something, anything. Something to aid his people, something which would enable him to strike back at EarthForce and EarthGov; and as he looked around at his new warrior friends - Jorg, Deneb, Nils - at the people who still crowded round, at Yukio, and as he remembered the actions of Captain Teal, he began to realize that more, far more, was involved here than just the occupation, by EarthGov, of Lam.

## **Hassan and Jorg Part Four: Return to Lam**

1

The Mujahideen had the advantage of surprise. The EarthForce troops had the advantages of superior weapons, numerical superiority and the support of fighter planes. In theory, the EarthForce troops, venturing into the desert with their armoured vehicles, their mobile cannons, their air support, and the advantage of outnumbering the Mujahideen by twenty to one, should have won.

It had all started so well for EarthForce. Lam 3 had been occupied, and secured, with hundreds of the remaining male residents of New Aswan rounded up, and transported to an interrogation centre. A curfew had been imposed, with troops under instruction to shoot on sight anyone breaking the curfew. A Provisional government had been installed, led by those loyal to EarthGov and imported by EarthGov from the Egyptian Protectorate on Earth, with this new Lam government having given many interviews to the few MediaNews representatives that EarthForce

had allowed to visit Lam. Several EarthForce Generals had even rashly promised that the campaign would be over within one Earth-week, with Malik Khattab either captured or killed.

That first desert battle, once properly begun, was fierce and, by the standard of the battles of Earth history, not unduly long. EarthForce had sent wave after wave of fighters to bomb what they believed to be rebel positions, high in one of the mountains. The bombardment lasted for nearly a whole Lamian day during which EarthForce troops in their vehicles had moved toward the area. Their first surprise, and lesson, came when they were approaching the mountain proper over the desert sands that lay between it and city of New Aswan. A small group of Mujahideen, no more than thirty in number, ambushed the long EarthForce column, causing initial panic. The leading three EarthForce vehicles were hit, and destroyed, their occupants killed, and it took the EarthForce troops nearly two Lamian hours to assume a defensive position. Thereafter, and given their numerical superiority, and fire-power, they soon had the Mujahideen surrounded, but the Mujahideen fought with a tenacity and ferocity that EarthForce had neither expected nor experienced, inflicting heavy casualties on the invading, occupying, troops.

The Mujahideen continued to fight until every single one of them was killed. Even those who had been wounded had continued fighting, and fearing booby-traps, the EarthForce troops withdrew to a safe distance and called in their air support to drop bomb and missiles on what had been the Mujahideen position.

Even then, the woes of the EarthForce column were not over, and all this even before the main battle had started. For the ambush had so delayed EarthForce they were forced to spend the night camped in the desert. All that night their planes continued to bomb the Mujahideen positions in the mountains that, at Lamian sunset, were now before them and twenty Earth-miles to the East. The sight, and sound, of the heavy bombardment gave the EarthForce troops renewed confidence after the mauling of the ambush: until one, then two, of their parked vehicles exploded, killing nine more troopers. They discovered that two Mujahideen, wired with explosives, had infiltrated their camp under cover of darkness and, sacrificing themselves, had caused the explosions. So it was that the EarthForce troops spent a mainly sleepless night, fearing further incidents. Their mood had also changed, from one of almost arrogant, swaggering optimism, to cautious doubt about the truth of what their senior Officers has said of the campaign being over "within one Earth-week."

The heat of the day was already intense when the EarthForce troops began their assault of the mountain. Again, they met with fierce, determined resistance, and once again, they suffered heavily casualties. But their vast numerical superiority, their superior fire-power, and air support, did enable them, after three Lamian-hours of bloody combat, to advance and overrun the Mujahideen position. They counted only thirty-five enemy dead, and even the rawest of raw EarthForce recruits knew what happened. Those killed - or most of them - had stayed behind, fighting to the death, to enable the main body of fighters to withdraw. Mobile units of EarthForce troops were sent ahead on seek and destroy missions - some dropped from airborne ships - but they all failed to find any trace of Malik Khattab's forces.

Frustrated, the General in charge of the EarthForce assault - General Mason - ordered wave after wave of airborne strikes on the mountains which, as EarthForce scouting parties were later to show, did damage only to the mountains themselves.

None of this prevented General Mason from issuing an optimistic statement about the events of the past two days and he even - after consultation with the President of EarthGov - was

interviewed by PlanetEarth News standing in front of the Founders Monument in New Aswan with Musa Raja beside him, surrounded by smiling EarthForce troopers.

Breaking News! Interviewed this morning in New Aswan on Lam, the General commanding the EarthForce troops there - General Mason - announced that Operation Eagle had been an astounding success.

"Yesterday, elite units from EarthForce engaged the enemy at several places in the mountains to the east of the city. Large quantities of weapons were seized and destroyed, and over fifty terrorists were killed. Our own casualties amounted to nine wounded, and three fatalities. Our heartfelt sympathies go out to the families and relatives of those EarthForce troopers killed. They died fighting to ensure that we and our allies can live in peace and freedom."

In a new development, the President of EarthGov has announced a generous package of aid to help the residents of New Aswan. He also announced that the first of what is expected to many transports of new settlers, all from the Egyptian Protectorate, had left Earth, bound for Lam.

High on one of the mountains of Lam, many Earth-miles from the city of New Aswan, the ancient call to prayer could be heard, and Malik Khattab joined the other Mujahideen as they, following the tradition of their Way of Life, faced the direction of the Land of the Two Holy Places on far distant Earth.

## 2

Hassan insisted he should go alone. Deneb insisted she should go with him. Jorg and Nils were both keeping out of the argument as they all sat in the corner of one of the recreation areas on Seti Prime that had become their unofficial headquarters. Since they knew that EarthForce had now blockaded Lam, the option of going there directly by ship had been rejected, and it was Yukio who had suggested that Hassan - suitably disguised - secretly join one of the many passenger ships that had begun to ferry the new settlers from Earth to Lam. And it was Yukio who was the first to mention the loss of Hassan's beard, saying in his diplomatic way that it was in some ways fortunate since few if any of the new male settlers to Lam had them.

"Look!" Deneb was almost shouting at Hassan. "For the last time, you stubborn man, it would look far less suspicious if I went with you."

"If I may say so," Yukio said, "she is correct."

Hassan sighed. "I suppose so." He turned toward Deneb. "You do understand, don't you, that we might be stuck there a while."

"Of course I do!"

"And that you'd have to dress a little differently."

"Of course! And don't you worry: I shall behave myself," she said with a sly grin that made Hassan turn away in embarrassment.

It was all arranged by the following day, courtesy of Yukio's resistance connections, and Jorg and Nils had to greatly restrain themselves to contain their amazement as Deneb, escorted by Yukio's

daughter and two other settler women, entered the recreation area. She was dressed in the traditional black costume that the women inhabitants of Lam wore when outdoors, although Deneb herself had made a few almost unnoticeable alterations. The addition of a thin veil left only her eyes visible.

"You look - different," was all Hassan could say.

"Great for hiding weapons," Deneb said, and produced her sword, a knife, two blast pistols and several stun grenades.

"Time to go," Yukio said.

The journey was long, tedious, quite boring and took three days, and they spent some of the time learning their new identities, with the rest given over to Hassan's attempts to teach Deneb at least some of the language of his own ancestors. The first two legs of the journey were in secret compartments in slow freighters; the third in a liberated EarthForce scout vessel and the fourth, and final, leg in an unmarked, unnamed but fast trading vessel of a type Hassan associated with the Space Pirates. They disembarked at the busy ferry terminals on Proxima, and found it quite easy to mingle with the dozens of new settlers bound for Lam. The fact that EarthGov had given generous financial inducements to the people of the Egyptian Protectorate made the scenes around the boarding gates quite chaotic. This worked to their advantage and, with their datacrystal identity documents checked and arousing no suspicion, they were soon on board one of the passenger ships that EarthGov had chartered.

They arrived on Lam, as the Lamian sun was setting, at the new Spaceport that EarthForce was in the process of constructing, a few miles out into the desert from the city of New Aswan, and both Hassan and Deneb were dismayed to see that each new arrival, and what little luggage they had been allowed to bring, were being searched by EarthForce troopers.

"Any ideas?" Deneb asked, already holding, under her garment, a blast pistol in one hand and a stun grenade in the other.

The Spaceport was a simple affair of three landing pads, one small, squat, control complex and two other small one storey buildings, the whole surrounded by high fences. Groups of armed EarthForce troopers hung around these perimeter fences, obviously bored, some standing, others sitting or squatting on the desert sand. One group sat listening to loud, new Earth-style music and drinking an intoxicating liquor from their EarthForce issue mugs. Another group was playing some sort of game with a ball, with many of this group gesturing and shouting wildly.

The new arrivals were being ushered into a queue which had formed behind the perimeter gates where seven troopers screened them. One of the troopers checked their datacrystal identities on the console in his hand before waving them on to two troopers who checked them with hand-held detectors. Anything suspicious, and the new settlers and their luggage were physically searched. Open-topped hover passenger vehicles waited beyond the gates to take them to a transit camp near New Aswan.

"Could you drive one of those," Hassan asked Deneb, inclining his head in the direction of the vehicles.

"We'll soon find out!"

They were at the front of the queue when Deneb - making use of her subtle alterations to her garment - produced her blast pistol and shot four of the guards in rapid succession. Hassan dispatched the rest, and as they ran through the gates Deneb threw the first of her stun grenades.

"My apologies," Deneb said to the male driver of the nearest passenger hover before throwing him from his seat onto the sand. The EarthForce troopers had only just reacted by the time Hassan joined her, gesturing with his stun pistol for the six occupants of the transport to leave. They did, as the EarthForce troopers began firing, and Deneb lurched the vehicle away into the desert amid a hail of blast rifle fire.

Once in the desert, with the darkness of the Lamian night having quickly descended, Hassan was undecided as to which direction to go. Despite his attempts during the past three days, he had been unable to establish any communication link with the Mujahideen on Lam, a failure he assumed was due to their using, for reasons of security, new frequencies and codes. Behind him, he could see the bright lights of New Aswan and the two new military bases EarthForce had established outside the city, and he felt sure that, sooner rather than later, EarthForce ground attack ships would be launched in an attempt to find them. Ahead, all was darkness.

After a brief discussion with Deneb, Hassan decided they should head East toward the nearest mountain where he knew some fighting had taken place, and they had been travelling in the hijacked hover transport for only a short while when two EarthForce ships attacked. The ponderous, slow, transport was no match for them and Deneb landed as the canons of the EarthForce ships strafed them. Setting the transport on cruise-control, they watched it rise a few feet above the sand and slowly move away toward the mountain. It did not get far before a missile from one of the EarthForce ships destroyed it.

Then, they were alone in the desert, with no sounds, and nothing to see, and they cautiously set off Eastwards. Dawn, with its fiery heat, found them near the foot of the mountain escarpment, and they settled down behind a shielding, jagged outcrop of rock to wait the long hours until darkness. Despite his best intentions, Hassan fell asleep, to be awakened several Lamian-hours later by the sound of someone moving among the rock rubble above them.

He gestured to Deneb that he would circle round, and she nodded her head in silent agreement, but he had gone only a few yards before they were both surrounded.

"Alhamdulillah! Assalamu Alaikum!" he called out.

One of the Mujahideen came toward him, smiling. "Wa alaikum as-salaam."

"I am -" Hassan began to say.

"We know who you are, and have been expecting you. We saw what happened, last night."

It was a long, difficult and arduous walk up the escarpment toward the the almost flat plateau that marked the summit of the mountain, and even when they reached its jagged, rubble strewn top, they did not stop. Instead, they descended down one side to a small ridge and along a narrow gully carved out millennia ago by the water that had once cascaded down during one of the rain-storms that had then been a feature of the planet's climate. Many miles, and wearying walking later, they arrived at some caves.

They were given some food, and water, and goatskin rugs to sit upon, and spent nearly a whole Lamian-hour sitting on the floor of the cave, having eaten and drunk as much as they could. Outside, several Mujahideen sat or stood wherever there was shade, watching the desert sands below, and it was late afternoon when Deneb and Hassan were guided to another cave.

Inside, in a subdued artificial light, several Mujahideen leaders, including Malik Khattab, sat on goatskin rugs.

"Assalamu Alaikum," Malik said in greeting, "come, sit here," indicating a space.

Hassan sat on one of the rugs, and Deneb - her face veiled - on the other. Several of the Mujahideen watched her, suspiciously

"Alhamdulillah, you are safe." Malik said. "There is much to discuss."

"Yes, " Hassan said. "This is Deneb, who has fought bravely at my side."

Only Malik smiled at her. "How did you escape?" Malik asked him.

"An EarthForce Officer helped me." His words had the surprise effect he expected.

"EarthForce?" one of the Mujahideen leaders said in disbelief.

"Yes," Hassan continued. "There is a resistance organization opposed to EarthGov. They've been helping us, me. I've come here to propose an alliance."

"With this resistance group?" Malik asked.

"Yes," Hassan replied.

"We do not need their help," one of the Mujahideen said. "We do not need alliances, and especially not with those who do not share our Way of Life."

"But," Hassan continued, "was it not Ibn Qadmah who said that, according to Ahmad, it is permissible for us to to ask help from those who do not follow our Way of Life; and was it not Ahmad's opinion that these helpers can have a share in whatever booty is obtained? And was it not Ar Ramli who said that the leader or second in command may ask help from those who do not follow our Way of Life provided they have a good opinion of us and we need their help because we are few?"

"It is so written," Malik said.

"They are good people. They helped me get here. And, it is my opinion that more is at stake here than the occupation of Lam."

"What do you mean? " another of the Mujahideen said.

"Earth is expanding; it is creating an Empire. When InshaAllah the war here on Lam is won and we have expelled the invaders, EarthGov and EarthForce will still exist. We need military alliances on other worlds; will will need to fight those who oppose us. We are few; Earth and its



colonies are many. We should looking into the future, of forming some kind of alliance which can oppose Earth and its Empire."

"I myself know this," Malik said.

A hitherto silent, elderly Mujahideen spoke. "What Hassan Zahr says is truth."

"Then, if we agree," Malik said to Hassan, "you would be our liaison with this resistance?"

"Yes."

"And what form would this alliance take?" Malik asked.

"Well, at the moment they can assist us with weapons, and information. Here's a start," and he handed Malik the datacrystal that Captain Teal had given him. "I've scanned it. It contains details of EarthForce deployments in the sector round Lam; their secure communication frequencies, and codes."

"And in return?" Malik asked.

"Nothing's settled yet. We've only just started. But what I would suggest to begin with is that a few of our people - scientists - help develop effective weapons and other such things."

"Including the synchrodrive?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"They're trying to establish a base on Seti Prime. And if that falls, then further out."

"Interesting," Malik said. "We shall have to discuss the matter."

"Of course."

Hassan and Deneb were led back to their cave, but it was not long before Malik joined them. "It is decided. We agree to this alliance, providing it is you who is our representative."

"Alhamdulillah!"

"Now, there remains, InshaAllah, the small matter of getting you both safely off Lam."

The arrangements took longer than expected - five days, in fact - during which Hassan had been politely advised to persuade Deneb to stay with the few women who had accompanied their husbands and who lived at that time in one of the larger mountain caves. Twice during these days of waiting everyone moved to a new location; twice Hassan was able to walk beside, and talk to,

Deneb; twice he was surprised at how pleased he was to see her, and twice she surprised him. She surprised him by asking questions about his Way of Life; she surprised him by speaking the language of his ancestors; but most of all she surprised him by knowing about his own past and that of his people.

His days were filled with discussions, with working out procedures for contacts, messages, attacks and meetings, but he was glad when the day of departure arrived, desiring as he did to be once again in Space, once again doing something practical against EarthForce.

The synchrondrive ship that would take them was one of only two left on Lam, camouflaged and hidden in a dry river bed, between two steep escarpments, similar to those sometimes found in Earth's deserts, with the difference that no surface water of any kind had flowed on Lam for millennia, excepting for the irrigation channels, recently dug and filled from underground sources, which lay to the West, South and North of New Aswan, extending for miles, and which brought the lush green of cultivation to those parts of the sterile if beautiful desert.

Malik had arranged a diversion to give the ship the best chance of leaving undetected, at least until it reached orbit. Travelling by night, two small groups of Mujahideen had infiltrated near one of the EarthForce camps and, at the pre-arranged time, began a bombardment before launching their attack. The ship, piloted by Hassan, carried, beside Deneb, three passengers, all scientists, and it was a happy Hassan who, with Deneb seated beside him, and following Jorg's example of what seemed a long time ago on Earth, engaged synchrondrive at blast off.

The tactic worked, for although it caused devastation in and around the now empty river bed, it did enable him to reach orbit before the EarthForce fighters and interceptors could react. Several EarthForce vessels followed, but they were unable to match the velocity of the synchron-drive ship and soon gave up their pursuit.

"It will be good to see the others, again. A new beginning, " Deneb said, and threw off the black garment she had been wearing since their departure from Seti Prime to reveal her usual military style clothing.

"Yes; this will be a new beginning, for all of us, especially now this alliance is agreed. We can begin to hit back at EarthGov," Hassan said.

"You and I, we make a good team. I knew we would."

"Yes, we all seem to work together well. You, me, Jorg, Nils, Yukio."

Deneb smiled. For she was beginning to feel that her Destiny was connected to that of Jorg - that in some way this war of liberation would be a good test, as well as a new beginning. For if Deneb was anything, it was a female warrior: proud of herself; of her skill; proud of her clan and its ancient culture. Jorg, she instinctively felt, would be a good addition to her clan - someone, proven in battle, who might, with her, carry on the warrior traditions, the culture, of her own Aryan ancestors. For, despite her admiration for Hassan and her respect for his culture, she felt it was duty to preserve, and evolve, her own unique culture and the warrior way of life she had embraced - and Jorg belonged to the same world, the same culture, as she herself. Perhaps, she thought, Rhadley - warrior Chief of her clan and leader of the secretive Naos - had been right, after all.

## **Historical Background:**

### **Hassan and Jorg**

Hassan is a resident of the city of New Aswan on the rather desolate planet Lam, a colony established over a century before his birth when many people fled the turmoil and cultural persecutions which followed the great rebellion on Earth. The rebels - whose centres were Aswan and Siwa - sought to violently overthrow what had become a military dictatorship in all but name, and the military retaliation was severe, global and bloody.

The rebellion failed to achieve most of its aims, but did lead, after several years of bloodshed and turmoil, to a long period of civilian rule which brought stability and prosperity to most of the citizens of Earth. During this period, Lam concentrated on building trading links with nearby colonies and star-systems, and on developing new technology, particularly that related to Space travel.

The Earth Government slowly ventured back into Space, establishing military outposts and regaining control of several nearby colonies which had declared their independence from Earth control. Growing more confident, and eager to maintain its new prosperity, the Earth Government began a policy of expansion, driven by the ever expanding power and influence of the military many of whose idealistic young Officers dreamed of an Empire centred on Earth and who took as their model the ancient Earth Empire of Rome.

The President of the Earth Government was concerned about growing divisions on Earth itself, and within the military, and believed that by encouraging expansion, and spreading the idea of a new Earth Empire, he could unite its people.

At the same time, the President and his military advisors were becoming increasingly occupied with the growing influence of Lam, and particularly about the new synchron star-drive which Lam had invented which Earth believed would give Lam an overwhelming military superiority. With Presidential elections near, and with his personal popularity decreasing, the President decided it would be an opportune time to plan and then launch an invasion of Lam and so gain control of Lam's new Space technology. As part of this plan, Martial Law was declared in the territories between the city of Siwa on Earth (anciently, an oasis in the desert) and the city of Aswan, for the peoples in these territories follow the culture and customs of the colonists on Lam. Many of those who founded the colony on Lam were from this area of Earth.

Jorg is one of the many rogue traders - or Space Pirates as they call themselves - whose base is one of the planets of the Eridani system, not many parsecs from Lam. These traders have little or no respect for Earth Government, or government in general, and although their main occupation is stellar trade, they have been known to work together to capture, and hold for ransom, starships and their crew, just as some of them have been known to acquire certain things by dubious means.

---

## **GLOSSARY**

---

### **Synchron-drive:**

A new type of starship technology, developed on Lam 3 over a period of many decades, which

would revolutionize Space travel and is far superior to the common StarDrive. Synchron is short for synchronous and refers to the synchronicity concept: a manifestation in causal Space-Time of synchronous energies

**EarthForce:**

Initially, EarthForce was an elite squadron set up by the President of the Earth Government and under his direct command. However, as the Imperial ambitions of Earth Government grew, it was significantly expanded while still retaining its elite status. One of its principal aims is to plan and execute an invasion of Lam 3 and so destroy what the Earth Government and its military regard as the threat from Lam.

**Eridani:**

Star system containing the planet which serves as the base for the Space Pirates: rogue traders who ply the stellar trading routes between Earth and the new star colonies, although some of the traders have taken to supplementing their income by hijacking ships and cargo vessels. Many of these traders are former convicts or political prisoners from Earth or the Mars colony who have escaped or served their sentences, while others are adventurers.

**Kursums:**

A rare mineral found deep underground on a planet in a star-system near Eridani. Used as currency by stellar traders.

**New Aswan:**

The city on the rather desolate planet of Lam 3 occupied by the migrants from Earth who took with them their way of life and their ancient desert culture. It is the only inhabited part of the planet, although the surrounding area has been irrigated and brought under cultivation. The whole terrain of Lam 3 is desert-like, and not unlike the Nubian Desert on planet Earth, although the star around which Lam 3 orbits is brighter and hotter than Earth's star, the Sun. This makes the terrain desolate and inhospitable, and there is no surface water, although there is underground water in a few places. The new city was established near one such place.

The Earth city of Aswan was originally a small community by the river Nile.

Recently, a new government was established on Lam, one of whose declared aims is to liberate the territories around Aswan (Earth) which are under Martial Law, declared by the Earth Government.

**InshaAllah:**

"If Allah wills it". Used by the residents of Lam, and those who follow their Way of Life and culture, who believe that it is Allah and Allah alone Who controls the fate of human beings and all living things. Allah is regarded as the Supreme Being, the Creator of the Cosmos.

**Assalamu Alaikum:**

"May peace be with you." Traditional greeting used by the residents of Lam and those who follow their Way of Life and culture. The response is: "Wa alaikum as-salaam" which means "And may Peace be with you as well."

**Alhamdulillah:**

"All Praise be to Allah." Said by the residents of Lam, and those who follow their Way of Life and culture.

---

# DWM: ISLAAMIC WRITINGS

---

Bismillah Ar-Rahman Ar-Raheem

## Challenging the Kuffar, Changing the Focus

"The believers are they who, hearing Allah's name, feel awe and dread, and whose Eeman is increased when they hear His Ayat recited: for these are they relying only on their Rabb." 8:2  
Interpretation of Meaning

Introduction:

Since the Jumaadi Al-Thaani attacks - the Washington and New York expeditions - the kuffar have launched an unprecedented propaganda offensive against our Deen and against we who are Muslim and who strive to follow the correct and perfect guidance we have been given by Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala.

This article will focus on understanding, and countering, some aspects of this kaffir propaganda campaign against us and our Deen.

For far too long the Muslim Ummah - and especially Muslims residing in the lands of the kuffar - have allowed the kuffar to set the agenda: to dictate the terms and conditions of arguments and debates. They want us to be divided and apologetic - as, for example, was illustrated in the recent Media campaign, in Britain, about Shariah, following some remarks made by some Nazarene, and is illustrated every time there is some trial, in a kaffir "Court of Law", of one of our brothers or sisters accused of being a "terrorist" or a "terrorist sympathizer" or of "inciting terrorism" or something of the sort.

We need InshaAllah to understand and act upon the truths that:

- 1) The kuffar, with the help of their apostate allies and lackeys, are intent on changing our Deen - on "modernizing it" - and thus demand that we Muslims accommodate ourselves to, and imitate, the ways and the life of the kuffar themselves.
- 2) The kuffar will use deadly force to not only get their own way and maintain their political, military and economic domination of our lands, but also to prevent the establishment of a land or lands where we can live, as Muslims, ruled only by Shariah, and where the kuffar have no power and no influence over us.

To counter the machinations of the kuffar, we need to do two things, InshaAllah:

- 1) We need to shift the focus away from what has become the most important part of the propagandistic agenda the kuffar - which is of trying to divide us by insisting: (a) that we reject what they, the kuffar, call the "extremists" and the "terrorists" among us; and (b) that we embrace the "moderate" Islam that they insist is "true Islam" and which they affirm is compatible with their Taghut of democracy and their Taghut of the nation-State; and (c) that - directly contrary Quran and Sunnah - we spy on our brothers and sisters, and inform on them and report them to

the kaffir authorities if we suspect they are involved in or plotting what the kuffar define as "terrorist acts" or if they may be doing what the kuffar say is "preaching hatred and extremism".

That is, we need to shift the focus toward their own, kaffir, way of life - toward their hypocrisy, and highlight and explain the utter failure of the decadent societies of the West. We need to expose the deaths and the suffering and the exploitation and the damage that the kuffar of the West have inflicted on people and upon the world. We need to expose the real terrorism of the new Amerikan empire which, in the past sixty years for example, has established over three hundred military bases around the world, has attempted to overthrow over forty foreign governments; which has intervened militarily in the internal affairs of other countries hundreds upon hundreds of times; which has supported oppressive dictators and corrupt governments; which has used chemical weapons against people, and dropped millions upon millions of tons of bombs upon people, and which thus has directly caused the deaths of millions upon millions of people.

Also, we need to emphasize how the kaffir Taghut of the "nation-State" has been directly and indirectly responsible for the greatest slaughter and the greatest suffering the world has ever known. For instance, loyalty and obedience to this Taghut has, in the last hundred years alone, caused the deaths of some two hundred million people, from the so-called First and Second European-based "World Wars" to the post-colonial struggles in Algeria, Vietnam, South Africa, Lebanon, South America and elsewhere.

By imposing their Taghut of the nation-State upon us and upon other peoples - by creating artificial nation-States from Iraq to Kenya to Jordan to Tanzania to Lebanon to the Zionist occupation entity in Filistine - the kuffar of the West have created and left an evil legacy of hatred, strife and division, just as their arrogant and racist desire to create new nations for themselves around the world led to campaigns of extermination, brutal oppression and discrimination, as, for example, in the case of the native North Americans, the native Indians of South America, the Australian Aborigines, the German campaign to exterminate the Herero of Namibia, and the Amerikan atrocities during the so-called Philippine-American War.

Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala says:

"Truly, in such a narrative [of history] there is meaning - for those who use reason." 12: 111  
Interpretation of Meaning

2) We need to not only understand the error of the kaffir way of thinking, but also reject their attempt to have us "understand" our Deen according to their fallible way of thinking. Thus can we revive the authentic Islam of Ahlus Sunnah wal Jammah - the Deen of Jihad fee Sabilillah and Al wala wal Bara - and thus can we do our duty to Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala and so make the Word of Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala supreme. Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala says:

"He has sent His Messenger with the correct guidance and the [perfect] Deen, and will make it triumphant [over all other Ways] despite all that the Mushrikoon will do." 61:69 Interpretation of Meaning

Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala also says in the miraculous Quran:

"You who are sincere in belief: It is awe of Allah which causes you to speak the truth." 33:70  
Interpretation of Meaning

In context, this Ayah means that if we are in awe of Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala - if we sincerely

know and feel how superior is the power of Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala, if we sincerely believe in the Judgement which awaits us - then we will be motivated to speak the truth, to act honourably, and will not fear or be in awe of or be misguided by those lesser things, including the power of the kuffar, anything the kuffar may devise or have devised, or whatever some leader or some ruler or some kaffir-law may demand that we do, or do not do.

### The Kaffir Propaganda Strategy:

The kaffir propaganda strategy can be seen in all its sophistication - and in all its crudeness and emotion - in the so-called "documentary" film made, a few years ago, by two Zionists, called *"Obsession - Radical Islam's War Against the West."*

This film brings together all the themes which underlie the current kaffir campaign to subvert, to change, our Deen; to divide us; to have us apologetic, and to have us accept the ways and the values of the West, of the kuffar. Thus, the kuffar say such things as:

"A new menace is threatening, with all the means at its disposal, to bow Western Civilization under the yoke of its values. That enemy is Radical Islam. A peaceful religion is being hijacked by a dangerous foe, who seeks to destroy the shared values we stand for."

Notice here the themes, the kaffir concepts, of "radical Islam", of the Islam that the kuffar want being a "peaceful religion" and of this religion having "shared values" with the West, which is portrayed as a "civilization".

Thus, we can see and understand that some of the central themes of the kaffir campaign to divide us and have us imitate their Millah are:

- 1) Defining Islam so that it is just a "religion" (as the kuffar understand religion) with the Muslims of such a religion being capable of existing peacefully in a modern and democratic nation-State, with such a democratic nation-State being seen as the ideal;
- 2) Insisting that the "majority of Muslims are peaceful, law-abiding, citizens" of a particular nation-State, and that the problems which the kuffar have are with an "extremist minority" who do not "represent Islam" and who preach "hatred and intolerance".
- 3) That it is duty of the Muslim "citizens" of every nation-State to tackle "extremism" and "hate".

Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala says:

"The Jews and Nazarenes will never be satisfied (with you) until you change your Millah (into theirs)." 2:120 Interpretation of Meaning

Let us consider another example of the kaffir campaign: the so-called Amman Message issued by Abdullah bin Al-Hussein of Jordan which sought "to declare what Islam is and what it is not" and "thus assure balanced Islamic solutions for essential issues like human rights; women's rights; freedom of religion; good citizenship of Muslims in non-Muslim countries, and just and democratic government. It also exposes the illegitimate opinions of radical fundamentalists and terrorists from the point of view of true Islam."

Note here, and in the propaganda surrounding the message and endorsing it, the kaffir-speak, and the reliance upon kaffir ideas and concepts such as human rights; women's rights; "freedom of religion"; democratic government; radical fundamentalists; "terrorists". Note in the propaganda

surrounding this message and endorsing it the desire to manufacture a "moderate Islam" and the desire to live "in peace" with and among the kuffar, despite the kaffir invasion and occupation of our lands, despite their continued interference in our affairs, and despite their killing, torture, imprisonment and humiliation of hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of our brothers and sisters.

As it was authentically narrated by Abu Hurairah, Allah's Messenger (salla Allahu 'alayhi wa sallam) said:

"Before the Final Hour there will be the many years of deception where the truthful ones will be not be believed although the liars will. The honourable will be accused of dishonour while the dishonourable will be regarded as having honour, for - in these times - the Ruwaibidah will speak."

It was asked: "Who is this Ruwaibidah?" And he (salla Allahu 'alayhi wa sallam) replied: "The one who is *Tafih* [(1)] will speak for and on behalf of the people." *Ahmad* (2, 291), *al-Haakim* (4, 465–466, and 512); Ibn Maajah.

We might justly ask what exactly Abdullah bin Al-Hussein of Jordan and those scholars who signed this message have done to reclaim Filistine from the Zionists occupiers; what they have done, in a practical way, to end the oppression and humiliation of our brothers in occupied Filistine, in The Land of the Two Rivers, in Afghanistan, in Chechnya. We might justly ask where are their statements, their declarations, about the treatment of their brothers and sisters by the Americans? Where are their petitions to free Muslims captives held in Bagram, in Abu Ghraib, in Guantanamo Bay? But with people like Hamid Karzai - a puppet appointed by the American occupiers of Afghanistan - endorsing this message, we already know the answers to these questions.

For the truth is that the kuffar desire to manufacture a modernized "Islam" which is no threat to the West, and they seek to do this by dividing Muslim against Muslim, by having Muslim fight Muslim for the benefit of the kuffar, as is now happening in Iraq, in Afghanistan, in Pakistan, in Algeria, in Filistine, in Egypt and elsewhere. Thus, according to the kuffar, the "moderate Muslims" have to take a stand against "extremist Muslims" who (according to the kuffar) adhere to a radical, an extremist, *ideology* - and if necessary these moderate Muslims can and should ally themselves with the kuffar, and betray their "extremist" brothers and sisters to the Police, to the Intelligence Services, to the Armed Forces, of the kuffar (and to the lackeys and allies of the kuffar). In addition, these moderate Muslims most certainly will not directly fight the armed forces of the kuffar even if the kuffar invade and occupy Muslim lands - rather, they should make common cause with the kuffar (for after all, they have "shared values" and shared goals) and instead establish a nation-State which the kuffar are comfortable with and which is "democratic" and which accepts the laws and the morality of the West, and which, incidentally, allows the kuffar to maintain direct or indirect control of its resources, its economy and its Armed Forces.

What we see at work here is a kaffir desire for us to replace Tawheed - the perfect, complete Deen given to us by Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala - with the ways, the Tawagheet, of the kuffar: with the ideas, the concepts, the abstractions which the kuffar have manufactured and devised.

Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala says:

"When they [the deniers] seek compromise, they only desire you to compromise." 68: 9 Interpretation of Meaning



## Kaffir Ideas and Ideology:

Ideology has been defined as a coherent, or rational, system of *ideas* - that is, it is a human manufactured system about or regarding certain human manufactured *abstractions* or concepts, which abstractions (or concepts) exist or are perceived or assumed to exist in "the human mind" and which are thus projected onto "things" and beings (including human beings). These "things" and beings are then regarded as having been "understood".

Thus, when the kuffar write or talk about Islam being an "ideology" - or a particular "type" of ideology - or when they speak and write about "radical" or "extremist" Muslims adhering to or propagating an "extremist", radical or "fundamentalist" ideology, they are not only making many assumptions, but also viewing our Deen, and Muslims, according to their own limited, manufactured - and fallible - human and Western perspective.

They further assume that this perspective of theirs - the assumptions they make - are correct, and universal: a means (or *the* means) to "the truth" and to genuine understanding and knowledge.

However, the kuffar have made two fundamental errors, here.

(1) The first error of the kuffar is that we who are Muslims accept that our Deen, the Way of Al-Islam, has been given to us by Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala: that is, Deen Al-Islam, and Kallamu Allah, are not fallible, human-manufactured constructs, and thus are different from all the human manufactured constructs, ideas, beliefs, concepts, ways, which the kuffar have constructed over thousands of years.

Thus, when the kuffar and their lackeys write and talk about such things as "Islam as an ideology", and about such things as "Islamic politics", *they are implicitly or explicitly, knowingly or out of ignorance, denying the very basis of Islam* - denying the very truths we Muslims accept: the truths that Islam is the perfect complete Deen, given to us by Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala; that the miraculous Quran is the literal Word of Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala ; and that in the Prophet, Muhammad (salla Allahu 'alayhi wa sallam) we have the perfect example to follow. Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala says:

"The words of your Rabb are complete, perfect - manifesting truth, justice, and nothing shall ever abrogate them." 6:115 Interpretation of Meaning

"This day I have perfected your Deen for you and completed My Favour upon you and have chosen for you as your Deen, Al-Islam." 5:3 Interpretation of Meaning

*In essence, the difference is that we accept that it is only correct to believe in, to talk and write about, "perfection" in the context of Quran and Sunnah: in terms of what Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala has said is perfect, whereas the kuffar talk about "perfection" in terms of an "idea" or in terms of some ideal which they themselves have manufactured or which they themselves believe, or assume, exists.*

Thus, we accept that only Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala is the giver of *ilm al-yaqin*:

"They had no knowledge of such things: only assumptions, and assumptions are no guide to Truth." 53:28 Interpretation of Meaning

Thus, talking and writing about Muslims and Deen Al-Islam according to the ideas, the terms, the concepts, of the kuffar is a rejection, a denial, of our Deen because we are using fallible things, manufactured and devised by the kuffar in their ignorance and arrogance, to judge and interpret ourselves, other Muslims, and to judge, interpret and to try and "understand" our Deen. In effect, we are using the Tawagheet of the kuffar in place of the guidance of Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala: for each and every idea, abstraction, and concept of the kuffar is a Taghut. That is, it is used a means of judgement, of interpretation, of understanding - instead of the perfect and complete guidance Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala has given us, in the Quran and Sunnah. [(2)]

Let us be quite clear about this. The kaffir idea, the kaffir concept, of "ideology" is a Taghut, just as each and every kaffir "idea" itself is a Taghut, and just as the "idea" of a nation-State is a Taghut.

Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala says:

"Their way is to refer matters to a Taghut. " 4:60 Interpretation of Meaning

"Do not manufacture comparisons for Allah, for assuredly Allah knows, while you do not."  
16:74 Interpretation of Meaning

"And all that they devised will be removed from them" 10:30 Interpretation of Meaning

In the same way, we should not divide Islam - and Muslims - according to the fallible manufactured criteria, the abstractions, of the kuffar, and thus it is not correct for us to write and talk about "extremist Muslims" who adhere to some "radical or fundamentalist ideology". Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala says:

"Thus will they say on that day they are cast into The Fire: 'If only we had obeyed Allah and His Messenger! But - Our Rabb! - We obeyed our leaders and those who guided us, and they sent us astray.' " 33: 66-7 Interpretation of Meaning

(2) The second error that the kuffar make is their arrogant belief that their perception, their concepts, abstractions and theories, are universal and not only apply to Deen Al-Islam but also mean that we must use them in preference to the guidance given to us by Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala. Thus, according to them, we share the "same values" - which values, of course, they have defined.

However, this is incorrect. We do not have the same values, the same perspective, as the kuffar.

As Muslims, we view our life here, in the dunya, as but a prelude, a means. We look toward Jannah and its rewards. That is, we understand the meaning of the Hadith:

Abu Hurayra reported that Allah's Messenger (salla Allahu 'alayhi wa sallam) said: "The dunya is but a prison for the believer and yet [seems] Paradise for a kaffir." *Muslim: Book 42 (Kitab Al-Zuhd wa Al-Raqa'iq) 7058*

Hence, we are eager to escape from this prison - eager to reach (InshaAllah) Jannah - just as we understand that the "peace" which the kuffar write and talk about and which they make their goal (or claim to make their goal) is not the peace which we desire and not the peace which Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala has told us about. Rather, the peace we know, we have been informed about by Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala, is the eternal, perfect, peace of Jannah and the worldly peace that arises - which only arises - from a simple submission to only Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala, from an

acceptance of *al-qada wa al-qadar*, for such a submission, such an acceptance, returns us to, and expresses, our natural human nature, our *fitrah*, and thus makes real for us the simple truth of Tawheed, a truth which the Tawagheet of the kuffar - which the ideas, abstractions and concepts of the kuffar - obscure, distort and conceal.

Thus, our perspective, deriving from the truth we have accepted - given to us by Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala - is the perspective of Jannah, not the perspective of the dunya: not the perspective of some Taghut which the kuffar have manufactured and which they strive for (such as worldly "peace" or "democracy" or the triumph of one nation-State over some other nation-State by whatever means).

Furthermore, our values - manifest in Adab Al-Islam, in Shariah, and revealed to us in Quran and Sunnah - are different from those of the kuffar. We seek to please, to obey, Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala - to follow the perfect example of the Prophet, Muhammad (salla Allahu 'alayhi wa sallam) - and do not seek to live according to some "ethical theory" or some moral values which the kuffar have manufactured or devised. If we need guidance on some matter - on what to do, how to behave - we turn to Quran and Sunnah, to the classical scholars of our Deen. We do not turn, for guidance, to some kaffir "expert" or some "leader" who follows some fashionable or some accepted theory, be that theory classified as "ethical", "psychological", "political" or "moral".

What the kuffar think, or say, or write or believe about what we do - and why we do it - is irrelevant. What terms they apply, or might apply, to describe us and our alleged "behaviour" is irrelevant, as are the "explanations" they will give, have given, and may give, based as such "explanations" are on some Taghut of theirs, on one or more of their ideas, their theories, their concepts.

Thus, if it is correct for us, an obligation - according to Quran and Sunnah - to undertake Jihad Fee Sabilillah against those who have invaded and occupied our lands and those who support such invasions and occupations, then that, for us, is the right, the moral, thing to do, even if the kuffar in their hypocrisy call us "enemy combatants" and imprison us for contravening one of their many fallible human-manufactured laws. Thus, if it is correct for us, an obligation - according to Quran and Sunnah - to strive by Jihad Fee Sabilillah to establish a land or land where we can make the Word of Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala supreme, where we can live as Muslims, ruled by Shariah alone, and where the kuffar have no power or influence, then that for us, is the right, the moral, thing to do, even if the kuffar in their hypocrisy call us "enemy combatants" or "terrorists" and imprison us for contravening one of their many fallible human-manufactured laws.

To further understand the difference between us, let us consider the example of Shariah, and especially Hudood. According to the kuffar, Shariah is at best "outdated" (and in need of modernization) and at worst, it is "barbaric" and "uncivilized". Thus do the kuffar tell us that we should not kill apostates; we should not stone to death someone convicted - in a Shariah Court - of adultery, and should not cut off the hands of thieves. Instead, we should follow their example and introduce fallible human-manufactured laws with sentences derived according to Western jurisprudence. That is, they direct us to ignore what Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala says:

"If you believe in Allah and The Last Day do not let pity deter you from administering the punishments which Allah has ordained, and let a group of those who believe witness such punishment." 24:2 Interpretation of Meaning

Yet again, what the kuffar think, or say, or write or believe about Shariah is irrelevant. It is our

duty to implement it; it is our belief that it is right, and perfect - a guide, a gift, to us from Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala. It is the kuffar who are wrong; who are in error. It is the ways of the kuffar which do not work - which will never work and never guide them toward the very purpose of their lives. Thus do we present our Deen to them - but *as it is*, as it always has been, as we understand it to be: complete, perfect, the true guide to guide us, InshaAllah, to the perfect peace of Jannah. If they accept - Alhamdulillah. If they reject - Alhamdulillah. Thus do we do our duty, as Muslims striving to obey Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala, Who says:

"Is Allah not sufficient for you? Yet they strive to frighten you by things inferior to Allah."  
39:36 Interpretation of Meaning

#### Concerning Al wala wal Bara:

The kuffar have been adept - and sly and hypocritical, as usual - in portraying those Muslims who oppose their goals and aims as "extremists" who "preach hatred". Thus, almost every day the Media of the West have some story about "the dangers of Islamic extremism" or have some report about one of our brothers and sisters "preaching hate".

In addition, the kuffar have been very successful in getting many Muslims to follow their lead and parrot their propaganda. Thus we have the recent spectacle of a Muslim "politician" in Britain publicly gloating about how pleased he was that a brother was to be extradited to Amerika to be imprisoned and interrogated there: "This is excellent news...Those who propagate evil, hate and division cannot be a part of British society." Notice how this ally of the kuffar speaks using the terms of the kuffar, and how he seems to judge using the kaffir idea of "Britishness": that is, using the Taghut of the nation-State.

To give another recent example, we have the Western Media awash with stories about a video found by Amerikan troops in Iraq which showed young children holding weapons and dressed in military clothing, with the kuffar saying and writing how "disgusting" and "uncivilized" it is for Muslim children to do such things and how, yet again, it shows the extremists and the "preachers of hate at work". Yet, the kuffar - and the apologetic "moderate Muslims" - conveniently forget about, for instance, the Combined Cadet Force in certain schools in England, and the vast number of Amerikan children who are instructed in the use of guns and who regularly wear military-style clothing.

Thus, we see yet again how the kuffar set the agenda, and the terms and conditions of debate, and argument, and how they have made us divided, defensive and apologetic.

However, what the kuffar - and their tame apostate lackeys and "moderate Muslim" allies - need to understand is that we should not be ashamed or even afraid of, or be apologetic about, following the correct and perfect guidance we have been by Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala. Thus, we need to affirm *Al wala wal Bara* - to state and strive to follow this fundamental part of our Deen.

For Al wala wal Bara is a manifestation of, and a means to know, Tawheed - and it means loyalty and enmity for the sake of Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala alone.

To apply Al wala wal Bara is to show loyalty to Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala, loyalty to His Messenger (salla Allahu 'alayhi wa sallam) and loyalty to our brothers and sisters, our fellow Muslims. It is to understand what Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala says:

“The believers are as one family.” 49:10 Interpretation of Meaning

To apply *Al wala wal Bara* is to show enmity for those who hate, dislike or are disrespectful toward Allah Subhanahu wa Ta’ala, His Messenger (salla Allahu ‘alayhi wa sallam) and our family: our brothers and sisters. As Allah Subhanahu wa Ta’ala says:

"You who believe! If anyone turns away from this Deen, then Allah will replace that person with many whom He loves, who love Him - *those who are loyal to the Believers, stern toward the kuffar, who fight in the Way of Allah, and who do not heed the criticism of their critics*. For this is the honour that He bestows upon whomsoever He wills - for Allah is The All-Knowing, The Infinite One. In truth, your champions are Allah, His Messenger, and the Believers - those who undertake *As-Salat*, who give *Zakat* and who submit [in loyalty to Allah]. For whomsoever has Allah, His Messenger, and Believers as their Champion, are the ones who will achieve victory."  
5: 54-56 Interpretation of Meaning

To apply *Al wala wal Bara* is apply the Muslim principle of *husn udh-dhan* to our family, and to be wary and suspicious of the kuffar and their intentions: to doubt all that they say and write. As Allah Subhanahu wa Ta’ala says:

“They [the kaffiroon] want to extinguish Allah’s Light with their deceit, their lies.” 9: 32  
Interpretation of Meaning

Thus, when we hear about one of our brothers and sisters being imprisoned - or being extradited to a kaffir land - we do not jump up and down for joy and shout some kaffir-slogan or call that brother or that sister by some kaffir-manufactured term. Instead, we make dua to Allah Subhanahu wa Ta’ala to ease the sufferings, the hardship of that brother, that sister - and of their families - and ask Allah Subhanahu wa Ta’ala - The Merciful, He Who Often Forgives - to guide them. For that Muslim is part of the Ummah - part of our own family - and their hardship, their suffering, is our hardship, our suffering. Thus, instead of siding with the kuffar - and believing what they or their Media tells us about one of our brothers and sisters - we use our Muslim principle of *husn udh-dhan*. We reserve our judgement, knowing, accepting, that Allah Subhanahu wa Ta’ala will judge both us and this particular brother or sister - and that it is the judgement of Allah Subhanahu wa Ta’ala that matters, that is important, not the judgement that some kaffir so-called "Court of Law" makes.

We should be, as Allah Subhanahu wa Ta’ala says (5: 54): "Loyal to the Believers, stern toward the kuffar..." just as we should always remember that "The believers are as one family."

We should feel the truth of what Allah Subhanahu wa Ta’ala says in our heart - and thus put into practice the words of the Hadith, narrated by Anas Ibn Malik, *La yuminu ahadukum hatta yuhibba li-akheehi ma yuhibbu li-nafsihi*: words, guidance, which we seem to have forgotten in the storm of propaganda which the kuffar have unleashed upon us in their attempt to divide us, in their attempt to have us accept their Tawagheet in place of our perfect Deen.

Furthermore, it is the kuffar who are full of hatred - for the true Deen, and for those who cannot be persuaded or bribed into exchanging their loyalty to Allah Subhanahu wa Ta’ala for the Tawagheet, the promises, of those allies of as-Shaitan, the kuffar. The hatred of the kuffar is evident in their invasion and occupation of our lands; in their imprisonment of tens of thousands of Muslims Muslims word-wide; in their torture and humiliation of our brothers and sisters in places such as Bagram, Guantanamo Bay, Abu Ghraib and their many other "detention centres". Their hatred is evident in their toleration of any kaffir who insults our Deen, who insults our

beloved Prophet (salla Allahu 'alayhi wa sallam) and our brothers and sisters, and in their kaffir intolerance toward, and imprisonment of, any Muslim who even plans to defend the honour of the Muslims or who publicly condemns such dishonourable insults and who, out of loyalty and love to Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala, seek to apply the obligation imposed by our Deen to those who have arrogantly, insolently, overstepped the limits prescribed by Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala.

#### Conclusion:

We need always to remember, InshaAllah, that we have been given, by Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala, the complete and perfect Way: the complete and perfect guide we need. We need always to remember that it is the kuffar who are wrong; it is their ways, their ideas, their concepts, their theories, which are Tawagheet - which conceal, which distort, which obscure, the simple truth of Tawheed.

We need always to remember that is Deen Al-Islam which alone correctly defines what is civilized; what is right; what is wrong; what is honourable and lawful.

Thus do we need to reject each and every Taghut of the kuffar, as we need to be wary of the kuffar and of their propaganda - of their attempts to divide us according to some criteria which they have manufactured and devised, such as "moderate", "extremist", "terrorist", "preachers of hate and intolerance."

Thus do we need to challenge, to expose, the deceit, the hypocrisy, the lies of the kuffar, the failures of their societies, as we need to support, in whatever way we can, those of our brothers and sisters who out of love and loyalty to Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala and by Jihad Fee Sabilillah are striving to make the Word of Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala supreme.

As Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala says:

"And it is our forces who will be victorious." 37: 173 Interpretation of Meaning

May Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala protect us from all forms of Al-asabiyyah Al-Jahiliyyah, forgive us for our mistakes, and guide us to and keep us on the Right Path. Wa Allahu Allam.

Abdul-Aziz ibn Myatt  
7 Safar 1429

*Notes:*

(1) Meaning: *lacking in wisdom; ignorant; of no significance.*

(2) There is a fundamental difference between an "idea" - a fallible, manufactured, human construct or category which exists (or is believed to exist) within "the mind" (or be detached - autonomous - and "knowable" through Kantian "pure reason") - and between what is directly observed, by us, in the world, in Nature, and to which we assign or can assign some name or some descriptive term.

The Taghut of "the idea" begins with Plato, with "ontos" as distinct from phenomena. Thus began the error of Western causal reductionism: that fundamental division - continued by Western philosophers such as Kant - into "subject" and "object".

The approach of Islam is quite different. Islam begins with the unity of Tawheed - with Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala - and with a free and willing desire, made out of love, to submit to only Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala; to accept *Kalimaah Tayyibah*: to acknowledge Deen Al-Islam as the perfect, the complete, Deen.

Thus, for Muslims, instead of the kaffir Taghut of a linear causal "progress" (defined according to some kaffir manufactured ideal said to exist in the future, or said to be achievable in some future) there is *al-qada wa al-qadar*: an acceptance, by us, of the perfect knowledge, the perfect knowing, of Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala, Who alone is the Creator, Who alone knows all that was, is and will be, Who has recorded it all in *Al-Lawh Al-Mahfuz*, and Who has given us a brief life, in the dunya, that we might prove worthy of Jannah.

---

## DWM: GREEK TRANSLATIONS

---



### Greek Tragedy

*[Note: The following essays previously appeared as 'Introductions' to translations of Sophocles' Antigone and Oedipus Tyrannus, and the first three books of Homer's Odyssey]*

#### (1) Concerning 'The Odyssey':

The Odyssey is, in essence, a saga which tells of the heroic struggle, against difficult odds, of a warrior seeking to return to his fatherland after that warrior had fought in the ten-year long Trojan war.

This warrior, called Odysseus<sup>(1)</sup>, embodied everything that the ancient Greeks, from the time of Homer to the time of Sophocles and beyond, admired and sought to emulate. Fundamentally, Odysseus was the archetypal or ideal Greek man - proud, strong ( both physically and in character), forthright, independent, war-loving, skilled in combat, cunning, inventive and capable of being, if necessary, ruthless with his enemies. This man had an instinctive and healthy respect for the gods and Fate. He was a warrior who considered it natural and necessary to carry a weapon, and who also considered it was his responsibility, and his alone, to defend himself, his family and his kin. It was such individuals who created, and maintained over many centuries, the Greek civilization - a civilization which, until recently, has remained the inspiration for generation after generation of Europeans.

It is a fact, however unfashionable in these times, that no European can consider themselves truly cultured unless they have some genuine understanding and appreciation of ancient Hellenic civilization. The best way to acquire such an understanding and appreciation is to read, in the original, the works of such people as Homer, Aeschylus, Herodotus, Thucydides, Sophocles and



Aristotle. The next best way is to read such translations as capture that intoxicating, inspirational, mixture of Reason, Fate, and War which was the Hellenic ethos. Sadly, however, most translations are rather boring, and do not possess the power to inspire. Consequently, they are of little interest to those not forced to study them. This is particularly true of the majority of translations of the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad* - works originally read aloud by a Bard. One has only to try reading aloud - to a group of non-classical Scholars - one of the many translations currently available to understand what is meant here. There is no sense of a great adventure being unfolded; no stirring of the blood. The saga does not seem to be interesting unless one already has an interest in the subject, and even then such a translation usually weakens that interest!

Some translators - particularly of the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad* - do try and have tried to produce "poetic" versions which both read well and sound good when read aloud. However, without exception, such 'translations' either follow the colloquial speech of the moment, or they try and create/imitate a 'poesy' style. The former are disposable, and often become dated and meaningless after a decade or so. The latter are intrusive, the style (or often, lack of it) distracting from the content. Both types are unreliable, failing to express what Homer expressed - the modern versions, for instance, often using modern images, words and phrases in an attempt (and it is a failed attempt) to express what they believe Homer meant.

My own translation is designed to be suitable for both reading and speaking aloud, and I have endeavoured to express the meaning as I find it in Homer. Readers of my translations of Sophocles and Aeschylus will be familiar with my desire to rescue ancient Greek from the abstract, basically monotheistic, moral mis-interpretations imposed upon it over the centuries. The result of my endeavours is a new, refreshing translation imbued with the pagan ethos of a noble warrior society. In common with the majority of ancient Greeks whom I admire and draw inspiration from, I dislike false modesty, so I can only write that I believe my translation to be inspirational, and capable of creating in others a genuine understanding of ancient Greece. An increase in those who possess such an understanding would lead to an increase in cultured individuals - something our increasingly uncultured societies badly need.

## (2) Concerning the 'Antigone':

The 'Antigone' of Sophocles [written c. 441 BC] - which follows his 'Oedipus the King' and 'Oedipus at Colonus' - seems, at first glance, to be concerned with the conflict between Antigone, the daughter of Oedipus, and Creon, the new ruler of the community at Thebes, who was the brother of Jocasta, the mother and wife of Oedipus.

Polynices and Eteocles, the two sons of Oedipus (and thus the brothers of Antigone, and her sister, Ismene), had quarrelled - Polynices leaving Thebes and returning with an attacking force which he hoped would take the fortified citadel, defended by Eteocles. In the ensuing battle, Polynices and Eteocles fought and killed each other, with the attackers routed and forced to flee.

One of Creon's first edicts, as ruler of Thebes, is to forbid anyone to bury or mourn for Polynices. This edict goes against the established custom which permitted those foes fallen in battle to be honoured by their relatives with the customary rites and buried.

Antigone defies this edict - even though she knows her disobedience will mean her own death. She believes that the ancient customs, given by the gods and which thus honour the gods, have priority over any edict or law made by a mortal, and that thus it is her duty to observe these customs.

The reality, however, is that the 'Antigone' is not a tragedy concerned with individual characters - with their motivations, feelings, ideas and so on. It is not, for instance, as many modern commentators like in their ignorance to believe, a drama about two different personalities - Antigone and Creon - both of whom are self-willed and determined. Rather, this tragedy - as do all Greek tragedies when rightly understood - deals with the relation between mortals and gods. The work is an exploration and explanation of the workings of the cosmos - and the answers given express the distinctive ancient Greek 'outlook' or ethos. This ethos is pagan, and it forms the basis of all civilized conduct and indeed civilization itself. The essence of this outlook is that there are limits to human behaviour - some conduct is wise; some conduct is unwise. Unwise conduct invites retribution by the gods: it can and often does result in personal misfortune - in bad luck.

However, it is crucial to understand that this outlook does not involve abstract, monotheistic notions like "good" and "evil". The Greeks strove to emulate a human ideal - they strove, through the pursuit of excellence, to emulate and celebrate the best. Their ideals or 'archetypes' were the best, the most heroic, the most beautiful, the most excellent individuals of their communities. In their pursuit of this excellence they were careful not to "overstep the mark" - to be excessive, to commit 'hubris' or 'insolence' toward the gods. Such insolence was a violation of the customs which created and maintained the warrior communities - and these customs were regarded as being given by the gods. By honouring these customs, the gods themselves were honoured and the very fabric of the communities maintained. Thus, a noble human balance was maintained. Of course, there were times of excess - as there were individuals who were excessive. But it was recognized that such excesses were unwise - they would, sooner or later, be paid for. In effect, this outlook or ethos was that of the noble warrior aware of the power of Fate, of the gods. This ethos created and maintained a certain personal character - and this character is evident whenever one reads Homer, Sophocles, Aeschylus, and other Greek writers, or views any Greek sculpture or painting. The essentially archetypal Greek man was an intelligent, reasoning, proud, vigorous, independent warrior who respected the gods and who honoured the customs of the folk. Fundamentally, he was human - able to enjoy life and its pleasures, but aware (from personal experience) of death, suffering, the power of Fate and the gods.

What we admire so much about the ancient Greeks was this balance between a pagan joy and enthusiasm, and an understanding and acceptance of Fate, of the power of the gods - in the rightly-famed Choral Ode of the 'Antigone (vv. 332ff) Sophocles calls such a man the "thinking warrior", the all-resourceful one, for whom nothing is impossible: he who by his skill rules over others.

Fundamentally, Greek tragedy enables us to gain an insight into that way of living and that way of thinking which are essential to civilization. The sad fact is that this insight is increasingly being lost among the peoples of the West.

### (3) Concerning the 'Oedipus Tyrannus':

For a significant percentage of people who have heard of or read the story of Oedipus, the central theme is the incest of Oedipus with his mother - and then, the killing of his father. The same applies to most of those who read or watch a performance of one of the appalling 'translations' which unfortunately seem to appear with monotonous regularity.

In the majority of interpretations, 'explanations' and translations of and about Sophocles' Oedipus Tyrannus (or 'Oedipus the King') the incest and the patricide are viewed morally, and thus the tragedy becomes a sort of ancient 'morality tale'. In many translations, the impression is given that Oedipus commits a 'sin' by sleeping with his mother and killing his father, and is punished because of it.

This sort of moral interpretation is completely wrong. The essence of this particular Greek tragedy lies in the realm of the gods, with the relationship between individuals, their communities, and the gods. The incest in particular is merely an interesting incident which occurs to a particular mortal and whose importance lies in the realm of prophecy - in what prophecy says about the will of the gods and the fate of mortals. Furthermore, this incest is not viewed with 'horror' by either Oedipus himself or by anyone else - it never described as a 'monstrous deed' or anything of the kind. All Oedipus says about it is that he "should not" have slept with his mother - it was disrespectful (for example qv. v.1184 and v.1441). Even when Oedipus is describing the first time he heard the prophecy that he would sleep with his mother and kill his father, the tone is quite restrained and definitely not moralistic: "Suffering and strangeness and misery were what his words foresaw: that I must copulate with my mother - and show, for mortals to behold, a family who would not endure..." (vv.790-3). He then goes on to say: "I fled... so that I would never have to face - because of that inauspicious prophecy - the disgrace of its fulfilment."

The tragedy lies in the fact that Oedipus was not initially disrespectful of the gods - he tried to avoid killing his father, and sleeping with his mother; and when he learns that the oracle at Delphi has said that the plague which is killing the people of Thebes is the result of a defilement which has not been cleaned [the blood is still on a killer's hand] then he is ready to do all that the god says is necessary (vv.95ff.).

What actually occurs is that Oedipus oversteps the proper limits of behaviour in his quest to find the killer of Laius and discover his own identity. He begins to act like a tyrant, an absolute monarch. First, he accuses the blind prophet Tiresias of conspiring against him. Then he accuses his brother-in-law Creon of wanting to overthrow him. Later on, he is dismissive of the warnings of Jocasta and the Shepherd not to enquire further into his origins. He also boasts that he is a child of Fortuna. Oedipus was certain of himself - he knew he had great skill [did he not solve the riddle of the Sphinx?]; he had great strength and courage [did he not by his own hands kill many men when he believed himself attacked (vv.801ff)]; he had power and wealth [was he not King of Thebes?]. All these things, in relation to the power of the gods, mean nothing. As Creon says to him at the very end of the drama: "Do not desire to be master in all things, for you are without the strength which assisted you in your life." It is the gods who have taken away his strength, his skill and his power - as the Chorus say in another Sophoclean tragedy: "Mortals cannot be delivered from the misfortunes of their fate." [Antigone, v.1338]. The tragedy of Oedipus ends with words which summarize all this: "Observe - here is Oedipus, he who understood that famous enigma and was a strong man: what clansman did not behold that fortune without envy? But what a tide of problems have come over him!... Therefore, call no one lucky until, without the pain of injury, they are conveyed beyond life's ending."

Oedipus himself accepts that his troubles were the work of the gods: "It was Apollo - Apollo who brought such troubles to such a troubled ending." (vv.1329-1330). Oedipus goes on to say that his own blindness - which the blind prophet Tiresias had foreseen - was not the work of the gods, but his own handiwork.

The fundamental question which Sophocles poses in this tragedy is voiced by the Chorus when they reply (v.1347) to a request by Oedipus that he be exiled: "You are as helpless in that resolve

as you were in your misfortune." What the tragedy is really explaining, is that however fortunate a person's fate may appear - it is only not only appearance, but also depends on the will of the gods: it can be destroyed in a moment. Therefore, it is wise not to overstep the mark - it is wise not to be excessive; it is wise to observe the customs given by the gods and thus the gods themselves (qv. vv.863ff.). To do otherwise is insolence, disrespect - 'hubris' - and invites a retribution by the gods.

Sophocles says of 'hubris' - "Insolence plants the tyrant. There is insolence if by a great foolishness there is a useless over-filling which goes beyond the proper limits. It is an ascending to the steepest and utmost heights and then that hurtling toward that Destiny where the useful foot has no use..." (vv.872ff).

One further point about the Oedipus Tyrannus deserves noting, since it has hitherto been mostly ignored. It is the mercy shown by the Shepherd when he is given the infant Oedipus by Laius and Jocasta to leave exposed on the mountain. They have pierced the ankles of the infant Oedipus and fastened them together to make certain he dies. But the Shepherd is merciful and gives the infant to another Shepherd. The consequences of this act of mercy are a sequence of terrible misfortunes which Oedipus, Jocasta and the children of Oedipus suffer - and which, incidently, Creon himself later suffers from (as evident in Sophocles' Antigone). Later, after his self-inflicted blinding, Oedipus curses the person who saved him: "May death come to whosoever while roaming those grasslands loosened those cruel fetters..... It was not a favourable deed. For had I died then, no grief such as this would have been caused to either me or my kin." (vv.1349f.). Sophocles clearly states that an act of mercy or compassion can lead to others suffering in the future - and can therefore be unwise.

DW Myatt 1996

1. It is possible that the name Odysseus was derived by Homer from "he whom a god is angry with" - the god being Poseidon. The name is also an appropriate epithet for Odysseus' maternal grandfather, with whom that god was also angry [ Book XIX, 407-9 ].

---

## SOPHOCLES

### ANTIGONE

---

A New Translation  
by  
D.W. Myatt

First Published 1990  
This Edition first published 1994

©copyright DW Myatt 1990, 1994

## Preface

The main aim of the present translation is to provide an accurate and poetic rendering in a style suitable for both reading and dramatic performance. This would restore to Greek drama in translation a beauty of expression sadly lacking in almost all modern translations.

This translation will hopefully enable readers without a knowledge of ancient Greek to understand why Greek drama has been regarded for thousands of years as one of the triumphs of European civilization - something hardly evident from other translations, particularly recent ones which both trivialize and traduce the original.

For this present edition of the translation, the Greek notes that formed part of the first edition have been omitted. I have also amended the translation in places. The layout of the translation generally follows the line structure of the Greek, although for grammatical and dramatic reasons I have sometimes rendered one line of Greek as two English ones, and occasionally written one English line for two Greek ones. The numbers in the margin refer to the Greek text and are given for guidance.

The text used is that of R.D. Dawe [Sophocles Tragoedia, Tom.II, Teubner, 1985 ] although in a few places I have used other readings.

DW Myatt, Shropshire 1994

## Introduction

The 'Antigone' of Sophocles - which follows his 'Oedipus the King' and 'Oedipus at Colonus' - seems, at first glance, to be concerned with the conflict between Antigone, the daughter of Oedipus, and Creon, the new ruler of the community at Thebes, who was the brother of Jocasta, the mother and wife of Oedipus.

Polynices and Eteocles, the two sons of Oedipus (and thus the brothers of Antigone, and her sister, Ismene), had quarrelled - Polynices leaving Thebes and returning with an attacking force which he hoped would take the fortified citadel, defended by Eteocles. In the ensuing battle, Polynices and Eteocles fought and killed each other, with the attackers routed and forced to flee.

One of Creon's first edicts, as ruler of Thebes, is to forbid anyone to bury or mourn for Polynices. This edict goes against the established custom which permitted those who fell in battle to be honoured by their relatives with the customary rites and buried.

Antigone defies this edict - even though she knows her disobedience will mean her own death. She believes that the ancient customs, given by the gods and which thus honour the gods, have priority over any edict or law made by a mortal, and that thus it is her duty to observe these customs.

The reality, however, is that the 'Antigone' is not a tragedy concerned with individual characters - with their motivations, feelings, ideas and so on. It is not, for instance, as many modern commentators like in their ignorance to believe, a drama about two different personalities - Antigone and Creon - both of whom are self-willed and determined. Rather, this tragedy - as do all Greek tragedies when rightly understood - deals with the relation between mortals and gods. The work is an exploration and explanation of the workings of the cosmos - and the answers

given express the distinctive ancient Greek 'outlook' or ethos. This ethos is pagan, and it forms the basis of all civilized conduct and indeed civilization itself. The essence of this outlook is that there are limits to human behaviour - some conduct is wise; some conduct is unwise. Unwise conduct invites retribution by the gods: it can and often does result in personal misfortune - in bad luck.

However, it is crucial to understand that this outlook does not involve abstract, monotheistic notions like "good" and "evil". The Greeks strove to emulate a human ideal - they strove, through the pursuit of excellence, to emulate and celebrate the best. Their ideals or 'archetypes' were the best, the most heroic, the most beautiful, the most excellent individuals of their communities. In their pursuit of this excellence they were careful not to "overstep the mark" - to be excessive, to commit 'hubris', or 'insolence' toward the gods. Such insolence was a violation of the customs which created and maintained the warrior communities - and these customs were regarded as being given by the gods. By honouring these customs, the gods themselves were honoured and the very fabric of the communities maintained. Thus, a noble human balance was maintained. Of course, there were times of excess - as there were individuals who were excessive. But it was recognized that such excesses were unwise - they would, sooner or later, be paid for. In effect, this outlook or ethos was that of the noble warrior aware of the power of Fate, of the gods. This ethos created and maintained a certain personal character - and this character is evident whenever one reads Homer, Sophocles, Aeschylus, and other Greek writers, or views any Greek sculpture or painting. The essentially archetypal Greek man was an intelligent, reasoning, proud, vigorous, independent warrior who respected the gods and who honoured the customs of the folk. Fundamentally, he was human - able to enjoy life and its pleasures, but aware (from personal experience) of death, suffering, the power of Fate and the gods.

What we admire so much about the ancient Greeks was this balance between a pagan joy and enthusiasm, and an understanding and acceptance of Fate, of the power of the gods - in the rightly-famed Choral Ode of the 'Antigone (vv. 332ff) Sophocles calls such a man the "thinking warrior", the all-resourceful one, for whom nothing is impossible: he who by his skill rules over others.

Fundamentally, Greek tragedy enables us to gain an insight into that way of living and that way of thinking which are essential to civilization.

---

For Susan (1952-1993)

---

**Characters:**

Antigone

Ismene

Chorus of Theban Elders

Creon

A Watchman

Haemon

Tiresias

A Messenger

Eurydice

Scene: Before the wealthy dwelling of Creon at Thebes

---

**Antigone**

[Antigone and Ismene enter]

Antigone

Ismene, my own sister by blood,  
Do you see how Zeus fulfills in us  
While we live the woes of Oedipus?  
There is no pain, no affliction, no shame  
Nor dishonour that is not present  
Among your suffering and mine.

And what of this new proclamation  
By the General to all the people?  
Have you heard - and know what it means?  
Or do you not understand how the suffering  
Of our foe now comes to our clan?

Ismene

I have heard of nothing told of our folk, Antigone,  
Whether grievous or good since we two  
Lost our two brothers killed in one day  
By their own two hands.  
And since the Argive army fled this same night  
I have heard nothing to give me more sorrow or joy.

Antigone

Such was my thought and thus I summoned you  
Beyond the courtyard gate so only you can hear this.

Ismene

20 What is it? For I see you colour changed.

Antigone

It is that Creon has given burial honour  
To only one of our brothers, leaving the other dishonoured!  
Eteocles, it is reported, has with rightful justice  
Been concealed in earth to thus be given tribute  
By the dead below. But pitiful is the death of Polynices  
For by royal decree no one may cover him,  
Lament his death or weep  
But must leave him unburied as a welcome feast  
For carrion birds to eat as they will.  
Such, they say, is the proclamation of Creon "the noble"  
For you and me. For me! And soon shall he be here  
To proclaim this directly to those who have not heard.  
He does not hold this as of no worth  
Since whosoever disobeys the edict  
Shall - by a public stoning in the citadel - be murdered!

Thus things are - and now you shall swiftly show  
If you are noble or will debase the race that gave you birth!

Ismene

But what, my grieving sister, can I do  
40 To loosen or make the knot?

Antigone

Will you work with me to do the deed?

Ismene

To attempt what? Where is your thought leading?

Antigone

With your hand help me raise the corpse.

Ismene

You intend to bury him though our folk forbid it?

Antigone

He is mine, as yours - though you wish he was not:  
I shall never betray a brother.

Ismene



How reckless, when Creon has spoken against it!

Antigone

He cannot keep me from my own!

Ismene

Have thought, sister, of how our father,  
Dishonoured and abhorred, was destroyed:  
He convicted himself of wrong and by his own hands  
With his own act struck out both his eyes.  
Then his mother and wife - two names for one -  
With a coiled rope made a failure of her life.  
And third - our two brothers in one day  
Slaughtered themselves when their own hands  
Were raised each against their kin.

Consider now that we alone remain -  
Pitifully shall we perish if we defy the decree  
60 Or the power of our King.  
Reflect that we are women, not disposed  
By our nature to strive against men -  
For the stronger rule, and therefore we should listen  
To such orders, and those that are worse.  
I thus ask the pardon of those below  
Since in these things I have no power  
And must therefore obey those in authority.  
To be excessive is unwise.

Antigone

No more shall I exhort you, and even if another day  
You wished it, I would not welcome your sharing  
In the deed! Be as you are; as for me, I shall bury him  
Since it is beautiful to die doing such a thing:  
I shall lie by he whom I love who loves me,  
I - the villain sanctioned by the gods. For I have  
More seasons to spend pleasing those below  
Than those here since I shall lie there forever.  
But if you deem it, then dishonour  
What the gods themselves honour.

Ismene

I do not dishonour them: I have no strength  
And cannot act against the folk.

Antigone

80 So you say; I shall go alone to raise

A burial mound over my beloved brother.

Ismene

You unhappy woman! I fear for you.

Antigone

Have no anxiety for me. Follow your own Destiny.

Ismene

If you must - then do not announce the deed  
But keep it secret, as I shall.

Antigone

No, announce it! I shall detest you more  
If you keep silent and do not proclaim it to all.

Ismene

A hot heart you have for cold things.

Antigone

I appease those whom it is necessary to please.

Ismene

Indeed, if it can be done - but your desire is impossible.

Antigone

If so, I shall stop only when strength fails.

Ismene

But to begin a hopeless quest is not cunning.

Antigone

Do not speak so, or you will become my foe  
And then, justly, the lasting foe of the dead.  
Now leave me to my 'mistaken' counsel  
For I shall suffer nothing as terrible  
As a dishonourable death if I should die.

Ismene

Go then, if resolved: but know that although foolish,

Those who love you will love you still.

[Exit Antigone and Ismene;  
Enter Chorus ]

Chorus

Ray of the sun, most beautiful light  
Ever to shine upon seven-Gated Thebes -  
As a golden eye opening over Dirce's streams  
Have you revealed how the white-shielded Argive warrior  
In full armour  
Swiftly fled with bridle whistling.

Against our soil quarrelling Polynices  
Came forth  
Shrilly screaming  
As an eagle soaring over our land  
On wings white like snow;  
With many weapons  
And helmet of horse-hair crest  
He lingered over roofs - blood-seeking and gaping wide -  
To circle with spears the seven gates:  
But then was gone  
Before his jaws were stained by our blood  
Or the pine-fire torches burnt the circle of our towers  
Because the clash of Ares sounded against him  
Since the dragon he found was a difficult foe  
To subdue!

For Zeus greatly hates the over-boasting tongue  
And watched them gushing forth -  
Their gold clanging in pride -  
Before He hurled the fire that He holds  
At he shouting victory  
As he rushed up to those posts  
That were his prize!

Swaying then, he fell to beat against earth -  
This fire-bearer who with madness  
Rushed in Bacchic frenzy  
To breathe against us winds of hate.  
Thus, what he wished, was not  
140 While to the others great Ares with vigour  
Delivered his blows.  
Their seven Chiefs were each at our seven gates opposed,  
And forced to leave their bronze  
As offerings to Zeus, router-of-foes:  
Save for those two unhappy ones born  
Of the same mother and father  
Who levelled their spears for the double-kill

One against the other  
To share then the same dying.

Yet since Nike - She giving glory - has come  
To Thebes of the many chariots, adding joy to our joy,  
Let the battles become forgotten  
As there is the circle-of-the-dance all night  
In all the Temples of the gods which Bacchus -  
Shaker of the ground that is Thebes - shall lead!

[Enter Creon]

But now comes the Lord of this land,  
Creon - son of Menoeceus - the new Commander  
Whose new fate is given by the gods:  
To where is he rowing  
And why this special calling of Elders to assemble  
By sending proclamation to them all?

Creon

Men - our citadel which the gods greatly shook with storm  
Has, by them, been made secure again.  
Out of everyone I chose you, sending my escort  
To bring you alone here because primarily you I know  
Respected always the authority of the throne of Laius -  
And also because when Oedipus raised up our clan,  
As well as after his sons had died, your thinking was unchanged.  
Now since through their two fates those two in one day  
Were each struck down by their own hand and became thus defiled,  
It is I who now possess the power and the throne  
Because nearest in kin to those who were killed.

Although it is difficult to learn the soul, spirit or judgement  
Of any man until his leadership and his laws  
Have been seen because experienced -  
I, for myself, believe now as before  
That whoever, in ruling a whole clan,  
Does not give noble counsel  
Because some fear keeps his tongue still,  
Is the vilest person of all,  
Just as I deem those who consider some friend  
Before their own fatherland to be worthless.  
For I - and in this I invoke Zeus, the All-seeing -  
Would not keep myself from speaking should our people  
Move from safety toward some harm.  
Neither would I have as friend a man hostile  
To my soil since I know that it is she  
Who preserves us like a ship uncapsized  
Allowing us thus to have friends.

Thus shall I by such customs nourish this clan -  
And, as kin of these, I have made a proclamation  
To the people concerning the sons of Oedipus.  
Eteocles, who fought for his people and who died  
The most valiant warrior of them all,  
Shall be covered in a cairn and given  
All rites as befits the valiant who have died.  
But as for his blood-kin, called Polynices -  
He who returned from exile to seek  
200 To utterly destroy with fire  
The race of his ancestors, his gods and his clan,  
Who wanted to feast upon kindred blood  
And enslave what remained of his clan -  
As for him, it has been proclaimed to the clan  
That there shall be no cairn, no honours  
As due to the dead, no lamentation:  
He shall be left unburied for all to watch  
The corpse mutilated and eaten by carrion-birds and by dogs!

Such is my judgement, for I shall never  
Honour the ignoble nor place them before the just:  
Yet whoever is friendly toward the clan I shall esteem  
While they live, and when they are dead.

Chorus

It is your delight, son of Menoeceus, so to deal  
With the friend and foe of our clan  
Since your will is surely law for all:  
Both the dead, and we who live.

Creon

Be then watchmen for my commands.

Chorus

Ask someone younger to bear that task.

Creon

Others are already watching the corpse.

Chorus

What other command of yours, then, is for us?

Creon

Not to agree with those who would disobey.

Chorus

Only a fool would love death.

Creon

Such indeed is the reward - but hope  
Of profit often drives men to ruin.

[Enter Watchman]

Watchman

Master - I shall not speak of how I swiftly  
And panting reached here on nimble feet,  
For many were the thoughts I had to stop me  
And turn me round in circling paths.  
My psyche spoke to me saying many things:  
'Unhappy one, why do you go to where you will be punished?'  
'Why, you wretch, do you stop? For if Creon learns  
Of this from another man you will surely suffer pain.'

In turning these around, I could not hasten  
But slowly lingered, making the short path long.  
Yet at last victory came to my coming here to you  
For although what I announce may be nothing,  
I shall speak it, since I am seized by the belief  
That I can suffer only what my fate decrees.

Creon

What is it that has made you lose your courage?

Watchman

I want, first, to tell of myself -  
Since I did not do the deed nor see who did  
240 It is not just for me to suffer for it.

Creon

You aim well after barricading yourself by circling around  
The deed - revealing you have something strange to tell.

Watchman

Danger brings much delay.

Creon

So deliver what it is - then go.

Watchman

Then I shall speak it - just now the corpse  
Was covered by someone, since gone, for dry dust  
Moistened the flesh, giving thus the necessary rites.

Creon

Of what are you telling? For what man would risk this?

Watchman

I did not see - and there were no cuts  
Of an axe, no soil thrown out. The earth  
Was hard and dry, unbroken by the travelling wheels  
Of a cart, for this workman left no marks.

When the first watchman of the day showed us,  
It was a distressing wonder for us all  
For we could not see the body - yet there was no cairn  
Only a covering of dust as if done to escape the disgrace.  
There were no signs of wild animals or of dogs  
Being there - nor of their tearing  
And, loudly, bad words went from one of us to another  
260 With guard accusing guard and with blows  
To end it, for there was no one to restrain us:  
Someone had done it, yet each of us was clear  
In turn that they had not, with no one convicted.  
We were willing to hold hot iron in our hands,  
To walk into fire, to before the gods take oath  
That we did not do the deed, nor consult before with  
Or help those who did perform it.

At last, when our seeking came to nothing  
One of us in speaking made us all lower our heads  
Toward the ground in fear since none of us  
Could speak against it nor say how we would stay  
Healthy if we agreed. He said we should not  
Conceal it but must bring an account to you.  
We, on this, agreed and by the casting of lots  
It was my unhappy fate to be condemned to that joy.  
Thus, as unwilling as you are to see me I approached here  
Since no one is pleased by the messenger heralding ill.

Chorus

Master - from the first I considered  
That this deed might be the work of the gods.

Creon

280 Cease your words or I shall become glutted with wrath  
And you revealed as both stupid and old!  
I cannot endure your words when you speak  
Of our guardian gods caring about this corpse!  
Did they esteem him as beneficent  
And thus bury him? - he who came to set on fire  
Their spacious Temples, their votive offerings, their land,  
And to break their customs! Have you beheld  
The gods honouring the bad? There is no such thing!

Yet just now there were among our clan  
Men hostile to my edict who in secret whispered  
Against me, rearing their heads instead of keeping their necks  
Under the yoke as and when I deem it fitting.  
For, indeed, I well understand it is they who hired  
These others and by such means caused this deed to be done:  
For, among men, it is silver as coins  
That brings forth base customs - that thing ravages clans,  
Drives men from their homes, trains honest mortals well  
How to turn from reason and practice dishonest deeds!  
It instructs men in cunning arts, making them  
To know all kinds of acts of destruction.  
Yet all hirelings  
Finally pay by having to yield to what is right.  
[Creon turns to speak to the Watchman]  
Since I, at least, still hold Zeus in awe,  
Then understand this - and I speak an oath -  
If you do not discover he who by his own hands  
Did this burial and reveal him before my own eyes,  
Then not even Hades by itself will suffice for you  
For first you will be strung up alive  
Until you reveal your insolence -  
This will be a lesson as to where profit may be obtained  
For such a plundering will have taught you  
Not to love gain from wherever it comes.  
And it will be seen that from such dishonourable receiving  
More are injured than are safe.

Watchman

Can I speak - or may I turn and go?

Creon

Have you not seen how your words pain me?

Watchman



Where is your wound - in your ears, or in your soul?

Creon

Do you instruct me as to how I am injured?

Watchman

The doer assaults your reason - I, your ears.

Creon

It is clear that you grew to be a babbler.

Watchman

Even if so, I did not do this deed.

Creon

You did: and abandoned your soul for silver!

Watchman

How fearful - to assume when such assumption is false!

Creon

What elegant opinions you have! But if you do not reveal  
To me those who did it, you will be gushing forth  
That cowardly gains injure those who make them!

[Exit Creon]

Watchman

Before all may he be discovered - but whether caught  
Or not, it is fate which chooses.  
Whatever, I shall not come here again  
For I beyond my hope and reason am kept safe  
And for this have a duty to give to the gods many favours.

[Exit Watchman]

Chorus

There exists much that is strange, yet nothing  
Is more strange than mankind:  
For this being crosses the gray sea of Winter  
Against the wind, through the howling sea swell,  
And the oldest of gods, ageless Earth -

She the inexhaustible -  
He wearies, turning the soil year after year  
By the plough using the offspring of horses.

He snares and captures the careless race of birds,  
The tribes of wild beasts, the natives of the sea,  
In the woven coils of his nets -  
This thinking warrior: he who by his skill rules over  
The wild beasts of the open land and the hills,  
And who places a yoke around the hairy neck  
Of the horse, taming it - and the vigorous mountain bull.

His voice, his swift thought,  
The raising and ordering of towns:  
How to build against the ill-winds of the open air  
And escape the arrows of storm-rain -  
All these things he taught himself,  
He the all-resourceful  
From whom there is nothing he does not meet  
Without resources - except Hades  
From which even he cannot contrive an escape  
Although from unconquered disease  
He plans his refuge.

365 Beyond his own hopes, his cunning  
In inventive arts - he who arrives  
Now with dishonour, then with chivalry:  
Yet, by fulfilling his duties to the soil,  
His oaths to the customs given by the gods,  
Noble is his clan although clan-less is he who dares  
To dwell where and with whom he please -  
Never shall any who do this  
Come to my hearth or I share their judgement.

[Enter Antigone and Watchman]

Now this sign from the god  
I cannot speak against  
For I see that the girl brought here  
Is Antigone.  
Unfortunate daughter of Oedipus the unfortunate -  
What is this?  
Can it be that you are brought here  
For being faithless to the Chief's law -  
Caught in an act lacking reason?

Watchman

Here is the one who did the deed:  
We captured her burying him. But where is Creon?

Chorus

From his dwelling he now fittingly comes.

[Enter Creon]

Creon

What is it that makes my arrival fortunate?

Watchman

Master - we mortals should never swear not to do anything  
For an advance in thought cheats our former judgment:  
I might have vowed for my desire to return to be weak  
Because of your threats - that tempest I went through before.  
Yet since that delight which is beyond hope is,  
In extent, beyond other pleasures,  
I - despite taking oath - have come here,  
Leading this maiden whom I captured giving rites  
Of burial. There was then no need to cast and draw lots  
For this chance was mine and mine alone.

So now, Master, take hold of her yourself  
And examine and question her according to your will.  
Thus it is fitting that I go  
400 Completely free of these troubles.

Creon

This maiden you lead - how and where was she caught?

Watchman

Burying that man. Now all by you is known.

Creon

Do you clearly hear what your words announce?

Watchman

I saw her giving forbidden burial rites to that corpse.  
Are these words of mine plain and clear?

Creon

Was she seen and seized doing the deed?

Watchman

Thus it was: when I returned there  
After those terrible threats you made against us,  
All the dust covering the corpse we swept away  
To leave the putrid body bare while we sat,  
Wind-sheltered, by the top of the hill  
To escape the hurling smell.  
We kept awake by shaking and loud threats  
Those men who did not attend to their work,  
And long this continued until Helios with his radiant circle  
Had established himself in middle-sky, burning us.  
Then suddenly from the earth as a thunderbolt through air  
A whirlwind came afflicting the heavens:  
Filling the plain, beating all the leaves  
420 From the trees of the fields and vomiting them high in the sky  
While we closed our eyes against this sickness sent by a god.  
And when after much waiting our deliverance came,  
We saw this girl who loudly wailed  
With the sharp shrill voice of a bird when it beholds  
There is nothing lying in the empty nest.

So it was that she on seeing the corpse bare  
Loudly wailed and made bad wishes  
Against those who had done that deed.  
Then suddenly she with her hands brought dry dust  
And raised a well-crafted bronze ewer to honour  
The corpse with the three-fold libation.  
Seeing this, we rushed down to trap her  
But she was not surprised and we accused her  
Of that act and the one before. She did not deny it -  
And this pleased me, yet also gave me pain,  
For while it is pleasing to escape suffering oneself  
It is painful to bring suffering to a member of one's folk.  
Yet all such things are for me less important  
440 Than my own escape and survival.

Creon

You there - inclining your head to the ground -  
Do you affirm or do you deny doing these things?

Antigone

I did them - and do not deny it!

Creon

[To Watchman:]

As for you, you can convey yourself  
Where you will, free from the burden of blame.

[Exit Watchman]

Now, not at great length but briefly, tell me  
If you knew of the proclamation made in this case?

Antigone

Certainly I knew - it was clear.

Creon

So even then you dared to violate these laws?

Antigone

It was not Zeus who proclaimed them to me,  
Nor did she who dwells with the gods below - the goddess, Judgement -  
Lay down for us mortals such laws as those.  
Neither did I suppose that your edicts  
Had so much strength that you, who die,  
Could out-run the unwritten and unchanging  
Customs of the gods: for the life of these things  
Is not only of yesterday or today, but eternal,  
No one remembering their birth.

I did not seek - because I feared any man's pride -  
To be punished by the gods for breaking their laws:  
For I clearly saw I would die even before your proclamation.  
That my death is now sooner, I say is a gain  
Since how can he who lives among so many cowards as I  
Not find a gain in dying?  
There is thus for me no sorrow in this  
My destined fate. Yet had I left the corpse  
Of my own mother's son unburied  
Then I would have sorrow, as I have no sorrow now!

And if you believe I from stupidity performed the deed  
Then it is the stupid exposing his own stupidity!

Chorus

Clear it is that this child is the savage offspring  
Of a savage father - suffering does not bend her.

Creon

It is known that those too hardened in their thinking  
Assuredly fall, for it is the strongest iron,  
Baked hard by fire, that is often seen to suddenly shatter,  
And a small bridle restrains the angry horse.  
It is not allowed for a servant to possess pride.

480 She is well-practised in insolence, in going beyond

The prescribed laws - for after the first, her further  
Insolence was to boast of it, and laugh!  
Now she would be a man, and I would not  
Were she to be master in this and uninjured:  
For even were she a child of my sister  
Or closer in blood that all in my home -  
Who are bound whole by Zeus -  
She and her sister would not escape their miserable fate  
For I indeed accuse her as well of sharing  
In the planning of this burial.

Summon her here! For just now I saw her inside,  
Frenzied and not possessing any judgement.  
For often the thoughts of those desiring dark deeds  
Become revealed before such deeds are done.  
And, further, I hate those who when caught  
Seek to beautify their baseness and their deeds.

Antigone

Do you will more than herding me to my slaughter?

Creon

Nothing more - when I have that, it is over.

Antigone

Then why delay? Your speech does not please me  
Nor can ever please me, just as my own is displeasing to you.  
For what greater renown could I obtain  
Than the renown gained by giving burial to my own brother?  
By all these men would this be said  
Were their tongues not stopped through fear.  
But a King has much wealth  
And can speak and act as he himself desires.

Creon

You alone of all the Cadmeans see this.

Antigone

They see: but you stop their mouths from opening.

Creon

But are you not ashamed because alone in such thinking?

Antigone

There is no shame in honouring womb-kin.

Creon

Yet was it not your brother who was killed by the hostile side?

Antigone

A brother, born of my mother and father.

Creon

How then by being dis-honourable to him can you show him respect?

Antigone

He who is dead and below would not bear witness to that!

Creon

He will when your respect is his dis-honour.

Antigone

It was not a slave, but a brother who died.

Creon

He died trying to rape this land which the other one protected!

Antigone

Yet Hades longs for these rites.

Creon

520 But what the decent inherit is not the same as what is given to the bad.

Antigone

Who can see if such things are acceptable to those below us?

Creon

Even in death an enemy is never a friend.

Creon

I came forth not to return hate but to love friends.

Creon

Then when you go into earth, love them, if love them you must.  
I, while living, will not be commanded by a woman.

[Enter Ismene]

Chorus

Certain it is that here before the door is Ismene  
A cloud above her eyes casting down tears in love  
For her sister, drop by drop  
To moisten her beauty of face  
And shadow her blood-red cheeks.

Creon

You! - who stayed lurking like a snake in my home  
Secretly sucking at me for I did not see  
I was feeding two destructions and subverters  
From my throne -  
Tell me, do you say you shared in this burial  
Or will you make oath and say you did not know?

Ismene

I did the deed - if she agrees -  
And share with her the burden and the blame.

Antigone

But it is not fair to allow you this  
Since you did not desire it and I gave you no share.

Ismene

540 Now maledictions assail you, I would be ashamed  
Not to sail with you toward misfortune.

Antigone

Of that act, Hades and those below are witness:  
As to words, I do not love those who care for them.

Ismene

Sister, do not dishonour me  
But let me die with you and so purify his death.

Antigone



My death is not for sharing; do not claim to have touched  
What you have not - my dying is sufficiency itself.

Ismene

What life have I to love without you?

Antigone

Ask Creon since you care for him.

Ismene

Why hurt me when it does not profit you?

Antigone

If I laugh, it is from pain that I laugh.

Ismene

How then can I help you?

Antigone

Save yourself - I shall not blame you for escaping.

Ismene

This hurts me! And I then to be deprived of your fate?

Antigone

You chose life: I, my dying.

Ismene

Yet I did not keep silent but spoke.

Antigone

To some, your intentions were right; to others, mine.

Ismene

Why, then, is the fault both yours and mine?

Antigone

Be trusting; you live, but my psyche long ago

560 Perished that I might aid the dead.

Creon

In this, one child now reveals herself without reason  
While the other has been without from her beginning.

Ismene

So it is, sir, that sometimes such reason as grows  
Is displaced when misfortunes arise.

Creon

Yours was, when you ignobly arose to aid the ignoble.

Ismene

How would I, alone, live without her?  
Creon

Do not speak of her as being here - she is nothing!

Ismene

Will you then slay her betrothed to your son?

Creon

There are other furrows for him to plant his plough in.

Ismene

570 But for them it was so fitting.

Creon

I would detest my son having an ignoble wife!

Ismene

Dear Haemon - your father dishonours you!

Creon

You annoy me - you and this marriage!

Ismene

Would you deprive your son of his wife?

Creon

It is Hades who will relieve me of that wedding.

Creon

So it seems, then, that she will die.

Creon

So it is - by both you and I. No more delay now!  
You slaves - take them within!  
For they now must be women and thus be constrained.  
Even the bold flee when they behold Hades  
Very close to their life.

[Exit Antigone and Ismene]

Chorus

Favoured by a divinity are those never tasting badness  
Since when a clan is shaken by the gods  
There is no misfortune that is missed for generations to come  
As when the heavy-breathing sea of Thrace attacks  
The deep darkness to roll from the bottom  
The black sands  
590 And there are sighs and shouts at the ill-winds  
As the sea breaks against and over-runs the shore.

I watch those ancient sufferings of the clan of Labdacus  
Fall upon the suffering of those dead -  
Generation after generation captive  
Since a god casts them down,  
Giving no release.

The light cast upon the last root of the family of Oedipus  
Has become dimmed by the red dust of the gods below,  
By speech lacking understanding  
And by frenzied judgements.

Zeus - what mortal can transgress and hold back your strength  
Which even sleep, subduer of all, cannot seize  
Nor even the inexhaustible months of the gods;  
You, who are master of gleaming radiant Olympus!  
And so now, as thereafter and in the past, this custom prevails:  
In mortal life, there is no prosperity without misfortune.

Far-ranging hope delights many mortals  
While many are tricked because deprived  
Of their judgement by desires -  
For what is to come, is not seen,

Until the foot is burnt  
In the heat of the fire.  
620 And there is wisdom in this renowned saying:  
Sometimes the bad has appearance of nobility  
To those whose reasoning is damaged by the god,  
And only for a short season is there exemption  
From misfortune.

But here is Haemon, youngest and last of your sons:  
Is he in grief at the fate of the nubile maiden,  
Antigone, promised to him in marriage  
And in great anguish because cheated  
Out of that wedding?

[Enter Haemon]

Creon

Soon we will see - and more than some prophet would have done.  
My son, have you heard of that decision that brings to an end  
Your promised bride, and so come in rage at your father -  
Or, whatsoever that I do, are we still friends?

Haemon

You are my father and your opinions  
Possess worth and correctly guide me.  
For me, no wedding is of greater value  
Than the noble lead you give.

Creon

640 Yes, my son, you must be so directed by your heart  
And in all things stand behind your father's opinion.  
It is for this that a man prays to have his offspring grow  
Hearing and obeying him in his home:  
That they treat his enemies as worthless  
While esteeming his friends as they do his father.  
But of those who sow unprofitable children,  
You can only say that they have bred toil for themselves  
And provided their enemies with much laughter.

Do not, my son, cast out your reason  
For the pleasures of a woman,  
For embraces become cold when a bad woman  
Is your bed-partner:  
And a bad relative is a large festering wound.  
Now, with loathing, spit on that girl  
And let her marry someone in Hades!  
Since, from all of our folk she alone  
I have caught in visible disobedience,

I will not show myself false to these folk -  
Thus, I shall put her to death.

So let her chant to Zeus, guardian of kinsfolk!  
Were I to nourish disorder in my own blood-relations  
Then I would most certainly be doing so within our clan.  
Any man who is honest within his own family  
Will, by the folk, be seen to be fair -  
And whomsoever by force transgresses the customs  
And presumes to command his master  
Will never be applauded by me,  
Since those whom the folk appoint, must be obeyed  
In what is small, what is fair, and what is not.  
I have confidence that such a man  
Would nobly rule as he would be willing to be ruled  
And would, in a storm of spears, be steadfast  
And stand his ground - a valiant comrade at one's side.

The worst ill is to have no leader:  
It is this which destroys clans,  
Which causes families to disperse,  
Which makes a spear-alliance to turn and break  
Just as of those who do stand firm  
The greater number are saved due to obeying commands.  
Therefore, we must defend the rule-givers  
And never let a woman overcome us:  
If we must be thrust down, it is better done by a man  
680 So that we are not called weaker-than-a-woman.

Chorus

To me, unless the seasons have cheated me,  
Your sayings appear to be wise sayings.

Haemon

Father, it is the gods who root reason in mortals  
And, of all our possessions, it is the greatest.  
Of your sayings, I could not, even had I the experience,  
Say wherein they are not correct  
Although another might, with fairness, differ.

For me, it is natural to watch, for you,  
All that others say or do or blame you for:  
Your eyes awe the common man  
So that they say only what you delight in hearing.  
But I have heard how under cover of darkness  
The clan grieve for this girl -  
For, of all women, she is the most undeserving  
To perish, dishonoured, for so honourable a deed:  
With her very own brother slaughtered,

She did not leave him unburied  
To be eaten by carrion dogs or any bird.  
Does she not merit a golden honour?  
700 Such is the talk spread in secret.

For myself, there is no possession I value higher  
Than your prosperity, father:  
What, for a youngster, can have greater glory  
Than a father's prospering fame -  
Or, for a father, that of his children?  
Do not keep only a single mask for yourself  
In that what you say, and nothing else, is correct.  
For whosoever supposes that he alone is wise  
Or that his words or his nature are above all others  
Will, when split open, be revealed as empty.  
Certainly a man, clever though he be,  
Can without shame learn many things  
And so still stretch himself.  
See how beside the torrents of Winter  
The trees whose branches yield are kept safe  
While those that resist are laid waste to their roots  
Just as whomsoever holds, taut and unyielding,  
The sail of a ship will overturn it,  
Completing the voyage with the deck downturned.

Thus, give way and so permit your anger to change.  
If I, though young, may put forth my understanding  
I would say it would be excellent if men by nature  
Knew about everything - but if not, and seldom are they  
So inclined, it is noble to learn  
From those who speak what is honourable.

Chorus

Master - it is reasonable, if his words are in season,  
That you are instructed, as he has been by you. Both your words are fortunate.

Creon

Is it natural that those of such an age as me  
Be taught how to reason by men of such an age as he?

Haemon

It is only fair. Although I am young,  
Behold my acts not the seasons I have seen!

Creon

730 Can respect be given to those who work mischief?

Haemon

I would never entreat anyone to respect what is bad.

Creon

But is she not attacked by that sickness?

Haemon

The whole clan of Thebes deny it.

Creon

Is the clan to tell me what I ought to do then?

Haemon

Observe - you are speaking as though very young.

Creon

Am I then to rule this land as I deem, or as others do?

Haemon

It is not a clan if it is the possession of any one man.

Creon

It is the custom for a clan to have a master.

Haemon

You would make a good ruler - alone in the wilderness!

Creon

740 So - he is fighting for that woman!

Haemon

My concern is for you - so you are the woman!

Creon

Totally shameful - to dispute so with your father!

Haemon

Not when I see you missing your duty.

Creon

Do I err in respecting my own authority?

Haemon

You do not respect it when you tread on the offerings due to the gods.

Creon

You stain your character by coming second - to a woman!

Haemon

You will never find me overcome by dishonour.

Creon

But all your words are for that girl.

Haemon

And also for you, me and the gods below us.

Creon

750 While she lives you will never marry her.

Haemon

Then she will die and in dying destroy another.

Creon

Are you so bold that you make threats?

Haemon

Is it a threat to speak against hollow thoughts?

Creon

Suffering shall instruct you - for your own hollow reasoning!

Haemon

Were you not my father, I would say you could not judge things correctly.



Creon

You slave of a woman! Do not babble at me!

Haemon

You like speaking - but not hearing a reply!

Creon

Is that so? By Olympus know  
That you will soon suffer for reviling me with insults!

760 Bring that hated thing here so that she will die  
Now beside her bridegroom and before his eyes!

Haemon

No - do not believe that she will perish beside me  
Or that you with your eyes will ever see my face again.  
So, rage on then at such kinsfolk as can endure it!

[Exit Haemon]

Chorus

Master - that man, hurled by anger, has swiftly gone.  
Someone of such an age as he, when injured, has a strong resolve.

Creon

Let him experience and understand more than other men.  
But, whatever, the two girls shall not escape their fate.

Chorus

So you still intend to slay them both?

Creon

Your words are well taken. Not she whose hands are clean.

Chorus

What fate had you planned for the other's death?

Creon

She will be led to where the paths are desolate of mortals  
And be concealed alive in a rock-hewn tomb  
With as much food before her as is required for expiation

So that the whole clan escapes pollution.  
There she may if she asks have success from dying  
By giving reverence to Hades, the only god she reveres -  
Or she will learn at last though late by this  
780 That it is useless toil to so revere Hades.

[Exit Creon]

Chorus

Eros - unconquered in battle:  
Eros - despoiler of wealth  
Who at night keeps vigil by the soft lips  
Of a young girl  
And who widely roams over sea and land  
To even the wildest dwellings!

No immortal can escape you  
Nor any mortals while they live:  
You possess them all with your frenzy.  
Those who are fair become unfair  
And are disgraced  
As you wrest aside their reason -  
You who now trouble these kinsmen with strife!  
Passion is victorious - for a comely, clear-eyed, bride -  
And this power is seated there beside the ancient lawgivers,  
800 There where the goddess Aphrodite mocks us,  
With no resistance.

But now, as I look there, I am carried beyond that decree  
And cannot from their source block these burgeoning tears  
As I see Antigone passing to that inner chamber  
Wherein we will all be quiet.

[Enter Antigone]

Antigone

You see me, fathers of our clan,  
Go forth on my last journey  
By the light of this sun that hereafter  
I shall not see again.  
Hades - he who makes all of us quiet -  
Leads me while I live  
To the banks of Acheron  
And there shall be no bridal songs for me  
To share in,  
No nuptial hymns in praise -  
Since I shall be bride to Acheron.

Chorus

With renown, and praised, you depart  
For the tomb of the dead:  
No wasting sickness struck you,  
No sword of punishment was your fate;  
Instead - you who were independent of the decrees of others  
Shall, alone among mortals, descend while you live  
Down into Hades.

Antigone

I have heard of the sorrowful death  
Of that Phrygian guest who was Tantalus' daughter,  
Who on the highest part of Sipylus was overpowered  
By sprouting rock clinging to her like ivy.  
There, heavy rain and snow - such are men's stories -  
Never departs as she lamenting moistens with tears  
Her brows and ridges.  
In the same way some god shall lay me down to sleep.

Chorus

Yet she was a goddess, born of gods  
While you and I are mortals, born of mortals.  
So it is a great thing to perish so  
Since it will be said you are equal to the gods  
Having shared in such a fate:  
While living, and afterwards in your dying.

Antigone

I am laughed at! By the gods of our fathers  
840 Could this not wait- must I be insulted here in this light?

My clan! You - wealthy kinsmen;  
You, springs of Dirce, and you, sacred-groved Thebes of the beautiful chariots!  
I have you, at least, to bear witness  
How and by what decree I go with no lamentations from my kin  
To be placed in that fresh cairn  
Which shall be my grave:  
I, the unfortunate one,  
Who shall be among neither mortals nor corpses  
But instead a foreigner to the living and the dead.

Chorus

You approached the boundary of boldness  
And, at the high altar of the goddess, Judgement,  
You, my child, heavily stumbled.

Perhaps your ordeal is retribution because of your father.

Antigone

You touch that concern which pains me -  
The often-ploughed lamentations made for my father  
860 And the whole destiny of the famed clan of Labdacus.

That bane of a mother's bed  
Where she lay in ill-fated intercourse  
With her own child, my father!  
From such was I, who endures, brought forth  
And now I, cursed and unwed,  
Go forth to stay with them  
Since you my brother who found your ill-fortune  
By your marriage, in your death  
Killed my being.

Chorus

To honour is honourable  
But he who has authority cannot allow  
Anyone to overstep his authority:  
Your obstinate character ruined you.

Antigone

Without friends, without lamentations,  
With no bridal songs am I, suffering, taken  
To what lies prepared for me.  
No more, it is decreed, shall I the unfortunate see  
The sacred eye that is the sun:  
And there are no tears for my destiny,  
No kin who lament.  
[Enter Creon]

Creon

If songs and wailings were before death  
They would never stop, if it was useful to say them!  
Swiftly, lead her away! And, as I have said, enclose her  
Within her embracing cairn then leave her alone  
And desolate if necessary to die  
Or to live buried and concealed.  
We are then pure concerning this maiden.  
Whatever! - she shall be deprived of residing here on earth.

Antigone

My bridal-chamber is a carved-out tomb,  
A chamber always to guard me, wherein I shall pass

To my own, of whom the greater number have perished already -  
Received by Persephone to be among the dead.  
Last and most ill-fated of all I shall descend down  
Before my portion of living has expired.

But I have within the strong hope that this my setting out  
Will be welcome to you my father; pleasing to you  
My mother; and pleasing also to you my brother -  
900 For when death came, with my own hands  
I moistened and dressed you and poured libations  
Over your graves. Now, Polynices, it for covering your body  
That I have won such as this.

Yet, to the wise, I rightly honoured you  
Although I might not - had it been my own child  
Or my husband who had died and was putrid -  
Have taken up that task against the folk.  
To what custom do I do homage in speaking thus?  
My husband dead, I might have had another  
And a child by this other man in place of the first-born  
But with my mother and father hidden in Hades  
No brother could ever come forth again.  
Such was the custom by which I honoured you,  
My own brother - but Creon believed it wrong  
And dangerously reckless:  
So now by his hands he forcibly leads me away.  
There are no nuptials in bed, no bridal songs,  
No wedding, no share in nurturing children  
920 As I pass while living to my grave and my death.

What divine decree have I transgressed?  
Shall I, the unfortunate, look again to the gods?  
What ally can be invoked  
Now I for my respect am said to be dis-respectful?  
Yet if these things are fair to the gods  
Then I will experience my mistake  
While if it is these others who are mistaken  
Then may they experience in retribution  
No greater ills than those they give to me.

Chorus

The same spirit, gusting stormfully, still sways  
In the same way this girl.

Creon

And because of that, trouble will befall  
Her guards over their slowness!

Antigone

This therefore brings closer  
That death!

Creon

I do not encourage you to believe  
That that will not be fulfilled.

Antigone

Community of my fathers on this Theban soil!  
You elder gods!  
No longer do they delay.

940 Behold me, you Theban lords,  
The solitary descendant of your nobility  
And how I can be treated and by what kind of man  
For so respecting honour!

[Exit Antigone]

Chorus

So endured Danaë - for whom the light of heaven  
Was bartered for a chamber wrought in bronze  
And where, in that enclosing tomb,  
She was shut in.  
She also, my child, was of noble birth:  
She to whom Zeus dispensed his wet golden seed.  
But numinous is the power of destiny -  
It cannot be escaped from by wealth, by combat,  
By ramparts, by taking to a ship upon a black-storming sea.

Thus was the son of Dryas - he of the swift anger  
And Chief of the Edonians - tamed  
By Dionysus for his wrathful taunts  
And confined, bound by rock,  
Where in his strange frenzy  
His bursting fierceness trickled from him.  
He came to know the god who had touched him,  
With frenzy, for his taunting tongue -  
For he had sought to stop the god-possessed women  
And their Bacchic fire, provoking thus  
The flute-loving Muses.

By Cyanaei of the two-fold sea  
Are the Bosphorus shores  
And Thracian Salmydessus  
Where Ares, dwelling close by the citadel,

Beheld the two sons of Phineas  
Blinded by ruinous wounds  
Dealt by that savage second wife -  
A blinding of orbs the seeing of which brought vengeance -  
By sticking at them with the points  
Of her weaver's spindle, blood staining her hands.

Anguished by this anguish they cried aloud  
980 Their misfortune - those born from a mother's unhappy marriage:  
She of the fabled seed of Erechtheus,  
Reared in faraway caves  
Amid her father's storms -  
She of Boreas, swift as horse over steep hill,  
Who, though child of a god,  
Was, my child, by those long-living Fates  
Attacked.

[Enter Tiresias, guided by a boy]

Tiresias

Theban lords, I come here sharing another's steps,  
This one seeing for us both - for the blind  
Should be guided along their path.

Creon

Well, venerable Tiresias, what that is new brings you here?

Tiresias

I shall instruct you. Do oracles persuade you?

Creon

Never in the past have I dismissed your judgement.

Tiresias

And thus have you straightly steered this clan.

Creon

I can testify to how I have profited from you.

Tiresias

Know then that fate is ready to cut you down.

Creon

What? I shiver at your words!

Tiresias

Learn by hearing of these signs of my art.  
Just now as at the place of augury I sat,  
1000 Where all kinds of birds gather,  
I heard voices of birds I did not know -  
A bad feverish foreign screeching -  
And sensed they were tearing at each other  
With their deadly claws:  
And the rushing of their wings left no doubt.

In awe, I went straight to rouse a blazing  
Altar-fire to burn sacrifice. But Hephaestus  
Did not seize the offering by flames.  
Instead, puss oozed from the thighs down to the embers  
To spit and smoke while the gall-bladder swelled  
To burst open and the fat covering the thighs dripped out.

Such I learnt from this boy here  
Of the sign-less divination from the failed sacrifice -  
He gives me a lead, as I give a lead to others.  
And it is your judgement that brought sickness to our clan.  
The altar, the hearths - all of them -  
Have been soiled by the suppurating food torn  
By birds and by dogs from the ill-fated son of Oedipus.  
1020 Wherefore the gods do not accept our sacrificial supplications  
Nor our burnt-offerings:  
And no bird in its screeching cry gives favourable signs  
Since they have devoured the blood-soaked fat of a slain warrior.

Understand these things, my son. All mortals have in common  
That sometimes they aim wrong, and miss - but after an error  
A man is no longer luckless or thoughtless  
If he wills to cure the ill he has fallen into  
By not remaining idle:  
Obstinacy and awkwardness bring reproaches.  
Give way to the dead: do not goad those who have fallen.  
Is it courageous to kill the dead again?  
Carefully have I judged this; carefully have I spoken - for it is pleasing  
To learn from such careful words from such words  
Are profitable to you.

Creon

Old man - all of you like archers shoot arrows at me as target,  
And not even by your divinations am I left  
Unassailed by you and your breed  
To whom I am the customer who buys your goods!  
Gain profits and customers, if you so design,



By the electrum of Sardis and Indian gold  
But you shall not conceal that person in a grave.  
1040 Not even if the eagles of Zeus tear him  
For food and carry it away to Zeus' throne -  
Not even then in dread of such defilement  
Will I submit to him being buried!  
For I know well that no mortal  
Has the strength to defile the gods.  
Even the cleverest of mortals, old Tiresias,  
Are cast down in dishonour  
When they for profit grace dishonourable words with elegance.

Tiresias

But can any man see, or any explain -

Creon

What? Is this to be some common saying?

Tiresias

- why wise counsel is superior to all other possessions?

Creon

Why? I suggest lack of judgement is the greater mischief.

Tiresias

Your nature is full of that disease.

Creon

I have no desire - in answer - to contradict a prophet!

Tiresias

Yet you spoke of me saying false prophecies!

Creon

Yes - because the breed of prophets loves silver!

Tiresias

And that of Kings loves shameful gain!

Creon

Can you see that when you speak you are speaking to your master?

Tiresias

I see! This citadel of yours you saved because of me.

Creon

You are skilled in divination but love to do harm!

Tiresias

1060 You stir me to express what is inviolate and hidden in my heart!

Creon

Bring it forth! Do not speak it only for profit.

Tiresias

Were there any, I would not expect you to have any share of it.

Creon

You will see that you cannot buy my heart!

Tiresias

Know then that there will not be, for you, many more  
Loops which the swift sun will complete  
Before you see one born from your own loins a corpse  
In exchange for corpses because you have cast down  
One of those from above  
By dishonourably settling one, alive, in a tomb.  
And also because you held here from the gods below  
A corpse, bereft, profaned, because without funeral rites.  
Not you, not any of the gods above  
Can overpower him now -  
For this is outrage by you to them and shall destroy you  
Since the Furies, of Hades and the gods, will ambush you  
To catch you by those same ills.

Observe if I speak laden with silver  
For there will not be a long delay hereafter  
Before such things are visible and the men and women of your abode  
1080 Will shriek, when hatred casts into disorder all those clans  
Whose own were mangled and buried by dogs or wild beasts  
Or birds of prey carrying away a profane stench  
To those sacred clan sanctuaries.  
Since you grieved me, as an archer these  
Are the sure arrows I in anger direct at your heart

And from whose burns you cannot escape.

So, boy, take me away to my dwelling  
And let him loose his anger on those who are younger  
And nurture his thought by keeping his tongue quiet  
So he obtains better judgement  
Than the judgement he now possesses.

[Exit Tiresias]

Chorus

My Lord, that person has left hurling fearful prophecies!  
I am certain that ever since hair - once black  
Now white - crowned me, he has never  
Given false utterances for the clan.

Creon

This also I know and my heart is troubled.  
on one side, I fear to yield; on the other,  
I fear opposition and thus misfortune striking.

Chorus

Son of Menoeceus, you should accept good counsel.

Creon

What, then, do I need to do? Speak, and I shall consider it.

Chorus

1100 Go, and loosen the maiden from her cavern  
And build a tomb to lay within it he who lies exposed.

Creon

And that is your advice? You believe I should give way?

Chorus

Yes, my Lord, and swiftly. For those swift-footed wretches  
Of the gods cut down the misguided.

Creon

It is hard to give up what it is the desire of my heart to do -  
But yet I cannot fight against those forces.

Chorus

Go and do these things - do not turn them over to another.

Creon

As I am so shall I go - now! Have follow those here,  
And those others - grasping axes in their hands -  
To rush to that place overlooking here!  
Since I have turned my opinion around  
I, who bound her, should also release her.  
I am anxious because it seems that it is best  
Throughout one's life to keep to what is ancient custom.

[Exit Creon]

Chorus

You of the many names! Glory of the Cadmean bride  
And kin to Zeus of the roaring thunder!  
You, who enclose illustrious Italia  
And who rule over the public Eleusinian plain  
Of Deo!  
1120 Bacchus! - Whose frenzied Bacchantes dwell  
In your clan-mother Thebes,  
She seeded by the savage dragon  
Near the smooth water of Ismenus!

Above that two-crested rock you are glimpsed  
Through the smoke of flaming-torches -  
There where your frenzied Corycian Nymphs go,  
By Castile's Spring!  
You who came from the ivy-covered hills of Nysa  
And that green shore of the many grapes  
To visit the community of Thebes  
Amid that immortal cry: E-U-A-I!

Of all the clans, ours you honour above all others -  
Your mother, stricken by lightning.  
So now, since a strong sickness overcomes  
All of our clan, pass here with your healing feet,  
Over the cliffs of Parnassus or over the Strait of Sighs!

You who dance with the fire-breathing stars,  
Who overshadows the voices of the night,  
The son born of Zeus -  
My Lord, appear! -  
With your Thyiad followers  
Who in frenzy dance through the night  
For you, their Master, Iacchus!

[Enter Messenger]

Messenger

You who reside by this dwelling of Cadmus and of Amphion,  
There is no way of mortal living  
Which I would either praise or blame,  
For frequently fate raises the unfortunate  
And brings down those of good fortune  
1160 And no one can divine the actual being of mortal things.

Creon was once I believe to be envied  
For he saved this land of Cadmus from those hostile to it  
And guided it well: he who flourished in his nobly born children.  
But now, all this is gone - for if a man betrays  
What is delightful to him, I do not hold him as living  
Since he is but an animated corpse.  
Have an abundance of property if such is your aim:  
Live in the manner of a great King;  
But if they provide no pleasure, I would not obtain them  
From any man for such things are as a covering of smoke  
Compared to what delights.

Chorus

What grief do you carry for the Chieftains here?

Messenger

Death. And the dead accuse the living.

Chorus

What? Who the killer? Who the slain? Speak!

Messenger

Haemon has died. Bloodied by a kindred hand.

Chorus

Was it by his father's hand - or his own?

Messenger

By his own in wrath at his father for his killing.

Chorus

You - our prophet! How perfect was your skill!

Messenger

So the thing is - as to the rest, you must decide.

Chorus

1180 I see, nearly here, a sorrowing Eurydice,  
Creon's wife - perhaps fate brings her from her dwelling.  
Or has she heard about her child?

[Enter Eurydice]

Eurydice

You clansmen - I felt your words  
As I departed to greet and offer supplication to the goddess Pallas.  
As I drew back the bolts to open the gate  
A voice - woeful for my family - struck my ears  
And in fear I crouched backwards into the arms  
Of my servant, unable to move.

So, you, tell again what message you brought  
And I shall hear it since I am not without experience of misfortune.

Messenger

My Lady - I who was present shall tell  
What passed and disclose all what was said.  
Why should I soften you with lies  
Which will soon be revealed? Disclosure is straightforward.

As a guide I attended your husband  
To where the plain ends at that place where, unlamented,  
Was the dog-torn body of Polynices.  
1200 To the goddess of the crossing-trackways and to Pluton  
We prayed for them to with-hold their frenzy and be friendly  
And with pure libations washed what had been left,  
Gathering them together to burn them with newly-plucked boughs  
And raise over them a high tumulus of his native soil.

Next, we went toward to enter the stone-lined cavern  
Of the maiden - that bridal-chamber for Hades -  
When, still far off, one of us heard a voice loudly wailing  
Beside that nuptial chamber bereft of funeral rites,  
And came to inform Creon our Master  
Who as he went near was ambushed by a wretched strange cry  
And who, mournfully lamenting, said:  
Wretch that I am, is that what I divine it to be?  
Shall I go along the most unpleasant track I have ever taken?  
Is that the pleasing voice of my son? Servants! - swiftly go  
Nearer there in the gap where the earth has been dug

And the stones torn away, and enter that mouth to see  
If it is Haemon's voice that I heard or if the gods have deceived me.

This order by our despairing Master we obeyed  
1220 And at the end of the tumulus we beheld her  
Hanging by the neck, a noose of threaded fine linen  
Fastening her and he embracing her around her middle,  
Wailing for his bride - destroyed and now below -  
At his father's deeds and his own ill-fated marriage.  
Seeing him, his father gave a fearful cry  
And, loudly lamenting, went within to call to him -  
Unfortunate one! Why have you done this deed?  
What resolve possessed you? What misfortune overpowered you?  
My son - I in supplication beseech you to come out!

The boy gave no answer but looked at him  
With wild eyes then spat on his face  
And drew his double-edged sword.  
But his father hastened to retreat  
And then the ill-fated one enraged at himself forthwith  
Stretched himself to lean on that point  
Until half the length was in his side.  
Then, still breathing, he with but feeble arms  
Embraced the maiden to gasp and spurt forth a swift stream  
Of his dripping blood upon her white cheek.  
1240 Corpse lay upon corpse as he the unfortunate completed his rites  
Of marriage in the dwelling of Hades.  
Thus, this shows to mortals that of the ills conferred upon men  
The greatest is privation of wisdom.

[Exit Eurydice]

Chorus

To what is this like? For now the lady goes away  
Without speaking of honour or dishonour.

Messenger

I also am amazed. Yet my own hope is nourished  
Since having heard about her unfortunate child it would not be dignified  
For her to lament before her people.  
Rather, she will in the concealment of her dwelling appoint her servants  
To lament with her in grief.  
She is not so lacking in experience that she would err.

Chorus

About this - I do not know, since an excessive silence  
Is no less of a portent than an abundance of wailing.

Messenger

We will be certain whether she keeps a secret  
Shrouded in her passionate heart since I shall enter the dwelling.  
Your words may indeed be fortunate - for this excessive silence  
Could well portend something.

[Exit Messenger]

Chorus

Here comes our Lord, himself -  
In his hands a memorial as a token,  
If it is fitting for me to say it, of his own error  
1260 And not that of some stranger.

Creon

I lament -  
For those bad errors of judgement  
Which condemned others to death!  
You see here the killer  
And he of the same family whom he killed.  
I cry because of my own ill-fated plans  
And for my young son who died so young.  
You - who perished, who left us,  
Not because your plans were wrong, but because mine were.

Chorus

Thus, too late, you see the meaning of customs.

Creon

A dreadful learning! It was a god who, attacking me  
On my head with a great weight, made me to wander wildly  
And who overturned and stamped on my joy!  
I lament - for wearisome are the toils given to mortals.

[Enter Messenger]

Messenger

Master - you came bearing that grief in your hands,  
Seeing that one, but you will soon see  
1280 These others stored within your dwelling.

Creon

What further ills could follow ills such as these?



Messenger

Your wife had died - mother in every way to that corpse,  
And unfortunate - from fresh wounds.

Creon

Ah!

How can I purify that haven of Hades?

I am destroyed!

You who convey the sorrow of these bad tidings -

What message can you speak?

You, there - do you pursue me to kill me again?

What misfortune is mine! Speak your message of a wife's fate:

Of this new sacrifice heaped upon those killed!

Messenger

See - it is no longer concealed.

[The doors to Creon's dwelling open, to reveal  
the body of Eurydice ]

Creon

I behold this second grief!

What fate still awaits me now -

Me, who has held in my hands our child

And who in misery looks upon her, a corpse.

1300 I lament for you - the ill-fated mother, and you, her child.

Messenger

By the altar with a keen-edged knife

She released her eyes to darkness, lamenting

For the death of Megareus - he renowned for his fate -

Who went before him, there: her last deed

To invoke ills upon you, the killer of her children.

Creon

Fear rises within me!

Will no one strike me

In the chest with a cutting sword?

Me - in misery

Whose misery is mixed with anguish.

Messenger

She denounced you as being guilty

Both of the death of he who died before, and of this other one.

Creon

She who is gone - how was her blood shed?

Messenger

She was stricken by her own hand  
As there was loud lament made at the fate of her son.

Creon

No other mortals but me can be denounced  
For this. It was I, and no other, who killed.  
I, who here disclose this. You servants -  
Lead me swiftly away!  
For I am no more than nothing.

Chorus

There is something to be gained from this - if troubles are a gain -  
Since it is excellent to shorten our ills.

Creon

Let it appear - that fate  
Which brings me to my end:  
This is the best and highest of all  
Since then I shall never behold another day!

Chorus

Such things are yet to arrive. Before then, it is necessary to be practical.  
What is to arrive shall be attended to by they who order it.

Creon

But all that I desire was contained within that vow.

Chorus

Then do not make another vow.  
Mortals cannot be delivered from the misfortunes of their fate.

Creon

Lead this foolish man away!

1340 My child - and you, also. Wretch that I am,  
It was not my purpose to slay you.

Now there is nothing for me to look upon,  
Nothing to hold onto:  
In my hands, everything went wrong  
As a heavy fate I could not carry  
Leapt upon me.

[Exit Creon]

Chorus

Judgement is the greater part of good fortune  
Just as it is necessary not to be disrespectful to the gods -  
For the great words of the excessive boaster  
Are repayed by great blows  
And this, as one grows old, teaches judgement.

---

## SOPHOCLES

# OEDIPUS THE KING

---

A Translation  
by  
D.W. Myatt

This Edition First Published 1994

© copyright DW Myatt 1990, 1994

### Preface

The main reason for this new translation of the Oedipus Tyrannus is the desire to produce a dynamic and powerful version which is as accurate as any non-literal translation can be and which thus reflects as far as any translation can, the spirit of the original.

The original is one of the masterpieces of European literature, and indeed of European civilization - something hardly evident from other translations. Part of the beauty of Sophocles is his direct simplicity of language - and, given the resources of the English language, it is possible to suggest this in a translation without, however, descending to the level of the trite and the banal as most recent translators have done in their attempts to 'modernize' and/or make the story seem 'relevant'.

In the present translation, I have tried to combine a simplicity and directness of expression with a fidelity to the images of the original, as well as rendering as best I could the most important Greek concepts in a Hellenic rather than a modern, abstract, way. As with the original, the language I have employed (or rather, syntax) is not that of 'everyday' speech. It does, however, achieve the desired simplicity and effect, particularly when spoken.

For this present edition of the translation, I have omitted the Greek notes that formed part of the earlier edition [Sophocles: Oedipus Tyrannus; A Translation, Interpretation and Commentary (Thormynd Press, 1991)]. I have also amended the translation in several places, sometimes significantly.

The text used is that of R.D. Dawe - Sophocles: Tragediæ; Tom. II (Teubner, 1979).

### Introduction

For a significant percentage of people who have heard of or read the story of Oedipus, the central theme is the incest of Oedipus with his mother - and then, the killing of his father. The same applies to most of those who read or watch a performance of one of the appalling 'translations' which unfortunately seem to appear with monotonous regularity.

In the majority of interpretations, 'explanations' and translations of and about Sophocles' Oedipus Tyrannus (or 'Oedipus the King') the incest and the patricide are viewed morally, and thus the tragedy becomes a sort of ancient 'morality tale'. In many translations, the impression is given that Oedipus commits a 'sin' by sleeping with his mother and killing his father, and is punished because of it.

This sort of moral interpretation is completely wrong. The essence of this particular Greek tragedy lies in the realm of the gods, with the relationship between individuals, their communities, and the gods. The incest in particular is merely an interesting incident which occurs to a particular mortal and whose importance lies in the realm of prophecy - in what prophecy says about the will of the gods and the fate of mortals. Furthermore, this incest is not viewed with 'horror' by either Oedipus himself or by anyone else - it never described as a 'monstrous deed' or anything of the kind. All Oedipus says about it is that he "should not" have slept with his mother - it was disrespectful (for example *qv. v.1184 and v.1441*). Even when Oedipus is describing the first time he heard the prophecy that he would sleep with his mother and kill his father, the tone is quite restrained and definitely not moralistic: "Suffering and strangeness and misery were what his words foresaw: that I must copulate with my mother - and show, for mortals to behold, a family who would not endure..." (*vv.790-3*). He then goes on to say: "I fled... so that I would never have to face - because of that inauspicious prophecy - the disgrace of its fulfilment."

The tragedy lies in the fact that Oedipus was not initially disrespectful of the gods - he tried to avoid killing his father, and sleeping with his mother; and when he learns that the oracle at Delphi has said that the plague which is killing the people of Thebes is the result of a defilement which has not been cleaned [the blood is still on a killer's hand] then he is ready to do all that the god says is necessary (*vv.95ff.*).

What actually occurs is that Oedipus oversteps the proper limits of behaviour in his quest to find the killer of Laius and discover his own identity. He begins to act like a 'tyrannus' - a tyrant, an absolute monarch. First, he accuses the blind prophet Tiresias of conspiring against him. Then he accuses his brother-in-law Creon of wanting to overthrow him. Later on, he is dismissive of the

warnings of Jocasta and the Shepherd not to enquire further into his origins. He also boasts that he is a child of Fortuna. Oedipus was certain of himself - he knew he had great skill [did he not solve the riddle of the Sphinx?]; he had great strength and courage [did he not by his own hands kill many men when he believed himself attacked (vv.801ff)]; he had power and wealth [was he not King of Thebes?]. All these things, in relation to the power of the gods, mean nothing. As Creon says to him at the very end of the drama: "Do not desire to be master in all things, for you are without the strength which assisted you in your life." It is the gods who have taken away his strength, his skill and his power - as the Chorus say in another Sophoclean tragedy: "Mortals cannot be delivered from the misfortunes of their fate." [Antigone, v.1338]. The tragedy of Oedipus ends with words which summarize all this: "Observe - here is Oedipus, he who understood that famous enigma and was a strong man: what clansman did not behold that fortune without envy? But what a tide of problems have come over him!... Therefore, call no one lucky until, without the pain of injury, they are conveyed beyond life's ending."

Oedipus himself accepts that his troubles were the work of the gods: "It was Apollo - Apollo who brought such troubles to such a troubled ending." (vv.1329-1330). Oedipus goes on to say that his own blindness - which the blind prophet Tiresias had foreseen - was not the work of the gods, but his own handiwork.

The fundamental question which Sophocles poses in this tragedy is voiced by the Chorus when they reply (v.1347) to a request by Oedipus that he be exiled: "You are as helpless in that resolve as you were in your misfortune." What the tragedy is really explaining, is that however fortunate a person's fate may appear - it is only not only appearance, but also depends on the will of the gods: it can be destroyed in a moment. Therefore, it is wise not to overstep the mark - it is wise not to be excessive; it is wise to observe the customs given by the gods and thus the gods themselves (qv. vv.863ff.). To do otherwise is insolence, disrespect ('hubris') - and invites a retribution by the gods.

Sophocles says of 'hubris' - "Insolence plants the tyrant. There is insolence if by a great foolishness there is a useless over-filling which goes beyond the proper limits. It is an ascending to the steepest and utmost heights and then that hurtling toward that Destiny where the useful foot has no use..." (vv.872ff).

One further point about the Oedipus Tyrannus deserves noting, since it has hitherto been mostly ignored. It is the mercy shown by the Shepherd when he is given the infant Oedipus by Laius and Jocasta to leave exposed on the mountain. They have pierced the ankles of the infant Oedipus and fastened them together to make certain he dies. But the Shepherd is merciful and gives the infant to another Shepherd. The consequences of this act of mercy are a sequence of terrible misfortunes which Oedipus, Jocasta and the children of Oedipus suffer - and which, incidently, Creon himself later suffers from (as evident in Sophocles' Antigone). Later, after his self-inflicted blinding, Oedipus curses the person who saved him: "May death come to whosoever while roaming those grasslands loosened those cruel fetters..... It was not a favourable deed. For had I died then, no grief such as this would have been caused to either me or my kin." (vv.1349f.). Sophocles clearly states that an act of mercy or compassion can lead to others suffering in the future - and can therefore be unwise.

1. See Appendix.
2. See Appendix.

## Oedipus Tyrannus

### Characters:

Oedipus, King of Thebes

Jocasta, his Consort and wife

Creon, brother of Jocasta

Tiresias, the blind prophet

A Priest, of Zeus

First Messenger

Second Messenger

A Shepherd

Chorus, of Theban Elders

Scene: Before the wealthy dwelling of Oedipus at Thebes

OEDIPUS

My children - you most recently reared from ancient Cadmus -  
Why do you hasten to these seats  
Wreathed in suppliant branches?  
Since the citadel is filled with incense,  
Chants and lamentations  
I did not deem it fitting, my children, to hear  
The report of some messenger - so I come here myself:  
I, Oedipus the renowned, who is respected by you all.

As you, Elder, are distinguished by nature,  
You should speak for these others. Is your manner  
One of fear or affection? My will is to assist you  
For I would be indifferent to pain  
Were I not to have pity after such a supplication as this.

PRIEST

Oedipus, master of my land:  
You see how many sit here

Before your altars - some not yet robust enough  
To fly far; some heavy as I, Priest of Zeus, with age;  
And these, chosen from our unmarried youth.  
Enwreathed like them, our people sit in the place of markets,  
20 By the twin shrines of Pallas  
And by the embers of the Ismenian oracle.

Our clan, as you yourself behold, already heaves  
Too much - its head bent  
To the depths bloodily heaving.  
Decay is in the unfruitful seeds in the soil,  
Decay is in our herds of cattle - our women  
Are barren or abort, and that god of fever  
Swoops down to strike our clan with an odious plague,  
Emptying the abode of Cadmus and giving dark Hades  
An abundance of wailing and lamentation.

Not as an equal of the gods do I,  
And these children who sit by your altar, behold you -  
But as the prime man in our problems of life  
And in our dealings and agreements with daimons<sup>(1)</sup>.  
You arrived at our town of Cadmus to disentangle us  
From the tax we paid to that harsh Songstress -  
And that with less than we knew because  
Without our experience. Rather - and it is the custom  
To say this - you had the support of a god  
And so made our lives to prosper.

40 Thus, Oedipus - you, the most noble of all -  
We all as suppliants beseech you  
To find us a defence, whether it be from a god's oracle  
Or whether it be learnt from some man.  
For those who are practical are, by events,  
Seen to give counsels which are the most effective.  
Most noble among mortals - restore our clan!  
But - be cautious. For now this land of yours  
Names you their protector for your swiftness before -  
Do not let it be recorded of your leadership  
That you raised us up again only to let us thereafter fall:  
So make us safe, and restore our clan.  
Favourable - then - the omens, and prosperity  
You brought us: be of the same kind, again!  
For, in commanding a land, as you are master of this,  
It is much better to be master of men than of an emptiness!  
Of no value are a ship or a defensive tower  
If they are empty because no men dwell within them.

OEDIPUS

You, my children, who lament - I know, for I am not without knowledge,  
Of the desire which brings you here. For well do I see

60 All your sufferings - and though you suffer, it is I  
And not one of you that suffers the most.  
For your pain comes to each of you  
By itself, with nothing else, while my psyche  
Mourns for myself, for you and the clan.  
You have not awakened me from a resting sleep  
For indeed you should know of my many tears  
And the many paths of reflection I have wandered upon and tried.  
And, as I pondered, I found one cure  
Which I therefore took. The son of Menoeceus,  
Creon - he who is my kin by marriage - I have sent to that Pythian dwelling  
Of Phoebus to learn how I  
By word or deed can give deliverance to the clan.

But I have already measured the duration  
And am concerned: for where is he? He is longer than expected  
For his absence is, in duration, greater than is necessary.  
Yet when he does arrive, it would dishonourable  
For me not to act upon all that the gods makes clear.

PRIEST

It is fitting that you spoke thus - for observe that now  
We are signalled that Creon is approaching.

OEDIPUS

80 Lord Apollo! Let our fate be such  
That we are saved - and as bright as his face now is!

PRIEST

I conjecture it is pleasing since he arrives with his head crowned  
By laurel wreaths bearing many berries.

OEDIPUS

Soon we will know, for, in distance, he can hear us now.

[Enter Creon]

Lord - son of Menoeceus - my kin by marriage:  
Give to us the saying you received from the god!

CREON

It is propitious, for I call it fortunate when what is difficult to bear  
Is taken from us, enabling us thus to prosper again.

OEDIPUS



But what is it? I am not given more courage  
Nor more fear by your words.

CREON

Do you insist upon hearing it here,  
Within reach of these others - or shall we go within?

OEDIPUS

Speak it to all. For my concern for their suffering  
Is more than even that for my own psyche.

CREON

Then I shall speak to you what I heard from the god.  
The command of Lord Phoebus was clear -  
That defilement nourished by our soil  
Must be driven away, not given nourishment until it cannot be cured.

OEDIPUS

When came this misfortune? How to be cleansed?

CREON

100 Banishment of a man - or a killing in return for the killing  
To release us from the blood and thus this tempest upon our clan.

OEDIPUS

What man is thus fated to be so denounced?

CREON

My Lord, Laius was the Chief  
Of this land, before you guided us.

OEDIPUS

That I have heard and know well although I never saw him.

CREON

Because he was slaughtered it is clearly ordered that you  
Must punish the killing hands, whosoever they are.

OEDIPUS

But are they in this land? Can we still find

The now faded marks of the ancient tracks of those so accused?

CREON

Still in our land, he said. What is saught  
Can be caught, but will escape if not attended to.

OEDIPUS

Was Laius in his dwelling, in his fields,  
Or in another land when he met his death?

CREON

He said he was journeying to a shrine:  
But, having gone, he did not return.

OEDIPUS

Was there no messenger, no other with him  
Who saw anything and whom we could consult and thus learn from?

CREON

No - killed: all of them. Except one who fled in fear  
And so saw nothing except the one thing he did speak of seeing.

OEDIPUS

120 What? One thing may help us learn many more  
And such a small beginning may bring us hope.

CREON

He announced that robbers came upon them and, there being so many,  
In their strength slew them with their many hands.

OEDIPUS

How could robbers do that? Unless - unless silver  
Was paid to them, from here! Otherwise, they would not have the courage!

CREON

Such was the opinion. But with Laius killed  
No one arose to be his avenger since we had other troubles.

OEDIPUS

What troubles were before you that with your King fallen

You were kept from looking?

CREON

The convoluted utterances of the Sphinx made us consider what was before us  
And leave unknown what was dark.

OEDIPUS

Then, as a start, I shall go back to make it visible.  
It is fitting for Phoebus, and fitting also for you  
For the sake of him dead, to return your concern there  
And fair that I am seen as an ally  
In avenging this land and the god.  
Yet not in the name of remote kin  
But for myself will I banish the abomination  
Since that person who killed may - and soon -  
140 And by his own hand, wish to avenge me.  
Thus in this way by so giving aid, I also benefit myself.

Now and swiftly, my children, stand up from these steps -  
Raising your suppliant branches -  
And go to summon here the people of Cadmus  
For I shall do all that is required. Either good fortune -  
If the gods wills - will be shown to be ours, or we shall perish.

[Exit Oedipus]

PRIEST

Stand, children, for that favour  
For which we came he has announced he will do.  
May Phoebus -who delivered this oracle -  
Be our Saviour and cause our suffering to cease.

[Exit Priest. Enter Chorus]

CHORUS

Zeus - your pleasing voice has spoken  
But in what manner from gold-rich Pytho do you come  
To the splendour that is Thebes?

My reason is stretched by dread as fear shakes me -  
O Delian Paeon I invoke you! -  
And I am in awe. For is this new  
Or the continuation of that obligation  
Which each season brings again?  
Speak to me with your divine voice,

You born from she whom we treasure - our Hope!

You I shall name first - you the daughter of Zeus, the divine Athene!  
160 And then you, her sister, who defends our lands - Artemis! -  
Whose illustrious throne is the circle of our market.  
And you, Phoebus with your far-reaching arrows!  
You - the triad who guard us from death! Appear to me!  
When misfortune moved over our clan before  
You came to completely drive away that injuring fire -  
So now come to us, again!

Beyond count are the injuries I bear  
And all my comrades are sick;  
There is no spear of thought to defend us -  
The offspring of our fertile soil do not grow  
While at the birth there are no cries of joy  
For the women stretched by their labour:  
I behold one after another rushing forth - swifter than feathered birds,  
Swifter than invincible fire -  
Toward the land of the twilight god!

They are beyond count and make the clan to die:  
180 For her descendants lie unpitied, unmourned on the ground  
Condemning others to death  
As both the child-less and the mothers gather  
Around the base of the altars  
To labour as suppliants with their injurious laments  
Although clear are the hymns to the Healer  
Above those accompanying wailing voices!  
In answer, you whom we hold precious - daughter of Zeus -  
Send us She of strength with the beautiful eyes!

Grant that fiery Ares - he who fights not with shield of bronze  
But who burns as he encircles with his battle-cry -  
Turns around to swiftly run back, away from our fatherland  
With a fair wind following, to that great Chamber of Amphitrite  
Or to that Thracian harbour where strangers are dashed,  
Since what he neglects at night  
He achieves when day arrives.  
Thus - you who carry fire,  
Who bestows the power of lighting -  
All-father Zeus: waste him beneath your thunder!

Lord Lyceus! From your gold-bound bowstring  
I wish you to deal out the hardest of your arrows  
So they rise before us as a defence!  
And you - Artemis - who by your gleaming light  
Rushes through the mountains of Lycia.  
And you of the golden mitre whose name  
Is that of our land - I invoke you  
Ruddied Bacchus with E-U-O-I! -

With your roaming Maenads  
Come near to us with your blazing pine-torch  
And gleaming eyes, to be our ally  
Against that god given no honour by gods!

[Enter Oedipus]

OEDIPUS

You ask and what you ask will come -  
For if you in your sickness listen and accept and assist me  
You shall receive the strength to lift you out of this trouble.  
I here make the declaration even though I am a stranger to that report  
220 And a stranger to that deed. I, myself, would not have delayed  
Tracking this, even had there been no signs.  
But since it was after these things I became a tax-paying citizen among you citizens,  
I proclaim this now to all who are of Cadmus:  
Whosoever, concerning Laius son of Labdacus,  
Knows the man who killed him  
I command him to declare everything to me.

But if he is afraid, he can himself remove the accusation  
Against him since what awaits him  
Shall not be hostile since he shall pass uninjured to another land.  
But if you know of another from another region  
Whose hand did it, do not be silent  
For I shall reward and confer favours upon you.  
But if you keep silent because he is your own kin  
Or because you yourself are afraid and so reject this -  
Then hear what I of necessity must do.  
I forbid that man, whoever he is, to be in this land -  
This land where I have power and authority:  
No one is to receive him nor speak to him;  
Neither is he to share in your offering thanks to the gods,  
Nor in the sacrifices or in the libations before them.  
Instead, everyone shall push him away - for our defilement  
Is, in truth, him: as the Pythian god  
By his oracle just now announced to me.

Thus in such a way do I and this god  
And the man who was killed become allies -  
And so this pact I make concerning he who did that deed  
Whether alone or together with others in secret:  
Being ignoble, may his miserable life ignobly waste away.  
And I also make this pact - that should he arrive at my dwelling  
And with my consent stay by my hearth, then may that disease  
I desired for those ones come to me!

So I command you to accomplish this  
On behalf of me, the god and this land  
Now barren, laid waste and without gods.

For even had no god sent you to deal with this matter  
It would not have been fitting to leave it uncleaned  
For the man killed was both brave and your own lord:  
You should have enquired. However, I now have the authority  
And hold the command that was his,  
260 And now possess his chambers and his woman - seeded by us both -  
And by whom we might have children shared in common had that family  
Not had its misfortune and thus there had been a birth:  
But it was not to be, for fate bore down upon him.  
Thus, I - as if he were my own father -  
Will fight for him and will go to any place  
To search for and to seize the one whose hand killed  
That son of Labdacus - he of Polydorus,  
Of Cadmus before that and before then of ancient Agenor.

As to those who do not do this for me, I ask the god  
That the seeds they sow in the earth shall not bring forth shoots  
Nor their women children, and also that it be their destiny  
To be destroyed by this thing - or one that is much worse.  
But as for you others, of Cadmus, to whom this is pleasing -  
May the goddess, Judgement, who is on our side,  
And all of the gods, be with us forever.

CHORUS

Bound by your oath, my Lord, I speak:  
I am not the killer - nor can I point out he who did the killing.  
It is he who sent us on this search -  
Phoebus - who should say who did that work.

OEDIPUS

280 That would be fair. But to compel the gods  
Against their will is not within the power of any man.

CHORUS

Shall I speak of what I consider is the second best thing to do?

OEDIPUS

Do not neglect to explain to me even what is third!

CHORUS

He who sees the most of what Lord Phoebus knows  
Is Lord Tiresias - and it is from his watching, and clearness,  
My Lord, that we might learn the most.

OEDIPUS

I have not been inactive in attending to that:  
Since Creon spoke of it, I have sent two escorts -  
And it is a wonder after this long why he is not here.

CHORUS

What can still be told of those things is blunt from age.

OEDIPUS

What is there? For I am watching for any report.

CHORUS

It was said that he was killed by travellers.

OEDIPUS

That I have heard - but no one sees here he who observed that.

CHORUS

But he will have had his share of fear  
Having heard your pact - and will not have stayed here.

OEDIPUS

And he who had no fear of the deed? Would such a one fear such words?

CHORUS

But here is he who can identify him. For observe,  
It is the prophet of the god who is led here:  
He who of all mortals has the most ability to reveal things.

[Enter Tiresias, guided by a boy]

OEDIPUS

300 Tiresias - you who are learned in all things: what can be taught; what is never spoken of;  
What is in the heavens and what treads on the earth -  
Although you have no sight, can you see how our clan  
Has given hospitality to sickness? You are our shield,  
Our protector - for you, Lord, are the only remedy we have.  
Phoebus - if you have not heard it from the messengers -  
Sent us as answer to our sending: release from the sickness  
Will come only if we are skilled enough to discover who killed Laius  
And kill them or drive them away from this land as fugitives.

Therefore, do not deny to us from envy the speech of birds  
Or any other way of divination which you have,

But pull yourself and this clan - and me -  
Pull us away from all that is defiled by those who lie slain.  
Our being depends on you. For if a man assists someone  
When he has the strength to do so, then it is a noble labour.

TIRESIAS

Ah! There is harm in judging when there is no advantage  
In such a judgement. This I usefully understood  
But then totally lost. I should not have come here.

OEDIPUS

What is this? Are you heartless, entering here so?

TIRESIAS

Permit me to return to my dwelling. Easier then will it be  
For you to carry what is yours, and I what is mine, if you are persuaded in this.

OEDIPUS

Such talk is unusual because unfriendly toward this clan  
Which nourishes you: will you deprive us of oracles?

TIRESIAS

Yes - for I know that the words you say  
Are not suitable. And I will not suffer because of mine.

OEDIPUS

Before the gods! Turn aside that judgement! Here, before you,  
All of us are as humble suppliants!

TIRESIAS

Since all of you lack judgement, I will not speak either about myself  
Or you and so tell about defects.

OEDIPUS

What? If you are aware of it but will not speak,  
Do you intend to betray and so totally destroy your clan?

TIRESIAS

I will not cause pain to either you or myself. Therefore,  
Why these aimless rebukes since I will not answer.



OEDIPUS

Not...? Why, you ignoble, worthless...! A rock,  
By its nature, can cause anger. Speak it! -  
Or will you show there is no end to your hardness?

TIRESIAS

You rebuke me for anger - but it is with you  
That she dwells, although you do not see this and blame me instead.

OEDIPUS

And whose being would not have anger  
340 Hearing how you dishonour our clan!

TIRESIAS

By themselves, these things will arrive - even though my silence covers them.

OEDIPUS

Then since they shall arrive, you must speak to me about them!

TIRESIAS

Beyond this, I explain nothing. But if it is your will,  
Become savage with wrath in anger.

OEDIPUS

Yes indeed I will yield to the anger possessing me  
Since I do understand! For I know you appear to me  
To have worked together with others to produce that deed,  
Although it was not your hand that did the killing. But - had you sight -  
I would say that the blow was yours and yours alone!

TIRESIAS

Is that so! I declare it is to the proclamation  
You announced that you must adhere to, so that from this day  
You should not speak to me or these others  
Since you are the unhealthy pollution in our soil!

OEDIPUS

It is disrespectful to bound forth  
With such speech! Do you believe you will escape?

TIRESIAS

I have escaped. For, by my revelations, I am nourished and made strong.

OEDIPUS

Where was your instruction from? Certainly not from your craft!

TIRESIAS

From you - for against my desire I cast out those words.

OEDIPUS

What words? Say them again so I can fully understand.

TIRESIAS

Did you not hear them before? Or are your words a test?

OEDIPUS

They expressed no meaning to me. Say them again.

TIRESIAS

I said you are the killer and thus the man you seek.

OEDIPUS

You shall not escape if you injure me so again!

TIRESIAS

Shall I then say more to make your anger greater?

OEDIPUS

As much as you desire for you are mistaken in what you say.

TIRESIAS

I say that with those nearest to you are you concealed  
In disrespectful intimacy, not seeing the trouble you are in.

OEDIPUS

Do you believe you can continue to speak so and remain healthy?

TIRESIAS

Yes, if revelations have power.

OEDIPUS

They do for others, but not for you! They have none for you  
Because you are blind in your ears, in your purpose as well as in your eyes!

TIRESIAS

In faulting me for that you are unfortunate  
Because soon there will be no one who does not find fault with you.

OEDIPUS

You are nourished by night alone! It is not for me,  
Or anyone here who sees by the light, to injure you.

TIRESIAS

It is not my destiny to be defeated by you -  
Apollo is sufficient for that, since it is his duty to obtain vengeance.

OEDIPUS

Were those things Creon's inventions - or yours?

TIRESIAS

It is not Creon who harms you - it is yourself.

OEDIPUS

380 Ah! Wealth, Kingship and that art of arts  
Which surpasses others - these, in life, are envied:  
And great is the jealousy cherished because of you.  
It is because of this authority of mine - which this clan  
Gave into my hands, unasked -  
That the faithful Creon, a comrade from the beginning,  
Desires to furtively creep about to overthrow me  
And hires this performing wizard,  
This cunning mendicant priest who sees only  
For gain but who is blind in his art!

So now tell me: where and when have you given clear divinations?  
For you did not - when that bitch was here chanting her verses -  
Speak out and so give deliverance to your clansfolk.  
Yet her enigma was not really for some passing man  
To disclose since it required a prophet's art:  
But your augury foretold nothing and neither did you learn anything  
From any god! It was I who came along -  
I, Oedipus, who sees nothing! - I who put an end to her  
By happening to use reason rather than a knowledge of augury.  
Now it is me you are trying to exile since your purpose

Is to stand beside the throne among Creon's supporters.  
But I intend to make you sorry! Both of you - who worked together  
To drive me out. And if I did not respect you as an Elder,  
Pain would teach you a kind of judgement!

CHORUS

Yet I suspect that he has spoken  
In anger, as I believe you did, Oedipus.  
But this is not what is needed. Instead, it is the god's oracle  
That will, if examined, give us the best remedy.

TIRESIAS

Though you are the King, I have at least an equality of words  
In return, for I also have authority.  
I do not live as your servant - but for Loxias -  
Just as I am not inscribed on the roll as being under Creon's patronage.  
Thus, I speak for myself - since you have found fault with me because I am blind.  
When you look, you do not see the trouble you are in,  
Nor where you dwell, nor who you are intimate with.  
Do you know from whom your being arose? Though concealed, you are the enemy  
Of your own, below and upon this land:  
On both sides beaten by your mother and your father  
To be driven out from this land by a swift and angry Fury -  
And you who now see straight will then be in darkness.  
420 What place will not be a haven for your cries?  
What Cithaeron will not, and soon, resound with them  
When you understand your wedding-night in that abode  
Into where you fatefully and easily sailed but which is no haven from your voyage?  
Nor do you understand the multitude of troubles  
Which will make you equal with yourself and your children.

Thus it is, so therefore at my mouth and at Creon's  
Throw your dirt! For there is no other mortal whose being  
Will be so completely overwhelmed by troubles as yours.

OEDIPUS

Am I to endure hearing such things from him?  
May misfortune come to you! Go from here - without delay!  
Away from my dwelling! Turn and go!

TIRESIAS

I would not have come here, had you not invited me.

OEDIPUS

I did not know you would speak nonsense

Or I would have been unwilling to ask you here to my dwelling.

TIRESIAS

So you believe I was born lacking sense?  
Yet I made sense to those who gave you birth.

OEDIPUS

What? Wait! Which mortals gave me birth?

TIRESIAS

It is on this day that you are born and also destroyed.

OEDIPUS

All that you have said is enigmatic or lacking in reason.

TIRESIAS

440 But are you not the best among us in working things out?

OEDIPUS

Do you find fault with what I have discovered is my strength?

TIRESIAS

It is that very fortune which has totally ruined you.

OEDIPUS

I am not concerned - if I have preserved this clan.

TIRESIAS

Then I shall depart. You - boy! Lead me away.

OEDIPUS

Let him lead you away. While here, you are under my feet  
And annoy me. When gone - you will give me no more pain.

TIRESIAS

I shall go but speak that for which I was fetched, with no dread  
Because of your countenance. For you cannot harm me.  
I say that the man you have long searched for  
And threatened and made proclamation about for the killing  
Of Laius - he is present, here.

Although called a foreigner among us, he will be exposed as a native  
Of Thebes but have no delight in that event.  
Blind, though recently able to see -  
And a beggar, who before was rich - he shall go to foreign lands  
With a stick to guide him along the ground on his journey.  
And he shall be exposed to his children as both their father  
And their brother; to the woman who gave him birth  
As both her son and husband; and to his father  
460 As his killer who seeded her after him. So go  
Within to reason this out and if you catch me deceiving you,  
Then say that in my prophecies there is nothing for me to be proud of.

[Exit Tiresias and Oedipus]

#### CHORUS

Who is the one that the god-inspired oracle-stone at Delphi saw  
With bloody hands doing that which it is forbidden to speak of?  
For now is the day for him to move his feet swifter  
Than storm's horses as he flees  
Since the son of Zeus - armed with fire and lightning -  
Is leaping toward him  
Accompanied by those angry  
And infallible Furies!

It was not that long ago that the omen shone forth  
From the snows of Parnassus: Search everywhere for that man who is concealed;  
He who wanders up to the wild-woods,  
Through caves and among the rocks like some bull -  
He unlucky in his desolation who by his unlucky feet  
Seeks to elude that prophecy from the Temple at the centre of the world -  
That living doom which circles around him.

There is a strange wonder - wrought by he who is skilled in augury;  
I cannot believe, yet cannot disbelieve, nor explain my confusion  
For fear hovers over me. I cannot see what is here, or what is behind!  
Yet - if there was between the family of Labdacus,  
And that son of Polybus, any strife existing  
Either now or before, I have not learned of it  
To thus use it as proof to examine by trial and thus attack  
The public reputation of Oedipus, becoming thus for the family of Labdacus  
Their ally in respect of that killing which has been concealed.

Rather - this is for Zeus and Apollo, who have the skill  
500 To understand, although that other man has won more  
For his discoveries than I.  
Even so, on some things nothing decisive is discovered:  
As in learning, where by learning  
One man may overtake another.  
Thus not before I see that they who accuse him are speaking straight  
Will I declare myself for them

For she was visible - that winged girl who came down against him -  
And we then saw proof of his knowledge, which was beneficial to our clan.  
So therefore my decision is not to condemn him as ignoble.

[Enter Creon]

CREON

Clansmen! Having learnt of a horrible accusation  
Made against me by Oedipus the King  
I hastened here! If, in these our troubles,  
He deems that he has suffered because of me -  
Been injured by some word or some deed -  
Then I would have no desire to live as long as I might  
Having to bear such talk! For it is not simple -  
The damage that would be done to me by such words:  
Rather, it would be great, for I would be dishonoured before my clan -  
With you and my kinsfolk hearing my name dishonoured.

CHORUS

That insult perhaps came forth because of anger -  
Rather than being a conclusion from reason.

CREON

And it was declared that it was my reasoning  
Which persuaded the prophet to utter false words?

CHORUS

It was voiced - but I do not know for what reason.

CREON

Were his eyes straight, was he thinking straight  
When he made that allegation against me?

CHORUS

I do not know. For I do not observe what my superiors do.  
But here, from out of his dwelling, comes the Chief himself.

[Enter Oedipus]

OEDIPUS

You there! Why are you here? Have you so much face  
That you dare to come to my home?  
You - the one exposed as the killer of its man  
And, vividly, as a robber seeking my Kingship!

In the name of the gods, tell me if it was cowardice or stupidity  
That you saw in me when you resolved to undertake this!  
Did you reason that I would not observe your cunning treachery -  
Or, if I did learn of it, I would not defend myself?  
540 Instead, it was senseless of you to set your hand to this -  
With no crowd or comrades - and go in pursuit of authority:  
That which is captured by using wealth and the crowd!

CREON

You know what you must do - in answer to your words  
Be as long in hearing my reply so that you can, with knowledge, judge for yourself.

OEDIPUS

Your words are clever - but I would be mistaken to learn from you,  
Since I have found how dangerous and hostile you are to me.

CREON

That is the first thing you should hear me speak about.

OEDIPUS

Do not tell me: it is that you are not a traitor!

CREON

If you believe that what is valuable is pride, by itself,  
Without a purpose, then your judgement is not right.

OEDIPUS

And if you believe you can betray a kinsman  
And escape without punishment, then your judgement is no good.

CREON

I agree that such a thing is correct -  
So inform me what injury you say I have inflicted.

OEDIPUS

Did you convince me or did you not convince me that I should  
Send a man to bring here that respected prophet?

CREON

I am the same person now as the one who gave that advice.



OEDIPUS

How long is the duration since Laius -

CREON

Since he did what? I do not understand.

OEDIPUS

560 Since he disappeared: removed by deadly force?

CREON

The measurement of that duration is great - far into the past.

OEDIPUS

So - was that prophet then at his art?

CREON

Yes: of equal skill and having the same respect as now.

OEDIPUS

At that period did he make mention of me?

CREON

Certainly not to me nor when I was standing nearby.

OEDIPUS

Was there no inquiry held about the killing?

CREON

It was indeed undertaken, although nothing was learned.

OEDIPUS

So why did that clever person not speak, then?

CREON

I do not know. And about things I cannot judge for myself, I prefer to be silent.

OEDIPUS

570 But you do know why and would say it if you had good judgement!

CREON

What? If I did know, then I would not deny it.

OEDIPUS

It is that if he had not met with you,  
He would not have spoken about "my" killing of Laius.

CREON

You should know if he indeed said that.  
Now, however, it is fair that I question you just as you have me.

OEDIPUS

Question me well - for you will never convict me as the killer!

CREON

Nevertheless. You had my sister - took her as wife?

OEDIPUS

That is an assertion that cannot be denied.

CREON

Does she, in this land, possess an authority the equal of yours?

OEDIPUS

Whatsoever is her wish, she obtains from me.

CREON

And am I - who completes the triad - not the equal of you both?

OEDIPUS

And it because of that, that you are exposed as a traitor to your kin!

CREON

No! For consider these reasons for yourself, as I have,  
Examining this first: do you believe anyone  
Would prefer authority with all its problems  
To untroubled calm if they retained the same superiority?  
I myself do not nurture such a desire

To be King rather than do the deeds of a King:  
No one commanding good judgement would, whoever they were.  
Now, and from you, I receive everything with no problems  
But if the authority was mine, I would have to do many things against my nature.  
How then could being a King bring me more pleasure  
Than the trouble-free authority and power I have?  
I am not yet so much deceived  
As to want honours other than those which profit me.  
Now, I greet everyone, and now, everyone bids me well  
Just as, now, those who want something from you call upon me  
Since only in that way can they possibly have success.  
Why, then, would I let go of these to accept that?

600 A traitor cannot, because of his way of thinking, have good judgement.  
I am not a lover of those whose nature is to reason so  
And would not endure them if they did act.  
As proof of this, first go yourself to Pytho  
To inquire whether the message I brought from the oracle there was true  
And if you detect that I and that interpreter of signs  
Plotted together, then kill me - not because of a single vote,  
But because of two, for you will receive mine as well as yours.  
I should not be accused because of unclear reasoning and that alone.

It is not fair when the ignoble, rashly,  
Are esteemed as worthy or the worthy as ignoble.  
I say that to cast away an honourable friend is to do the same  
To that which is with life and which you cherish the most.  
It takes a while for an intuition to be made steady  
For it is only after a while that a man shows if he is fair  
Although an ignoble one is known as such in a day.

CHORUS

Honourable words from someone cautious of falling,  
My Lord. Those swift in their judgement are unsteady.

OEDIPUS

But when there is a plot against me which is swiftly and furtively  
Moving forward, then I must be swift in opposing that plot  
Since if I remain at rest, then indeed  
What is about to be done, will be - because of my mistake.

CREON

Then you still desire to cast me from this land?

OEDIPUS

Not so! It is your death, not your exile, that I want!

CREON

When you explain to me what is the nature of this thing "envy" -

OEDIPUS

You speak without yielding and not in good faith!

CREON

Is it not your 'good judgement' that is keenly being observed?

OEDIPUS

But at least it is mine!

CREON

And for that very reason it is but the equal of mine.

OEDIPUS

But you have a treacherous nature!

CREON

But if nothing has been proved -

OEDIPUS

Even so, there must be authority.

CREON

Not when that authority is defective.

OEDIPUS

My clan! My clan!

CREON

A portion of the clan is for me - not wholly for you!

CHORUS

My Lords, stop this! It is fortunate perhaps that I observe  
Jocasta approaching from her dwelling, since it is fitting for her  
To make right the quarrel which now excites you.

[Enter Jocasta]

JOCASTA

You wretches! Why this ill-advised strife  
Produced by your tongues? Are you not dishonoured - when this land  
Is suffering - by becoming moved by personal troubles?  
You should go within; while you, Creon, should go to your dwelling  
So as not to let what is only nothing become a great sorrow.

CREON

My kin by blood! It is horrible what your husband Oedipus,  
640 From two unfair things, has decided it is right to do!  
To push me from this land of my ancestors - or to seize and kill me!

OEDIPUS

Yes! For he was, my lady, caught trying to injure  
My person by a cowardly art.

CREON [looking upward]

Deny me, this day, your assistance - curse and destroy me  
If I committed that which I am accused of doing!

JOCASTA

Before the god, trust him, Oedipus!  
Chiefly because of this oath to the god  
And then because of me and these others here beside you.

CHORUS

My Lord - be persuaded, having agreed to reflect on this.

OEDIPUS

To what do you wish me to yield?

CHORUS

Respect he who before has never been weak - he now strengthened by that oath.

OEDIPUS

Do you know what it is that you so desire?

CHORUS

I do know.

OEDIPUS

Then explain what you believe it to be.

CHORUS

When a comrade is under oath, you should never accuse him  
Because of unproved rumours and brand him as being without honour.

OEDIPUS

Then attend to this well. When you seek this, it is my  
Destruction that is sought - or exile from this land.

CHORUS

660 No! By the god who is Chief of all the gods -  
Helios! Bereft of gods, bereft of kin - may the extremist death  
Of all be mine if such a judgement was ever mine!  
But ill-fated would be my breath of life - which the decay in this soil  
Already wears down - if to those troubles of old  
There was joined this trouble between you and him.

OEDIPUS

Then allow him to go - although it requires my certain death  
Or that I, without honour and by force, am thrown out from this land.  
And it is because of you, not because of him - the mercy coming from your mouth -  
That I do this. As for him - wherever he goes - I will detest him!

CREON

It is clear that you are hostile as you yield - and so dangerous, even though  
Your anger has gone. For natures such as yours  
Are deservedly painful to those who endure them.

OEDIPUS

Then go away and leave me.

CREON

I shall depart. To you, I remain unknown - but to these, here, I am the same.

[Exit Creon]

CHORUS

My Lady - why do you delay in returning with him into your dwelling?

JOCASTA

680 Because I wish to learn what has happened.

CHORUS

Suspicion arising from unreasonable talk - and a wounding that was unfair.

JOCASTA

From both of them?

CHORUS

Indeed.

JOCASTA

What was the talk?

CHORUS

Too much for me, too much for this land, wearied before this.  
Since it appears to have ceased, here - let it remain so.

OEDIPUS

Observe where you have come to with your prowess in reason  
By me giving way and blunting my passion!

CHORUS

My Lord, I will not say this only this once:  
My judgement would be defective - and by my purposeless judgements  
Would be shown to be so - if I deserted you,  
You who when this land I love was afflicted  
And despairing, set her straight.  
Now be for us our lucky escort, again!

JOCASTA

My Lord - before the god explain to me  
What act roused such wrath and made you hold onto it.

OEDIPUS

700 It will be told. For I respect you, my lady, more than them.  
It was Creon - the plot he had against me.

JOCASTA

Then speak about it - if you can clearly affix blame for the quarrel.

OEDIPUS

He declared that it was me who had killed Laius.

JOCASTA

Did he see it, for himself - or learn of it from someone?

OEDIPUS

It was rather that he let that treacherous prophet bring it -  
So as to make his own mouth entirely exempt.

JOCASTA

Therefore, and this day, acquit yourself of what was spoken about  
And listen to me, for you will learn for yourself  
That no mortal is given the skill to make prophecies.

I bring to light evidence for this:  
An oracle came to Laius once - not I say  
From Phoebus himself but from a servant -  
That his own death was destined to come from a child  
Which he and I would produce.  
But - as it was reported - one day foreign robbers  
Slew him where three cart-tracks meet.  
As to the child - his growth had not extended to the third day  
When we yoked the joints of its feet  
And threw it - by another's hand - upon a desolate mountain.

So, in those days, Apollo did not bring about, for him,  
That he slay the father who begot him - nor, for Laius,  
That horror which he feared - being killed by his son.  
Such were the limits set by those words of revelation!  
Therefore, do not concern yourself with them: for what a god  
Wants others to find out, he will by himself unmistakably reveal.

OEDIPUS

As I heard you just now my lady,  
My judgement became muddled as the breath of life left me.

JOCASTA

What has so divided you that you turn away to speak?



OEDIPUS

I believed I heard this from you - that Laius  
730 Was killed near where three cart-tracks meet.

JOCASTA

It was, indeed, voiced - and is so, still.

OEDIPUS

Where is the place where came his misfortune?

JOCASTA

The nearby land of Phocis - where the track splits  
To come from Delphi and from Daulia.

OEDIPUS

How many seasons have passed since that thing was done?

JOCASTA

It was just before you held this land's authority  
That it was revealed by a herald to the clan.

OEDIPUS

O Zeus! What was your purpose in doing this to me?

JOCASTA

What is it that burdens your heart, Oedipus?

OEDIPUS

740 Do not enquire yet; rather, explain to me the appearance Laius had:  
Was he at the height of his vigour?

JOCASTA

He was big - his head covered in hair but having a recent whiteness.  
His build was not far removed from your own.

OEDIPUS

Wretch that I am! For it seems that over myself  
I, without looking, threw that terrible curse!

JOCASTA

What are you saying? My Lord - I tremble as I look at you.

OEDIPUS

My courage is replaced by fear - that the prophet possesses sight!  
More can be explained - if you make known one more thing.

JOCASTA

Though I still tremble, if I have knowledge of what you ask, I shall speak it.

OEDIPUS

750 Did he have a slender one - or did he have many men  
As escort as befits a warrior chieftain?

JOCASTA

Altogether there were five, one of those being an official -  
And one carriage, which conveyed Laius.

OEDIPUS

Now it becomes visible. But who was he,  
My lady, who gave you that report?

JOCASTA

A servant - the very person who alone returned, having escaped harm.

OEDIPUS

Then perhaps he is to be found, at this moment, within our dwelling?

JOCASTA

Definitely not. For as soon as he returned here again and saw you  
Were the master of what the dead Laius had held,

760 He beseeched me - his hand touching mine -  
To send him away to the wilds as a shepherd to a herd,  
Far away where he could not see the town.  
And so I sent him. For I deemed him worthy,  
As a slave, to have a greater reward than that favour.

OEDIPUS

Then swiftly - and with no delay - can he be returned here?

JOCASTA

He is around. But why do you desire it?

OEDIPUS

I fear, my lady, that far too much has already  
Been said by me. Yet it is my wish to see him.

JOCASTA

Then he shall be here. But it merits me to learn,  
My Lord, what burden within you is so difficult to bear.

OEDIPUS

I shall not deprive you of that - for what I fear  
Comes closer. Who is more important to me than you  
To whom I would speak when going through such an event as this?

Polybus the Corinthian was my father -  
And the Dorian, Meropè, my mother. I was, in merit,  
Greater than the clansfolk there - until I was, by chance,  
Attacked. This, for me, was worthy of my wonder  
Although unworthy of my zeal:  
At a feast a man overfull with wine  
780 Mumbled into his chalice what I was falsely said to be my father's.  
I was annoyed by this during that day - scarcely able  
To hold myself back. On the one following that, I sought to question  
My mother and father, and they were indignant  
At he who had let loose those words at me.  
Because of this, I was glad, although I came to itch from them  
For much did they slither about.  
So, unobserved by my mother and father, I travelled  
To Pytho. But for that which I had come, Phoebus there  
Did not honour me; instead - suffering and strangeness  
And misery were what his words foresaw:  
That I must copulate with my mother - and show,  
For mortals to behold, a family who would not endure -  
And also be the killer of the father who planted me.

I, after hearing this - and regarding Corinth -  
Thereafter by the stars measured the ground  
I fled upon so that I would never have to face -  
Because of that inauspicious prophecy - the disgrace of its fulfilment.  
And while so travelling I arrived in those regions  
Where you spoke of the King himself being killed.

800 For you, my lady, I shall declare what has not been spoken of before.  
While journeying, I came near to that three-fold track,  
And at that place an official and a carriage

With young horse with a man mounted in it - such as you spoke of -  
Came toward me. And he who was in front as well as the Elder himself  
Were for driving me vigorously from the path.  
But the one who had pushed me aside - the carriage driver -  
I hit in anger: and the Elder, observing this  
From his chariot, watched for me to go past and then on the middle  
Of my head struck me with his forked goad.  
He was certainly repaid with more! By a quick blow  
From the staff in this, my hand, he fell back  
From the middle of the carriage and rolled straight out!  
And then I destroyed all the others. Yet if to that stranger  
And Laius there belongs a common relation  
Then who exists who is now as unfortunate as this man, here?  
Who of our race of mortals would have a daimon more hostile -  
He to whom it is not permitted for a stranger nor a clansman  
To receive into their homes, nor even speak to -  
But who, instead, must be pushed aside? And it is such things as these -  
These curses! - that I have brought upon myself.

The wife of he who is dead has been stained by these hands  
Which killed him. Was I born ignoble?  
Am I not wholly unclean? For I must be exiled  
And in my exile never see my family  
Nor step into my own fatherland - or by marriage  
I will be yoked to my mother and slay my father  
Polybus, he who produced and nourished me.  
And would not someone who decided a savage daimon  
Did these things to me be speaking correctly?

You awesome, powerful, gods -  
May I never see that day! May I go away  
From mortals, unobserved, before I see  
The stain of that misfortune come to me.

CHORUS

I also, my Lord, would wish to draw away from such things.  
But surely until you learn from he who was there, you can have expectations?

OEDIPUS

Indeed. There is for me just such an expectation,  
And one alone - to wait for that herdsman.

JOCASTA

And when he does appear, what is your intent?

OEDIPUS

I will explain it to you. If his report is found to be

840 The same as yours, then I shall escape that suffering.

JOCASTA

Did you then hear something odd in my report?

OEDIPUS

You said he spoke of men - of robbers - being the ones  
Who did the killing. If, therefore, he still  
Speaks of there being many of them, then I am not the killer  
For one cannot be the same as the many of that kind.  
But if he says a solitary armed traveller, then it is clear,  
And points to me as the person who did that work.

JOCASTA

You should know that it was announced in that way.  
He cannot go back and cast them away  
For they were heard, here, by the clan - not just by me.  
Yet even if he turns away from his former report,  
Never, my Lord, can the death of Laius  
Be revealed as a straight fit - for it was Loxias  
Who disclosed he would be killed by the hand of my child.  
But he - the unlucky one - could not have slain him  
For he was himself destroyed before that.  
Since then I have not by divination looked into  
What is on either side of what is next.

OEDIPUS

I find that pleasing. However, that hired hand  
Should be summoned here by sending someone - it should not be neglected.

JOCASTA

I will send someone, and swiftly. But let us go into our dwelling.  
I would not do anything that would be disagreeable to you.

[Exit Oedipus and Jocasta]

CHORUS

May the goddess of destiny be with me  
So that I bear an entirely honourable attitude  
In what I say and in what I do -  
As set forth above us in those customs born and  
Given their being in the brightness of the heavens  
And fathered only by Olympus.  
For they were not brought forth by mortals,  
Whose nature is to die. Not for them the lethargy

Of laying down to sleep  
Since the god within them is strong, and never grows old.

Insolence plants the tyrant:  
There is insolence if by a great foolishness  
There is a useless over-filling which goes beyond  
The proper limits -  
It is an ascending to the steepest and utmost heights  
And then that hurtling toward that Destiny  
Where the useful foot has no use.  
880 Yet since it is good for a clan to have combat,  
I ask the god never to deliver us from it:  
As may I never cease from having the god for my champion.

If someone goes forth and by his speaking  
Or the deeds of his hands looks down upon others  
With no fear of the goddess Judgement and not in awe  
Of daimons appearing,  
Then may he be seized by a destructive Fate  
Because of his unlucky weakness.  
If he does not gain what he gains fairly,  
Does not keep himself from being disrespectful,  
And in his foolishness holds onto what should not be touched,  
Then how will such a man thereafter keep away those arrows of anger  
Which will take revenge on his breath of life?  
For if such actions are those are esteemed,  
Is this my respectful choral-dance required?

No more would I go in awe to that never to be touched sacred-stone,  
Nor to that Temple at Abae,  
Nor Olympia - if those prophecies do not fit  
In such a way that all mortals can point it out.  
But you whom it is right to call my master -  
Zeus! - you who rule over everyone: do not forget this,  
You whose authority is, forever, immortal.  
For they begin to decay - those prophecies of Laius  
Given long ago, and are even now set aside  
And nowhere does Apollo become manifest because esteemed:  
For the rituals of the gods are being lost.

[Enter Jocasta]

JOCASTA

Lords of this land - the belief has been given to me  
That I should go to the Temples of our guardian gods, my hands  
Holding a garland and an offering of incense.  
For Oedipus lets his breath of life be too much possessed by his heart  
Because of all his afflictions - since, unlike a man who reasons  
And determines the limits of what is strange by the past,

He is fearful when someone, in speaking, speaks of such things.

Therefore, since none of my counsels have achieved anything,  
I come here - to you, Lycean Apollo, since you are close to us -  
920 To petition you by asking you with these my gifts  
That we are cleansed of defilement by you bringing us deliverance.  
For now all of us are afraid as we behold  
That he who is guiding our vessel is wounded.

[Enter Messenger]

MESSENGER

Is it from you, stranger, that I might learn where  
Is the dwelling of King Oedipus:  
Or, more particularly, if you have knowledge of where he himself is?

CHORUS

Here are his chambers, stranger, and he himself is within.  
But here is his wife and mother of his children.

MESSENGER

May she always prosper in her prospering descent  
Since by them her marriage is complete.

JOCASTA

And may you, also, stranger, because of your worthy eloquence.  
But explain to me what you seek in arriving here  
Or what it is that you wish to make known.

MESSENGER

What is profitable, my lady, for both your family and your husband.

JOCASTA

What is it? And who sent you here, to us?

MESSENGER

I am from Corinth. And when, presently, I have said my speech,  
There will be joy - of that I have no doubt - but also an equal sorrowing.

JOCASTA

How can that be? What has a double strength that it could cause that?

MESSENGER

He, as their King: for they who inhabit the land  
940 Of Isthmia would make him so - so they have said.

JOCASTA

How is that? For is not Polybus, the Elder, their Master?

MESSENGER

Not now - because death holds him in a tomb.

JOCASTA

What are you saying? That the father of Oedipus - has died?

MESSENGER

Is my report is not correct, then I merit death.

JOCASTA

Swiftly - my handmaiden - go to your master  
To tell him this. You prophecies from the gods! -  
Where is your reality? This was the man whom Oedipus long ago from fear  
Avoided lest he kill him. And now it is because  
Of his own destiny that he died rather than through that of another.

[Enter Oedipus]

OEDIPUS

My Lady, Jocasta:  
Why did you summon me here from my chamber?

JOCASTA

Hear this man and, as you listen, watch to where  
It is that those solemn prophecies of the gods lead.

OEDIPUS

What report has he - wherever he is from - for me?

JOCASTA

He is from Corinth with the message that your father  
Polybus is no more - he is dead.



OEDIPUS

Then announce it, stranger - leading it out yourself, old one.

MESSENGER

If that is what I must relate first and clearly  
Then know well that his death has come upon him.

OEDIPUS

960 Was it by treachery - or by dealing with sickness?

MESSENGER

A small turn downwards, and the ageing body lies in sleep.

OEDIPUS

Am I to assume that he unfortunately perished from a sickness?

MESSENGER

Indeed - for he had been allocated a great many seasons.

OEDIPUS

Ah! Then why, my lady, look toward  
The altar of some Pythian prophet, or above to those  
Screeching birds - whose guidance was that I would  
Assuredly kill my father? But he is dead  
And hidden within the earth, while I am here  
Without having to clean my spear. Unless - it was a longing for me  
Which destroyed him, and thus he is dead because of me.  
But then - that divine prophecy has been, by that circumstance, taken away  
By Polybus lying in Hades, and thus has no importance.

JOCASTA

Did I not declare such things to you, just now?

OEDIPUS

Such was said - but I turned away because of my fear of them.

JOCASTA

Do not anymore wound your heart by such things.

OEDIPUS

But how can I not distance myself from that intercourse with my mother?

JOCASTA

What is there for mortals to fear, for it is chance  
Which rules over them, and who can clearly foresee what does not exist?  
It is most excellent to live without a plan - according to one's ability.  
980 You should not fear being married to your mother:  
For many are the mortals who have - in dreams also<sup>(2)</sup> -  
Lain with their mothers, and he to whom such things as these  
Are as nothing, provides himself with a much easier life.

OEDIPUS

All that you expressed is fine, except for this:  
She who gave me birth is alive, and since she is now still living,  
It is necessary that I - despite your fine words - distance myself from her.

JOCASTA

Yet the death of your father is a great revelation for you.

OEDIPUS

Yes - a great one. But I fear she who is living.

MESSENGER

Who is this woman that you so fear?

OEDIPUS

990 Meropè, old one: she who belonged with Polybus.

MESSENGER

And what, concerning her, could produce fear in you?

OEDIPUS

A strange god-inspired prophecy.

MESSENGER

Is it forbidden for someone else to know - or can it be told?

OEDIPUS

Certainly. Once, Loxias said to me  
That I must copulate with my own mother  
And by my own hands take my father's blood.

Therefore, and long ago, I left Corinth  
And have kept far away from there. And good fortune has been mine,  
Although it is very pleasing to behold the eye's of one's parents.

MESSENGER

Was that what distanced you from your clan?

OEDIPUS

Yes, old one: I did not want to slaughter my father.

MESSENGER

Then why, my Lord, have I not released you from that fear -  
Since I came here as a favour to you?

OEDIPUS

Certainly you would merit receiving a reward from me.

MESSENGER

And that was chiefly why I came here -  
That on your arrival home I would obtain something useful.

OEDIPUS

But I will not rejoin those who planted me.

MESSENGER

My son! It is clearly evident you cannot see what you are doing -

OEDIPUS

Why, old one? Before the gods, enlighten me!

MESSENGER

1010 - If it was because of that, that you avoided returning to your home.

OEDIPUS

Yes, out of respect for Phoebus so that what he explained could not be fulfilled.

MESSENGER

A defilement brought to you by they who planted you?

OEDIPUS

That, Elder, is the thing I have always feared.

MESSENGER

Then you should know that there is nothing to make you tremble.

OEDIPUS

Nothing? Why - if I was the child born to them?

MESSENGER

Because you and Polybus are not kin by blood.

OEDIPUS

Are you saying that Polybus did not sire me?

MESSENGER

The same as but no more than this man, here!

OEDIPUS

How can he who sired me be the same as he who did not?

MESSENGER

1020 Because he did not beget you - as I did not.

OEDIPUS

But then why did he name me as his son?

MESSENGER

Know that you were accepted from my hands as a gift.

OEDIPUS

And he strongly loved what came from the hand of another?

MESSENGER

He was persuaded because before then he was without children.

OEDIPUS

When I was given to him - had you purchased or begotten me?

MESSENGER

You were found in a forest valley on Cithaeron.

OEDIPUS

And why were you travelling in that region?

MESSENGER

I was there to oversee the mountain sheep.

OEDIPUS

A shepherd - who wandered in search of work?

MESSENGER

Yes - and that season the one who, my son, was your saviour.

OEDIPUS

What ailment possessed me when you took me into your hands?

MESSENGER

The joints of your feet are evidence of it.

OEDIPUS

What makes you speak of that old defect?

MESSENGER

I undid what held and pierced your ankles.

OEDIPUS

A strange disgrace - to carry such a token with me.

MESSENGER

Such was the fortune that named you who you are.

OEDIPUS

Before the gods, tell me whether that thing was done by my father or my mother.

MESSENGER

I do not know - he who gave you to me would be the best judge of that.

OEDIPUS

What? From someone else? Then it was not by chance you found me?

MESSENGER

1040 No - another shepherd gave you to me.

OEDIPUS

Who was it? Can you point him out? Tell whom you saw?

MESSENGER

He was perhaps named among those of Laius.

OEDIPUS

He who once and long ago was King of this land?

MESSENGER

Yes - that man was his shepherd.

OEDIPUS

Is he then still living? Is it possible for me to see him?

MESSENGER

You who are of this region would know that best.

OEDIPUS

Is there among you here, anyone

Whoever he might be, who knows this shepherd he speaks of

Or who has seen him either here or in the wilds?

1050 If so, declare it - for here is the opportunity to find out about these things.

CHORUS

I believe he is that one in the wilds

Whom you sought before to see.

But it is Jocasta - for certain - who could tell of him.

OEDIPUS

My lady - do you know if it is he who, before,  
We desired to return to here? Is that the one about whom this person speaks?

JOCASTA

The one he spoke about? Why? Do not return to it  
Nor even desire to attend again to this idle talk!

OEDIPUS

It could never be that I would fail to grasp  
These proofs which will shed light upon my origin.

JOCASTA

Before the gods! If you value your own life,  
Do not seek that. I have enough pain now.

OEDIPUS

Have courage - for even if my three mothers past  
Were shown to be three slaves, you would not be the one exposed as low-born.

JOCASTA

I beseech you to be persuaded by me. Do not do this.

OEDIPUS

I cannot be persuaded not to learn of this for certain.

JOCASTA

Yet my judgement is for your good - it is said for the best.

OEDIPUS

This "for the best" pained me before and does so again.

JOCASTA

You, the unlucky one - may you never find out who you are.

OEDIPUS

Someone go and bring that Shepherd here to me,  
1070 For she can still rejoice in her distinguished origins.

JOCASTA

You are doomed: this and this alone will I

Say to you - and nothing hereafter!

[Exit Jocasta]

CHORUS

Why, Oedipus, has your lady gone, taken away  
By some wild affliction? I am in awe  
Of a misfortune bursting forth because of her silence about this.

OEDIPUS

It is necessary that it does burst forth. However lowly  
My seed may be, it is my wish to know about it.  
Although she is a woman, she has a mature judgement -  
But even so, perhaps she is ashamed of my low-born origins.  
But I - who apportion myself a child of the goddess, Fortuna,  
She of beneficence - will not become dishonoured,  
For She was the mother who gave me birth: my kinsfolk  
The moons which separated my greatness and my lowness.  
As this is the nature of my being, I cannot ever go away from it  
To another, and so not learn about my birth.

CHORUS

If indeed I am a prophet or skillful in reason,  
Then - by Olympus! - you shall not be without the experience,  
O Cithaeron, on the rising of the full moon,  
Of me exalting you - the kinsfolk of Oedipus,  
His mother and provider - by my choral-dance  
Since a joy has been brought to my King.  
Phoebus - I invoke you, that this may also be pleasing to you!

Who, my son, of those whose living in years is long,  
Did the mountain-wanderer Pan come down upon  
To be your father? Or was it Loxias who slept with a woman?  
For agreeable to him are all those who inhabit the wilds!  
Or perhaps it was he who is the sovereign of Cyllene:  
Or he the mountain-summit dwelling god of those Bacchinites  
Who gladly received you who was found by one of those Helicon Nymphs  
With whom he so often plays!

OEDIPUS

1110 If it fitting for me - who has never had dealings with him -  
To make an estimate, Elders, then I believe I see that Shepherd  
Whom we sought before. For his great age  
Would conform and be in accord with that of this man.  
Also, those who are escorting him are servants  
Of my own family. But, about this, your experience



Has the advantage over mine since you have seen that Shepherd before.

CHORUS

I see him clearly - and, yes, I know him. For if Laius ever had  
A faithful Shepherd, it was this man.

[Enter Shepherd]

OEDIPUS

You, the stranger from Corinth, I question you first -  
Is this he whom you talked about.

MESSENGER

Indeed - you behold him.

OEDIPUS

You there, old man! Here, look at me, and answer  
My questions. Did you once belong to Laius?

SHEPHERD

Yes - nourished by him, not purchased as a slave.

OEDIPUS

What work did you share in or was your livelihood?

SHEPHERD

For the greater part, my living was the way of a shepherd.

OEDIPUS

And in what region did you mostly dwell with them?

SHEPHERD

It was Cithaeron - and also neighbouring regions.

OEDIPUS

This man here - did you ever observe him there and come to know him?

SHEPHERD

Doing what? Which is the man you speak of?

OEDIPUS

This one, standing there. Did you have dealings with him?

SHEPHERD

Not as I recall - so as to speak about now.

MESSENGER

That is no wonder, your Lordship. But I shall bring light  
Upon those things which are now unknown. For well do I know  
That he will see again that region of Cithaeron when he  
With a double flock and I with one  
Were neighbours and comrades for three entire six month  
Durations from Spring to Arcturus.  
Then for the Winter I would drive mine to my stables  
And he, his, to the pens of Laius.

1140 Was this, of which I have spoken, done or not as I have spoken?

SHEPHERD

Your words disclose it - although it is from long ago.

MESSENGER

Well, now say you know that you offered me a boy,  
A nursling to rear as my own.

SHEPHERD

What do you mean? What do you ask me for?

MESSENGER

This, sir, is he who was that youngster!

SHEPHERD

May misfortune come to you! Why do you not keep silent?

OEDIPUS

You - old man. Do not restrain him for it is your speech  
Which should be more restrained, not his.

SHEPHERD

Most noble Lord - what is my fault?

OEDIPUS

1150 In not telling of the child he asked about.

SHEPHERD

But he speaks without looking as he toils without an aim.

OEDIPUS

If you will not speak as a favour, you will when you cry-out.

SHEPHERD

Before the gods, do not strike someone who is old.

OEDIPUS

Swiftly, one of you, twist his hands behind his back.

SHEPHERD

You unlucky one! What more do you desire to learn from me?

OEDIPUS

Did you give him that child he asked about?

SHEPHERD

I did. And it would have been to my advantage to die that day.

OEDIPUS

It will come to that if your words are not true.

SHEPHERD

Yet much more will be destroyed if I do speak.

OEDIPUS

1160 This man, it seems, pushes for a delay.

SHEPHERD

I do not. Just now I said I gave him.

OEDIPUS

Taken from where? Your abode - or from that of another?

SHEPHERD

Not from my own; I received him from someone.

OEDIPUS

Who - of these clansmen here? From whose dwelling?

SHEPHERD

Your lordship, before the gods do not ask me more.

OEDIPUS

You die if I have to put that question to you again.

SHEPHERD

Then - it was one of those fathered by Laius.

OEDIPUS

From a slave? Or born from one of his own race?

SHEPHERD

Ah! Here before me is what I dread. Of speaking it...

OEDIPUS

1170 And I, of hearing it, although hear it I must.

SHEPHERD

It was said to be his own child. But of these things,  
It is your lady - who is within - who could best speak of them.

OEDIPUS

Why? Because she gave it to you?

SHEPHERD

Indeed, Lord.

OEDIPUS

Why did she want that?

SHEPHERD

So it would be destroyed.

OEDIPUS

How grievous for she who bore the child!

SHEPHERD

Yes - but she dreaded divine prophecies of ill-omen.

OEDIPUS

Which were?

SHEPHERD

The word was that he would kill his parents.

OEDIPUS

Then why did you let this elderly one take him.

MESSENGER

Because, your lordship, of mercy - so that to another land  
He might fittingly convey it: to where he himself came from.

1180 But he saved him for this mighty wound. If then you are  
The one he declares you to be, know how unlucky was your birth!

OEDIPUS

Ah! All that was possible has, with certainty, passed away.  
You - daylight - I now look my last at what I behold by you:  
I, exposed as born from those who should not have borne me -  
As having been intimate with those I should not, and killed those I should not.

[Exit Oedipus, Shepherd and Messenger]

CHORUS

You descendants of mortals -  
I count your zest as being equivalent to nothing,  
For where is the person  
Who has won more from a lucky daimon  
Than just that appearance of fame  
Which later is peeled away?  
Yours - your daimon, Oedipus the unlucky -  
We hold as an example

That nothing mortal is favoured.

For, O Zeus, it was beyond the bounds of others  
That he shot his arrow to win  
An all-prospering lucky daimon:  
He who in destroying that virginal chantress of oracles  
With the curved claws,  
Arose in my country as a defence against death.  
And who since then has been called my Lord  
And greatly honoured as the chief of Thebes the magnificent!

But now - who has heard of a greater misfortune?  
Who is there so savagely ruined that he dwells with such troubles  
With his life so changed?  
Alas - Oedipus, the renowned!  
A mature haven  
Was enough for you  
As child and father when you fell upon  
That woman in her inner chamber!  
1210 How, how could what your father pushed into  
Have the vigour for you for so long and in silence?

Chronos, the all-seeing, has found you, beyond your own will,  
For long ago it was determined that from that marriage which was no marriage  
Those children who have been born were the children that would be born.

But - as being the son of Laius,  
I wish, I wish that I had never known this.  
For I lament, and my cry is above all the others  
As it comes forth from my mouth.  
To speak straight: you gave me breath again  
But I allowed my eyes to sleep.

[Enter Second Messenger]

MESSENGER

You who in this land have always been esteemed the most!  
What deeds you are to hear - what behold! - and how much grief  
Will weigh upon you if, on fidelity to your origins,  
Your concern is still for the family of Labdacus!  
For, alas, neither the Ister nor the Phasis  
Can wash clean these chambers, so much suffering  
Do they conceal - soon to be exposed to the light  
1230 As willed, not done outside the aid of will. Those injuries  
Which bring the most grieving, are those shown to be of our own choice.

CHORUS

What I knew before could not fail to make my grieving

Anything but grave; after that - what could you announce?

MESSENGER

What is a quick tale to say  
And to understand: the divinity, Jocasta, is dead.

CHORUS

A misfortune! From what cause?

MESSENGER

By she herself. But, of those events,  
What was most painful is not for you - for you did not view them.  
Yet - as long as my Muse is with me -  
1240 You can learn of the sufferings of her fate.

She - coloured by emotion - passed within the hall  
To run straight to that bridal-bed of hers  
Tearing at her hair with the fingers of both her hands.  
Then, she went within - thrusting the doors closed -  
To invoke Laius, he who long ago was a corpse,  
Recalling that seed she received long ago by which  
He was killed, to leave her to produce  
Unlucky children from his own begotten child.  
She lamented the bed of her double misfortune:  
From her husband, a husband - and children from that child.

How, after that, she perished, I did not see  
For with a war-cry Oedipus pushed in - and, because of him,  
We did not behold the end of her suffering.  
To him, we looked as he ploughed around  
For wildly he ranged about, demanding his spear,  
His lady who was not his lady, and where he might find that maternal  
Double-womb which produced he himself and his children.  
He was frenzied, and a daimon guided him -  
For it was no man who was standing nearby -  
And with a fearful shout - as if someone led the way -  
He was propelled into those double-doors and, from their supports,  
Bent those hollow barriers to fall into her chamber.

And there we beheld that lady suspended  
In the swinging braided cords by which she had stricken herself.  
He, seeing this, with a fearful roar of grief  
Let down the cords which suspended her. Then when she the unfortunate  
Was lain on the ground, there was something dreadful to behold:  
For he tore from her those gold brooches  
With which she had adorned herself  
And raised them to assault his own circular organs,  
Speaking such as this: that they would not have sight of

Those troubles he had suffered or had caused  
But would henceforth and in darkness have sight of what  
They should not and what he himself should not have had knowledge of.  
Then with a awesome lament not once but frequently  
He raised them to strike into his eyes. At each, blood  
From his eyes dropped to his beard, not releasing blood  
Drop by drop - but all at once:  
A dark storm hailing drops of blood.

1280 From those two has this burst forth - not on one  
But on that man and his lady, joined by these troubles.  
That old prosperity anciently theirs was indeed once  
A worthy prosperity - but now, on this day, there is  
Lamentation, misfortune, death, disgrace, and of all those troubles  
That exist and which have names, there is not one which is not here.

CHORUS

Does he who suffers now rest from injury?

MESSENGER

He shouts for the barriers to be opened to expose  
To all who are of Cadmus, this patricide,  
This mother... - I will not say the profanity he speaks -  
So he can cast himself from this land, and not remain  
For this dwelling to become cursed because of his curse.

But he requires strength and a guide  
For too great for him to carry is that burden  
Which he will make known to you. You will behold a spectacle  
Which even those to whom it is horrible, will make lament for.

[Enter the blind Oedipus]

CHORUS

How strange for mortals to see such an accident as this!  
It is the strangest thing of all ever  
To come before me. You - who suffer this -  
1300 What fury came upon you? What daimon  
With great leaps from a great height  
Came upon you bringing such an unfortunate fate?  
I lament for your bad-luck.  
Though I am not able to look at you -  
There is much I wish to ask, much to understand,  
Much to know  
Even though I am here, shivering.

OEDIPUS



I am in agony!  
To where, in my misery, am I carried? To where  
Is my voice conveyed as it flees from me?  
You - that daimon! To where have you brought me?

CHORUS

Somewhere strange with nothing to be heard and nothing to be seen.

OEDIPUS

Nothing announced the arrival of this dark cloud shrouding me!  
Something unconquerable - brought by an unfavourable wind.  
As one do the stings of those goads,  
And the recalling of those troubles, pierce me!

CHORUS

It is no surprise that because of such injuries  
1320 You endure a double mourning and a double misfortune.

OEDIPUS

My friend!  
You, at least, are my steadfast comrade  
Because you have the endurance to attend to the blind.  
For you are not hidden from me - I clearly know,  
Even in this darkness, that it is your voice.

CHORUS

You of strange deeds - how did you bear  
To so extinguish your sight? What daimon carried you away?

OEDIPUS

It was Apollo - Apollo, my friend,  
Who brought such troubles to such a troubled end.  
But it was my own hand, and no other, which made the assault -  
I, who suffer this. For why should I have sight  
When there was nothing pleasing to see?

CHORUS

These things are as you have said they are.

OEDIPUS

Who could I behold?  
Who could be loved - or whose greeting,  
My friend, would be delightful to hear?

1340 So, and swiftly, send me away from this place.  
Send away, my friend, this great pest -  
This bringer of a curse: the mortal whom our gods  
Detest the most.

CHORUS

You are as helpless in that resolve as you were in your misfortune:  
Thus I wish you had never come to know of those things!

OEDIPUS

May death come to whosoever while roaming those grasslands loosened  
Those cruel fetters and so safely pulled me away from death!  
For it was not a favourable deed.  
For had I died then no grief such as this  
Would have been caused to either me or my kin.

CHORUS

I also wish that.

OEDIPUS

I would not, then, have shed the blood of my father  
As I journeyed, and not be named by mortals  
As the husband of she who gave me my birth.  
1360 I am without a god - an unconsecrated child -  
And now of the same kind as he who gave me this miserable existence!  
If there is a trouble which is even older than these troubles,  
Then it will be the lot of Oedipus.

CHORUS

I do not know if I could say that your intentions were right,  
For it is perhaps better to no longer exist than to live, blind.

OEDIPUS

But as to this being done for the best -  
You should not instruct me, nor offer me more advice.  
For, if I had eyes, I would not know where to look  
When I went to Hades and saw my father  
Or my unfortunate mother, since to both  
I have done what is so outstanding that a strangling is excluded.  
Perhaps the sight of children is desirable:  
To behold how those buds are mine will grow -  
But it would certainly not be to these eyes of mine.  
Nor would that of this town, or its towers, or the sacrifices  
Offered to daimons. For it was most unfortunate that I -  
Who as no one else in Thebes prospered most excellently -

Bereaved myself of such things by my own declaration  
That everyone must push aside the profane one - the one the gods  
Have exposed as unclean and of the clan of Laius.  
After I have made known this, my stain,  
How could I look those here straight in the eye?  
Certainly I could not. And if what is heard could be blocked out  
At that source in my ears, I would not have held myself back  
From this miserable body and thus would be blind and also hear nothing!  
For it is pleasing to dwell away from concern about injury.

Why, Cithaeron - why did you receive me, and having accepted,  
Not directly kill me so I would never make known  
To mortals whence I was born?  
O Polybus and Corinth - and you that others called the ancient clan-home  
Of my ancestors - I, the beauty that you reared  
Had bad wounds festering underneath!  
For I am found to be defective having been defective from my birth.

You three routes and concealed valley,  
You grove and narrow place of the three-fold paths:  
1400 You took in from my hands that blood which was my father's  
But also mine - so perhaps you can still recall  
Those deeds that I did there, and then, when here,  
What I also achieved? You - those rites of joy  
Which gave me my birth and which planted me anew  
By the same seed being shot up to manifest fathers,  
Brothers, sons - the blood of a kinsman -  
Brides, wives, mothers: as much shame  
As can arise from deeds among mortals.

No one should speak about things they do not favour doing.  
Swiftly then - before the gods and beyond here -  
Hide me away or kill me or upon the sea cast me  
So that you will never look upon me again.  
Come, and dignify this unhappy man by your touch.  
Be persuaded - do not fear. For this misfortune is mine alone  
And no mortal except me can bear it.

[Enter Creon]

CHORUS

As to this request of yours - it is fitting that here is Creon  
To act and give advice,  
For he alone is left to be guardian of this region in your place.

OEDIPUS

But what is there than I can say to him?  
What trust can with fairness be shown to me?

1420 For I am discovered as being false to him, previously, in everything.

CREON

I did not come here, Oedipus, to laugh  
Nor to blame you for your previous error.

[Creon turns to speak to the crowd who have gathered]

You - there - even if you do not honour those descended from mortals,  
Have respect for the all-nourishing flames of the Lord Helios  
So that this stain is not looked upon when it is uncovered -  
This which neither our soil nor the sacred waters  
Nor daylight will welcome.  
Swiftly now take him into his chambers:  
For the most proper conduct is that only kinfolk  
Look at and hear a kinsman's faults.

OEDIPUS

Before the gods - since you have torn from me a dread  
By you coming here - you, the most noble - to me, a most ignoble man,  
Yield me something. I say this not for myself, but for you.

CREON

What favour do you request so earnestly?

OEDIPUS

That you throw me from this land as swiftly as you can  
To where it is known there will be not one mortal to greet me.

CREON

Know that this would certainly have been done - were it not necessary  
For me first to learn from the god what I should do.

OEDIPUS

1440 But his saying was completely clear -  
That I, the disrespectful one, the patricide, must depart.

CREON

Those were the words - but since our needs have changed  
It is better to learn what must be done.

OEDIPUS

But you will enquire of behalf of this unhappy man?

CREON

Yes - as you should now pay tribute to the god.

OEDIPUS

Certainly - and I rely on you for this supplication:  
That you give to she who is within, a tomb such as you might desire  
To lay yourself in - for it is correct to so perform this on behalf of your own.  
As for me - never once let it be deemed fitting, while I happen to live,  
For this my father's town to have me within it.  
Instead, let me dwell in the mountains - to where is Cithaeron  
Renowned because of me; for my mother and my father  
While they lived appointed it the tomb I would lay in.  
Thus, there I will depart, killed as they desired.  
Yet I do know that neither a sickness  
Nor anything similar will destroy me, for I would never have been saved  
From that death unless it was for some horrible injury.  
Hence I shall await that destiny which is mine - whatever its nature.

As for my sons - do not, Creon, add them  
1460 To your care. For they are men, and therefore will never  
Lack the ability - wherever they are - to survive.  
But as for those unfortunate ones, my girls  
For whom my table of food was never separate from  
Nor who were ever without me, so that whatever I touched  
Would be shared between us -  
Attend to them, for me.  
Would that you could let my hands touch them  
And they lament for my injuries.  
Let these things be, Lord -  
Let them be so, you of this noble race.  
For if my hands could reach them  
I would believe they were mine just as when I had my sight.

[Enter Antigone and Ismene]

What is this?  
Before the gods! - Do I not hear those whom I love,  
Weeping? Has Creon let them make lament for me,  
Sending here those who are dearest to me - my daughters?  
Is this right?

CREON

It is right. For I prepared this for you.  
I conjectured this - your present delight - since it has possessed you before.

OEDIPUS

Then good fortune to you on your path -  
And may you be guarded by a better daimon than was my fate!

1480 My children - where are you? Come here - here  
To these my hands of he who is your brother:  
These of he who planted you and which assisted your father  
To see in this way with what before were clear eyes.  
He, my children, who sees nothing, who enquires about nothing -  
He who is exposed as fathering you from where he himself was sown.  
Even though I cannot behold you, I lament for you  
Because I know of the bitter life left to you  
Which mortals will cause you to live.  
For what gathering of townfolk could you go to?  
What festivals - from where you would not return, lamenting,  
To your dwelling instead of watching the spectacle?  
And when you become ripe for marriage  
Who is there who exists, my children, who would chance it -  
Accepting the rebukes that will as painful for they who begat me  
As they will be for you?  
For what injury is not here? Your father killed his father;  
He seeded her who had brought him forth  
And from where he himself was sown  
You were born - in the same way he himself was acquired.

1500 Such as this will you be rebuked with. Who then will marry you?  
Such a person does not exist. No, my children, it is without doubt  
That you must go to waste unsown and unmarried.

Son of Menoeceus! You are the only father  
Who is left to them, for we who planted them are destroyed:  
Both of us. Watch that they do not wander  
As beggars, without a man, since they are of your family -  
Or that they become the equal of me in misfortune.  
Rather, favour them because you see them at such an age as this,  
Deserted by everyone - except for yourself.  
Agree to this, noble lord, and touch me with your hand.  
And you, my children - had you judgement, I would even now  
Have given you much advice. As it is, let your supplication be  
To live where it is allowed and to obtain a life more agreeable  
Than that of the father who planted you.

CREON

Let this abundance of lamentation pass away - and go into those chambers.

OEDIPUS

I shall obey, although it is not pleasing.

CREON

All fine things have their season.

OEDIPUS

Do you know my conditions for going?

CREON

Speak them - and I, having heard them, will know.

OEDIPUS

Send me far from this land.

CREON

That gift comes from the gods.

OEDIPUS

But the gods must detest me!

CREON

Then swiftly will your wish be fulfilled.

OEDIPUS

1520 But do you grant this?

CREON

I have no desire to speak idly about things I cannot judge.

OEDIPUS

Then now lead me from here.

CREON

Move away from your children - and go.

OEDIPUS

But do not take them from me.

CREON

Do not desire to be master in all things:

For you are without the strength which assisted you during your life.

#### CHORUS

You who dwell in my fatherland, Thebes, observe - here is Oedipus,  
He who understood that famous enigma and was a strong man:  
What clansman did not behold that fortune without envy?  
But what a tide of problems have come over him!  
Therefore, look toward that ending which is for us mortals  
To observe that particular day - calling no one lucky until,  
Without the pain of injury, they are conveyed beyond life's ending.

^^^^^^

#### Appendix

v.34: 'Daimons'. Correctly understood, a 'daimon' is what we would now call a 'supernatural being'. Daimons guard or watch over individuals, and thus guide the Destiny of the individual: they also give the individual their 'genius' (or their natural abilities). A daimon can be either positive or negative in the personal sense - that is, it can bring good or bad luck and thus good fortune or misfortune. A daimon, in effect, is seen as doing the work or the will of the gods.

Further, daimons also guard or watch over particular places - particularly those natural, sacred sites and places where the daimon thus becomes a 'nature spirit'. Daimons also guard and watch over families, dwellings, clans, towns and their citadels.

It is important to understand that daimons are not 'demons' - demons are the creations of an abstract moralizing religion like Christianity which posits an abstract 'evil' and an abstract 'good'.

v.981-2: This is one of the crucial lines in understanding how Sophocles - and the Greeks themselves - viewed what we call the 'incest' of Oedipus with his mother (the Greeks had no word for 'incest'). On a first reading of the Greek text, it gives the impression that what is meant is: "many are the mortals who already - in dreams also - have lain with their mothers..." That is, while it is disrespectful and a disgrace, it is nothing to seriously concern oneself with.

Of course, this is far too 'amoral' for most translators and scholars to even consider, and so the line is taken as meaning: "many are the mortals who in dreams (and also in prophecies) have lain with their mothers..." This sense is rather strained, and not apparent on first reading the Greek.

However, if moral Christianized abstractions are not read into the Oedipus Tyrannus - as nearly all previous translators have done, often from laziness and sometimes from misunderstanding what the Greek means - then what emerges is that the incest is not that important. What concerns Oedipus most is his killing of his father - all he says about the incest is that he "should not" have slept with his mother and it is disrespectful (for example, qv. v.1184f and v.1441). What has brought about the plague which is devastating the clan of Thebes, is the killing of Laius. Furthermore, the offender has not given tributes to the gods to clean his hands of the bloodstain (qv. v.1445 - which is often overlooked or misinterpreted). That is, the pollution caused by the killing has not been purified by offerings to the gods - and thus the offender has offended the gods.



---

# SAPPHO

## Poetic Fragments

---

Translated by D. W. Myatt

### Introduction

The aim of the present translation is to try and present something of the unadorned beauty of Sappho's Greek.

From the many fragments that remain of her poetry, I have chosen those that best reflect something of this beauty. The text used is that of Lobel and Page [ *Poetarium Lesbiorum Fragmenta*, Oxford 1955 ] - and the numbering of the Fragments in this present work follows that of their text.

... in the text indicates a break in the fragment; [ ] indicates a conjecture.

---

### Fragment 1

Deathless Aphrodite - Daughter of Zeus and maker of snares -  
On your florid throne, hear me!  
My lady, do not subdue my heart by anguish and pain  
But come to me as when before  
You heard my distant cry, and listened:  
Leaving, with your golden chariot yoked, your father's house  
To move beautiful sparrows swift with a whirling of wings  
As from heaven you came to this dark earth through middle air  
And so swiftly arrived.

Then you my goddess with your immortal lips smiling  
Would ask what now afflicts me, why again  
I am calling and what now I with my restive heart  
Desired:

Whom now shall I beguile  
To bring you to her love?  
Who now injures you, Sappho?  
For if she flees, soon shall she chase  
And, rejecting gifts, soon shall she give.  
If she does not love you, she shall do so soon  
Whatsoever is her will.

Come to me now to end this consuming pain  
Bringing what my heart desires to be brought:  
Be yourself my ally in this fight.

### **Fragment 16**

For some - it is horsemen; for others - it is infantry;  
For some others - it is ships which are, on this black earth,  
Visibly constant in their beauty. But for me,  
It is that which you desire.

To all, it is easy to make this completely understood  
For Helen - she who greatly surpassed other mortals in beauty -  
Left her most noble man and sailed forth to Troy  
Forgetting her beloved parents and her daughter  
Because [ the goddess ] led her away ....

Which makes me to see again Anactoria now far distant:  
For I would rather behold her pleasing, graceful movement  
And the radiant splendour of her face  
Than your Lydian chariots and foot-soldiers in full armour ....

### **Fragment 22**

Gather your [ lyre ] and sing for me  
[ Soon ]  
As desire once again [ enhances ] your beauty:

Your dress excites, and I rejoice  
For I once doubted Aphrodite  
But now have asked that soon  
You will be with me again ....

### **Fragment 31**

I see he who sits near you as an equal of the gods  
For he can closely listen to your delightful voice  
And that seductive laugh  
That makes the heart behind my breasts to tremble.

Even when I glimpse you for a moment  
My tongue is stilled as speech deserts me  
While a delicate fire is beneath my skin -  
My eyes cannot see, then,  
When I hear only a whirling sound  
As I shivering, sweat  
Because all of me trembles;

I become paler than drought-grass  
And nearer to death ...

#### **Fragment 34**

Awed by her brightness  
Stars near the beautiful moon  
Cover their own shining faces  
When she lights earth  
With her silver brilliance  
Of love ....

#### **Fragment 23**

When I look at you  
I know that even Hermione  
Was not such as you -  
Fairer to compare you to Helen  
The golden-haired ....

#### **Fragment 41**

Beautiful girls, towards you  
My thoughts will never change ....

#### **Fragment 47**

Love shook my heart  
Like the mountain wind  
Falls upon tress of oak ....

#### **Fragment 94**

I can reveal to you that I wished to die -  
For with much weeping she left me  
Saying: "Sappho - what suffering is ours!  
For it is against my will that I leave you."  
In answer, I said: "Go, happily remembering me  
For you know what we shared and pursued -  
If not, I wish you to see again our [ former joys ] .....  
The many braids of rose and violet you [ wreathed ]  
Around yourself at my side  
And the many garlands of flowers  
With which you adorned your soft neck:  
With royal oils from [ fresh flowers ]  
You anointed [ yourself ]

And on soft beds fulfilled your longing  
[ For me ] ....

### **Fragment 96**

She honoured you like a goddess  
And delighted in your choral dance.  
Now she is pre-eminent among the ladies of Lydia  
As the rose-rayed moon after the sinking of the Sun  
Surpasses all the stars and spreads its light upon the sea  
And the flowers of the fields  
To beautify the spreading dew, freshen roses  
Soft chervil and the flowering melilot .....

Restless, she remembers gentle Atthis -  
Perhaps her subtle judgement is burdened  
By your [ fate ] .....

For us, it is not easy to approach  
Goddesses in the beauty of their form  
But you ....

### **Fragment 58**

Age seizes my skin and turns my hair  
From black to white:  
My knees no longer bear me  
And I am unable to dance again  
Like a fawn.

What could I do? I am not ageless:  
My youth is gone.  
Red-robed Dawn, immortal goddess,  
Carried [ Tithonus ] to earth's end  
Yet age seized him  
Despite the gift from his immortal lover ....

I love delicate softness:  
For me, love has brought the brightness  
And the beauty of the sun ....

### **Fragment 126**

May you sleep on the breasts  
Of your tender companion ....

### **Fragment 130**

Once again, desire -  
That looser of limbs and bitterly sweet -  
Makes me to tremble  
You are irresistible .....

### **Fragment 138/147**

Believe me, in the future someone  
Will remember us .....

Because you love me  
Stand with me face to face  
And unveil the softness in your eyes .....

---

## **HOMER**

## **THE ODYSSEY**

---

### **Books One, Two & Three**

Translated by D.W. Myatt

### **Book I**

The Muse shall tell of the many adventures of that man of the many stratagems  
Who, after the pillage of that hallowed citadel at Troy,  
Saw the towns of many a people and experienced their ways:  
He whose vigour, at sea, was weakened by many afflictions  
As he strove to win life for himself and return his comrades to their homes.  
But not even he, for all this yearning, could save those comrades  
For they were destroyed by their own immature foolishness  
Having devoured the cattle of Helios, that son of Hyperion,  
Who plucked from them the day of their returning.

So you, my goddess - daughter of Zeus - begin the story somewhere, for us.

It was when those many others, having avoided a grievous fate  
In battle and at sea, were with their families

That he alone - desiring his own return and his wife -  
Was detained by a beautiful goddess, the honoured Nymph Calypso,  
In a hollowed-out cave, for she longed for him to be her lover.  
But when through the turning of the seasons that year arrived  
During which the gods determined he would return to his family at Ithica,  
Not even then could he avoid having to struggle  
As he could not be with his kinsmen. And all of the gods  
Had an affection for him - except Poseidon  
Who was unrelenting in his rage at Odysseus  
Until that noble hero reached his own land.

It was when that god had gone to the distant Ethiopians -  
To be with the remotest of peoples, those Ethiopians who were divided in two  
With some where Hyperion sets, and some where he rises -  
And was present at their sacrifices of sheep and of bulls  
Where he sat, amusing himself at their feasting.  
For, meanwhile, the other gods had assembled at the abode of Zeus on Olympus  
Where that father of gods and mortals spoke,  
Desiring as He did to recall that which distinguished Aegisthus:  
30 He whom the renowned Orestes, son of Agamemnon, had slain.  
And so He recalled that person to those Immortals by saying this:  
"How mortals do blame the gods for things!  
Yet it is their own foolishness which weakens them over and above what is given them.  
Thus it was with Aegisthus who over and above what was given to him  
Seduced the wife of that descendant of Atreus whom he then killed on his homecoming  
Even though he knew he would be destroyed because of such things.  
For we had told him by sending Hermes - that keen eyed destroyer of Argus -  
To say he should neither kill that person nor seduce his woman  
Or else Orestes would exact retribution for that descendant of Atreus  
When that youth began to long for his land.  
Thus with his skillful reasoning did Hermes speak -  
But Orestes refused to understand. And now he has paid for all those things together."

Then Athena - the goddess with those beautiful blue eyes - answered Him:  
"You who are the son of Cronos and our father - you who are the supreme Chief -  
It is certainly fitting that he was destroyed  
As may anyone else who does such things perish in such a way as that.  
But now my heart is pierced by Odysseus - he skilled in combat -  
Who, unfortunately, has for a long while endured sufferings while far from his kinfolk  
50 On an island protected on all sides and in the middle of the sea.  
It is an island abounding in trees which a goddess has made her abode:  
She is the daughter of that dangerous god, Atlas -  
He who has seen how deep is the whole of that sea  
And who by himself holds those great pillars that keep earth and sky apart.  
It is his daughter who detains that sad and unlucky person,  
For continually she with her soft and flattering words seeks to enchant him  
So that he might forget Ithica. But Odysseus,  
Longing to see again even smoke rising from his homeland, desires to die.  
And yet you - the Olympian one - have not directed your vigour at this.  
For did not Odysseus reward you when beside those Argive ships  
He performed those sacrifices in the vastness of Troy?"

When then, Zeus, are you angry with him?"

In answer, Zeus - he who controls the clouds - said:

"My child - what a word you have let escape through the barrier of your teeth!

How could I forget Odysseus - he of supreme heroism -

He who is above other mortals in his resolution and above them

In the sacrifices he has given to the immortal race of gods who possess the vastness of the sky?

It is Poseidon - he who possesses the earth - who has remained hard in his fury

Because of that blinding of the eye of that Cyclops, noble Polyphemos:

He who was the best of all those of the race of Cyclops.

He was the one brought forth by the Nymph, Thoosa -

The daughter of Phorcys, lord of a barren salt-sea -

After she and Poseidon had copulated in a hollowed-out cave.

Yet Poseidon - he who makes the earth to tremble - does not kill Odysseus:

But has caused him to wander far from the land of his fathers.

But now let all of us who are here consider this matter

So that he can set forth and return. Thus will Poseidon let go of his fury

For even he cannot alone fight all the other immortals,

Being against what those gods resolve to do."

Then Athena - the goddess with those beautiful blue eyes - answered Him:

"You who are the son of Chronos and our father - you who are our supreme Chief -

If it is indeed now pleasing to the changeless gods

That Odysseus - he skilled in combat - returns to his family,

Then now let us give encouragement to Hermes, that messenger who destroyed Argus,

To go to the island of Ogygia so that he may swiftly

Announce to the Nymph with the finely-plaited hair this infallible plan

For the return of Odysseus - he of steadfast resolve - so that this homecoming will be.

As for me, I shall enter Ithica to make his son understand

So that he calls those fierce, long-haired Achaeans to an assembly

And exposes those suitors who for a long while

Have sacrificed his father's huddling sheep and his shambling, dark-eyed oxen.

And I shall send him to Sparta, and to Pylos of the sandy-beaches,

To gather information about the return of his father - should he hear anything -

So that he shall acquire an honourable reputation among mortals."

When she had spoken thus, she fastened upon her feet those fine sandals

Of divine gold which convey her over the sea

And the boundless land alongside the blowing of the wind.

Then she took up that robust spear, pointed with sharpened bronze -

100 Heavy, large, thick - with which she subdues those heroic warriors among the race of mortals

Which that daughter of a most valiant father is angry with.

So she rushed down from the heights of Olympus

To arrive at the outer porch of the dwelling of Odysseus

Near the entrance to his columned Hall. Holding in her hand her bronze spear,

She was seen there as a traveller, the Taphian pirate chief, Mentos.

There she found those arrogant suitors who were then at a board-game

In front of those doors, satisfying their desires

As they sat on the hides of oxen which they had slaughtered themselves.

With them were their own Officers and vigilant guards

Some of whom were mixing water and wine in jars

As some were washing the tables with extensively perforated sponges  
Before setting them and sharing out the meat.

The first to see her was Telemachus - he of supreme nobility -  
As he sat near those suitors absorbed by his anger,  
Informed as he was by a vision of his honourable father: that he would arrive  
To make those suitors flee from this dwelling  
And be rightly honoured and master again of his own possessions.  
Telemachus beheld Athena as he sat near those suitors with this wish,  
And went directly to the porch, annoyed in his heart  
That a traveller had had to wait so long outside his home.  
Then, standing near her, he clasped her right hand and her bronze spear  
And, addressing her, let fly these words:  
"I am pleased to welcome you, a traveller. And when you have eaten  
A meal, you must tell what it is that you are seeking."

Such were his words, and Pallas Athena went with him  
Into that high-ceilinged dwelling  
Where he placed the spear that he carried  
Inside that well-polished spear-cabinet near to a large column  
In which there were many spears belonging to Odysseus - he of steadfast resolve.  
Then, guiding her to the chair for guests, he spread over it  
A cloth of finely wrought linen, gave her a footstool  
And seated himself on a decorated bench so that they were away from those suitors,  
Lest this traveller pushed away the food,  
Being displeased by having to be among the tumult of those overbearing ones -  
And because he could then ask her about his absent father.  
A female attendant from the fine golden urn that she carried  
Poured a libation of water into a silver bowl  
So that their hands were washed, and then placed beside them a polished table.  
Then the venerable housekeeper served them the bread she had brought  
And had placed before them much food, favouring them with what there was:  
Her cook setting down for them cuts from many kinds of meat.  
Beside them were placed goblets of gold  
Which an Officer ensured were kept full of wine.  
Soon, those arrogant suitors - one following another -  
Came to seat themselves on chairs and on benches  
With their own Officers pouring water over their hands  
And their female servants heaping up bread into baskets  
While boys filled jars ready for their drinking.  
Then, those ones thrust their hands at what had been set before them.

150 After the desire for food and drink had left those suitors,  
They turned their attention to other concerns:  
To songs and to dancing, for such things accompany a feast.  
Thus did an Officer place into the hands of Phemius an instrument of unsurpassed beauty  
And he was compelled by those suitors to sing.  
So he began with that lyre a beautiful chant  
As Telemachus spoke with Athena - she with those beautiful blue eyes -  
Keeping his head close to hers so that no one else would hear:  
"Having welcomed you as a guest, will what I am about to relate displease you?"



Those ones, there, concern themselves with this music and chant;  
They are careless because they can devour, unpunished, the livelihood of another -  
Someone somewhere stormy whose whitened bones rot away  
As they lie on land or are rolled around by the waves of the sea.  
But were they to sight that man returning to Ithica,  
All of them would wish for feet that were fast  
Rather than for the wealth of gold and of clothes.  
But instead, it seems that some unlucky fate has destroyed him  
And we here have nothing to warm us - not even if some mortal here on this earth  
Were to announce his arrival, for he has lost the day of his returning.

But now, without fear of anyone, inform me about the following:  
Who are you? What is your ancestry and clan?  
What kind of ship conveyed you? How did its mariners  
Come to bring you to Ithica and who were they then claiming to be?  
For your own feet could not have brought you to this place.  
Declare these facts to me so that I know for certain  
Whether this is your first journey here or whether you have been a guest of my father -  
For many men used to stay with our family  
As he himself used to go to and fro among the clans."

In answer, the goddess Athena - she with those beautiful blue eyes - said:  
"I shall declare everything for I fear no one.  
I am Mentos - and proud to be the son of battle-hardened Anchialus.  
Also, I am Chief of those most excellent oarsmen, the Taphians  
And have only now arrived here with my companions  
While sailing upon the dark deep sea to foreign-speaking tribes:  
To Temea for bronze, and conveying gleaming iron.  
My ship waits near to land - far from this citadel -  
In that harbour, at Reithron, which is below the forest of Neion.  
I am proud to accept your hospitality because our own fathers did so with each other -  
And if you want to, go and ask that venerable heroic warrior, Laertes,  
Who they say no longer comes to this citadel  
But who instead, suffering from an injury, is by himself on his land  
With just an old woman to wait upon him to give him food and drink  
When weariness seizes his limbs after he has limped up and down  
The terraces of his vineyard.

I travelled here, now, because I was told that your father was in his native land:  
But it seems that the gods have obstructed his path.  
For noble Odysseus is not lying dead somewhere on this earth  
But is alive - detained on an island which is protected on all sides  
And which is somewhere in the vastness of the sea  
Where he is held by a furious, savage, race who detain him against his will.  
200 For this, and how it will turn out, is my prophecy -  
One which those immortal ones gave me the courage to cast out  
Even though I myself am no prophet, having no clear understanding of augury.  
And he will not be away from his beloved fatherland  
For much longer, even if he is held in chains of iron  
Since he will be planning how to return, being how he is very inventive.

But now tell me this, and explain it without fear of anyone:  
Are you - who are so big - really the son of Odysseus?  
Your features and your noble eyes are very much like his -  
For we often met with one another before he sailed forth to Troy  
Where went the most courageous of the Argives in their spacious ships.  
But, since then, I have not seen Odysseus - nor he, me."

Then Telemachus - he full of vigour - said in answer:  
"To you, my guest, I shall declare it with no fear of anyone.  
My mother has announced that I am his - although this is something I myself  
Do not know since no person can ever be completely sure whose offspring he is.  
But I wish I was the lucky son of someone  
Who had attained his old age with all his possessions  
Instead of which - since you have asked me - I am a descendant  
Of the most unlucky of mortals: he whom it is said I am descended from."

In answer, the goddess Athena - she with those beautiful blue eyes - said:  
"The gods have decreed that hereafter your descendants  
Will not be lacking in glory since Penelope has given birth to such a son as you.  
But now, without fear of anyone, inform me about the following:  
What have you to do with this crowd feasting here?  
Is it is marriage, a banquet - or perhaps some public festival?  
It is my opinion that they entertain themselves in this hall  
In an overbearing, arrogant ill-mannered way  
And any healthy man who happened to see them  
Would be indignant at such disgraceful things."

Then Telemachus - he full of vigour - said in answer:  
" I shall, since you, as a guest, have enquired and asked me about these things.  
This family was wealthy - as it was steadfastly blameless  
While he who was its man resided here.  
But now it is different since the gods resolved to bring us bad luck  
Having concealed him more completely than any other mortal  
Which injures me worse than if they had conquered him  
While he was among his comrades in the land of the Trojans  
Or when his companions were nearby after that fighting was finished.  
For then, the entire Achaean race would have prepared a tumulus for him  
With his son inheriting his honourable name, whereas now  
He is without an honourable name having been snatched from us by abductors  
Who took him away silently and unobserved to leave me wounded and lamenting.  
But it is not only because of him that I am wounded and grieving  
But because I have other injuries from the bad luck given me by the gods.  
They are those eminent ones, there, who rule in the islands  
Of Dulichium, Samos, Zancythus of the forests  
And those Chiefs of rugged Ithica itself  
All of whom seek to court my mother and who are exhausting this household.  
She cannot refuse what would be an odious marriage  
As she cannot fittingly make an end of this matter  
250 And so they are killing this household by gnawing away at it  
Just as they could soon break me who is by myself into pieces."

Then Pallas Athena - angry at this - said to him:  
"Before the gods! How great is the need here for the absent Odysseus -  
For him to set about these disrespectful ones with his fists!  
Would that he would arrive at the outer gate of this dwelling  
With his helmet on and holding his shield and two spears  
And as he was when I myself first saw him,  
At my own abode, drinking and enjoying himself  
He having set out from Ephyra and from Ilus son of Mermerus.  
He had gone there in that fast ship of his  
In search of a man-killing potion with which to poison his bronze-headed arrows:  
But that person would not give it since he believed he would be blamed  
By those gods who exist for aeons.  
But my own father give it to him, for they were great comrades.  
May it be the same Odysseus who engages those suitors  
So that they all quickly die of the injuries he gives them  
Because of that marriage they had hoped for!

But whether such things will be, depends on the gods:  
On whether or not he on his returning obtains vengeance within his own dwelling.  
As for now, I shall tell you of a plan to drive those suitors out of this dwelling  
So respectfully listen to what I have to say.  
Tomorrow, invite those heroic warriors, the Achaeans, to an assembly  
Saying to them all - and invoke the gods as witness - that you have this plan  
To tell those suitors to disperse to their own concerns  
And your mother that if a desire to marry attacks her  
She should go to the dwelling of her very powerful father  
So that her own kin can prepare the wedding-festival  
And arrange for the numerous gifts that go with such a well-loved daughter.

As for yourself, if you will trust me, I have good advice:  
That you equip a ship with twenty of the best oarsmen  
To go in search of he, your father, away a long while,  
For some mortal may have word of him or you may hear  
That voice from Zeus which often provides our tribes with the most information.  
First go to Pylos to ask noble Nestor  
And then on to Sparta to red-haired Menelaus  
Who was the last of those bronze-armoured Achaeans to arrive.  
For then if you hear that your father is alive or is returning,  
Then you, though tired, should endure this for another year,  
While if you hear that his being is no more and he is dead,  
Then return to the fatherland that you love  
To build his monument, perform as many funeral rites as are fitting,  
And give up your mother to a man.

It is after you have done and achieved these things  
That you should, with good judgement and courage, plan how to kill  
Either by cunning or boldly, those suitors who are here in this dwelling -  
For you must not occupy yourself with the things youngsters do,  
Being no longer of that age.  
Have you not been touched by how the noble Orestes  
Seized an honourable name for himself among all our clans by killing

300 The cunning father-killer Aegisthus because of that killing of his well-known father?  
Thus should you, my friend - whom I see are strong and fully-grown -  
Be as brave, so that those born after you will speak well of you.

But now I must descend down to my fast ship  
And my companions, who cannot relax while I remain here.  
You must be vigilant, and heed what I have said."

Then Telemachus - he full of vigour - said in answer:  
"Although a stranger, there is a comradely purpose in what you have declared -  
As from a father to his son - and I will not disregard it.  
But now, even though you are eager to journey on, remain here today -  
You can bathe and enjoy yourself as your heart desires  
So that you can go to your ship, pleased by your courage,  
With a valuable and very fine gift which will be treasured  
And such as comrades present when accepting or offering hospitality."

Then the goddess Athena - she with those beautiful blue eyes - said in reply:  
"Since I long to travel again, do not detain me now  
For that gift which your heart exhorts you to present to me  
Can be given to me to carry back to my home when I return here.  
Choose a very fine one, and you will obtain something of similar value."

Such were the words of Athena - she with those beautiful blue eyes -  
Who departed, unseen, as a bird when it has flown away.  
And she had given him, with his vigour, a purpose and a boldness  
As she had conjured up for him - more than anyone ever had - his father  
So that when he considered these things, he - full of amazement -  
Understood them, suspecting that his visitor had been one of the gods.  
Thus did he - resembling a god himself - rush toward those suitors.

But they were silent as they sat listening to the chant of a famous Bard  
Who chanted that saga of the misfortunes which Pallas Athena had decreed  
For those Achaeans who had returned from Troy.  
And hearing that divinely-inspired chanting in her upper chambers,  
That daughter of Icarus, the discerning Penelope,  
Had come forth from her rooms, shielding her face with a magnificent veil,  
To descend those high stairs - not by herself, but with two female servants -  
To stand by a column of the stoutly-built roof  
With those loyal attendants on either side of she  
Who, in tears, said this to that most honoured of Bards:  
"Phemius, since your knowledge of those bewitching chants -  
By which bards make famous the exploits of men and gods - is great,  
Chant another one as you sit with those there  
And they drink their wine in silence.  
For you should cease that injurious chant  
Which exhausts the heart within me since for a long while after  
I, more than anyone else, am struck by unbearable grief  
Because I yearn for that man who for a long while I have had only memories of -  
He who has an honourable name throughout both Hellas and Argos."

Then Telemachus - he full of vigour - said in answer:  
"Mother - why are you hostile to this most skilful of Bards  
Whose purpose here is to provide enjoyment?  
It is not Bards who are the cause of such things -  
Rather, it is Zeus who causes them:  
For it is He who bestows inventiveness upon each and every mortal  
According to His will.  
350 It is not right to revile the Bard for chanting about the unlucky fate of those Danaans  
For our tribes give more applause for a saga  
Which informs them all about some hearty person.  
You should be informed about such courage and brave of heart  
For Odysseus was not the only one who had his return from Troy destroyed:  
There were many other men who were lost.  
You should go to your chambers to manage your own work  
Of weaving and spinning, and also command your attendants  
To occupy themselves with their work. That mythos is of interest to all men -  
And to me most of all because the dignity of this family now depends upon me."

And so she went back to her chambers with admiration of him,  
For she was given courage by her son's vigourous words.  
Thus with her female attendants she entered those highest of rooms  
To weep for her beloved husband Odysseus  
Until Athena of the beautiful blue eyes placed pleasing sleep onto her eyelids.

In the dimly-lit halls, the suitors all began shouting  
As everyone of them voiced their wish to lie with her in intercourse,  
Causing Telemachus - he full of vigour - to say to them:  
"You who are suitors for my mother are unnecessarily abusive!  
Now eat, and enjoy yourselves without any shouting  
For it is a fine thing to listen to such a Bard as this  
Who has a voice such as a god might have.  
And, at the dawn of day, let us all go to seat ourselves  
In the Meeting-Place where I will say to you in public  
That you should go forth out of this dwelling  
To do your feasting elsewhere, devour your own possessions  
And be guests in turn in each other's homes.

But if you resolve that it is more agreeable and more favourable to you  
To stand your ground and destroy one man's livelihood  
Without paying any compensation, then eat on!  
For I shall call aloud to the gods, who exist for aeons,  
So that from Zeus there will be a deed of revenge  
With you being destroyed in this dwelling with no compensation paid to your kin!"

Such were his words, and they all clenched their teeth,  
Astonished at Telemachus because of his courageous declaration.  
And it was Antinous, that son of Eupheithes, who was the first to speak to him.  
"Telemachus - it must be the gods themselves who have instructed you  
In bold declarations and how to courageously declare them!  
May that son of Chronos never make you the Chief

Of this island of Ithica even if it is your father's inheritance!"

Then Telemachus - he full of vigour - said in answer:  
"Antinous - though you will be displeased by what I say,  
Were Zeus to offer me such a thing, my choice would be to take it.  
Even though you have said this is one of the worst things that can happen,  
It cannot be so bad to become a Chieftain -  
Wealth is swift to arrive and the person himself becomes honoured.  
Nevertheless, there are many other Achaean Chiefs,  
Even on this island of Ithica - both recent and established -  
Any one of which could have this, since noble Odysseus has been killed.  
As for me, I shall be master of my own family  
And those female slaves which noble Odysseus captured and gave to me."

Then Eurymachus, that son of Polybus, said to him in answer:  
400 "Telemachus - as to which Achaean will be the Chief  
Of this island of Ithica: that depends on the gods.  
But whatever, may you hold onto your own possessions and be master of your household.  
And - while there are settlements on Ithica - may the man who has the strength  
To counter your will and deprive you of your possessions, never arrive!  
But now, my brave man, I wish to ask you about that stranger.  
From where did he come? What region did he claim was his own?  
Where was he born and who are his ancestors?  
Did he bring a message about the return of your father -  
Or did he come here seeking something to his advantage?  
For he got up and left very swiftly as if not to wait  
For us to discover who he was - although there was nothing cowardly about him."

Then Telemachus - he full of vigour - said in answer:  
"Eurymachus - since my father's return has been destroyed  
I no longer trust messages, however they arrive,  
As I do not concern myself with the revelations my mother seeks  
When she invites some soothsayer into this dwelling.  
That stranger came from a Taphian comrade of my father -  
He proudly affirmed he was Mentès, the son of battle-hardened Anchialus,  
And Chief of those most excellent oarsmen, the Taphians."

So was he named by Telemachus who however had the judgement  
To recognize an immortal god.  
Then those suitors turned to ribald songs, and to dancing,  
Desiring as they did to enjoy themselves until the end of day arrived.  
And they were still enjoying themselves as the dark at the end of the day arrived  
When each and every one of them went to take their rest within their own dwellings.  
As for Telemachus - whose elevated chambers had been built to overlook  
The very beautiful courtyard - he retired to his sleeping-place  
To consider many different plans.

The loyal Eurycleia had gone with him, carrying burning torches.  
She was the daughter of Ops, that son of Peisenor,  
And had been the property of Laertes who had purchased her  
For twenty oxen when she was newly ripe.

She was, while in his dwelling, like a loyal wife to him  
Although to avert his wife's anger they never came together in his sleeping-place.  
It was she who carried burning torches for Telemachus  
And who, out of all of the servants, loved him the most  
For she had nursed him when he was young.  
So she opened the doors to his stoutly-built chambers  
And he, seating himself on his bed, took off his tunic  
To place it into the hands of that loyal now elderly woman  
Who, skillfully folding that tunic, hung it on a wooden peg  
Near to that ornately-carved bed.  
Then, leaving his chambers, she pulled the doors together  
By their silver rings and secured the bolt inside by its protruding thong.  
And he was there, covered by a sheepskin, all of the night  
As he occupied himself planning the journey which Athena had advised he take.

^^^

## **Book II**

When the red-fingers of that early-rising Bringer of Warmth appeared,  
The beloved son of Odysseus, rousing himself from his sleeping-place,  
Attended to his clothes, affixed a sharp sword over his shoulder,  
And bound to his healthy feet fine sandals,  
Resembling a god as he went forth from his chambers  
To command his clear-voiced Heralds  
To call those fierce, long-haired Achaeans to assemble.  
And such was their summons that they came together swiftly.

And when they were all gathered at the assembly  
He, armed with his bronze spear, went there -  
Not by himself, for he took two of his hunting dogs with him.  
And Athena graced him with an agreeable majesty  
So that all the warriors there turned to look at him as he arrived  
With the Elders giving way as he went to seat himself in his father's place.

The first to address the assembly was that heroic warrior, Aegyptius -  
He who, now bent by age, had seen a great many things  
And whose beloved son had gone with the noble Odysseus,  
In those spacious ships, to Ilion of the well-bred horses.  
This was Antiphus, master of the spear, who however was slaughtered in a hollow cave  
By that savage Cyclops who then prepared him, last, as his evening meal.  
Of his three other sons, one - Eurynomus - was among those suitors  
While the other two had for a long while maintained their ancestral estates.  
But he could not disregard the painful wound from that other son,  
And it was this which had brought many a tear to he who now addressed that assembly:  
"You men of Ithica - listen to what I have to say.  
There has not been a meeting of this, our tribal assembly,  
Since the noble Odysseus left with those spacious ships.  
So who is it who has such a need -  
Is it a young man, or one who is older, as I am?"

Are troops about to arrive here - and he has heard a message  
Which he will accurately relate since he was the first to hear it?  
Or will he announce and tell of some other public concern?  
He is certainly brave! May he therefore be fortunate with Zeus achieving for him  
That excellence which he considers he wants."

Such were his words, and this was a propitious omen for that beloved son of Odysseus  
Who was not seated for long because of his desire to address that assembly  
And who therefore stood up among them with the Herald, Peisenor -  
He experienced in giving sound advice - placing the sceptre of authority into his hands.  
Then - first in reply to that Elder - he said this:  
"Elder, you shall soon know who that person is: he is not far from you.  
Since it is I who now has the most bad luck, I had the warriors assemble here  
Although I have not heard some message about troops being about to arrive  
Which I can accurately relate since I was the first to hear it.  
Nor will what I announce and tell of be some other public concern.  
Rather, it is my own need because of two misfortunes that have befallen my family.  
There is the loss of my honourable father  
Who once was your Chief and an attentive father to me,  
And there is something much greater which has happened to my entire family  
Which will swiftly and utterly wreck us with my own living being completely destroyed!  
50 This is those suitors for my mother who press themselves around her contrary to her wishes  
And who, although they are the beloved sons of the most eminent men here,  
Shiver at setting sail for the dwelling of Icarus, her father,  
So that he, setting a dowry for his daughter,  
Can give her to the person he chooses and who, of those who went there, he would favour.

Instead, every day they come and gather in our dwelling,  
Sacrificing our cattle, our sheep and our fattened goats,  
Feasting and wantonly drinking our strong wine,  
With many other things of ours being consumed.  
And there is no man such as Odysseus  
To defend this family from such a misfortune:  
We cannot defend ourselves, and, had we done so,  
It would have been bad for us because we have no one experienced in combat.  
I myself would have defended them had I some troops on my side.  
But what they are doing can no longer be tolerated - it is not honourable  
How this family is being destroyed! You should be indignant  
And ashamed to face those other clans who dwell nearby.  
Also, you should be in dread of the wrath of the gods  
Lest they turn their anger upon you because of cowardly deeds.

Thus do I ask - by Zeus the Olympian and by the goddess Themis  
Who established such assemblies as these and who always ends them -  
That you who are my friends apply yourselves to this  
So that I am left alone to rub away at my own injurious grief.  
Or is it that my father - the honourable Odysseus - once opposed  
The will of those well-armed Achaeans causing them misfortune,  
And you by opposing my will are obtaining payment, causing me misfortune,  
Through encouraging those others? But then it would be better  
If it was you who were devouring my treasures and my herds



For, were you eating them, I might obtain compensation  
By going around accosting others with the story,  
Demanding our possessions be returned, until all of them were given back.  
But instead you are now inflicting incurable wounds upon my heart."

So did he speak, in anger - but then he let the sceptre of authority fall to the ground  
As the fire of lamentation came upon him. And he had captured the sympathy  
Of all of the warriors there so that they were all silent with not one of them willing  
To answer Telemachus with harsh words:

Except Antinous, who answered him by saying this:

"Telemachus - how boldly you speak! How unrestrained is your strength!  
What is this insulting thing that you say? Do you wish to place such a brand on us?  
You should not have accused those Achaean suitors  
Since it is your mother, whom you love, who knows these things are to her advantage.  
For it is now the third year - and will soon be the fourth -  
During which she has distracted the passion in the hearts of those Achaeans.  
She gives all of us an expectation, with promises to every man  
And messages being sent, although what she desires is something else.  
There is also this other stratagem which she, on reflection, discovered:  
In her dwelling she had a large weaving frame erected and on it weaved  
Fine and very long threads, saying to us then:

"You young men who are my suitors - even though the noble Odysseus is dead  
And you are eager to marry me, you must wait,  
For I have this shroud to finish so that what has been spun  
Will not be lost to the winds.

This is for the tomb of that heroic warrior Laertes

100 When that destructive fate which is the long-sleep of death overpowers him.  
For otherwise some woman from among our Achaean clan would quite rightly revile me  
Because he who had acquired so much would be laid to rest without a shroud."

Such were her words, and we with our strong passion for her trusted her.

But while she in daylight weaved that large tapestry,

When it was night, she - with flaming torches beside her - unravelled it.

And for three years while we of the Achaean clan trusted her, she tricked us.

Then, when the seasons of the fourth year had arrived,

One of the women - who knew of this for certain - told us

And we went to find her unravelling that splendid tapestry.

Thus - although it was contrary to her wishes - she was compelled to complete it.

Hence it is that we, her suitors, answer you so that you, with your courage,

Will know what all other Achaeans know.

You should provide an escort for your mother to go to her father,

Exhorting her to marry whomsoever he recommends who is agreeable to her.

If she encourages we who are of the Achaean clan for much longer, then she should

With courage consider those things which Athena so bestowed upon her -

She is skilled in intricate work and she excels in understanding what is to her advantage.

Indeed, we have no ancient knowledge of previous Achaean women -

They of the beautifully plaited hair, such as Tyro,

Alcmene, and Mycene who wore hers as a beautiful crown -

Who could equal the resolution that Penelope has shown.

Can it therefore be her fate to lack resolution in this?

And your living and your possessions will be devoured  
For as long as she keeps that resolve  
Which the gods seem to have placed in her heart.  
For by this she acquires for herself great renown  
While for you there is only a yearning for what was a considerable living.  
As for us, we shall not go to our estates or indeed anywhere else  
Until she marries the Achaean which she herself desires."

Then Telemachus - he full of vigour - said in answer:  
"Antinous - how could I, contrary to her will, turn out from my dwelling  
She who produced and nourished me even were my father dead  
Or even if he is alive in some foreign land?  
I would be unfortunate because of the large compensation payable to Icarus  
Were I to choose to send my mother away.  
And there would be the misfortunes I would suffer caused by her father  
With daimons bringing me others because those dreaded Furies  
Would be invoked as my mother left to go forth from her dwelling.  
And our tribes would quite rightly revile me.  
No such tales will ever be told about me!

But as for you others - if I rightly revile your courage  
Then go forth from my dwelling, devour your own possessions  
And be guests in turn in each other's homes.  
But if you resolve that it is more agreeable and more favourable to you  
To stand you ground and destroy one man's livelihood  
Without paying compensation, then eat on!  
For I shall call aloud to the gods, who exist for aeons,  
So that from Zeus there will be a deed of revenge  
With you being destroyed in my dwelling with no compensation paid to your kin!"

So spoke Telemachus, and Zeus - he whose perception is vast - sent him  
Two eagles which were flying high above the summit of the mountain  
From where they came down by means of the breeze that was blowing -  
Their wings stretched out and near to each other -  
150 Until they arrived above the middle of that meeting-place of the numerous opinions.  
Then, they whirled around shaking their stout wings  
And, with a deadly look about them, made for the heads of everyone there  
Before tearing at each other's cheeks and throats with their talons.  
Then they rushed away to the East, over the citadel and the dwellings  
Of those who in astonishment had watched those birds with their own eyes  
And whose passions were aroused because they wondered what might occur.

And it was that venerable, heroic warrior Halitherses, son of Mastor,  
Who addressed them, for he excelled those of a similar age as he  
In his knowledge of augury and in explaining omens.  
His understanding of those there was good, and he spoke to them thus:  
"You men of Ithica - listen to what I have to say.  
And what I will make known I say especially to you suitors  
Since you will be rolled down by a great injury  
Because Odysseus cannot now be far from his loved ones  
And may indeed already be nearby,

Planning that slaughter which will be the fate of all of you.  
And he will also be the misfortune of many more of you who are here  
And who dwell in Ithica of the beautiful sunsets.

But long before this, we should find some way of restraining them -  
Although it would be better for them to restrain themselves now.  
For I who have so prophesied am not lacking in experience,  
Having a good knowledge of such things,  
And what I announced would befall Odysseus is being achieved  
Just as I related it when the very resourceful Odysseus boarded his ship  
As the Argives were setting forth for Ilion.  
I announced then that many misfortunes would afflict him;  
That he would lose his many Comrades  
And arrive back at his home - unrecognized by anyone - in the twentieth year.  
And now all these things are being achieved."

Then Eurymachus, that son of Polybus, said in answer:  
"Old man, go on back to your family and make predictions  
About your descendants, for if you do not, they might suffer some misfortune or other!  
About this, even I am a better prophet than you  
For there are many birds who wander about during the daylight  
Which are not fateful - and Odysseus has perished far away from here.  
If you had gone and been lost with him,  
You would not now be declaring this thing a divine revelation  
As you would not now be unleashing the fury of Telemachus  
Nor receive from him a gift for your family, were he to provide one.  
About this, what I shall say will be achieved -  
That if you, who has a great knowledge of ancient things,  
Were advising a young man and so encouraging him to be savage,  
Then it would be particularly troublesome for him,  
Since he does not have the power for such deeds,  
But also for you, old man, for we would fix a penalty for you  
Which you, with your courage, would be indignant at  
As you paid it, and which would be a savage blow for you.

I myself, before everyone here, propose this for Telemachus:  
That he exhorts his mother to go back to her father  
So that her own kin can prepare the wedding-festival  
And arrange for the numerous gifts that go with such a well-loved daughter.  
For, until then, we who are of this Achaean tribe will not put an end  
To this difficult courting, for we do not fear anyone  
200 And certainly not Telemachus, however many tales he tells.  
Nor do we respect what you, old man, tell us is some divine revelation  
Yet to be fulfilled, and which makes us even more hostile to you.  
For we will damage his possessions by eating away at them -  
Perhaps until there is nothing left -  
For as long as she puts off marrying an Achaean  
Since every day we who are rivals for her perfection wait for her  
And not once have we gone with any of those others  
Who would be suitable for us to take as a wife."

Then Telemachus - he full of vigour - said in answer:  
"Eurymachus - and all you other proud suitors.  
I will not ask you again as I will not announce anything else  
Since, now, the gods and all Achaeans have observed this.  
Therefore, grant me a fast ship and twenty comrades  
Who can manage a journey, there and back, with me  
For I am going to Sparta and to Pylos of the sandy beaches  
To enquire if my father - who has been away a long while - is returning,  
For some mortal may have word of him or I may hear  
That voice from Zeus which often provides our tribes with the most information.  
And, if I hear that my father is alive or is returning,  
Then I will, though by then tired, endure this for another year,  
While if I hear that his being is no more and he is dead,  
Then I shall return to this, the fatherland that I love,  
To build his monument, perform as many funeral rites as are fitting  
And give up my mother to a man."

Such were his words, and he sat down again  
Whereupon there stood up among them Mentor -  
He who had been a comrade of Odysseus, the distinguished -  
And whom Odysseus when about to set sail assigned to his family  
With him to trust Laertes and to be a stout guard for them all.  
He understood those there very well, and addressed them by saying this:  
"You men of Ithica - listen to what I have to say.  
No longer do I desire that your Chieftain be someone friendly and mild  
Nor one informed by a knowledge of what is fitting.  
Instead, he should be savage and treat you badly  
Since not one of you warriors has made mention of the most heroic Odysseus -  
He who was your Chief - and how he was as an indulgent father to you.  
I do not envy those arrogant suitors, employing their vigour to do a treacherous thing,  
For they have revealed themselves by so vigorously devouring  
The possessions of Odysseus who, so they say, will never return.  
But now it is this whole clan whom I quite rightly revile  
Since all of you sit there without calling out  
To accost those suitors, so stopping those few  
Because there are many more of you."

Then Leocritus, son of Euenor, said in answer:  
"You - the unlucky Mentor who has lost his purpose - why are you urging them  
To put an end to us? For it is difficult to get men,  
Even when they have the advantage of numbers, to go to war over some feast!  
And even were the noble Odysseus himself to arrive in Ithica  
While we proud suitors were in his dwelling  
And he through his courage sought eagerly to expel us from his home,  
Then, even though his woman had longed for it, there would be no rejoicing  
250 At his arrival since he would in that very place meet with his inauspicious fate  
Because we have the advantage of numbers.

So as for you - what you have said is not fitting.  
But, now, let those warriors disperse, each to their own work  
With Mentor and Halitherses aiding that person to go on his travels

For they have been comrades of his father since before this began.  
And yet, I suspect that person will stay in Ithica for a long while yet,  
Listening out for messages, and also never complete those travels."

Such were his words, after which those there abandoned their assembly  
And dispersed each to their own families  
Except for those suitors who went to the dwelling of the most heroic Odysseus.  
As for Telemachus, he went away by himself to the sands of the beach  
Where, washing his hands in the grey salty sea, he invoked the goddess Athena:  
"Hear me! - You who, as a god, yesterday came to my dwelling  
To ask me to journey in a ship over the dark of the sea  
To inquire after the return of my father who has been away a long while.  
But now the whole of my Achaean clan are putting this off  
Chiefly because of those cowardly and overbearingly arrogant suitors."

Such were his words of invocation, and Athena came toward him  
Resembling Mentor in body and in speech,  
And addressed him, letting fly these words:  
"Telemachus - you will not be unlucky nor lacking in resolution  
If you hereafter instill into yourself the determination of your father  
Whose nature was to accomplish those deeds he said he would.  
For then, you will not be wandering about on your travels, with nothing accomplished.  
Yet if you were not begotten by Penelope from his seed  
Then I have no expectation of you accomplishing those things that you want.  
Few sons reach the level of their father -  
Most fall short, with only a few being better.  
So if you are, hereafter, not unlucky nor lacking in resolution  
And if Odysseus left behind in you at least some of his resourcefulness,  
Then I expect you to accomplish those deeds that you say you will.

As for those suitors - leave them to their plans and desires,  
For they have no judgement, no understanding and are unworthy.  
They do not see that the dark fate of death -  
Which will kill them all in one day - is getting nearer to them.  
And they will not keep you from those travels that you desire for much longer  
For I am your comrade, as I was to your father,  
And will prepare a fast ship for us since I am going with you.  
Therefore, go back to your dwelling to meet with those suitors  
And equip yourself with provisions, all of which should be put into vessels:  
The wine in amphoras and that nourishing food of mortals -  
Barley, for bread - in stout hide bags.  
And I myself by going among our clan will soon gather together  
Companions who of their own accord will go with us.  
Also, there are a great many ships on this island of Ithica,  
Both new and old, from which I will select the best one  
And have swiftly made ready for the vastness of the sea."

So spoke Athena, the daughter of Zeus.  
And Telemachus did not stand there for long after that goddess had spoken  
But instead - absorbed by his anger - went to his dwelling  
Where he found those arrogant suitors in the courtyards of his home

300 Slitting open his goats and roasting his pigs.  
And Antinous, laughing, went directly to Telemachus  
Calling out his name, and, taking hold of his hand, said to him:  
"Telemachus! How boldly you speak! How unrestrained is your strength!  
But do not concern your heart with matters of treachery - whether words, or deeds;  
Instead, eat and drink with me as you did before  
For our Achaean clan will bring about for you  
A ship with elite oarsmen so you can swiftly go  
To Pylos of the sandy beaches for information about your proud father."

But Telemachus - he full of vigour - said to him in answer:  
"Antinous - I cannot feast with you who are so overbearingly insolent,  
And be at my ease and good humoured, without speaking out.  
For were they not sufficient for you - the abundance of my possessions  
That you suitors devoured then when I was young?  
But now I am old enough, I have enquired about things for myself  
And, having listened to the stories, there has grown within me  
A passion to cast upon you an injurious fate which I will try to do  
Whether I am here among our clan or whether I go to Pylos!  
And my announcement of my travels will not have been in vain  
For even though I cannot yet be master of a ship or oarsmen,  
I could still go as a passenger  
Which is, I suppose, to your advantage."

So did he speak, pulling his hand from the hand of Antinous.  
And, as those suitors occupied themselves with their feasting,  
They insulted Telemachus and made cutting remarks about him,  
With one of those overbearing young men saying this:  
"Telemachus is certainly contriving to shed our blood,  
And to assist him he will bring others from Pylos of the sandy beaches  
Or even from Sparta, so great is his yearning for this.  
Or perhaps he will go to the fertile lands of Ephyra  
To obtain from there that life-destroying potion  
Which he will place into our wine in order to kill us all."

And another of those overbearing young men said this:  
"But it is possible that he in a spacious ship while wandering about  
Will perish, like Odysseus, far from his folk -  
Although this would greatly increase our work  
Since we would have to divide his possessions among ourselves  
And permit his mother - and whomsoever took her as wife - to have his dwelling!"

Such were their words, and Telemachus went across to that wide, high-ceilinged  
Storeroom of his father where there was an abundance of fragrant oil;  
Clothing in chests; gold and bronze in heaps;  
And wines of an agreeable vintage in casks -  
Which, being unblended, were the most excellent of drinks -  
And which stood close to one another around the walls  
For when Odysseus, having endured a great many misfortunes, returned to his home.  
These were behind stout double doors which were locked  
With a housekeeper nearby during the day and the night

Who, being shrewd and resolute, was the guardian of everything there.  
This was Eurycleia, the daughter of Ops who himself was the son of Peisenor.  
And Telemachus - having called out her name - said this to her beside that chamber:  
"My dear nurse - pour out for me into amphoras some of that agreeable wine,  
350 Although not the most delicious that you guard  
For it is possible that Odysseus the unlucky, being born of Zeus,  
Will arrive someday, having escaped both from death and his unfortunate fate.  
Fill twelve for me, fitting lids to them all.  
Also, put barley - for bread - into well-sewn skins,  
And give me twenty measures of mill-ground barley-grain.  
And you are to be the only one who knows of this.  
Now have all these things collected together  
For I shall take them away at the end of the day  
When my mother, planning to go to her bed, ascends to her upper chambers.  
This is because I am going to Sparta, and to Pylos of the sandy beaches,  
To enquire about my father - for I may hear something there."

So he spoke, and his old nurse, Eurycleia - who loved him - cried out  
And began to weep before letting fly these words:  
"Dear Telemachus - why are you considering such an aim as that?  
Why choose to cast yourself away on many other lands,  
And so be alone, when you are so loved, here? For your father, Odysseus -  
He born of Zeus - died among foreigners while far from his clan.  
And, as soon as you are gone, those others will thereafter be treacherously plotting  
How they can, by cunning, destroy you and so divide among themselves all these things here.  
And there is no necessity for you to endure the misfortunes  
Of the inexhaustible sea nor those of a wanderer."

Then Telemachus - he full of vigour - said to her in answer:  
"My dear nurse - have courage, for this is not being done without the assistance of a god.  
Now, take an oath not to tell my mother about this  
Before either the eleventh or the twelfth day has arrived -  
Unless of course she, having heard something, rushes forth to seek me -  
For by then she should not lament and so harm her beautiful complexion."

So he spoke, and that elderly woman swore a great oath not to do that.  
Then she - having completed that oath - immediately went  
To pour out for him wine into amphoras,  
And to put barley - for bread - into well-sewn skins.  
As for Telemachus, he went back into his dwelling to meet those suitors  
Whereupon the goddess Athena - she with those beautiful blue eyes -  
Resolved to do something else.  
So, resembling Telemachus, she went throughout the whole of the citadel  
Bringing to every man she had selected the revealing story  
And exhorting them, at the end of the day, to assemble by the fast ship  
Which belonged to Noëmon, the illustrious son of Phronius, and which she asked him for.  
And he gave his approval willingly.

With the setting of the sun, all the pathways became shadowy  
And she had them drag that fast ship into the sea  
And place in it all the kinds of equipment that such a ship, for many oarsmen, carries.

After they had moored it on the edge of the harbour, the goddess assembled together  
Those honourable companions so as to give encouragement to each and every one of them.  
Then the goddess Athena - she with those beautiful blue eyes - resolved to do something else.  
Thus she went to the dwelling of the most heroic Odysseus  
Where she spread over those suitors an agreeable tiredness  
Which caught them as they drank so that their goblets fell from their hands.  
And they did not remain there long, but roused themselves to go and sleep in their homes  
Because of the tiredness which she brought down upon their eyes.  
Then Athena - she with those beautiful blue eyes - went to speak with Telemachus,  
400 Calling him out from his large, well-situated dwelling  
Where she, resembling Mentor in body and in speech, said this:  
"Telemachus - your well-armed, fierce, Achaean companions are now waiting  
At their oars, ready to go forth with you.  
Therefore, let us go and no longer put off these travels."

Such were the words of Pallas Athena, who swiftly led the way  
With Telemachus walking behind her.  
But when they had descended down to the sea and their ship,  
They discovered their companions - fierce Achaeans - on the beach.  
And Telemachus - strong and admirable - said this to them:  
"Comrades! Since all our provisions are now assembled in my dwelling,  
Let us bring them here. And be assured - my mother does not know of this,  
Nor do any of my servants, except one, who heard the story from me."

Such were his words, and they followed him,  
Carrying everything down - with that son of Odysseus encouraging them -  
To place it in that ship for many oarsmen.  
Athena was the first to board that ship where she seated herself in its stern.  
Next came Telemachus, who seated himself beside her.  
Then the others, having cast off and rolled up the stern ropes,  
Came aboard to seat themselves at their oars.  
So it was that Athena - she with those beautiful blue eyes - sent them a fair-following breeze  
Which strongly blew from the West to rush them over that wine-dark sea  
With Telemachus calling out encouragement as his comrades  
Took hold of the rigging. And they harkened to this encouragement  
As they hoisted the pine-wood mast into its hollowed-out stay  
By those forestays which held it in place,  
And hauled up the white sails by those skillfully-braided ox-hide ropes.  
Thus did that wind blow upon the main sail  
So that the keel of the ship loudly went through the purple sea-swell  
With them settling-down to their journey as they were hastened through the sea-swell,  
Having secured the rigging on that black ship.  
Then they set up jars which they filled to the brim with wine  
And poured libations to those undying gods who have existed for aeons:  
But especially to that daughter of Zeus with those beautiful blue eyes.  
Thus did that ship voyage on its journey for the whole of that night  
Until the dawn of day.

^^^



### Book III

As the sun ascended into a gleaming bronze sky, it left behind  
That most beautiful water's edge to reveal -  
To both the immortal ones and those mortal men -  
The tilled, grain-giving fields of Pylos  
Where Neleus had built his well-situated citadel.  
For they had arrived there, as - on the sands of the beach - bulls, black all over,  
Were being sacrificed to the azure-haired one who makes the earth to tremble.

There were nine groups of them, each of five hundred  
And each of which had presented nine bulls.  
So it was that while those there feasted on the sacrificial hearts and livers -  
With the thighs being burnt for the gods -  
Telemachus and his comrades went directly in to land, furling up the sails onto the mast  
Of that well-balanced ship and mooring her so that they could go ashore.  
Athena was the first to leave that ship, and, as Telemachus followed her,  
The goddess - she with those beautiful blue eyes - said this to him:  
"Telemachus - you must not any longer go unnoticed,  
Since you have sailed over the sea for this: so that you can find out  
What destiny your father followed and if, and where, the earth has concealed him.  
So now go directly to Nestor, that subduer of wild-horses,  
For I know that he conceals his own abilities from others.  
And, when you ask him, he will, because he is so very strong, speak directly  
Without missing his target as he will never, by words, deceive you."

Then Telemachus - he full of vigour - said to her in answer:  
"Mentor - how shall I approach him? How do I greet him?  
For I have no experience of giving eloquent speeches,  
And a young man should not show himself up when asking an Elder something."  
In answer, Athena - the goddess with those beautiful blue eyes - said:  
"Telemachus - what you understand by yourself you will have an opinion about;  
As for other things, a divinity will offer you advice,  
For I am in no doubt that you could not have been born,  
And would not have grown up, without the aid of the gods."

Such were the words of Pallas Athena who swiftly led the way,  
With Telemachus walking behind her,  
Until they arrived at where the clans of Pylos were assembled into groups  
With Nestor seated with his sons as his comrades  
Were preparing a feast by roasting meat on spits.  
And when those men saw the strangers, they all crowded round them,  
Raising their arms in salutation and inviting them to stay.  
The first to reach them and do this was Peisistratus, Nestor's son,  
Who raised his arm in salutation to both of them and had them seated  
On soft sheepskins there on that sandy beach  
Near to his father, and his brother Thrasymedes,  
Where he gave them a share of the sacrificial hearts and livers,  
Poured wine into a gold chalice  
And, raising his goblet to them in welcome, addressed Athena -

That daughter of Aegis-carrying Zeus - by saying this:  
"Will you, our guests, drink to and so honour the Lord Poseidon?  
For it is his feast which you, arriving here, have chanced upon.  
And if you do - as is only fitting - dedicate this drink to the god,  
Then afterwards offer this chalice, of agreeable wine, to this person, here,  
So that he can also dedicate it to the god. For I suspect that he  
Drinks to and so honours our immortal ones, and all mortals should yield to the gods.  
But since he is younger than you - about the same age as me -  
50 I offer this gold chalice to you first."

Such were his words, and he placed that chalice of agreeable wine  
Into the hands of Athena who was pleased because that vigorous, worthy man  
Had offered her that gold chalice first.  
And she, after taking many drinks in honour of the Lord Poseidon, asked this:  
"Poseidon - you who possess the earth - listen to me!  
Since I have drunk to and so honoured you, do not refuse to accomplish  
These deeds. First, bestow upon Nestor and his sons glory in battle,  
And then reward all the clans of Pylos because of this glorious sacrifice of oxen.  
Also, permit Telemachus and myself to return when we have undertaken  
That which we came here, in our dark ship, to do."

Such did she ask for, although she was the one who would accomplish them all.  
So it was that she gave that very fine two-handed chalice to Telemachus,  
And the beloved son of Odysseus asked for the same things.  
Then, when the meat was roasted, it was removed from the spits  
And divided up into shares with everyone partaking in a most glorious feast  
Until the desire for food and drink left them  
When Nestor - that master of horse from the Gerenian clan - gave the first speech:  
"Only now, after they have eaten their fill, is it proper  
To question strangers and ask them what clan they are.  
So, you who are our guests - what clan are you? From where  
Have you come by way of the sea?  
Are you traders? Or wanderers, blown by the winds,  
Who, as pirates, voyage over the sea at the risk of your lives,  
Bringing misfortune to foreigners?"

Then Telemachus - he full of vigour - gave his answer boldly  
For he had understood what Athena had suggested  
So that he might ask about his absent father:  
"Nestor, son of Neleus: esteemed warrior of our Achaean tribe!  
Since you ask what clan are we, I shall tell you.  
We are Ithacans, from the settlement below Mount Neion.  
Our task is our own, and we do not speak on behalf of our folk.  
We are seeking to hear any information concerning my father,  
The noble Odysseus - he of steadfast resolve - of whom it is said  
That he fought with you when you emptied that citadel of its Trojans.  
Of all those others who did battle with the Trojans,  
We have been informed where each of those who perished were so unluckily destroyed.  
But the son of Chronos has not granted us any information about Odysseus  
And no one has been able to tell us, for certain, where he perished -  
Whether he was brought down on land by a man opposed to his purpose,

Or whether by the surging waves of a tempestuous sea.  
So that is why I now bow to you - to ask if you are willing  
To tell me how he who was born to endure many misfortunes  
So unluckily perished, for you may have seen it with your own eyes,  
Or heard the story from some traveller.  
And do not seek to please me because you respect me  
Or have some affection for me -  
But tell me exactly how it was if you chanced to see it.  
I ask you this since perhaps my father - the honourable Odysseus -  
Having given you his loyalty, achieved the deeds he said he would  
100 Against the Trojans in their land where our Achaean tribe suffered such bad luck.  
If this is so, mention it to me now, relating it without missing your target."

Then Nestor - that master of horse from the Gerenian clan - answered him thus:  
"My friend - I shall mention our afflictions then which we, the sons of this Achaean clan,  
Endured with indomitable determination there in that land.  
For it was there that we had to forage for booty - both on land  
And in ships over the dark of the sea - wherever Achilles led us!  
It was there that we did battle with that strong community governed by Priam;  
There where the best among us were slain!  
For there lies war-loving Aias; there lies Achilles;  
And Patroclus - whose advise was worthy of a god.  
There lies my own beloved son, the strong and brave Antilochus,  
Who had distinguished himself as a runner, and in single combat.  
And many other misfortunes afflicted us there -  
Who of our tribe could recite the whole saga?  
Because of the misfortunes which afflicted the noble Achaeans there  
You would, if you remained here, be still finding out about them after five or six years,  
Although they would soon encourage you to return to the land of your fathers.

For nine years we attacked them - using every kind of stratagem -  
So as to fasten misfortune upon them, although the son of Chronos  
Hardly ever allowed this to be achieved.  
And no man there tried to be the equal of Odysseus in resourcefulness,  
For your noble father - if indeed you are his offspring -  
Was vastly superior to them in every kind of stratagem.  
But now that I look closely at you, I am amazed -  
For even your voice resembles his, and the voice  
Of any other young man would not have this resemblance.  
Also, the noble Odysseus and I were there, together, all that while,  
Never once divided in our aims or when we addressed the clan-assemblies.  
So it was that we with our purposeful aims, and resolute of heart,  
Planned what would be best for the Argives.  
And, after we had sacked that great citadel of Priam,  
We proceeded to our ships. But a god would scatter our Achaean clans  
With Zeus - who understood them - resolving on an injurious home-coming  
For the Argives, since not all of them had shown good judgement or been fair.  
Thus were many of them pursued by fateful misfortunes  
Because of the destructive rage of that blue-eyed daughter of a most valiant father  
Who placed strife between those two sons of Atreus.

So it was that those two summoned all the Achaean clans to an assembly -  
Foolishly and against custom because at the setting of the sun  
When those of our Achaean tribe arrived full of wine.  
And there, the sons of Atreus gave speeches as to why they had assembled those warriors  
With Menelaus exhorting all the Achaeans  
To consider returning to their homes over the vastness of the sea.  
But Agamemnon was most displeased by this since his plan  
Was for them to remain there to offer sacrifices of oxen  
To save those warriors from the mighty fury of Athena.  
In this, he was immature, not knowing that she would never yield about that,  
And no god - having existed for aeons - swiftly changes what they have resolved to do.  
Thus did those two stand there exchanging angry words  
As there suddenly arose from those well-armed Achaeans an extraordinary clamour  
150 Because they were divided among themselves as to which plan was best.  
And that night, there was anger among us as we excitedly considered them,  
Although Zeus it was who so badly injured us.

With the dawning of day, some of us dragged our ships into the beautiful sea  
To place in them our possessions and our well-bosomed concubines,  
While half of all the warriors remained to stay there with Agamemnon,  
Son of Atreus, who was a watchful guard for his warriors.  
We, the other half, having embarked, set sail - and swiftly did we go  
As if some god had spread great monsters upon that sea!  
Thus we arrived at Tenedos where we sacrificed to the gods  
Since we longed for our homes. But a fierce Zeus did not yet allow us to return  
And stirred up an injurious quarrel to divide us yet again.

Thus did those loyal to the very canny Chieftain Odysseus - he skilled in combat -  
Turn their ships around to go back,  
So bringing pleasure to Agamemnon, son of Atreus.  
As for me and those assembled with me, we fled in our ships  
Since we knew a daimon was devising to bring us bad luck.  
The war-loving son of Tydeus, and his comrades, also fled  
As did red-haired Menelaus who left after them  
And who caught us at Lesbos where we were eager for the long voyage  
Either by going up above rugged Chios  
And past the island of Psyra - holding it on our left -  
Or by going below Chios through the storms of Mimas.  
About this we asked the god to reveal to us a sign  
And he exhorted us to cut through the middle of the sea to Euboea  
In order to swiftly pass that bad luck by.

Then, a loud-sounding favourable breeze blew,  
And so very swiftly did we escape by way of that fish-full sea  
That it was during the night that we came to Geraestus  
Where we placed many thigh bones from sacrificed bulls  
On the altar of Poseidon, having measured-out how vast was that sea.  
And, on the fourth day while the comrades of Diomedes - son of Tydeus  
And subduer of wild horses - and he himself, moored their ships in Argos,  
I held to my course for Pylos, since that favourable breeze

Never once ceased after the god began to breathe it out.

Thus, my friend, I arrived here without any information about  
And without having seen who, of those Achaeans, was saved and who perished.  
However, while I have been here in this my homeland, I have heard rumours  
And shall, as is only fitting, inform you of them since I cannot conceal them from you.  
It is said that those fierce Myrmidons, masters of the spear, were lucky  
And did return, commanded as they were by the illustrious son of the very brave Achilles.  
Also lucky was Philoctetes, the glorious son of Poias,  
And Idomeneus who brought back to Crete every one of his comrades  
Who had survived the fighting - for the sea did not take any of them from him.

As for one of the sons of Atreus - even though you are far away, you must have heard  
How Aegisthus plotted to so miserably destroy him on his arrival,  
And how he himself so painfully paid the penalty for it.  
For it is good for a man to leave behind a son when he is killed,  
For then that son can avenge his father's death  
As the son of that renowned man did to the treacherous killer Aegisthus!  
You also, my friend - whom I see are fully-grown and strong -  
200 Could be as brave as Orestes, for then those born after you will speak well of you."

Then Telemachus - he full of vigour - said to him in answer:  
"Nestor, son of Neleus: esteemed warrior of our Achaean tribe!  
That person did indeed take his revenge - and his name is now widely honoured  
Among Achaeans who will tell the saga for generations to come.  
Perhaps the gods will give such strength to me  
So that I can take my revenge upon those suitors who grievously overstep the mark,  
And who, in their arrogance, are dishonourably plotting against me.  
But the gods have not allotted such a good fortune as that  
To either my father or me so that now I have to undertake that entirely alone."

Then Nestor - that master of horse from the Gerenian clan - said to him in answer:  
"My friend - since you have, in speaking to me, mentioned this,  
There are indeed rumours of many suitors for your mother being in your home  
Against your will who are plotting to do you harm.  
So tell me - did you willingly submit to their domination  
Or has some portent from some god caused the folk of your clan to shun you?  
Who is there who knows when Odysseus will arrive  
To pay them back for their violations - either by himself  
Or together with his own Achaean clan?  
But perhaps Athena - she with those beautiful blue eyes - will choose to befriend you  
As she did Odysseus to whom she gave great glory in battle  
While he was in the land of the Trojans where we Achaeans endured much bad luck:  
And I have never seen the gods so visibly befriend someone  
As Pallas Athena so visibly assisted him.  
If she did consider you of value and so choose to befriend you  
Then many of those suitors would be made to forget about that marriage!"

Then Telemachus - he full of vigour - said to him in answer:  
"Venerable sir - what you speak of has not yet been brought about  
Although it is good of you to, and I admire you for, saying it.

But I no longer expect it since the gods have not chosen to do this."

In answer the goddess Athena - she with those beautiful blue eyes - said:  
Telemachus! What a word you have let escape through the barrier of your teeth!  
It is easy for a god, should they choose to, to keep a mortal safe even when far away.  
My own wish would be to endure much bad luck  
And then travel back to my country to behold the day of my return  
Rather than travel directly back and be slain in my own home,  
As Agamemnon was slain because of the treachery of his wife and Aegisthus.  
Yet death is there for everyone alike - and not even the gods  
Are able to protect a mortal they have befriended  
When that destructive fate which is the long-sleep of death overpowers him."

Then Telemachus - he full of vigour - said to her in answer:  
"Mentor - let us no longer speak about this thing, even though it afflicts us,  
For I am almost certain that Odysseus will never return since the immortal ones  
Must surely by now have planned some dark fate for him, as well as his death.  
Instead, I now wish to ask Nestor some questions to find out about some other things,  
For he understands others and knows more about our customs than them,  
Having been - so it is said - a Chieftain for three generations of mortals,  
And, to look at, he seems to me to be one of those immortals.

Nestor, son of Neleus - disclose to me the story of how  
Agamemnon, son of Atreus and chieftain of vast domains, did die.  
Where was Menelaus? And what deceitful plan did the treacherous Aegisthus use  
250 Since he did kill someone so much stronger than himself?  
Was Menelaus, then, wandering among other tribes, and not in Achaean Argos,  
Thus giving that person the courage to kill?"

Then Nestor - that master of horse from the Gerenian clan - said to him in answer:  
"Young man - for you I shall give a speech which will disclose everything.  
Surely you have your own opinion about what would have happened  
If the red-haired Menelaus, son of Atreus, had returned from Troy  
To find Aegisthus alive and in his home.  
For then Aegisthus would have died without ever having soil heaped upon him  
Because left out in the open far from the settlement  
For dogs and birds to feast upon, with no Achaean women  
Weeping for him, such was the magnitude of his treacherous deed!  
For it was while we were at Troy, partaking in numerous combats,  
That he - secure in horse-loving Argos - was gratifying himself  
And bewitching Agamemnon's wife with numerous speeches.  
At first, however, Clytaemnestra refused to do what was unseemly for someone  
As well-bred as her, for she had an excellent understanding of what was required.  
Also, there was with her a Bard who had been commanded by that son of Atreus  
To guard his wife while he himself was away at Troy.  
But then the gods bound to her the fate of being conquered,  
And Aegisthus had that Bard taken to and left upon an uninhabited island  
To be found by, and game for, birds of prey.  
Thus did he who was willing lead she who was willing to his home.  
Because of this, he burnt many thighs from bulls on the altar of the gods  
As he hung up many fine tapestries and many fine things of gold as offerings,

For he never expected that his desire to so complete his work would be fulfilled.

It was after this that we - that son of Atreus and I - set sail together  
From the land of the Trojans, for we were good comrades.  
Thus we reached sacred Sunium, headland of the Athenian clan,  
Where the arrows of Phoebus Apollo came to the steersman  
Of Menelaus' ship and painlessly killed him  
As he held between his hands the rudder of his then swiftly sailing ship.  
This was Phrontis, son of Onetor, who was superior to anyone from our tribes  
In steering a ship when storm-winds rushed upon it.  
So Menelaus was detained there, even though he was eager to journey on,  
Until he had buried and completed the funeral rites of his comrade.  
But when he went forth again over the dark sea  
In his finely-carved ship, he swiftly arrived near to that high mountain at Maleia  
Where Zeus - he who perceives things from afar - planned a hostile journey for them.  
So he breathed upon them to spread around them a loud-sounding stormy wind  
With mountainous surging waves as big as monsters from the sea!  
Thus he divided up those ships, with some being driven toward that part of Crete  
Where the Cydonian clan had settlements beside the Iardanus river.

This was where - at Gortyn's end with its cloudy waters -  
A smooth rock rises high out of the sea,  
And where Notos - the South Wind - pushes great surging waves toward  
The adverse side of the Gulf, with that narrow rock dividing  
Those great surging waves before they go to Phaestus.  
Some of the ships made it there, but the men in them just escaped destruction  
As those surging waves smashed those ships on the reefs.  
And five of those ships with the azure-painted bows  
300 Were driven by that wind and its sea toward Egypt  
Where Menelaus was presented with considerable provisions and gold  
Before he with his ships wandered among foreign-speaking tribes.

Meanwhile, Aegisthus was in his homeland deceitfully planning treachery.  
After he had killed that son of Atreus, he enslaved his own clansfolk  
And ruled over them in gold-rich Mycene for seven years.  
But the eighth year was unlucky for him, for the noble Orestes arrived  
From an Athenian settlement and slaughtered that father-killer,  
The treacherous Aegisthus, for the killing of Orestes' well-known father.  
After that slaughter, Orestes entertained his Argive clan by a wake  
For his mother, whom he hated, and for the cowardly Aegisthus.  
And, that very same day, Menelaus - he brave in combat - arrived,  
Bringing with him vast wealth: as much as his ships could carry.

As for you, my friend - do not wander far from your home for long  
Having left behind in your home your possessions and those overbearing insolent men,  
Or they will divide up and so devour all your possessions  
And your travels will become infamous!  
But now, I exhort you to go to Menelaus  
For it is not that long since he arrived back from tribes in those foreign lands  
From where he must have considered his return to be unlikely  
Since it was those storm-winds which were the cause of his wrong course

Out into the vastness of that sea from which, during any year,  
Not even birds arrive from, so vast and formidable is it.

You could go to him in your ships with your comrades,  
Or you could go by land, for there are chariots and horses here  
And my own sons to escort you to where  
Is the noble Lacedaemon clan of the red-haired Menelaus.  
And, when you ask him something, he will speak to you without missing his target  
As he would never, by words, deceive you since he is so very strong."

Such were his words, and, with the going-down of the sun, darkness arrived.  
Then the goddess Athena - she with those beautiful blue eyes - said this:  
"Venerable sir - you have related those things correctly.  
Well now - shall we offer up the tongues of those bulls, pour out wine,  
So that, having made libations to Poseidon and the other immortals,  
We, your guests, can concern ourselves with sleeping since it is the hour for it?  
Because what was clear to us is now becoming nebulous,  
It is no longer fitting for us to continue to sit here  
At this god's feast. Thus, we should take our leave of you."

Such were the words of that daughter of Zeus, and they harkened to them,  
With Officers pouring water over their hands  
While boys filled jars ready for their drinking  
And placed into the goblets of everyone there the first offering of wine.  
Then, while standing, libations were made and those tongues cast into the fire,  
With everyone then drinking as much as their hearts desired  
Until Athena and Telemachus - he of supreme nobility -  
Were about to take their leave to go back to their spacious ships.  
But Nestor detained them there by saying this to them:  
"May Zeus and all the other immortal gods defend me  
From you going from what is mine to your fast ships  
As if you were leaving someone who, being poor, had no night garments  
And who had so few coverings and rugs in his dwelling  
350 That neither he nor any guest of his could sleep comfortably!  
I, however, do have coverings and beautiful rugs  
And no son of Odysseus will lay himself down to sleep  
On the deck of his ship so long as I am alive  
And so long as there are children of mine left in my home  
To provide hospitality for any guest who arrives at my dwelling."

In answer, the goddess Athena - she with those beautiful blue eyes - said:  
"My friend - your words are well-taken. It is certainly fitting  
For Telemachus to yield over this, for it would be much more agreeable for him.  
Thus he will accompany you when you go to rest in your home.  
I, however, must go to our black ship  
To re-assure our comrades and tell them all about this  
For I am the only one among them who can call himself an Elder.  
The rest are young men who accompany us out of comradeship,  
All of them being about the same age as the very brave Telemachus.  
So now I should go to lay myself down to rest upon our spacious black ship.  
And, at the dawn of day, I shall go to the very brave Cauconian clan,



For they owe me some booty from a while ago which is not a small amount.  
Now, since this young man is a guest in your homeland,  
Provide him with a chariot, a son of yours as escort,  
And horses who excel because of their agility and strength."

After giving voice to these words, Athena - she with those beautiful blue eyes - departed,  
Appearing as a sea-eagle to them. And everyone who saw this was amazed  
With that venerable Elder so astonished by what he had seen with his own eyes  
That he took hold of Telemachus by the hand and addressed him with these words:  
"My friend - I do not believe you will ever lack courage or be unlucky  
If the gods so escort and accompany you while you are still young!  
For that could be no one other than she who inhabits the Halls of Olympus  
And who is that daughter of Zeus born near Triton who presides over booty!  
She it was who valued your noble father above other Argives.

My Lady - favour me by granting noble renown  
To me, my offspring and she, my wife, whom I respect.  
To you, My Lady, I shall sacrifice an unblemished, untamed, broad-faced ox  
Which no one has ever tried to place a yoke upon  
And whose horns I shall - before the sacrifice - cover all over with gold."

Such were the words he addressed to Pallas Athena, who heard them.  
So it was that Nestor - that master of horse from the Gerenian clan -  
Led his sons, relatives and Telemachus away from there to his very fine dwelling.  
And, after arriving at the splendid dwelling of that Chieftain,  
They, in proper order, seated themselves on chairs and on benches.  
Then that venerable Elder poured into a vessel  
An agreeable wine in its eleventh year which a female servant  
Had opened for him by rolling back its covering veil.  
This was what that venerable Elder poured into a vessel from which he made  
Many libations in honour of Athena, the daughter of Aegis-carrying Zeus.

Then, after the libations when everyone had drunk as much as their hearts desired,  
Every one of them went to lie down in that dwelling  
Where Nestor - that master of horse from the Gerenian clan -  
Gave Telemachus - the beloved son of the most heroic Odysseus - a place to sleep:  
The wooden bed under the high-ceilinged porch  
400 Where he was near to Peisistratus - master of the spear and among the best of men -  
Who of all those sons of Nestor had still to be married.  
Nestor himself slept in the innermost chamber of that lofty dwelling  
Where his woman, the mistress of that dwelling, had prepared his bed.

Then, when the red-fingers of that early-rising Bringer of Warmth appeared,  
Nestor - that master of horse from the Gerenian clan - came forth to seat himself  
Upon those polished stones - white and glistening as if covered in oil -  
Which were in front of his lofty gates  
And upon which Neleus - he whose advise was worthy of a god - used to sit  
Before it was his fate to be slain by Hades.  
But now it was the Gerenian, Nestor, who sat there  
As guardian of that Achaean clan, holding the sceptre of authority.  
His sons left their chambers to assemble and gather round him there:

These were Echephron, Stratius, Perseus, Aretus and the heroic Thrasymedes.  
The sixth to arrive was that heroic warrior Peisistratus  
Who brought with him and who seated among them, the noble Telemachus.  
Then Nestor - that master of horse from the Gerenian clan - directed them thus:  
"My sons -it is my wish that you swiftly accomplish these things for me,  
Because the first thing I must do is offer up a sacrifice to Athena  
Who was visible to us when she came to our rich feast for that god.  
So, one of you should go the fields so that an ox is swiftly brought here  
Having been urged on by one of our herdsman.  
Another of you should go the black ship of the noble Telemachus  
To lead here all of his comrades, leaving only two behind.  
Another of you should go to command the goldsmith Laerces to come here  
So that the horns of that ox can be covered all over with gold.  
The rest of you should remain here after telling the female servants  
Within this splendid dwelling to prepare a feast  
And to provide, for everyone, chairs, benches and clear water."

Such were his words, and all of his sons occupied themselves with those things  
So that an ox arrived from the fields; the comrades of the vigorous Telemachus  
Arrived from their well-balanced ship; the goldsmith arrived bearing in his arms  
Those bronze tools with which he accomplished his art:  
A hammer, anvil and well-made fire-tongs  
Which he used to work gold. Athena also arrived.  
To be present at the sacrifice. Then the venerable Nestor - master of horse -  
Gave the gold which the goldsmith prepared and then placed around the horns of the ox  
To honour the goddess who would be pleased when she saw it.  
It was Stratius and the noble Echephron who led that ox by its horns.  
With them was Aretus who had conveyed from a store-room  
A decorated bowl of water which he carried in one hand  
While his other hand held a basket full of barley.  
Near to them was Thrasymedes - he steadfast in the tumult of battle -  
Who held in his hands a double-headed axe with which to strike the ox  
While Perseus held the bowl for the blood. The venerable Nestor - master of horse -  
Began the sacrifice by washing his hands and casting barley over the ox.  
Then, with many invocations to Athena, he made the first offering  
By casting hairs from the head of the ox into the fire.  
And when he had cast the barley and made his invocations,  
One of his sons - the very brave Thrasymedes -  
Went to the ox and struck it so that the double-headed axe  
450 Just cut into the tendons of the neck to release from it its strength.  
At this, the women there - the daughters and female relatives of Nestor,  
And Eurydice, his wife, eldest of the daughters of Clymenus - made loud ululations.  
Then Nestor's other sons lifted the ox off the ground and held it  
So that Peisistratus - among the best of men - could slit its throat.  
Thus did its dark blood pour out from it as the life in its bones was released.  
Swiftly then did they dismember it, as they swiftly and fittingly cut off  
The thighs still whole, covered then all over with fat and placed more meat upon them.  
This was what that venerable Elder placed into the flames  
From forked wood, over which he poured a libation of wine.  
Then those young men came and stood beside him, holding in their hands five-pronged forks.  
After the thighs were burnt and they had partaken of the heart and liver,

They cut the rest of the meat into joints,  
Some of which they pierced right through to stick them  
Onto the spits that they held in their hands  
So that they could roast the meat by holding out those spits.

Meanwhile, Telemachus had been bathed by the beautiful Polycaste,  
She who was the ripest of those daughters of Nestor, son of Neleus.  
And when she had bathed him, she anointed his body with oil from olives  
And put upon him a handsome tunic and cloak  
So that he resembled an immortal as he went forth from that bathing-place  
To seat himself near to Nestor, who was as a watchful guard for his warriors.

Thus did they stay there feasting on what they took for themselves -  
Having roasted the rest of the meat, with attentive officers  
Pouring out wine for them into goblets of gold -  
Until the desire for food and drink left them  
When Nestor - that master of horse from the Gerenian clan - said this:  
"My sons - let there be brought here for Telemachus  
Horses with beautiful manes and a chariot  
To harness them to so that he can undertake his journey swiftly."

Such were his words, and they, harkening to them, were fast in obeying them  
For they soon had those horses harnessed to a chariot.  
Then after those women who were stewards of such things had placed into it  
Cooked-meat, bread and wine of the kind that noble Chieftains consume,  
Telemachus proceeded into that very fine chariot.  
Then Peisistratus, son of Nestor and among the best of men, embarked beside him,  
Took the reins, whipped up the horses  
And drove them away. Thus - without any desire not to - they sallied forth  
Across that plain near Pylos to leave behind them that lofty citadel.  
And, during the whole of that day, that harness shook as they kept the horses in it.

Then, as the sun set and all the pathways became shadowy,  
They arrived at Pherae where was the dwelling of Diocles,  
Son of Ortilochus who himself was the son of Alpheus.  
There, they were welcomed as guests; and there they slept that night.  
And when the red-fingers of that early-rising Bringer of Warmth appeared,  
They harnessed their horses to that splendid chariot, embarked upon it,  
And - having driven past the forecourt and through the lofty porch -  
They whipped up the horses and drove away. Thus - without any desire not to -  
They sallied forth until they reached a wheat-producing plain  
Where they hastened on so as to complete their journey  
With the horses then swiftly bearing them along  
Until, with the setting of the sun, all the pathways became shadowy.

^^^

---

# The 'Agamemnon' of Aeschylus:

## A Radical Translation

---

by

D. W. Myatt

### Introduction

This new translation of the 'Agamemnon' has, I believe, restored to Aeschylus that pagan vigour and understanding which is essential if one is to appreciate not only the work of Aeschylus, but also the civilization of Greece.

Aeschylus, along with many other ancient classical authors, has suffered at the hands of those who have tried to translate Greek into English. Perhaps the greatest disservice done to him - and the others - is the rendering of certain concepts, mostly described by a particular Greek word, in what is fundamentally an un-Hellenic, abstract and moral way - albeit that this seems to be mostly unconsciously done. What results from this thoughtlessness is more often than not a sort of 'Christianizing' of Greek culture in retrospect - and thus a lack of insight into and understanding of the Hellenic way of living.

One thinks here of verses like 1654-1656 from the 'Agamemnon'. This is always mis-translated to give something like: "No more violence. Here is a monstrous harvest and a bitter reaping time. There is pain enough already. Let us not be bloody now." The effect of such a 'translation' - not withstanding the abstract and modern concepts like "time" - is a moral one: the speaker (here, Clytaemnestra) apparently says, after killing Agamemnon and Cassandra, that she does not want any more "violence" and describes her killings as "monstrous".

However, what Aeschylus actually has Clytaemnestra say is: "Let us not do any more harm for to reap these many would make it an unlucky harvest: injure them just enough, but do not stain us with their blood." The whole tone is different - she is being practical and does not want to bring misfortune upon herself (or Aegisthus) by killing to excess. The killings she has done are quite acceptable to her - she has vigorously defended them claiming it was her duty to avenge her daughter and the insult done to her by Agamemnon bringing his mistress, Cassandra, into her home. Clytaemnestra shows no pity for the Elders whom Aegisthus wishes to kill: "if you must", she says, "you can injure them. But do not kill them - that would be unlucky for us."

Another example will make clear how moral abstractions are projected onto the text by the mistranslation of certain words. Consider lines 369-373 from the 'Agamemnon'. Conventionally: "A man thought the gods deigned not to punish mortals who trampled down the delicacy of things inviolable. That man was wicked."

A correct rendering would be along the following lines: "Someone denied that the gods deem it worthy to concern themselves with mortals who trample upon what, being untouchable, brings delight. But such persons have [or 'show'] no proper respect."

The difference here is startling and obvious. The first is moral in the Christian sense - involving abstract, fundamentally monotheistic notions like 'wickedness' and 'sin'. The second is pagan, or Hellenic, and re-presents the true spirit or ethos of the Greek civilization.

The result of this moral projection - and other acts of thoughtlessness - has been to destroy the vitality of the original and, incidently, make it seem rather boring. I, however, have taken a new and radical view of those concepts and words - such as kakos and so on - which are important to both a general and specific understanding of the Agamemnon. The result is this present work (which incidently solves some hitherto intractable problems of textual interpretation) - Volume I of which is the present Translation, and Volume II the rather extensive Commentary necessitated by such a radical approach. I have explained my interpretations in detail in Volume II.

In my translation I have tried to capture not only the pagan ethos of the original but also the images and metaphors of Aeschylus. The result, I hope, is a version which is enjoyable in its own right when either read or heard in performance, and which can be of use to students of Greek and the civilization of Greece.

The text used is that of Martin West (Teubner, 1991.)

### **Notes on Performance**

The language of Aeschylus - particularly in the Choral Odes - is flowing and expressive. It is not what was the language of 'everyday' speech and Aeschylus often seems to invent language in an attempt to express his meaning - compound words; omitting the article.

Often on a first reading or hearing, the sometimes complex method of construction Aeschylus uses may cause one to 'lose the thread' of meaning if one is inattentive - and Aeschylus certainly repays attention.

In my translation, I have striven to express something of the kind of vitality found in Aeschylus - to try and re-present the poet in another language which is not, like Greek, an inflective one. At the same time I have tried to keep his meanings, images and metaphors as I find them. In performance, some of the seeming complexities of the Choral Odes can be overcome by different members of the Chorus speaking different lines. Generally, when such a division is required, the text of the translation is indented and this often follows the strophic patterns of the Greek [ unfortunately these divisions are not in this html web version ]. However, within a particular strophe or antistrophe two speakers can be used to advantage.

Sometimes, wordless cries of horror or woe are appropriate: at the beginning of line 1100 for example, and at line 1114. At lines 1072 and 1076 Cassandra makes an 'invocation' to Apollo - a series of sounds rather like an incantation. In performance, the loud, repetitive chanting of certain 'vowel sounds' would suffice - e.g. "I-A-O! I-A-O! followed by the chanting of the name of the god, Apollo.

---

Note:

Since the original printed version was electronically scanned to produce the current text format, it may contain some scanning errors which have been missed in proof-reading.

---

**Dramatis Personae:**

Watchman

Chorus (of Argive Elders)

Clytaemnestra

Herald

Agamemnon

Cassandra

Aegisthus

Scene: The dwelling of Agamemnon at Argos. Near the dwelling stands a statue of Apollo.

---

**Agamemnon**

Watchman:

Again I have asked the gods to deliver me from this toil,  
This vigil a year in length, where I repose  
On Atreidae's roof on my arms, as is the custom with dogs

Looking toward the nightly assembly of constellations  
And they who bring to mortals the storm-season and the summer:  
Those radiant sovereigns, distinguished in the heavens

As stars when they come forth or pass away.  
And still I keep watch for the sign of the beacon,  
The light of the fire which will bring report of Troy,  
10 Announcing it is captured. For such is the command  
And expectation of that woman with a man's resolve.

So I have a restless night and dew upon my couch,  
With no dreams being visited upon me -  
Since it is Fear and not Sleep who stands beside me,  
Making it unsafe for Sleep to close my eyes -  
And when I deem to sing or to chant

Some song as a prepared cure against Sleep,  
Then I grieve, lamenting the misfortune of this family  
Whose nobility lacks the perfection it possessed before.

20 But may it be my fortunate fate to be delivered from this toil  
By that fire, which announces fortune, becoming visible in the darkness.

[The bonfire Beacon is seen, blazing]

Hail to that blaze, which makes night into day  
With its light! And there will be an appointing of dancers  
In Argos in their multitude because of this favourable event!

Awake! Awake!  
To the Lady Agamemnon I give this loud signal  
That she may swiftly arise from her bed and for her family  
With ululation for this blazing auspicious omen  
Raise her voice! For indeed the citadel of Ilion  
Has fallen, as the bonfire most clearly declares. As for myself, I shall open the celebrations.

And I shall count the fortunate throw by my Lord  
As mine, since I am cast as a triad of six by my beacon-watch.  
Therefore, let it be that when he of the friendly hand arrives,  
That my own hand is grasped by that Master of this dwelling.

As to other things - I am silent. Upon my tongue a great weight  
Will be placed. But this dwelling itself - were it given a voice -  
Would surely speak. As to my own intent:  
To those who know, there is a speaking;  
To those who do not know, a concealment.

[ Exit Watchman, Enter Chorus]

Chorus:

It is the tenth year since that mighty accuser of Priam,  
Lord Menelaus, and Agamemnon -  
They of that double-throne and double-realm given by Zeus

Who thus honoured the stalwart pair, those sons of Atreus -  
Went, with an Argive fleet of a thousand,  
From this land as avenging warriors  
With a mighty war-cry from their hearts  
50 As vultures afflicted by their offspring being lost  
And who, high over the nests, circle around -  
Their wings the oars which move them -  
Since those young, laboured-over in the nest, are gone.

But one of Apollo or Pan or Zeus hears the lofty  
Sharp cries of the loud lamentation of those resident alien birds  
And sends forth an avenging Fury against the offenders.

60 Thus were those sons of Atreus sent forth  
By mighty Zeus, guardian of hospitality, against Alexander  
On account of that woman who has had many men.  
And many would be the limb-wearying combats  
With knees pushed into the dirt  
And spears worn-out in the initial sacrifice  
Of Trojans and Danaans alike. What is now, came to be  
As it came to be. And its ending has been ordained.  
No concealed laments, no concealed libations,  
70 No unburnt offering  
Can charm away that firm resolve.  
But I of the aged flesh was exempt  
And so, left behind by those defenders, stay here -  
Holding onto my staff with a strength equal to that of a child.  
For that young marrow which reigned within the breast  
Is the equal of an old man's - and Ares is not at his post.

80 Thus, he of great Age, his foliage drying up  
And no stronger than a child, with three feet to guide him on his travels,  
Wanders - appearing a shadow in the light of day.

[Clytaemnestra is seen, silently making offerings]

But you, the daughter of Tyndareus, royal Clytaemnestra,  
What necessity, what that is new, what knowledge  
Or message persuaded you to send around for incense to be burnt?  
For all the gods who support this community -  
Those above, the chthonic,  
90 The celestial and of the Agora -

Are given gifts in abundance on their altars.  
And from one place to another, flames rise up  
To the celestial heights,  
Anointed with sacred oil -  
Soothing, unblemished and soft -  
A libation from the royal sanctum.  
Tell me of these things, if it is fitting  
And proper - and consent to being healer of what divides me.  
100 That which now brings to me a bad judgement  
And then, from a sacrifice, a pleasing revelation,  
A hope, to repel the numberless thoughts:

The affliction which feeds on my life.

I have the mastery to invoke those commanding men,  
Of auspicious omen and mature -  
For still the numen of the gods is with me,  
Giving conviction, a strength to my choral-dance which grows with my age  
Of how the double-throned might of the Achaeans,  
The vigour of Hellas commanded by a common reason,  
Were conveyed with avenging hands and spears



To the land of the Teucri by those fierce birds -  
The Chieftain of birds of prey to Chieftain of Ships,  
A black one and one with white back -  
Manifesting near the tent-pole and, by the spear-throwing hand,  
Settling, all-transfixing,  
To feed on hares who, overburdened by offspring within,  
120 Were stricken because last in the race.

Even though it is a skilful victory - say a lament!

Thus the worthy prophet of warriors, beholding those two,  
Dismembering hares, saw the doubly-resolved sons of Atreus  
Commanded by those Chiefs. And he spoke this of that omen:  
The citadel of Priam, by this going forth, finally captured  
All the fortifications;  
Most of its folk acquired, enslaved - by a purging Fate  
130 Subdued.

Only let no dislike from a divinity cover-up  
This great mouth for Troy by striking first these assembled warriors!  
For Artemis - the respected one - lamenting, is hostile  
To those winged hunters of her father  
Sacrificing the unborn young and their fearful bearer:  
For she loathes this eagle-feast.

Even though it is a skilful victory - say a lament!

140 The Fair-One is good-natured toward  
[The young who cannot follow the hunting lion,  
And the breast-loving sucklings of all  
Who rule in the wilds are pleasing to her.  
Thus it should be asked that this prediction is fulfilled -  
For though auspicious, this bird-omen could be false.]

So make invocations to the healing Paeon  
That she does not cast her breath against the Danaans

Causing delay by holding the ships so they cannot sail  
150 So that a second sacrifice beyond what is customary is required  
An uneaten one -  
Constructing a quarrel for those joined in planting,  
With no man respected,  
Another straightening, a waiting terrible  
Cunning ruler of a dwelling:  
A Frenzy seeking retribution for a child.

Such were the things Calchas called forth -  
Of great advantage to and fated for, the ruling family -  
From the manner of those birds.  
And this has that same sound:

Even though it is a skilful victory - say a lament!

160 Whenever that being came to be, if the name Zeus  
Is pleasing, then by that I so call him.  
I do not possess a model -  
When I reflect upon the whole - except Zeus  
If this foolish thing, the burden of Thought, is indeed  
To be really taken from me.

There is nothing of that powerful being who existed before  
Who, replete with boldness, fought anyone:  
170 Of how he came to be, nothing can be told.  
And the one produced after that, departed  
Following a triad of combats.

If anyone, from reasoning, exclaims loudly that victory of Zeus,  
Then they have acquired an understanding of all these things;  
Of he who guided mortals to reason,  
Who laid down that this possesses authority:  
'Learning from adversity'.

Even in sleep there trickles through the heart  
180 The disabling recalling of the pain:  
And wisdom arrives regardless of desire,  
A favour from daimons  
Who have taken the seats of honour, by force.

Thus it was with that most respected leader  
Of the Achaean ships -  
With no rebuke for any prophet,  
His breath the same as that of the Fortune which struck him  
When the urns were emptied without sailing,  
His Achaean warriors wearied  
190 With holding what was opposite to Chalcidos  
From where the foam returned to Aulis -

And who, while that breath arrived from Strymon,

Were badly at rest, hungry, anchored wrongly,  
Men crowded together, careless with anchoring ropes and the ships themselves:  
There a long while, a double length  
Which wore out and blunted the vigour of Argos.

200 And then of another remedy - more grievous  
Than those injurious storms - did the prophet  
Shrilly cry to those leaders:  
Calling upon Artemis so that those sons of Atreus,  
Striking the ground with their staffs,  
Could not hold their tears.

Then the elder of those Lords, spoke - saying these things:

Not to yield on this would be a hard Fate,  
But to slay my child - she who honours our dwelling - is hard, also:  
210 A gushing near the altar, from the slitting of a virgin's throat,  
To pollute a father's hand.  
Which of those is without injury?  
How could I live - a deserter from a ship,  
Having failed in my duty to my comrades?  
For, to stop the winds, their desire

Above all desires is to offer in sacrifice  
The blood of a virgin. So I call upon Themis  
For what is best, to be.

But when he had put on that yoke of destiny  
He breathed out changing reasons - disrespectful,  
220 Without reverence, and profane.  
Thereafter, his understanding lost, his judgements  
Were excessively bold.  
For mortals are given courage, their discernment harmed,  
When the first injury is a hard deceiving blow.

So he dared  
To become the sacrificer of his daughter  
To aid a battle to avenge a woman  
By so consecrating the ships.  
Her warning of 'Father!', her supplications,  
Her virgin state - were counted as nothing  
230 By those commanders lusting for battle.

After invocations, her father ordered the servants  
To lift up and place upon the altar - like a yearling goat -  
She who with all her passion had bent down  
To grasp his robe,  
And to place a guard upon her beautiful lips -  
To prevent a sound from bringing misfortune to the family -  
By the power of a strong bridle making her without a voice.  
Then, as she poured to earth that which stained her garment,  
So at each sacrificer she cast from her eyes  
240 Arrows of lamentation:  
As if she were pre-eminent within a painting With a desire to speak,  
As often at her father's good feasts  
In the male dining-room she had, in song:  
When - undeflowered, with her pure voice,  
Honouring her beloved father -  
She had with the third libation pleasingly sang  
A paeon for good fortune.

I did not see, and do not speak of, what followed these things.  
But the art of Calchas was not so incomplete:

250 The goddess, Judgement, favours someone learning from adversity.  
But I shall hear of what will be, after it comes into being:  
Before then, I leave it,  
Otherwise, it is the same as a premature grieving.  
Yet what does arrive, will be clear and align with those things.

May what is after what is now, be a favourable outcome -  
As desired by the one left to protect these defences,  
She closest to the fatherland of Apia.

Honouring your authority, Clytaemnestra, I am here:  
For it is customary to respect the leader's woman  
260 When the throne is left empty by the man.  
If what you have learnt is not something good -  
That you so make offerings for a welcome message, of hope -  
Then I have the good judgment to hear it, and also not be envious of silence.

Clytaemnestra:

It is often said that it is Dawn,  
Born from her mother, Night, who brings welcome messages.  
For you will learn of a joy greater than any you hoped to hear of:  
The Argives have captured the citadel of Priam!

Chorus:

What do you announce? In my disbelief, your words fled from me.

Clytaemnestra:

Is this speaking clearly? - Troy is Achaean property

Chorus:

270 Joy comes out from within me, bringing with it tears!

Clytaemnestra:

Your eyes reveal your good judgement.

Chorus:

But - what sign have you? And do you trust such a thing?

Clytaemnestra:

Certainly, I do - unless I am being tricked by a god.

Chorus:

Do you honour what is rightly yielded to - a portent in a dream?

Clytaemnestra:

I have no belief in what I receive when my reason is asleep.

Chorus:

Has then an oracle - not from augury - gladdened you?

Clytaemnestra:

Would you tarnish me with the reasoning of a young girl?

Chorus:

Then - how long has it been since the citadel was ravaged?

Clytaemnestra:

I say within that night whose child is this Dawn.

Chorus:

280 But who is the messenger who is so swift?

Clytaemnestra:

Hephaistos, bringing forth from Ida a radiant blaze:  
A courier sent here to light bonfire after bonfire.  
First, Ida to the rock of Hermes at Lemnos  
And then, from that isle, the great bonfire third in line  
On Zeus' mountain at Athos received he  
Who on his back high over the sea  
Conveyed that pleasing pine-torch of the strong flame:  
Its golden light another sun,  
Its blaze passing on the message to the towers of Makistos.

290 But he did not stop and neither did he - since there was no reason -  
Let sleep triumph over him and so let go of his role as messenger.  
Thus to the streams of Euripus from afar came the bonfire's radiance,  
A sign to the watchmen of Messapios:  
And, as the messenger passed on by them, they answered,  
Raising a fire from their pile of gnarled wood.

The torch, vigorous and far from extinguished,  
Bounded over the Asopian plain  
To the rocks of Cithaeron as bright as the moon  
So that the one waiting there to begin that fire, jumped up:  
300 And those guards, praising this torch conveyed from afar,

Lit a fire greater than any I have spoken of before.

Then, the torch was rushed over lake Gorgopis  
To reach the peak of Goat Mountain -  
Rousing there a fire-ritual not for some favour  
Where without envy of its might the kindled fire sent upwards  
A great beard of flame -  
And so on and over, beyond where the Saronic channel  
Reflects the cliffs, onwards and blazing!

Then, rushing on, it then reached the summit of Spider's rock  
And so approached the watch-towers of this town.  
310 Thence - to the roof of the Atreidae here - rushed  
What had not been without a father since that fire at Ida:  
That torch, there!

Thus, willingly, were the functions of those who race with torches,  
One after the other, fulfilled in succession  
By he who, being first and last, was the victor.  
I say to you, by such a sign and means  
Did my man pass the message out of Troy to me.

Chorus:

My lady - later, I will invoke the gods,  
But I am so with wonder at hearing what you said  
That if you would continue, and speak again, it would be agreeable.

Clytaemnestra:

320 On this day, the Achaeans possess Troy -  
With, I deem, within the citadel a clashing of cries of war.  
For if, into the same urn, oil and vinegar are poured,  
There would be no calling them companions, since they keep apart.

Thus apart are those seized and they who overwhelmed -  
Giving voice to how both of those fortunes arose.  
As those - casting themselves down near the bodies  
Of husbands, brothers, sires,  
The young of their elders - who, from a neck no longer free,  
Bewail the fate of those loved ones.  
330 While those others, following the toil of battle, wander in the night,  
Hungry, for a meal of whatever the citadel contains,  
Stationing themselves - with nothing to mark their share -  
As if each one had drawn his lot by chance.

Thus, in spear-taken dwellings,  
They now abide - delivered, as from an unlucky daimon,  
From the open air with its frost and dews,  
To sleep the whole night with no guard.

If they conduct themselves properly toward the guardian gods of the folk  
Whose land they have seized - and the abodes of those gods -  
340 Then those who have seized may not be seized in return.  
So let not what first attacks those warriors be a desire  
To plunder what they should not - a victory for profit;  
For they require protection when returning to their homes  
After turning around for the second leg of their journey.  
And should the warriors arrive without being bereft of their gods,  
There is the injury done to those killed, who are watching:  
If no sudden bad fortune arise.

Such are the things one hears from me - a woman.  
But one will see, with no division of opinion, the best superior  
350 For that is the benefit I have chosen, from many honourable things.

Chorus:

My lady, with the reasoning of a man, you express good judgement.  
Hearing of those signs you trust  
I will prepare myself so I can, fittingly, speak with the gods.  
For, with no dishonour, this is their reward, earned by our labour.

[Exit Clytaemnestra]

You, Zeus our Chief, and Nox, our companion -  
Mistress of the mighty cosmos  
Who cast over the Trojan towers a covering net  
Such that neither the full-grown nor any young were beyond the limits

360 Of Misfortune's all-taking enslaving vast trawl.  
This act was yours, Zeus - you who are honoured  
As the mighty guardian of hospitality:  
You who long ago at Alexander drew your bow  
Such that neither before the mark nor toward the stars  
Would these arrows be hurled, in vain.

They can say they have a wound from Zeus:  
Such is manifest from the marks he has left.  
He chose, he acted. Someone denied  
370 That the gods deem it worthy to concern themselves with mortals  
Who trample upon what, being untouchable, brings delight.  
But such persons, have no proper respect.  
Yet their descendants are revealed  
By the breath of Ares as lacking courage -  
Proud instead of fair -  
Their abodes excessively overflowing  
Beyond what is for the best.

For unharmed is the one  
Who rightly reasons that what is sufficient, 380 Is what is allotted to him.  
For there is no protection

In riches for the man of excess  
Who stamps down the great altar of the goddess, Judgement,  
In order to hide it from view.

But vigorously endures Temptation -  
That already-decided daughter of unbearable Misfortune.  
And all remedies are in vain.  
Not concealed, but conspicuous -  
A harsh shining light -  
Is the injury.

390 For, like bad bronze  
Struck and rubbed, he becomes blackly-covered  
As is the customary practice [as a boy  
In pursuit of flying game]  
Laying upon the folk an unbearable affliction.

But not one of the gods hears the supplications:  
Instead, they take down those persons  
Who, lacking fairness, turn their attentions to such things.  
And such a one was Paris -  
400 Who, visiting the clan of those son's of Atreus,  
Insulted them - their hospitality - by stealing a woman.

Thus - leaving behind her people: the tumult of shields,  
Of assembling cohorts and of loading weapons upon ships  
She brought to Ilion for her ransom, ruin!  
Proud beyond pride, with ease she passed through the gates.  
And there was much sighing  
Among those prophets of the clan who spoke:  
410 Alas for this clan! - and its leaders!  
Alas for that union - and the path to that lover of men!  
There stands he - silent, curseless in his dishonouring  
Who knows that she whom he enjoyed, has deserted him.  
And, desiring what is overseas,  
The opinion shall be - a ghost rules this clan.

Thus will those skilful shapely statues  
Be hated by that man for their beauty  
Since, lacking in eyes,  
All the passion is gone.  
420 And a dream-revelation of her returning, weeping,  
Will he believe - bringing him a moment's joy:  
For it is momentary - as when one believes one beholds what is fortunate -  
The vision which slips through the arms, and is gone: not lingering  
As those flights which accompany sleep's journeys.

And, at family altars, there was a grieving such as his.  
Yet what is, goes beyond what then was:  
Since - for those many others who, together, rushed forth from this land of Hellas  
430 There is mourning, courageously borne,



Perceptible in every one of their dwellings.  
And many are touched by anger.  
For, indeed, those whom they sent forth  
Were known to them - yet, instead of a man,  
Armour and ashes have returned  
To each of those families.

And Ares - exchanging bodies for gold  
And holding his scales among the combat of spears -  
440 Has, from Ilion by his fire  
Conveyed to their loved ones a painful lament - that heavy dust  
He had exchanged for their men: ashes, stuffed into easily-stowable urns.

Thus do they grieve for those warriors, rightly speaking  
Of how that one excelled in combat  
And of how another honourably fell amid the killing  
"On account of that foreign woman".  
That is what some whisper, growling.

450 And, because of this creeping pain, there is resentment  
Against those sons of Atreus: they who were the first to accuse her.  
Yet there are others who, around those ramparts,  
Are encased by that Ilian soil  
Which covers-up their bodily beauty  
And which - since they are enemy occupiers - will conceal them.

Now, rudely do folk talk in their anger -  
Of payment a curse delivered by the people.  
And I remain here, listening,  
460 Anxious, in the darkness of night.  
For the gods are not unobservant  
Of those who have slaughtered many:  
In due measure, there is a dark Avenger  
For he who attains fortune without fairness -  
A reversal of fortune, a life rubbed away  
And obscured. And, becoming unknown,  
No one defends him. To over-step the bounds of praise  
Is rude - and sent forth to their eyes  
470 Is a thunderbolt from Zeus.

Prosperity without hostility is my preference:  
I am not a destroyer of clans  
So therefore may I never be captured,  
To behold a life of subservience to foreigners.

With that beacon-fire - its welcome message -  
A rumour hastily passed through the clan:  
But does anyone know whether it is true  
From the gods - or whether it is false?

Whose reason is so injured, or so childish,

480 That his heart is set on fire by a sudden fiery signal  
And then is sick when the news is changed?  
It is shown by a woman's spear  
That they approve of what is graceful  
Rather than what gleams.  
Easily captivated, the female boundary is swiftly trespassed upon,  
And swiftly-fated to die is that fame which a woman bestows.

We shall soon learn about those light-bearing torches,  
490 That exchanging of fire, and the beacon-watching -  
That is, whether they are real, or whether that light, pleasurable,  
Arriving in some dream, deceived the reason.  
For I behold, coming from the shore, a Herald  
Shaded by sprigs of olive. And, for me, the testimony of that mud,  
Sister to and bounded by the dry dust,  
Is that he will not lack a voice, and neither will he -  
Setting alight mountain wood - signal us with the smoke of a fire  
But will either utter the words most delightful for us  
Or ... - but what is the opposite of this is displeasing to speak of.  
500 To what has, favourably, been seen, let what is favourable to us, be added.

Whomsoever makes invocations other than for this clan,  
May the crop that is his reason, fail.

[Enter Herald]

Herald:

I hail my fatherland - this Argive soil!  
In this, the tenth moon of the year, I have returned!  
One of my expectations, attained - after a multitude shattered!  
For I never boasted that, here, on this Argive soil  
I would die, obtaining a most agreeable fate - a funeral feast!

I salute this soil, I salute this sun-light  
And Zeus, supreme over this land - and also he who mastered that Serpent:  
510 May you no longer cast forth at us arrows from your bow!  
Sufficient, by the banks of the Scamander, was your hostility:  
Now, therefore, be our defender and Champion,  
Lord Apollo. You gods of combat -  
I speak to you all - and to my protector,  
Hermes, the Heralds' comrade whom we Heralds respect,  
And to the Heroes, our escort: be friendly, again,  
And welcome those warriors who have survived the war.

I greet that dwelling which sheltered my own Chief,  
Those seats of honour, those daimons in opposition to the sun  
520 Who perhaps long ago looked brightly upon him -  
Fittingly receive our Chief, who has been greatly delayed.  
For returning to you carrying with him through the night a blazing fire  
To be shared among you all - is our Lord, Agamemnon!

Therefore, properly greet him - for he is worthy,  
Since, harrowing-down Troy with that retribution-bringing  
Spade of Zeus, he levelled-down their earth:  
Unseen are the altars and the shrines of their gods  
With every seed of that soil utterly destroyed!  
He who placed a yoke upon Troy -  
530 That man with a lucky daimon, the elder son of Lord Atreus -  
Is returning! Now, after such things, he is the mortal who most deserves  
A reward. For neither Paris, nor they who belonged to his clan,  
Can boast that a deed of theirs surpassed their adversity.  
The penalty for the pillage and theft was fair -  
He lost his booty and completely ruined  
His own land with his father's family cut down:  
Those sons of Priam have paid twice for their weakness!

Chorus:

Greetings to you - Herald of those Achaean warriors.

Herald:

And greetings to you. Before the gods - I will no longer speak against my death!

Chorus:

540 Did you prepare for this because you loved your fatherland?

Herald:

Indeed. It is because of joy that my eyes are full of tears.

Chorus:

Then the sickness that struck you brought a delight?

Herald:

In what way? If you instruct me, I can master those words.

Chorus:

In that you longed for those who in their turn loved what you did.

Herald:

Are you saying you missed those warriors as they missed this land.

Chorus:

Indeed. So gloomy was my reasoning, that there were many lamentations.

Herald:

How did such faulty reasoning - abhorrent to those warriors - come to be?

Chorus:

Since long ago my remedy for such an injury has been silence.

Herald:

But why? The ruler absent - did someone make you tremble?

Chorus:

550 Indeed - so that, as you mentioned, it would be very agreeable were I to die now.

Herald:

Yes - it has ended well, although the wait was long.  
Some things - fortunate happenings - should be spoken of,  
Although there are other things to complain about.  
Who - except for the gods -  
Passes their entire life without any injury at all?  
Were I to recount our toil, our bad quarters -  
Our scanty relaxations and defective coverings -  
What was not allotted to us for part of a day, what things were not moaned about?  
Then those other things about that land - and with greater disgust!  
For we slept near those hostile fortifications  
560 Where, from the heavens and out from the earth of those meadows,  
Dews drizzled down upon us, constantly harming us,  
Breeding vermin in our body-hair and clothes.

If I told of those bird-killing Winters -  
Of how the snows of Ida made them unbearable;  
Or of the heat at mid-day, when the sea -  
Waveless, windless - rested and fell asleep ...

But why be afflicted by such things? Those labours have been left behind  
And left behind by those lying dead:  
Their recovery is no longer of any concern to them.  
570 Why speak about the count of those who were destroyed?  
Why should those who live grieve at Fortune's repeated anger? -  
Since there is much to rejoice at in that favourable event!

For we Argive warriors who remain,  
Our gain is superior to not outweighed by - our injury,  
Because, by this light of day, this boast is just,  
To be rushed far beyond this land and its seas:  
"Argive weapons have at last captured Troy!  
To the gods of Hellas, the spoils -  
Splendid antiquities, staked to their Temples!"

580 On hearing this, there should be eulogies to our clan  
And its leaders, and honour given to he whose favour  
Wrought this - Zeus himself!  
You have the whole story.

Chorus:

I will not deny that yours is the better story.  
For, in the old, what is still virile is the skill to learn.  
But those things are naturally of the foremost concern to Clytaemnestra  
And her family - although, together with them, I could profit.

[Enter Clytaemnestra]

Clytaemnestra:

Long ago, out of joy, was my ululation  
When that first messenger - fiery, nocturnal - arrived,  
Announcing Ilion's capture, its devastation.  
And someone rebuked me by saying: "Does a bonfire  
Persuade you to believe Troy is now destroyed?  
How very womanly - to so extol the heart!"  
Such was the language used to show I was lost!

I, however, made offerings - and, as is the practice with women,  
One following another - ululations went on through the clan  
To celebrate this good fortune while, within the shrines of the gods,  
The flames devoured our fragrant incense until they slept.  
So now - what further words do you have for me?  
I shall ask the Chief himself for the whole story,  
600 Honouring and respecting he who is my husband  
By hastening to receive him on his return.  
For what day can a woman behold that is more pleasing  
Than the one when - her man unharmed in battle because of the gods -  
She opens her gates for him? Announce this to my husband  
So that he who is beloved by this clan most swiftly arrives.  
On his return, he will find that the woman of the family has been honourable  
As she was when he left her - a guard-dog for this family,  
Faithful to them, hostile to those badly disposed toward us,  
And in all ways the same, no seal  
610 Having been violated during this long wait.  
I enjoy neither the pleasure of, nor the speaking of rumours by,  
Other men any more than I do tempered bronze.

[Exit Clytaemnestra]

Herald:

A boast such as that - full of revelations -  
Uttered by a woman of breeding, is not disgraceful.

Chorus:

Thus she speaks about herself - you will learn  
To correctly interpret such dignified speech!  
But speak to me, Herald, of Menelaus - for I seek to know about him:  
Whether he has returned and whether, uninjured,  
He who is loved in this land journeyed back with you.

Herald:

620 I cannot possibly speak falsely about honourable things  
Since my comrades would reap the results for a long while after.

Chorus:

Why - given your joyful revelation - do you happen to say that?  
For it is no easy to keep secret something which has been opened -up.

Herald:

About that leader, there are no sightings from among those Achaean warriors -  
Of he himself and his ship. This is no false story.

Chorus:

Was he observed going away from Ilium -  
Or carried off from those warriors by that common affliction, a storm?

Herald:

As a master archer, you hit your target,  
Reporting a considerable injury, concisely.

Chorus:

But which - of he being either living or dead -  
Was the rumour among the other sailors?

Herald:

No one has accurate information - no one knows,  
Unless it be Helios, whose nature is to feed the earth.

Chorus:

But tell me - how came that storm to those warriors,  
And what did that wrath from daimons achieve?

Herald:

On a day of good omen it is not fitting for bad announcements

To be voiced, staining it - on it, only the gods should be given tributes.  
But when a horrible injury is what a messenger to the clan  
Conveys with a gloomy face - of warriors defeated  
640 That, for the clan, a single wound has befallen the folk:  
Many men from many families taken in sacrifice  
By that double-lance beloved by Ares,  
Both of its injurious double-points bloody,  
Then, when one is loaded-down with injuries such as these,  
It is fitting to utter those paeans of the Furies!

Yet when good news which preserves fortunes  
Arrives at a clan favoured with well-being ....  
How to mingle the joyful with the bad, to say that it was  
Not without the wrath of the gods that the storm came to the Achaeans?  
650 For, binding themselves by an oath, those former bitter enemies  
Fire and Sea, showed their trust  
By destroying those unfortunate Argive warriors.  
The treachery of that bad-swelling came at night  
For that Thracian breath pushed the ships one against another  
So that their horns struck, damaging them  
With tempest of heavy rain and typhonic-storm -  
The treacherous guardian whirling them away out of our sight.

Then, when Helios came back with the splendour of dawn,  
We beheld corpses growing in the Aegean sea  
660 Achaean men from their wrecked ships.  
As for us, the hull of our ship was unharmed,  
For someone stealthily took us away or interceded for us -  
Not a mortal, but some god who, touching us, steered us.  
Fortuna, to preserve us, willingly placed herself on board  
So that we were neither at anchor - taking in that surging tempest -  
Nor being driven toward the rocky shore.

Then, having escaped Hades at sea -  
In the brightness of day, with no belief in our good fortune  
We wandered for reasons as to our recent misfortunes,  
670 The toil of the warriors, and this bad beating.

Now, if any of them, breathing, has being,  
They will speak of us as destroyed - and why not?  
For we hold to the same presumption about them.

What is best, will be. Now, as to Menelaus.  
First - and before others - expect his arrival.  
That is, if the radiance of Helios can reach him  
And he is alive and healthy by the planning of Zeus -  
Whose will would never be to annihilate that seed.  
There is hope that he shall be with his family again.

680 So much you know - be assured, what you have heard is not false.

[Exit Herald]

Chorus:

Who was the one who - in all ways true - named her?  
Was it not someone who is never seen -  
With a perception of destiny -  
Whose tongue, chancing upon it, bestowed upon she  
Of that quarrel-making, battle-producing marriage  
The name Helen?  
690 Since, fittingly named, she - man-seducing, clan-seducing, ship-seducing -  
Leaving her gorgeous web of veils,  
Was with the breath of the giant Zephyrus  
Navigated away.  
And many were the shield-bearing men who hunted her -  
Following those unclear marks left by the oars  
To that shore of the thriving-leaves at Simois,  
Because of those blood-letting Furies.

700 Indeed, it was Ilion who was subjected to the judgement  
Frenzy had urged for that rightly-named alliance:  
Such followed after a while, for the dishonour done  
By that guest - and to Zeus, guardian of hospitality,  
Who acted against those who uttered their approval  
Of the consummation of that marriage in song:  
Those kinsfolk who favoured chanting Hymen's hymn.  
But they were taught a different hymn,  
710 Those of Priam's venerable clan,  
Full of lamentations: a great groaning  
Calling Paris 'he of that disgusting marriage!'  
But even before this, for a long while,  
That clan was full of lamentations on account of suffering  
Such a waste of their blood.

Even thus there was reared among a family by a man  
A daughter of a lion -  
Breast-loving but left without milk -  
720 Tame at the start of its life, rightly befriended by children,  
Pleasing to their elders,  
Who was often in their arms.  
As is customary with a newly-reared child

Its bright eyes looked upon the hand as it begged  
When its stomach pained it.  
But, later, it showed those habits  
It had from its parents -  
For the delight of those who had reared it was repaid  
730 By a ruinous slaughter of sheep  
As it made them, uncommanded, its feast  
And their dwelling was moistened by their blood:  
A grief for their servants who could not do battle with



That large frequently-killing pest.  
Yet, she reared within that family was appointed by some god  
To offer such sacrifices to Misfortune.

Now, in like manner, I say there arrived at the citadel of Ilium

740 What was considered to be stormless, lacking in gales  
A glory of voluptuousness in abundance,  
The delicate arrows from whose eyes  
Wounded the heart bringing forth desire.  
But there was a laying-down-beside, achieving through intercourse  
That bitter conclusion:  
An inauspicious companion - unlucky for them -  
Was, escorted by Zeus guardian of hospitality, hastened toward  
Priam's descendants -  
A Fury, making that bride to lament.

750 Long ago, an Elder - explaining about mortals - said:  
On reaching adulthood, a man with possessions  
Acquires offspring, never dying childless!  
For from the inheritance of a good fortune  
There is born the pain of dissatisfaction.  
In opposition to others, I have this odd judgement:  
Disrespect after it is sown, will produce more  
760 Of the same kind as itself.  
But for an open and fair family  
There is a succession of agreeable children.

Yet it is usual for an ageing insolence to produce,  
Sooner or later in cowardly mortals, a younger insolence.  
At the appointed Dawn, there arrives a new envy,  
A daimon who cannot be combatted because he will not fight:  
770 Arrogant, Temple-less - a black Misfortune for the family,  
As were its parents.

But the goddess, Judgement, can in truth manifest  
In well-incensed dwellings -  
A favourable omen for those living there.  
Yet when dirty hands gild good fortune with gold,  
She turns her eyes away,  
Eager to go to the-dutiful,

780 For she has no respect for that ability of the wealthy  
To counterfeit praise.  
And she sets a limit for everyone.

[Enter Agamemnon, with Cassandra]

I hail my Chief - Descendant of Atreus. -  
The destroyer of the citadel of Troy!  
How to address you, how to honour you

Without exceeding, without falling short of  
The due limits of what is acceptable?  
For many are the mortals who, highly esteeming  
The appearance of things, go beyond what is fair.

790 Everyone is preparing to grieve for the ill-fated ones,  
But not at all suitable to their display of grief is their anger -  
And, appearing to be like those who rejoice,  
They - lacking laughter - will have to compel their faces.  
Yet to he who has a good knowledge of his herd  
A person's eyes cannot conceal what is a feeble begging for friendship  
Behind a pretence of reasoned good judgement.

But, when you were preparing those warriors  
800 On account of Helen - I shall not hide this -  
What I wrote about you then was very unrefined,  
As not fully giving your reason control:  
In spite of courage,  
She would be returned with men dying.  
Yet now to me - neither perfect in reasoning, nor lacking in friends -  
Your work was well-judged and well-completed.

In a while, you through inquiry will have knowledge of  
Who has been correct and who outside the proper limits  
In their duty to this clan while they waited here.

#### Agamemnon.

810 It is customary to first greet Argos  
And our native gods - they who together with me  
Rightly caused our return and our success against the citadel  
Of Priam. The gods did not hear from our tongues any pleading -  
Yet for man-killing, a destroying of Ilion  
Into that blood-stained container with no division of opinion  
They cast their votes. While at the opposite container,  
Although the hand of Hope came near, nothing filled it.

Even now the smoke of that plundered citadel is a favourable sign:  
For the breath of Misfortune is a tempest - a killer

820 And a wind to convey away the ashes that were their abundant wealth!  
It is fitting that we frequently recollect our debt to the gods for these things  
Since we were successful against that insolent robber  
And, on account of that woman, that citadel was laid to rest  
By the fierce bite of that newly-born horse - bearing the shields of warriors -  
Which, in the season of the Pleiades, leapt forward:  
A flesh-eating beast bounding over their fortifications  
To gorge itself on the blood of those insolent people!  
I stretched out this beginning for the gods;

830 But, as to your judgements on those other matters which I heard:  
I recall them, and declare that I will be an advocate for them  
For there exist few men who have the breeding

To - far from envying someone's good fortune - actually honour their comradeship.  
The poison of bad judgement comes to settle in the heart,  
A doubling of the burden of he who is beset by sickness:  
He is loaded down by his own injury  
And groans when he beholds someone else's good fortune.  
I speak from experience, for I am well skilled  
In deflecting the familiarity of those shadowy figures  
840 Who seem to me to be over-friendly.  
The only one unwilling to sail, was Odysseus -  
But/we made a bond, and he was prepared to work in harness with me.  
And it is thus - whether he be breathing or dead -  
That I speak of him.

But as for those other matters relating to the clan and the gods  
I shall participate in the debates in the assembly,  
And then decide. And - obtaining what is agreeable -  
The decision should endure so that what is well, remains so.  
Whomsoever needs a healing potion -  
By a burning-out or a well-judged cutting-away  
850 I shall seek to defeat the sickness of that injury.

Now it is to my dwelling and the family altar  
That I go to first salute with my right hand the gods  
Who sent me that distance and who brought me back.  
Since the goddess, Victory, followed me, may she stay constantly with me!

[Enter Clytaemnestra]

Clytaemnestra:

Clansmen - you Argive Elders, here.  
There is no dishonour in me telling you of the nature of my love  
For my man. After a while, that fear  
Which mortals have of something, dies. It was not because others  
Instructed me that I can speak of that bad burden I lived with  
860 While he was that long while near Ilion.  
Primarily, for a lady to be separate from her mate -  
To remain unprotected by family - is a harsh misfortune:  
She hears many harmfully- recurring rumours,  
And, as one arrives, another one also conveys a misfortune,  
The announcement of another more injurious misfortune for the family.  
And, as to wounds, if my man had been struck by as many  
As were the reports which poured into this dwelling,  
One would reckon he had more holes than a net!  
Or, had his deaths been as many as the stories of them,  
870 He would have been a second Geryon, with three bodies -  
Ample up-above, not to mention down-below -  
Boasting of that three-fold cloaking by the earth which he received:  
One death for each and every one of his forms!

It was on account of such harmfully-recurring rumours

That numerous were the nooses, up-above, that from my neck  
Others loosened by taking hold of and restraining me.  
Thus it is that there is not, standing here beside me,  
The child, Orestes - he who ratified that oath between you and I -  
As he should have been. Nor be astonished at this.  
880 He is in the care of someone well-disposed toward us: your comrade-in-arms,  
Strophius of Phocis. He openly spoke to me about possible trouble -  
Of your peril, while near Ilion  
And then of a clamouring, leaderless, people  
Plotting against us, as it is the nature of mortals  
To take advantage by kicking he who falls down.  
Such indeed is my defence, conveyed without cunning.

As for me, that rushing Spring of my tears  
Has dried up - not a drop remains:  
My eyes hurt since I went late to sleep,  
890 Weeping, when those your bonfires  
For that long while were not used. And, when I did dream,  
I would be awakened by the slightest buzzing from a darting mosquito,  
Having beheld misfortunes which, for you,  
Lasted longer than the duration of my sleep.

But now - having endured all these things, my judgement untouched by grief -  
I say that my man, here, has been a hunter for these settlers,  
The main-stay securing our ship, the foundation of the pillars  
Of our high roof, the only begotten son of a father:  
And that land which, against their hopes, navigators see;  
900 That most agreeable Dawn beheld after a storm,  
A gushing Spring a thirsty traveller -  
For there is/always delight in escaping from what is disagreeable.

He is worthy of being so greeted,  
With hostility leaving us, for numerous were those misfortunes  
We hitherto endured. So now, my beloved Lord,  
Step down from that carriage, without placing on the ground  
These - the feet of my Master - which ravaged Ilion.

You servants! Why do you delay? I assigned to you the task of  
Spreading over the ground in his path those coverings!  
910 Directly! - let the way be spread with purple  
So that the goddess, Judgement, can lead him to a dwelling beyond his expectations.  
As to other things - my concern, not once conquered by sleep,  
Shall, with the gods, arrange what is a fitting Destiny.

Agamemnon:

Descendant of Leda - you who kept watch over my dwelling:  
Your speech befitted my absence -  
It was a long while before it ended. It is auspicious if others  
Praise me - what honours are necessary should come from them.  
And also do not give me luxuries fashioned by a woman

Nor - as is the custom among barbarian peoples  
920 Lower yourself to the ground, gaping at me in awe.  
Neither cause hostility for me by spreading those garments on that path:  
By such things it is fitting to honour a god  
But, to me, the mortal who walks upon such purple robes  
Would never, in any place, be far from dread.

Therefore I ask that you respect me as a man, not as a god:  
"With no foot-kissing and also no such robes" -  
The rumour, to be shouted out. Not to badly judge things  
Is a great gift - from a god. One's fate is a fortunate one  
If one's life ends, agreeably, in well-being.  
930 And I am resolved to always act in such a way.

Clytaemnestra:

Yet speak to me of what is not beyond my understanding.

Agamemnon:

Be assured that I will not be destroyed by "understanding"!

Clytaemnestra:

Did you invoke the gods because you feared doing such things?

Agamemnon:

If it was anything, it was abundant experience that made me know my purpose.

Clytaemnestra:

And Priam? What do you believe he would have done had he achieved these things?

Agamemnon:

It is my certain belief he would have walked upon such robes.

Clytaemnestra:

Then do not now fear any rebukes from mortals.

Agamemnon:

Yet with great vigour, the people will speak.

Clytaemnestra:

But of course! Those who are without enemies also have no one to admire them.

Agamemnon:

940 It is not becoming for a lady to eagerly love battle.

Clytaemnestra:

Perhaps; but he of abundant fortune becomes distinguished when letting others win!

Agamemnon:

And do you value being given an advantage in this contest?

Clytaemnestra:

Be persuaded - if you willingly allow me this, it is you who triumph.

Agamemnon:

Then if it pleases you; swiftly, someone undo these shoes -  
These servants my feet have walked on -  
So that when I step upon those purple garments of the gods,  
No hostile eyes will wound me from afar.  
For it is very ignoble for my feet to ruin my family  
By spoiling that abundance of woven cloth, purchased by my silver!  
950 But no more of such things. Treat this stranger well  
When you bring her inside. The gods see he who, in victory,  
Is lenient - and they treat him well.  
For no one, willingly, wants to be yoked as a slave.  
But she - a young bloom, plucked, frequently useful,  
A gift from my warriors - has come with me.  
But since in that other matter I in listening to you gave way,  
I shall walk into our dwelling upon that purple path.

Clytaemnestra:

There exists a sea - can anyone staunch it? -  
Where that precious-as-silver purple grows  
960 Always to ooze out again, a colouring for garments:  
A family, my Lord, has such things given to them by the gods,  
And our kinfolk have no experience of having to labour for them.  
Yet I would have promised to frequently trample upon garments

Had some oracle pronounced such a thing to our kinfolk  
While I was planning to pay for a living being to be brought back.  
For, while the root has being, green leaves can come to a family,  
Extending it giving shade to a Sirian hunter.  
And so you - returning to your family altar  
Signalled the arrival of warmth in the storm-season.  
970 And, when Zeus from bitter unripe grapes makes wine,  
Then in the family there will be a life  
Because its man had frequented that abode which his completely his.

Zeus - you who are complete in all things: accomplish my supplication  
By letting your concern be for what you may desire to accomplish.

[Exit Agamemnon, followed by Clytaemnestra]

Chorus:

Why this dread, continuing  
To hover-over my soothsaying-life, directing it?  
And so I prophesy, in song - with no one bidding me,  
No one paying me.

980 Why not spit it out? -  
As is customary with a badly-understood dream  
Which, easily over-powering confidence,  
Can seat itself upon the cherished throne of reason.  
But it was a long while ago - after those anchor-cables clashed,  
With ships beached, and vigour lost -  
That those warriors rushed forth to Ilion.

Yet I know from my own eyes  
Of their return - I am their witness.  
990 And so, although I have no lyre, I sing:  
For there is a desire, within me - a self-taught hymn

For one of those Furies,  
With nothing at all to bring me  
That cherished confidence - hope.  
And my stomach is by no means idle -  
In fairness, it is from achieving a judgement  
That the beat of my heart continues to change.  
And so there is this supplication of mine:  
For this defeat of my hope to be false  
1000 So that, that thing cannot be achieved.

In truth, that frequently unsatisfied goddess, Health,  
Has a limit - for Sickness, her neighbour,  
Leans against their shared fence;  
And it is the fate of the mortal who takes the short-cut  
To strike the unseen reef.  
And yet if - of those possessions previously acquired  
1010 A fitting amount is, through caution, cast forth by a sling,  
Then the whole construction will not go under -  
Injuriously over-loaded as it was -  
Nor will its hull be filled, by the sea.  
Often, the gifts from Zeus are abundant  
And there is, then, from the yearly ploughing,  
A death for famine's sickness.

But if once upon the earth there falls from  
1020 A mortal that death-making black blood -  
What incantation can return it to his arms?  
Not even he who was correctly-taught  
How to bring back those who had died  
Was allowed by Zeus to be without injury.  
Were it not that Fate was ordained  
By the gods to make it fated  
That when more is obtained it is not kept,  
My heart would have been first  
To let my tongue pour forth these things.

1030 But now, in darkness, it murmurs,  
Painfully-desiring, and having no hope of when

There will be an opportunity to bring this to an end,  
Rekindling the fire of reason.

[Enter Clytaemnestra]

Clytaemnestra:

You - and I speak to you, Cassandra - go within,  
Since it is Zeus who, with no anger, has placed you here  
To share in our family libations, where - with our many servants  
You will stand close to that altar guarding our possessions.

Do not be unreasonable - step down from that carriage;  
1040 For it was once said that even Alcemene's son  
Endured being sold, and the food of servants.  
And even if one's fate does incline toward this necessity,  
There will be many favours from masters accustomed to wealth:  
But they who, unexpectedly, make a useful pile  
Are, in everything, strict and cruel to their servants  
While, from such as us, that which custom has established, is obtained.

Chorus: [to Cassandra]:

It is to you that she has addressed those plain words.  
And, since you are the game Fate decreed would be captured,

Yield - if you can yield and it is suitable to yield

Clytaemnestra:

1050 If indeed she does not - as is customary with swallows -  
Possess the speech of a barbarian, she is without learning  
For I yielded to reason in addressing those words to her.

Chorus:

Obey her. For what she says is the best thing, for the present.  
Yield - and leave your seat in that waggon.

Clytaemnestra:

I certainly cannot delay, here, outside, by prolonging this.  
For, concerning our altar, sacred to Apollo,  
Even now the sheep are waiting, before their sacrifice:  
As we, who never hoped to obtain such a favour as this.  
And so, if you are to perform this - do not, by staying here, delay.  
1060 But if you do not receive my words because you do not understand us,  
Then - instead of speaking - make some sign with those your foreign hands.

Chorus:



This stranger seems to need a skilful interpreter:  
She has the manner of a newly-captured wild-beast.

Clytaemnestra:

She is certainly possessed - and listening to defective reasoning;  
She who deserted her newly-captured clan  
To come here - and who will not be able to bear the bridle  
Until the vigour in her blood has been let out, bubbling!  
But - having been thus insulted - I will not excite myself any more!

[Exit Clytaemnestra]

Chorus:

Since I could lament for her, I myself am not angry.  
1070 Now, unfortunate one, abandon that carriage,  
Willingly accepting the necessity of this change to subjection.

[Cassandra leaves the carriage, to stand near the statue to Apollo]

Cassandra:

I, grieving, make lament to my god!  
Apollo! Apollo!

Chorus:

Why this loud lamentation in the name of Loxias?  
For he is not among those to whom one laments about misfortune.

Cassandra:

I, grieving, make lament to my god!  
Apollo! Apollo!

Chorus:

Yet again her call to her god is inauspicious  
For he is not of those who attend to such wailing.

Cassandra:

1080 Apollo! Apollo!  
God of settlements - my Apollo!  
It was not difficult for me to fail you - again!

Chorus:

Will her prophecies concern her own misfortune?

What a god gives, remains - even with reason conquered.

Cassandra:

Apollo! Apollo!  
God of settlements-my Apollo!  
To where have you led me? To what manner of shelter?

Chorus:

That of those sons of Atreus. If you had not observed this,  
Then it is I who have told you - and you cannot pronounce it false.

Cassandra:

1090 It is of they who detest the gods - they who share a knowledge  
Of many treacherous cruel slayings of kinfolk,  
With mortals sacrificed and the ground moistened.

Chorus:

This stranger, it seems, has the skilful nose customary among hounds:  
And, in seeking blood, she will discover it.

Cassandra:

For I am persuaded by testimony from those who,  
Lamenting, were sacrificed as children,  
Their flesh roasted and devoured by their fathers.

Chorus:

Although I have been informed of your renown at divination  
I am not looking for a prophet.

Cassandra:

1100 I lament - for what is it that someone plans?  
What new grief? What is this great,  
Great injury planned for a family -  
Difficult to heal, difficult for loved ones to bear,  
Whose remedy is far away, in distance?

Chorus:

I myself have no knowledge of these prophecies:  
But there are others, which echo through all of the clan.

Cassandra:

What suffering! Will it be accomplished? When the partner, sharing the same bed,  
Has been rendered clean by that bathing ...

But how can I tell this ending?  
1110 Yet it will be swift - a hand stretched out,  
The other hand thrusting forth.

Chorus:

As yet, I do not understand; for now, the enigma  
Of these unclear oracles is beyond my cunning.

Cassandra:

I behold ... But - what is this manifestation?  
Surely - some trap, from Hades?  
But the snare is the one who shared the bed  
And who will share the blame for that killing.

Never satisfied with our race, Strife will give loud ululations  
When, by stoning, there is sacrifice!

Chorus:

What Fury is this that you so exhort it to loudly wail  
1120 Against a family? Such words bring me no joy,  
And running toward my heart are those yellow-stained drops  
As when a spear befalls one,  
Achieving with one's life an ending of what is seen:  
For it is swiftly that Misfortune arrives.

Cassandra:

There! - I see it! Remove the cow from the bull!  
Entangling him in his robes, she strikes  
With her black-horned instrument! He falls,  
Into a construction containing water.  
I speak to you of a death by cunning - during a libation.

Chorus:

1130 I cannot boast of a complete knowledge of message from the gods -  
But these resemble ones that are defective:  
For, by means of messages from the gods, something useful  
Is said to mortals, while through defective ones -  
Constructed of many words -  
It is a dread of oracles that tends to be learnt.

Cassandra:

It is my injurious Destiny to suffer misfortune!  
And with loud cries I pour forth this my affliction:  
You brought me here to suffer - but for what?

For whom? If not to die with someone - for what else?

Chorus:

1140 God-possessed, with frenzied reasoning,  
You loudly cry wordless odes -  
As that song-bird who calls, unanswered -  
For, alas, your reason has suffered:  
You live with an abundance of ills  
As that songstress sighing "Ityn! Ityn!"

Cassandra:

Plaintive was the fate of the songstress!  
For there was placed around her a body bearing wings,  
Pleasing to the gods - and that struggle to be without tears.  
But I await being split-apart by some double-edged weapon!

Chorus:

1150 From where did this god-possession rush upon you  
That you toil so uselessly,  
Drumming-out in song your fear in shrill  
Ill-omened words - almost an ode?  
From where came this method of prophecy  
By giving voice to misfortunes?

Cassandra:

Alas - for that union, that union by which Paris destroyed His friends!  
Alas - for those waters of the Scamander that my ancestors drank!  
Once, beside your banks, I was nourished - and grew,  
To suffer this.  
1160 But now, it seems I shall soon be beside the Cocytus  
And the shores of Acheron Chanting my prophecies!

Chorus:

With much skill you announced those words -  
The youngest among us, hearing them would understand!  
And I - am wounded, stabbed bloodily:  
For your chanting invokes such painful misfortunes  
That I, listening, am disabled.

Cassandra:

Alas - for the toil, the toil of my community,  
Now totally destroyed!  
Alas - for my father making sacrifice by the fortifications,  
Slaying numerous grass-fed cattle!  
1170 For they were not a cure to relieve those afflictions

That the clan received as they did.  
And, as for me, my fiery foresight shall soon be cast down upon earth.

Chorus:

What you announce follows what went before:  
Your faulty judgement is caused  
By some over-weight daimon falling upon you  
So that you sing of death-making afflictions.  
But your aim is beyond my cunning.

Cassandra:

Now - no longer giving divine-answers from behind a veil -  
I can be looked at, as is customary with a young woman, recently deflowered:  
1180 Truly radiant, as when Helios in coming forth  
Arrives with his breath - and there is, as is customary with swellings,  
A purging in the sunlight of much greater wounds than this one.  
But no longer will the information I give be enigmatic  
And of the marks of treachery you will be my witness,  
Walking with me as I follow the smell of deeds done long ago.  
For there are Choral-Dancers who never leave that shelter  
They sing displeasing words to what are displeasing sounds.  
Now having drunk mortal blood, they are given more courage  
These revellers who stay in that dwelling:  
1190 And it is difficult to send them away, such is the nature of those Furies.  
For they occupy that abode, chanting the chant  
Of that primal most significant curse -  
Each, separately, telling of their hostility  
For he who violated she who was sleeping with his brother.

Have I missed? Or has this archer hit the mark?  
Or is it that I, at divination - as some lover gushing forth - lie?  
First swearing an oath, bear witness that I know  
The story of the failings of this most ancient family.

Chorus:

How could an oath, that by its nature is constructed to injure,  
Come to heal? But I marvel that you -  
1200 Who grew up overseas - hit the mark in speaking about another clan..

Cassandra:

It was Apollo - he of oracles - who gave me such work.

Chorus:

Was it that he - a god - was wounded by desire?

Cassandra:

Before now, I was ashamed to speak of it.

Chorus:

Every person who does well has more of luxuries.

Cassandra:

He was a fighter - breathing out much that was pleasing to me.

Chorus:

And, as is the custom, did his exertions lead to you bearing his child?

Cassandra:

In giving my approval for that, I lied to Loxias.

Chorus:

Had you by then been seized by the art of divine inspiration?

Cassandra:

1210 By then, I was giving my oracles concerning everything that afflicted the clan.

Chorus:

Given the rage of Loxias - how is it that you are uninjured?

Cassandra:

Because of my error, no one believed me about anything.

Chorus:

We, however, are of the opinion that your oracles can be trusted.

Cassandra:

Alas - for this misfortune!

Once again, a premonition strangely afflicts me!

Sitting nearby - what began this typhonic storm:

I see them, there, sitting near that dwelling,

Those youngsters - with forms as in some dream

As if killed by those who had cherished them -

1220 Their hands full with that food made from their own flesh,

Organs mixed with entrails: holding a feast to lament for,

Eaten by their father!

Because of this, I say someone plots to avenge:  
A lion without strength frequently engaged in copulation,  
Who waited here for the master himself to arrive!  
As for me - a servant is required to carry a yoke.  
But that commander of ships who laid Ilion waste

Does not see as belonging to an insatiable bitch that tongue  
Which spoke and in joy stretched out to him, as is the custom.  
1230 Preparing an injurious Fate is this concealed Frenzy -  
Such boldness! - a woman to slay a man!  
What kind of thing is she of the loveless bite?  
How to chance upon her name? Amphisbaena? Or Scylla  
Who, dwelling near rocks, injures navigators?  
The mother of Hades making sacrifice who, proudly,  
With no truce, fights against her own kin?  
And what loud ululations she - in all things bold - will utter  
When she triumphs in her fight!  
After appearing delighted by that safe return!  
But it does not matter if you are not persuaded by this:  
1240 What must be, will arrive - and you yourself, being present here,  
Will soon relate in lamentations how my premonition was only too correct.

Chorus:

That feasting of Thyestes on the flesh of children  
I listened to - and shivered; for a dread holds me  
Having heard a disclosure of what no one has fully described.  
But as to learning anything else - having run off course, I fell.

Cassandra:

I announce that you will look upon the dead Agamemnon.

Chorus:

Unfortunate one - let your mouth have a rest from invocations!

Cassandra:

The healing-god was not behind those words.

Chorus:

Indeed, unless he is here: but let that not be so!

Cassandra:

1250 You may wish that - but some are concerned enough to kill.

Chorus:

Who is the man who prepares this trouble?

Cassandra:

My revelations must indeed have disabled you!

Chorus:

I did not hear the means whereby someone will achieve that thing.

Cassandra:

And yet I speak Greek very skilfully.

Chorus:

So do those giving oracles at Pytho - but they are difficult to understand.

Cassandra:

Ah! - As for that fire, it falls upon me!  
Ah! - That wild wolf, Apollo, is here ...  
There - the lioness with two feet who, with her well-bred  
Lion absent sleeps with a wolf -  
1260 And she will kill me, the unfortunate, for she prepares  
A remedy, putting into my reward her own wrath.  
With invocations she sharpens her dagger - for a man,  
To take revenge with my blood on he who brought me here.

Why then keep this thing for others to laugh at me?  
And this necklace of Apollo? And this wand?  
You at least I will destroy before I myself die!  
Fall - go to your destruction! Thus do I avenge myself on you.  
In my place, give someone else an abundance of misfortune!  
Behold! It is Apollo himself who takes from me  
1270 These vestments of a priestess! And he looked upon me,  
Attired in those things, as I was laughed at  
Foolishly, by friends, by those undivided in their hostility:  
And called names as if I were some wandering teller of fortunes,  
Begging, starving and holding out my hands!  
And now the god of prophets, exacting from me his gift of prophecy,  
Marches me to a death-making event  
Where waits not my ancestral altar but a butcher's block -  
A striking-down first as the sacrificial offering of hot blood.

Yet the gods will not let us be dishonoured when we die  
1280 Since someone will arrive to defend us -  
A mother-slaying descendant avenging his father.  
A wandering exile, far from his homeland,



Returning to cap the injury done to his kin:  
His father - laid out when his back was turned - will bring him.

So why do I - a settler, here - lament aloud?  
Since when I first beheld the clan of Ilion  
Acting as they did act - with those of the clan who were taken  
Delivered up by decision of the gods -  
I have acted to go to take upon myself that death  
1290 Since, before the gods, a mighty oath will be sworn.

Thus, it is towards these gates of Hades that I speak:  
My wish being to obtain a fatal wound  
So that without painful convulsions but with my blood gushing forth  
To give me an easy-dying, I may close my eyes.

Chorus:

You - greatly unfortunate, who has great skill in your craft -  
Your speech was complex. And yet if you truly know  
Your own fate, how can you - as the custom with oxen  
Driven to the altar by a god - go there with such boldness?

Cassandra:

There can be no escape, my friend, no more delay.

Chorus:

1300 But the person who is last has the advantage of that delay.

Cassandra:

My day has arrived - little is gained by running away.

Chorus:

Then know that such bold judgment will give you strength.

Cassandra:

No one who has a lucky daimon listens to such things.

Chorus:

Yet mortals are pleased if they die well-known.

[Cassandra moves towards the gates of Agamemnon's dwelling, then stops]

Cassandra:

Alas for you, my father! And your noble descendants!

Chorus:

What is it that you so turn around in fear?

Cassandra:

Dreadful! Dreadful!

Chorus:

Why "dreadful"? Unless The Dreaded One has affected your judgement.

Cassandra:

That family reeks of blood-letting slaughter!

Chorus:

1310 It is but the smell of offerings on the family altar.

Cassandra:

It is the same as that which rises from a burial.

Chorus:

What you speak of is no Syrian luxury for that family.

Cassandra:

Now I will go to that family chanting an elegy about the Destiny  
Of Agamemnon and me. What I have lived has been sufficient.

My friends:

I am in no way different from a fearful bird, suspicious

Of a bush. Give testimony to this about my dying;

For me, a woman, another woman shall die -

For her man, unluckily-wed, another man will fall.

1320 I - about to die - you received as a guest.

Chorus:

Unfortunate one! The fate you foresaw causes me to lament!

Cassandra:

I desire to say one more thing - or utter a lament -

About myself- invoking Helios

On this my last day, that the defender of my honour

Is a killer exacting from my enemies what they did from me

Who, easily-overcome, dies a slave.

Alas! - for those concerns of mortals. A lucky fate  
Is a shadowy thing that can change: and if an unlucky fate  
Strikes, what is written about someone is destroyed by a moistened sponge;  
1330 And then there is much more to make lament for.

[Exit Cassandra]

Chorus:

All mortals who do well bring forth Insatiability,  
And not one of them, pointing their finger, declares it will be kept out  
Of his dwelling, saying: "No longer enter here!"  
And thus it is with he whom the Immortal Ones allowed to capture  
The citadel of Priam and who arrived at his home, honoured by those gods.  
But now if he is to render tribute for ancient bloodshed by others  
And by dying for those deaths  
1340 Require compensation by more deaths,  
Then who among mortals is there, on hearing of these things,  
Who would boast that the daimon they were born with  
Would do them no harm?

[A cry of pain is heard]

Agamemnon: [from within the dwelling]:  
I am grievously wounded - cut, deeply!

Chorus:

[The Leader of the Chorus turns to the other members:]

Quiet!

[He then turns toward the dwelling:]  
Who cries "I am cut - grievously hit!"?

Agamemnon:

Yet more! A second wound!

Chorus:

Since it is the Chief who shouts, my belief is that that deed is done.  
But let us together, consult, to consider what is without fault.

[The Chorus each speak in turn]

I shall tell you how I understand things:  
We shout for assistance - "You people: here, to this abode!"

1350 \* My opinion is that we swiftly rush in

And charge them with the deed while the sword is freshly dripping.

I agree with your understanding of this matter:  
I vote we act! The moment is right! - we should not delay!

I know what it is! This is the first act of those people  
Whose banner is that of some tyrant!

\* Indeed - because we wait! While we delay, they trample our glory  
Underfoot! Their hands do not rest!

\* I know I cannot find a good plan to tell you of -  
It is warriors who should make plans for such things.

1360 And I agree with you - since words are not an effective device  
By which the dead may be raised up again.

And shall we then destroy our livelihood by submitting  
To those leaders who have disgraced that family?

\* That would be unbearable: it would be better to die,  
Such a fate being more acceptable than being ruled by some tyrant!

Are we then taking that cry as a sign,  
Predicting that the man has been killed?

To discuss this matter, it is necessary that we see the evidence:  
Since without seeing the evidence, we are guessing.

[The leader of the Chorus speaks again:]

1370 From all sides, there is an increase in those who approve of that:  
We must see the son of Atreus clearly to confirm how he is.

[The gates open to reveal Clytaemnestra standing beside the bodies of Agamemnon and  
Cassandra]

Clytaemnestra:

Although much of what I said before was for a purpose,  
There was no disgrace in saying it:  
For how else - while preparing hostile things for enemies  
Who appeared to be friends - to set an injurious trap  
Too high to be jumped out of?  
And I did not lack for reasons for this ancient fight  
Where the victory, although delayed, has at last arrived.  
And I remain here, where I attacked - beside my achievement!

1380 Such was my deed - I will not deny it -  
So that he could neither escape from nor ward off his fate.  
As when fishing, there was a complete surrounding:

A placing-around of an abundant injurious garment!  
And I struck him twice - with two loud cries  
His joints were loosened there, and, as he fell,  
I gave a third as well for the one below the ground,  
Invoking a favour from Hades, preserver of corpses.

Thus he fell - gasping for his life,  
And swiftly spurted forth his sacrificial blood,  
1390 Striking me with dark, wet, crimson drops!  
And my rejoicing was not inferior to when that delightful Zeus-given rain  
Seeded the concealed sheath to bring-forth a new birth!

So things are - and you, Elders of Argos,  
Can rejoice if you do rejoice at this. I myself offer exultant invocations:  
If it is necessary to make a libation over that corpse  
Then such a thing is fitting: indeed, more than fitting  
Since so full had he filled his chalice with so many misfortunes  
For his family, that he on his returning had to empty it himself.

Chorus:

I am astonished at your words! Such boldness  
1400 To boast of such things when speaking about your man!

Clytaemnestra:

You challenge me as if I were a woman lacking in reason  
But I, fearless of heart, speak to those who know  
Whether or not your will is to praise or rebuke me.  
Here is my husband, Agamemnon -  
A corpse by that work which this is my right-hand  
Fittingly executed. It is thus that things are!

Chorus:

Woman! What injurious soil-grown edible thing -  
Or what drink drawn from the salt-sea - have you tasted  
That, by such a sacrifice, you place upon yourself the people's curse:  
Set apart, cast out - belonging to no clan  
And mightily hated by this community?

Clytaemnestra:

Now you deem it fitting to exile me from my clan  
And bear the hatred and curses of the people of this community  
Although you then did not oppose that man  
Who valued her death no more than if she had been some beast  
From his well-fleeced abundant herds of sheep!  
He sacrificed his own child - she, my beloved,  
Brought forth through my pain - to charm with incantations those  
Thracian storms.

Should it not have been he who was banished from his native soil  
1420 As payment for that pollution? But, having heard of my work,  
You judge me harshly. As to the threats you have uttered.  
I am ready for all of them: he who can overcome me in a fight  
Will command me, but should the gods accomplish the opposite,  
Your instruction in how to be discreet will have been to late!

Chorus:

Sufficient was your planning, well-thought out your words -  
But it is your reason which will be lost because of that blood-stain:  
Over your face, blood and gore are spattered.  
For it is necessary that you - robbed of your friends -  
1430 Be paid-back, wound for wound.

Clytaemnestra:

Now hear what is just - my oath!

I swear by the goddess, Judgement, that I accomplished this for my daughter -  
And also by Ate and Erinys for whom I slit his throat.  
Thus could I hope to enter, without fear, that dwelling  
Until Aegisthus makes the fire on my hearth:  
He who has previously been well-disposed toward me.  
For, there, is that not insignificant shield who gave us courage  
There lies he who dishonoured this woman,  
He who while near Ilion was the delight of those like the daughter of Chryseis  
1440 And she whom he won by his spear - that observer of omens  
With whom he had intercourse, that prophetess who loyally slept with him  
Even when his ship was under sail at sea!  
And such conduct was not without dishonour!  
For thus things are: he was laid out here while she,  
As is the custom with swans, wailed her last call for her loved one  
While she died, serving me additional dish -  
Sensuous and spicy - because they had been lovers!

Chorus:

If only something, neither excessively painful  
1450 Nor which makes me bed-ridden - some fate - would swiftly arrive  
To convey me to that everlasting endless sleep,  
Since he, our protector, well-disposed toward us, has been tamed  
Having endured much from a woman  
And having that woman end his life.

Helen - you who went beyond what is proper -  
Because of you alone that multitude, that great multitude,  
Lost their lives near Troy!  
Now you have crowned that long-to-be-recalled achievement

1460 By this blood you cannot wash away -

For you were in that dwelling,  
You, Strife - who by an affliction vigorously tamed a man!

Clytaemnestra:

Because of these grievous things, no one should invoke a fatal curse upon  
Nor turn their wrath toward, Helen  
As if she was some man-killer who alone destroyed  
The lives of those many Danaan men  
By having wrought such a festering wound!

Chorus:

You - daimon - who has befallen that family  
And those two descendants of Tantalus:  
1470 Your strength is in those women whose natures are the same -  
So strong, you gnaw at my heart!  
And, as is customary among hostile ravens, you stand  
Upon that body, calling your invoking unnatural call!

Clytaemnestra :

What you spoke of knowing is now put right  
By you calling upon the thrice-fed daimon of this family:  
For there was in him a lust to feed on fresh food by sucking new blood  
1480 Before this most ancient affliction was over.

Chorus:

What you praise in indeed for that family  
a mighty and wrathful daimon -  
But it is an ill-omened praising of a still unsatisfied, injurious misfortune.  
It is Zeus who causes everything, who cultivates all things -  
For what can mortals achieve without Zeus?  
What of this has been done without some god?

1490 My Chief - how may I make lament for you?  
What can I say so that others can judge our friendship?  
But you are there - within what that spider wove,  
Having breathed out your life: killed, with no respect shown,

By that ignoble embrace -  
Tamed by death through a cunning hand  
With a double-edged weapon

Clytaemnestra:

So you affirm that it was me who did that work?  
But do not add to those words that it was me who was the mistress of Agamemnon  
Since the wife of this corpse presents herself here  
As that most ancient fierce Avenger.

It is Atreus, he is of that cruel feast,  
Who, in payment for that, has added to his young victims  
This adult one.

Chorus:

Is there anyone who will bear witness  
That you are blameless in this killing?  
But - how can that be? Perhaps, because of that one's father,  
The Avenger might have helped you -  
Dark Ares compelled  
1510 By the blood flowing from those sharing the same seed  
To go to where he will give satisfaction  
For those stains left behind after those boys  
Had been made into food.

My Chief - how may I make lament for you?  
What can I say so that others can judge our friendship?  
But you are there - within what that spider wove,  
Having breathed out your life: killed, with no respect shown,  
By that ignoble embrace -  
Tamed by death through a cunning hand  
1520 With a double-edged weapon.

Clytaemnestra:

But do not suppose that his killing was ignoble  
For did he not by his cunning set Misfortune upon this family?  
Since he to that young shoot which I raised -  
My Iphigenia, of the many laments -  
Did what merited him suffering what he did,  
Then he cannot, before Hades, make great boasts,  
Having been killed by a sword-wound to pay for what he began!

Chorus:

1530 I lack a plan - robbed of reasons,  
I am divided about the right means:  
What to do now this family has fallen?  
I fear blood thundering-down during a storm  
Which will shake this settlement!  
The drizzle has ceased - and for another deed of injury,  
Fate sharpens another sword/for the goddess, Judgement.

Gaia! - Would that you had consumed me  
1540 Before I was shown him laid low while in his silver-walled bath!  
Who will bury him? Who will give his eulogy?

Will you - having killed your own man - dare  
To make lament for his life, unfairly granting him  
Such a thankless favour for his mighty deeds?



Who over his cairn will utter the praises  
Of he who, descended from a god, was a hero?  
1550 Who, through such a labour, will reveal his heart?

Clytaemnestra:

It is not fitting for you to trouble yourself with such concerns.  
It was by me that he fell, that he died -  
And so I shall bury him, with no family lamenting him,  
Although his daughter, Iphigenia - as she ought to -  
Will welcome her father  
After he is ferried over the swift-flowing Acheron,  
Embracing him with a kiss.

Chorus:

1560 This rebuke has arisen because of the other rebukes:  
And it is difficult to choose which side to fight on.  
He who carried things away, is carried away - having killed, he has paid;  
For this remains, while the aeon of Zeus remains:  
There is adversity in deeds, for that is his law.  
Who in that family can expel the seed of that curse?  
For Misfortune has fastened herself onto that brood.

Clytaemnestra:

Until now, what the oracle revealed has been followed:  
1570 And so therefore I am willing to make a pact with the daimon of Pleisthenes.  
That I - difficult to bear though this is - be content with things as they are.  
While on his part, he goes from this family  
To another brood to waste them away by kin killing kin.  
A small share of my property is entirely sufficient for me  
If I remove from this dwelling this kin-slaying frenzy.

[Enter Aegisthus, with an armed escort]

Aegisthus:

Hail! To this well-judged light of this day which has brought me satisfaction!  
Now I can reveal how mortals are protected  
By those gods who - from above this land - behold our afflictions,  
Who see - in a robe woven by the Furies -  
What is pleasing to me: a man lying here  
Who has paid for what the hands of his father planned.  
For when Atreus, the father of him, there, ruled this land -  
And I shall speak clearly - he who was my father  
Disputed the authority of his own brother  
Who exiled him from his own clan and family.  
But, returning to the family-altar to be purified of his stain,  
The unfortunate Thyestes found his fate was so secure  
That his blood was not shed upon his native soil.  
1590 Instead, Atreus - he of an unlucky god and father to that person there -

Was a host who had a greater purpose than friendship  
For he, pretending to be well-disposed to my father on that festive meat-day,  
Placed before him a feast made from the flesh of his children.  
The toes and the fingers of the hands  
He had ground down to spread over what he, sitting alone,  
With no clues, unknowingly received, and so ate  
What was - as you behold - unsafe food for his kin.  
And when he did know of his inauspicious deed,  
He cried out - and leant forward to vomit out the bloody sacrifice,  
1600 Invoking upon the descendants of Pelops an unbearable fate,  
Kicking over that meal-table as he rightly made his curse:  
"May the whole clan of Pleisthenes perish!"

It is because of this that you behold that person there, dead  
And only fair that I contrived his killing  
For, with my unfortunate father, I - his third -  
Then small, enwrapped in swaddling clothes, had been driven out with him  
And, having grown up, was brought back here by the goddess, Judgement.  
For, even while aboard, I fastened myself to that man  
And put-together this whole cunningly-devised plan.  
1610 Thus I can now die, content -  
Having killed him, there, ensnared by the goddess, Judgement!

Chorus:

Aegisthus! I cannot respect someone who is insolent about his treachery!  
For you say you willfully killed this man  
And alone devised such a woeful death.  
I affirm that your head will not escape from the judgement  
Of the community who will, be assured, curse you with their stones!

Aegisthus:

You who say such things sit lower down, at the oars,  
While it is those on the steersman's seat who command the ship!  
You will come to know how grievous it is for someone  
1620 As old as you to be taught - when ordered to be reasonable!  
For bonds and the pains of hunger are - even for the old -  
Most excellent teachers of the powers of reason!  
Can you who see not see this?  
You should not kick at your masters, for in trying to strike, you will be hurt!

Chorus:

You woman! You who waited here when others went to war -  
Who only then dishonoured the wife of a Chief! -  
Was it you who contrived the death of that warrior Chieftain?

Aegisthus:

Those words will be the genesis of your lamentation!

The sounds you make are the opposite of those of Orpheus  
1630 For whereas he through his delightful voice could persuade anyone,  
You - having angered us by your infantile howlings -  
Will be persuaded by us, revealed as tame when we overpower you!

Chorus:

You could never be King of the Argives!  
You who although contriving that death  
Could not even do the killing yourself!

Aegisthus:

Such deceit was clearly for his woman  
Since I as an old clan rival was not trusted.  
However, by his wealth I will seek to rule this clan,  
And those who do not obey me  
1640 I shall harshly bind - unlike an unharnessed  
Barley-fed horse! - and house them, hungry,  
In unfriendly darkness, to watch them weaken!

Chorus:

Was it because of your cowardly spirit  
That you did not yourself kill that man, but let a woman -  
To so defile our soil and our native gods -  
Do your killing?  
Orestes! Do you behold the light of day?  
Can you - by the grace of Fortuna - return here  
To become the conqueror who slays these two?

Aegisthus:

Since you deem to act and speak so - your learning will be swift!

Chorus:

Comrades! Prepare for battle! This deed is not far off!

Aegisthus: [to his guards]

Prepare! All of you - draw your swords in readiness!

Chorus:

I also am ready: I am not afraid to die!

Aegisthus:

We accept your words "To the death!" You have chosen your fate!

Clytaemnestra [To Aegisthus]:

My dearest - let us not do any more harm,  
For to reap these many would make it an unlucky harvest:  
Injure them just enough, but do not stain us with their blood.  
You Elders - go to your families, as fate decrees,  
Before, by acting, you suffer in vain. What was done, was necessary.

If of those troubles this should be a remedy, accept it:  
1660 An unlucky wound from the grievous claw of some daimon.  
Such is the advice of a woman - should you deem to accept it.

Aegisthus:

But is his foolish tongue to blossom before me  
By him casting forth such words - testing his daimon -  
And being deprived of that learning of reason for so abusing my authority?

Chorus:

Not one of us Argives would submit to a coward!

Aegisthus:

Some day, after this, I shall get you!

Chorus:

Not if a daimon should command Orestes to return here.

Aegisthus:

I know that men in exile feed themselves on hope.

Chorus:

Continue, fatten yourself, defile what is fair - while you can!

Aegisthus:

1670 Be assured that I will exact payment from you for this stupidity!

Chorus:

You boldly strut about - as a hen beside its cock!

Clytaemnestra [To Aegisthus]:

Have no regard for such idle howlings! It is you and I

Who have the power to make where we live favourable for us.

^^^^^^

---

## THE NUMINOUS WAY

---



### Frequently Asked Questions About The Numinous Way

Version 2.03

*Q: What is the Numinous Way?*

A: The Numinous Way is a Way of Life: one answer to fundamental questions, such as "What is the Meaning of Our Life?" According to The Numinous Way, the meaning of our life is to live, in harmony with Nature and the Cosmos, so that we can evolve ourselves and, after our causal death, transcend to another type of existence, in the acausal. This evolution of ours is also an evolution of Nature and the Cosmos.

Thus, The Numinous Way conceives of an individual as a nexion - as one, causal, connexion between the life that exists in the causal and the life, the beings, the energy, that exist in the acausal.

The Numinous Way has its own ethics, which it calls Cosmic Ethics, and the basis for these ethics are personal honour, empathy and compassion. Hence The Numinous Way is a practical, and spiritual, way of living, as well as providing answers to fundamental philosophical, and ethical, questions. The Numinous Way is apolitical.

Empathy may be said to be the essence of The Numinous Way - empathy with life, with Nature; with other human beings; with the very Cosmos itself. From empathy arises compassion - the desire to cease to cause suffering, the desire to alleviate suffering - and honour is how we can do this, how we can restrain ourselves and so do the right, the moral, the empathic, thing.

According to The Numinous Way, Reality is the Cosmos, and this Cosmos exists in both causal space-time, and in acausal space-time, with causal space-time having three causal spatial dimensions and one causal Time dimension, and with acausal space-time having n number of acausal dimensions (which are not spatial) and an acausal Time dimension. Causal space-time may be said to be the phenomenal, physical, universe we are aware of through our senses, and this universe is governed by physical laws and contains physical, causal, matter/energy.

The Numinous Way makes a distinction between the knowing, the perception, of causal being(s) and the knowing, the perception, of acausal being(s) - with living beings (in the causal) being regarded as a presencing of acausal being (or energy) by virtue of being alive. That is, because they are such a presencing of acausal energy (or acausal being) it is incorrect to apply lifeless, causal, abstractions to them. The error of conventional philosophies - the fundamental philosophical error behind abstractionism - is to apply causal perception and a causal denoting to living being(s).

The faculty of empathy - which is part of our consciousness, albeit often an undeveloped part at present - is a means whereby we human beings can discover the presencing of acausal being and acausal beings as those manifestations of Life are, in themselves.

Thus, The Numinous Way adds empathy to the faculties by which we can perceive, know, and understand the Cosmos, and thus the Life of the Cosmos. For The Numinous Way, empathy is an essential means to knowing and understanding Life, which Life includes human beings, the other life we share this planet with (and which we have already observed/discovered) and the other life which most probably exists in the Cosmos, which we have yet not physically observed or discovered.

From empathy we derive compassion, and personal honour - and thus the ethics of The Numinous Way - and in an important sense compassion and honour are developments of our consciousness: an evolution of our perception, of our very being.

*Q: What are the causal and the acausal?*

A: The Numinous Way conceives as the Cosmos as having two fundamental aspects - or two types of Time and Space. There is causal Time and causal Space, and acausal Time and acausal Space. The ordinary, non-living, matter/energy of the Cosmos exists in causal Space-Time. We also exist in causal Space-Time - but, because we are alive, we also have, within us, a certain type of acausal energy. That is, we are a nexion, a connexion, between causal Space-Time and acausal Space-Time. All life, because it is life, has a certain type of acausal energy - that is, it presences acausal energy, in the causal, in causal Space-Time. Acausal energy cannot be created, or destroyed - it just changes the manner of its presencing, or its "strength", its amount. The acausal energy which we possess, as temporal, causal-living beings, as an individual, as a causal nexion, is just one type of acausal energy.

*Q: What does the word numinous mean?*

A: As used by The Numinous Way, the term numinous means a presencing of acausal energy, in the causal. In a more ordinary sense, what is numinous is what we might regard as "sacred"; as special. It thus contains, or manifests, presences, beauty, harmony. It reminds us that we are but a single nexion, among many. It reminds us of Nature, and the Cosmos, beyond us - it provides us with perspective. It presences the true meaning of life, the true meaning of our causal existence.

*Q: What is a nexion?*

A: A nexion is a region, in causal Space-Time, where acausal energy exists, or is manifest, of through and by which acausal energy can be manifest, or can be presenced, in the causal. We, as individuals, are individual nexions by virtue of being-alive, just as Nature is another, supra-personal, nexion - a connexion to the life, the acausality, the energy, of the living-Cosmos.

What needs to be understood is that the Cosmos is both causal and acausal. We are mostly aware of only the causal aspect - the material world around us; our planet; the stars; Galaxies, and so on. But the acausal exists within, and beyond, us - and the Cosmos is a Unity, a matrix of connexions, of causal and acausal. Thus, The Numinous Way conceives as all life - everything that lives, that exists, in the Cosmos - as connected, as part of The Unity, of which causal and acausal are a part. Being aware of this Unity, of how we are connected, of ourselves as one nexion, is the beginning of understanding the meaning, the purpose, of our own lives.

*Q: What do you mean by the term presencing?*

A: Presencing means the flow of acausal energy, or energies, from the acausal to the causal, or a manifestation of such energies, in the causal. Thus, a sublime piece of music may be said to presence the numinous, because it captures, it expresses, it manifests, some-thing beyond us, as individuals - something beautiful, numinous, sublime - and as such it may make us aware of The Unity, of the living-Cosmos, and be or become a nexion itself: a kind of "gateway" through which certain acausal energies may flow, or be presenced, which energies may change our consciousness, our being, our life, in certain ways, thus changing us, often in a positive, life-enhancing, way. That is, such a work of Art can access certain acausal energies. We, as individual living beings, are one presencing of acausal energy, as is Nature, to which we are connected.

*Q: What is this acausal energy?*

A: Acausal energy is discussed in the article *The Question of Time: Toward the New Acausal Science of Life* and in the article *Acausal Science: Life and The Nature of the Acausal* which is based upon parts of the previous article, and an update of it. These articles also outline the nature of the acausal itself.

Basically, acausal energy is the type of energy (or "matter") that exists in acausal Space-Time, and some of this type of energy can be manifest, or presenced, in the causal. That is, the type of acausal energy which we know and experience - which gives beings life in the causal - is only one type of acausal energy.



*Q: What about the question of suffering?*

Empathy makes us aware of the reality of suffering, as it guides us, through compassion and honour, toward an understanding of what is necessary for us to alleviate suffering. The ethics of The Numinous Way guide us toward striving to alleviate suffering: toward refraining from causing suffering to other living-beings. Indeed, the desire not to cause suffering - to be empathic, compassionate and honourable - may be said to be the basis of individual living according to The Numinous Way.

*Q: What is Culture?*

A: A culture is regarded, by The Numinous Way, as a type of being: some-thing which has Life; a presencing of acausal energy here on this planet surrounding our star, the Sun, which star is one star among millions in one Galaxy among millions upon millions of Galaxies in the Cosmos. We, as individuals, are part of our own culture - as culture is part of Nature.

A culture arises over time, usually through a small group of individuals living in a certain area - a homeland or ancestral territory - through shared experiences, through a common heritage, history and so on. Over time, this specific culture develops a certain character: a certain nature, which in general serves to distinguish it from other cultures. This character may be manifest in the way of life of the people of that culture, their religious outlook, their literature, their natural music (that is, their "folk music"). Thus, a culture is not an abstract, easily defined, static, "thing" but rather is a living, changing, evolving, being - a unique type of life. A culture is thus a living symbiotic being - in symbiosis with the being which is (or rather which is presenced in) the land of the individuals who dwell in that certain locality, in symbiosis with that community or that collection of communities. And it is this living which is numinous, which presences the numinous.

*Q: Is Culture important?*

A: The Numinous Way considers each culture - each creation of Nature, if you will - to be important, and considers that these living beings should be aided, and evolved, but only by ethical means consistent with the ethics of The Numinous Way. That is, through honour, empathy, compassion, reason, and tolerance. Thus, The Numinous Way considers that the diverse cultures - the different unique cultures which have arisen on Earth - are worth caring about; worth nurturing, in an ethical, tolerant way. It does not wish to see this great diversity of culture destroyed by, for example, the levelling of urbanization, or by the materialism of consumer-capitalism, or by some political ideology, or even by some supra-personal, large and abstract State.

Each individual is and should be, according to The Numinous Way, free to choose what to believe, what to uphold, where and how they live - this personal liberty, this respect for personal dignity, is an essential part of The Numinous Way which suggests that some individuals may choose to belong to, to identify with and to aid in an ethical way, their own ancestral culture, as some may choose to live in a small community where their culture is treasured in a rational and honourable manner, just as some might choose to live in another way such that new local cultures are born and nurtured.

*Q: What is the nature of these living beings - such as Nature and culture? Are they acausal beings?*

A: They are manifestations of acausal energies in the causal, and as such can be said to be a type of acausal being. They are not purely "acausal beings", though. They presence acausal energy in causal Space-Time. As such, they live - they come-into-being in the causal; they change; they evolve; and their causal existence can end. That is, they, or rather their causal apprehension, their causal mode-of-being, can die - become extinct, in the causal.

*Q: What about tolerance and racial prejudice?*

A: Tolerance is an essential part of The Numinous Way. Racial prejudice is dishonourable, and therefore against the ethics of The Numinous Way. The Numinous Way regards empathy, compassion and personal honour to be supreme virtues, and these imply that each person must be tolerant and that they only judge people on a direct individual basis.

*Q: What are the ethics of the Numinous Way?*

A: The ethics of The Numinous Way - often called Cosmic Ethics, or the Cosmic Ethic - are based upon the concepts of personal honour, compassion, and empathy. One aspect of personal honour is having manners: treating people with courtesy and respect. What is good is defined according to honour and compassion - that is, what is good is what is honourable and what does not cause or contribute to the suffering, or which alleviates the suffering, of other living beings. What is wrong, or bad, is what is dishonourable and causes suffering or which contributes to suffering.

"What causes suffering? A lack of compassion; a lack of empathy; a lack of honour, a lack of self-awareness, a lack of self-discipline, a lack of the Cosmic perspective. Where is this lack of such things to be found? In ourselves, in our craving for pleasure and material possessions; in the abstractions and the ideas which we project onto the world; in political ideology; in dogma, be it religious or social or whatever; in prejudice, and in intolerance, towards others...The great change toward the cessation of suffering - toward a better world - begins with [the] reformation of ourselves, this evolution of ourselves, this inner development." (A Personal Learning)

How can we reform ourselves and so evolve? Through compassion, empathy, gentleness, reason, and honour: through that gentle letting-be which is the real beginning of wisdom. One of the most important principles of The Numinous Way is this personal reformation of ourselves: that to restore goodness, and honour - to presence what is good in the world - we need to change ourselves, through developing empathy and compassion, through letting-be, that is, ceasing to interfere, ceasing to strive to change or get involved with what goes beyond the limits determined by personal honour. Honour is only ever personal - and relates to that which affects us, as individuals, and those near to us, such as our family.

For more details regarding the ethics of The Numinous way see the essays (1) *Compassion, Empathy and Honour*; (2) *The Origin of the Good*; (3) *How Do We Know In Our Anguish?*; (4) *Cosmic Ethics and the Meaning of Life*; (5) *Being Human: A Learning from Aliens*; (6) *A Personal Learning*.

*Q: What is The Cosmic Being?*

A: The Cosmic Being is regarded as the Cosmos in evolution, with Nature representing one manifestation, one incarnation, of the Cosmic Being on our planet, Earth. In a quite profound way, we are this Being - or rather, we are the incipient consciousness of this Cosmic Being, who, or which, is The Unity, composed of the matrix of causal and acausal connexions - the matrix of nexions - which are the living-beings of the Cosmos, both causal and acausal.

That is, the Cosmic Being is manifest in us, because we are a nexion. Furthermore, we can aid this Being - contribute to its increase in consciousness, its awareness, its evolution - or we can in some ways harm this Being, for this Being is not perfect, or complete, or omnipotent. It is us - all life, everywhere in the Cosmos - existing, changing, being, evolving. We aid this Being when we access acausal energies through such things as honour, compassion, empathy - and especially when we change ourselves, when we become more self-aware, when we develop our understanding, our own consciousness, our reason, and when, at our causal death, we move-on, into the acausal, bringing with us the acausal energies we have "collected" during our causal existence. We harm this Being - and the evolution of the Cosmos, and the aspects of this Being presented as individuals, as Nature, as other living-beings - when we contribute to suffering, or cause suffering, or do what is unethical and dishonourable, for such things remove acausal energy from us, or distance us from acausal energy.

Thus, there is an interaction here - an on-going creation and evolution, of which we all are a part, although many of us do not see or understand this, such is our lack of empathy with other living-beings, our lack of empathy with Nature, and our lack of empathy with the Cosmos itself. For the Cosmos is alive, just as much as Nature is alive, here on this planet which we call Earth.

*Q: What about life after death?*

A: The Numinous Way posits that the acausal energy which we, as an individual possess by virtue of being alive, by virtue of us existing, having-being, in the causal, is not destroyed when our physical bodies die. Instead, this acausal energy is returned to acausal Space-Time, since the physical nexion - our physical being, in causal Space-Time - no longer exists.

The Numinous Way understands this physical life of ours as a means - never to arise again - whereby "we" can evolve toward the acausal. We can do this by strengthening the acausal within us while we exist in causal Space-Time. This involves us in cultivating honour, compassion and empathy - in using our will to restrain ourselves, to do what is right, honourable, and compassionate. Why do these things do this? Because they do or can presence acausal energies, and so we can access certain acausal energies through them, and so change ourselves, so "evolve" thus acquiring for ourselves more acausal energy.

At present, we cannot express in words or even concepts the true nature of this next acausal existence, except to posit that it is and will be an evolution of our own self-consciousness: a returning to The Unity where our self expands to include the consciousness of The Unity, to be, in one sense, the consciousness, the awareness, of the Cosmos itself. This is so because of the nature of the causal and the nature of the acausal. The causal - where we exist, as physical beings - is bound by causal Space, and Causal, linear, Time. So there is birth, life, death: a beginning and an end, separated in both time and space; causal change and causal movement. The acausal, however, is not bound by causal Time nor by causal Space: it is, "everywhere at once" and "eternal" (when viewed via causal Time).

*Q: Is there any relation between The Numinous Way and other religions, such as Buddhism?*

A: Only in so far as both understand the nature of suffering and the causes of suffering. But they are distinct answers to the questions about life, and existence. It could be said that The Numinous Way is somewhat more rational, positing as it does concepts such as causal and acausal, and that The Numinous Way is aware of Nature, and the Cosmos itself, as living beings, whereas Buddhism is not.

In addition, personal honour is central to The Numinous Way, whereas personal honour is not central to, or even important in, Buddhism. Personal honour sets moral guidelines for personal and social interaction with other human beings, and from it a cultural community derives their laws. In essence, honour is the basis for genuine freedom, since freedom, correctly and morally understood, is a respect for the autonomy of the individual.

*Q: What about Christianity and Islam?*

A: The Numinous Way is quite different from both Islam and Christianity, and indeed incompatible with them. For more details, see the essay *The Theology of The Numinous Way*.

"The Numinous Way is but one answer to the questions about existence, it does not have some monopoly on truth, nor does it claim any prominence, accepting that all the diverse manifestations of the Numen, all the diverse answers, of the various numinous Ways and religions, have or may have their place, and all perhaps may serve the same ultimate purpose - that of bringing us closer to the ineffable beauty, the ineffable goodness, of life; that of transforming us, reminding us; that of giving us as individuals the chance to be cease to cause suffering, to presence the good, to be part of the Numen itself." *Presencing The Numen in The Moment*

Suggested Further Reading:

[Compassion, Empathy and Honour](#)

[The Origin of the Good](#)

[Presencing The Numen](#)

[A Personal Learning](#)

[How Do We Know In Our Anguish?](#)

[The Theology of The Numinous Way](#)

[Cosmic Ethics and the Meaning of Life](#)

[Acausal Science: Life and the Nature of the Acausal](#)

[A Numinous Future](#)

[The Social, Personal and Family Values of The Numinous Way](#)

[The Development of The Numinous Way](#)

[Numinous Law](#)

---

### **Honour, Empathy and the Question of Suffering**

*Q: Can you explain in more detail the relation between honour and empathy and how this relates to the question of suffering?*

A: Empathy may be said to be the essence of what I have called The Numinous Way - empathy with life, with Nature; with other human beings; with the very Cosmos itself. From empathy arises compassion - the desire to cease to cause suffering, the desire to alleviate suffering - and honour is how we can do this, how we can restrain ourselves and so do the right, the moral, the empathic, thing.

That is, in an important sense, personal honour is a means of living in an empathic way - how we can be compassionate, and empathic, in our lives, in our interactions with other human beings, and indeed with all other life. For the basis of personal honour is the desire to treat other people - other living beings - as we would wish to be treated. Having manners, modesty, being polite and gentle, are part of honour, because these things enable us to relate to people in a moral, empathic, way.

*Q: What about animals? You have written about respecting all life and not causing suffering to animals - does this mean you accept that animals have rights?*

A: In respects of animals, it is a question of respect and empathy, of knowing and feeling the connexion that we, as individual human beings, are with all manifestations of life, human, animal and otherwise. We should treat animals as we ourselves, as individual beings, would like to be treated. Would we wish to be subject to pain? To suffer? Would we wish to be captured, and held in captivity, and experimented on, and bred for food and for slaughter? No, of course not. In an earlier essay of mine, I gave an analogy concerning a race of aliens - sentient extra-terrestrial life-forms who possess technology far superior to ours - who come to Earth and who treat us as we treat and have treated animals: as property; as some commodity. Such an analogy should place us, and other life in the Cosmos, in context - providing us with the new Cosmic perspective, the new Cosmic ethics, we need, in place of the ego-centric, human-centric, arrogant perspective and ethics of the past.

Thus, we need to feel and know - to accept - how we are but one small manifestation of Life, connected to all life in the Cosmos. What we do, or do not do, has consequences for ourselves and for other Life. To have empathy - to be empathic - is to be an evolved and evolving human being: it is to be and behave as an adult, a rational human being rather than as the children we have been for so many thousands of years with our tantrums, our squabbles, our pride, our need to fulfil our own desires regardless of the suffering we might or do cause to others, to animals, to Life.

As for "rights", that is an abstract concept, imposed upon Life, and like all concepts, it distorts what-is, and encourages conflict and suffering because it posits some ideal which it is believed can and should be striven for. Correctly understood, it is empathy which is important - not such an abstract concept as "rights". From empathy there is compassion, and personal honour, for such honour, as I explained earlier, sets the practical limits of our personal behaviour, and thus prevents us from going beyond the boundaries which empathy sets.

In essence, therefore, empathy takes us far beyond the classification of concepts and the sterile, rather uncompassionate debates that revolve around such concepts as "rights". Thus, there is no need to debate, for example, whether some or all animals are sentient, or whether they are "intelligent" according to some abstract criteria, for such questions are irrelevant, from the perspective of empathy, from the perspective of the matrix of the Cosmos. We have - or can

develope - an empathy with life; an appreciation of Life itself; an understanding of the possibilities that life presents.

But we are encumbered by the dead-weight of our own arrogance, our hubris, our belief we are "superior" to some other life on this planet.

*Q: You have written recently that you regard The Numinous way as fundamentally a-political, more of a spiritual way of life. Has this fundamental change in your beliefs been the result of your own experience these past six or more years, since surely you previously agitated for political, revolutionary change?*

A: There certainly has been a fundamental change, as a result of my thinking, and my experiences, some of which have been deeply personal, and occasionally tragic. In essence, I have come to feel, know and understand the value and importance of empathy, compassion and human love, and to realize how abstractions - be they political, religious or even social, and be they forms, constructs, ideas or ideals - undermine and are contrary to the empathy, compassion, love and personal honour that are the essence of our humanity. All such abstractions cause suffering. This is the inescapable reality. For adherence to such abstractions, the pursuit of such abstractions, always results in conflict and suffering, and as I have learnt, and remarked in recent essays, good intentions are no excuse, for it the cessation of suffering that is the most important thing, not some abstraction, not some ideal, not some cause, not some vision or dream of the future.

For decades, I myself in my error, in pursuit of some so-called glorious vision or some ideal, pursued such abstractions, and in the process contributed to, and caused, suffering. For year after year I made excuses, controlling my natural empathic nature, my instinct for compassion, by believing that "sacrifices" have to be made - that it was acceptable, in order to have a better future, to use violence, to encourage struggle, and war, and conflict: that if people had to suffer and die to preserve "this", or create "that", then it was necessary; harsh, but necessary. That view, however, is morally wrong; reprehensible. We should no longer make excuses for ourselves, for no cause, no abstraction, no ideal, no construct, is worth even one person's suffering, pain and death. Morally, we are only ever justified in defending ourselves on an individual basis in a personal situation - that is, it is only honourable for us to defend ourselves, and those of our relatives or family, who may be near us, if we or they are attacked. This personal defence can and may involve force sufficient to cause injury to the attacker or attackers, or, as a last resort, it may involve their death if there is no other option available. However, this use of force cannot morally, honourably, be abstracted out from such a personal, direct, situation or confrontation.

For centuries we have mistakenly, arrogantly, pursued such abstractions as "nationalism" and we have gone to war to defend an abstraction called our nation, as we have killed others, and caused suffering. Millions upon millions of people have been killed. Millions upon millions of people have been injured, and millions upon millions have endured hardship and suffering. This is and was morally wrong; it was and is dishonourable.

Previously, we pursued such abstractions as Empire, or we followed some leader or ruler or some King who desired to conquer, or rule, and who in the pursuit of such things again went to war and again indulged in killing and again caused suffering. We have also pursued religious abstractions, and fought, and suffered and died, in the name of such an abstraction, such a faith. Now, the rallying cry is or seems to be for "democracy" and "peace" - and in the pursuit of these abstractions, people regard war, invasion, the occupation of lands, the killing of so-called

"enemies", as acceptable and indeed necessary, as the price which has to be paid. As I said, this is morally wrong; it is reprehensible; it is inhuman.

Not so long ago, some politician said that "if we want peace, it has to be fought for", by which he meant people had to suffer, be injured and be killed in the striving for this mythical peace, which he incidentally never bothered to define.

Such an attitude, such a belief, is uncivilized: a sign of immaturity; a sign in truth of barbarism, of inhumanity. It is de-humanizing. True peace can only ever be attained by means which do not cause any suffering and by means which do not contribute to any suffering, for true peace is within each and every one of us - it is not some mythical or abstract "thing" which can be attained at some future time through violence, hatred, struggle, suffering, killing or war, just as true peace cannot be attained through some law, or be given by some political party or government or leader or ruler. Neither can it be legislated into existence by some piece of paper (a constitution) or by a particular type of government, such as democracy.

The simple compassionate, empathic, honourable truth is that to attain peace we must change ourselves; we must become empathic, compassionate human beings. We must reform, evolve, ourselves through accepting a Cosmic morality that does not depend on amoral, inhuman, abstractions and which does not claim to have been revealed by some deity. For it is the struggle for abstractions, for abstract ideals - the struggle to implement such things - which is inhuman, which always leads to suffering, however noble and fine such ideals or abstractions might seem, and our foremost, fundamental, principle must be to alleviate suffering, to cease to cause suffering to any human being, or to any living thing.

The politician who made the aforementioned statement has been responsible, as head of the British government, for many tens of thousands of people being killed in various parts of the world; for the suffering of hundreds of thousands of people, for the maiming of tens upon tens of thousands of people, and directly or indirectly, for the torture and humiliation of thousands upon thousands of peoples. Yet such a person - and those who support such a person - finds and find such things acceptable; acceptable, but, they say, regrettable, and they will write and say this because they have placed some abstraction, some ideal, some mythos, before human suffering, and are prepared to inflict suffering in the name of this ideal, this abstraction, this mythos, this belief. This is fundamentally wrong. It is immoral.

For decades I myself made the same mistake, in my pursuit of some political idea, or some religious belief. As I keep writing and saying, we must at last grow-up, and become truly human: that is, empathic, compassionate. We must cease to cause suffering. All we have to do is change ourselves - and let-go of the abstractions we have brutally imposed upon Life, upon human beings.

*Q: Are you optimistic about the future?*

A: Vaguely. I used to be very optimistic, but not any more. I hope I am wrong. But it does appear that we human beings are incapable of learning from our errors, from our experience. The names we give to our abstractions change, as do some of the excuses we make for killing and causing suffering, but our basic nature does not seem to change very much. My own life is an illustration of our human stupidity, of our forgetting - for I myself failed to learn, for decades; failed to change myself; continued to make excuses for continuing to cause suffering, and continued to forget the sometimes painful lessons I learned along the way.

We have thousands of years of history to learn from; thousands of years of literature, of Art, of music; thousands of years of personal examples - of people who strove to do what was moral, honourable, who understood the truth regarding the cessation of suffering; who understood the wisdom of compassion. Sometimes, we have honoured such people - more through rhetoric, through platitudes, than following their example. And yet still the suffering goes on - still we follow and strive for and adhere to some abstraction, or we follow our own dishonourable passions.

That is, we have failed to develop the empathy we need, the empathy which we must have if we, and the life on this planet, are to survive, and if we human beings are ever going to evolve, ever going to grow up. It is empathy which is the key, which is required, which is the beginning of our change into genuine, civilized, compassionate, beings, and this requires us to have the perspective of the Cosmos, of all Life: an appreciation and understanding and feeling for how all such life is connected, and how we are but one finite, temporal, nexion, and of how we can, through such empathy, reach out toward a more evolved existence beyond the spatial temporality of this Earth.

*Q: As some people have remarked, all this does seem rather like Buddhism. Would you agree?*

A: There are certain similarities, but a great many differences. A difference such as that of personal honour. A difference such as that of empathy - as manifest in the perspective of the Cosmos; in the knowing of The Numen, and the presencing of The Numen through such things as music, Art, literature, and the immediacy-of-the-moment when we feel the beauty, the joy, the potential, of Life within us.

Thus, while there is suffering, there is also - and can be and should be - great joy; great beauty. A knowing of beauty so great that we are momentarily removed from our own often mundane lives and transported to another more numinous realm of existence. Hence there is the prehension of the moment - a living-in such a moment, rather than the somewhat turning-away from the world, from life, that exists in Buddhism when so many moments are used to end the presencing of the moment, through such a technique as meditation.

The Numinous Way is essentially both a new and an old way of living. New, in that we are consciously aware of the need not to cause suffering and so can, because of honour, restrain ourselves and reach out with empathy, love and compassion. Old, because there is or can be wu-wei. New, because there is a going-beyond each and every abstraction to the essence which is of ourselves as one finite, temporal nexion; old, because there is a feeling for the moral allegories, the lessons, of the past. New, because there is a knowing of the possibilities which await if we can but use empathy and honour to change ourselves.

November 2006 CE  
2454063.097

---

### **A Brief Analysis of The Immorality of Abstraction**

*Q: What is Abstraction?*

A: Abstraction (or abstractionism) - as understood by The Numinous Way - is the



manufacture/creation, and/or use of, an idea, ideal, "image" or category, and thus the denotation, or denoting - usually by means of a name or term - of some "thing" which is either general, a generalization or of a group. Implicit in abstraction is the referring of a "thing", or an individual or individuals, to some manufactured abstraction, and often a judgement, or classification, of that "thing" or individual(s) on the basis of some abstraction which has been assigned some "value" or some quality. The positing of some "perfect" or "ideal" form, category, or thing, is part of abstraction, as is the concept of "progress".

Abstraction is, and has been, applied to us, human beings, to other living things, and to the physical, non-living, things we perceive with our senses, such as physical matter and energy.

### Ontology and The Numinous Way

Ontology is basically the study of Reality itself - of what Reality is, and how existence (or Being and beings) relates to Reality. Or expressed another way, of how existence is or can be manifest - presented - in Reality. Or, expressed in yet another way, how we denote, or describe, through such things as names and categories, what Being, Reality, and beings are, and what if any is the relationship(s) between them.

According to The Numinous Way, Reality is the Cosmos, and this Cosmos exists in both causal space-time, and in acausal space-time, with causal space-time having three causal spatial dimensions and one causal Time dimension, and with acausal space-time having n number of acausal dimensions (which are not spatial) and an acausal Time dimension. Causal space-time may be said to be the phenomenal, physical, universe we are aware of through our senses, and this universe is governed by physical laws and contains physical, causal, matter/energy (Note 1).

The Numinous Way makes a distinction between the knowing, the perception, of causal being(s) and the knowing, the perception, of acausal being(s) - with living beings (in the causal) being regarded as a presencing of acausal being (or energy) by virtue of being alive. That is, because they are such a presencing of acausal energy (or acausal being) it is incorrect to apply lifeless, causal, abstractions to them. The error of conventional philosophies - the fundamental philosophical error behind abstractionism - is to apply causal perception and a causal denoting to living being(s).

For The Numinous Way, abstraction is not a presencing of acausal being or Being but rather a denotation (a description or naming) which not only does not describe or express the essence of the (living) being or "thing" so denoted, but which also through such denotation obscures, or cover-ups, the essence, the being - the reality - of the being or "thing" which possesses acausal energy. This is a devaluing of life - a gross mis-perception of life - and, when applied to human beings, is inhuman: a covering-up of the essence of our humanity.

The faculty of empathy - which is part of our consciousness, albeit often an undeveloped part at present - is a means whereby we human beings can discover the presencing of acausal being and acausal beings as those manifestations of Life are, in themselves.

Thus, The Numinous Way adds empathy to the faculties by which we can perceive, know, and understand the Cosmos, and thus the Life of the Cosmos. For The Numinous Way, empathy is an essential means to knowing and understanding Life, which Life includes human beings, the other life we share this planet with (and which we have already observed/discovered) and the other life

which most probably exists in the Cosmos, which we have yet not physically observed or discovered.

From empathy we derive compassion, and personal honour - and thus the ethics of The Numinous Way - and in an important sense compassion and honour are developments of our consciousness: an evolution of our perception, of our very being.

#### Conclusion:

There is thus a fundamental and important distinction made, by The Numinous Way, between how we can, and should, perceive and understand the causal, phenomenal, physical, universe, and how we can, and should, perceive and understand living beings. The physical world can be perceived and understood as: (1) existing external to ourselves, with (2) our limited understanding of this 'external world' depending for the most part upon what we can see, hear or touch: on what we can observe or come to know via our senses; with (3) logical argument, or reason, being a most important means to knowledge and understanding of and about this 'external world', and a means whereby we can make reasonable assumptions about it, which assumptions can be refuted or affirmed via observation and experiment; and (4) with the physical Cosmos being, of itself, a reasoned order subject to laws which are themselves understandable by reason. In this perception and understanding of the causal, phenomenal, inanimate universe, concepts, denoting, ideas, forms, abstractions, and such like, are useful and often necessary.

In contrast, such abstractions are not a means to correctly perceive and understand living beings. One reason for this is that all Life is regarded, by The Numinous Way, as connected - as particular, individual, presencings of acausal energy. Therefore, each living being should be viewed and understood as unique, as one presencing of that acausal being which The Numinous Way has termed The Cosmic Being. This "acausal reality" - the reality of all living beings - means and implies a respect for all such Life, as it means and implies a personal knowing of such life.

One immoral consequence of applying lifeless causal abstraction to life, is hubris - the assumption that we human beings are somehow "superior" to other life with which we share this planet, and that this other life is a resource, a commodity, for us to use. Another immoral consequence of abstraction is the judging of human beings according to some abstract criteria, or according to some ideal, or according to some generalized concept, with some human beings thus held in "higher regard" than others, and with some held in lesser regard, or regarded as somehow "inferior" or unimportant.

However, according to the Numinous Way, the only ethical criteria of judgement is the criteria of the individual - of a personal knowing, for example, of the individual human being. That is, the only ethical, honourable, way to assess and know someone is to know them, personally: to be aware of their deeds, their actions, their behaviour. Without such a knowing, there can be no judgement, and no action against any individual. Hence, for The Numinous Way, the ethic of personal honour sets moral guidelines for personal and social interaction with other human beings.

David Myatt  
JD2454126.337

Notes:

(1) Causal space-time, and acausal space-time, are outlined briefly in the essay [Acausal Science: Life and the Nature of the Acausal](#).

---

### **Ontology, Ethics and The Numinous Way The Reality of Being:**

The Numinous Way posits that there are two types of being, differentiated by whether or not they possess, or manifest, acausal energy, and that we can only correctly know a manifestation of acausal energy, an acausal being, through the faculty of empathy.

Reality, for The Numinous Way, is postulated to be the Cosmos, with this Cosmos existing in both causal space-time, and in acausal space-time. Causal space-time has three causal spatial dimensions and one causal Time dimension, and acausal space-time has n number (a currently undefined number) of acausal dimensions (which are not spatial) and an acausal Time dimension. Causal space-time can thus be considered to be the phenomenal, physical, universe we are aware of through our senses, and this universe is governed by physical laws and contains physical, causal, matter/energy.

There is thus a distinction between the knowing, the perception, of causal being(s) and the knowing, the perception, of acausal being(s) - with living beings (existing or being in the causal physical universe) understood as a presencing of acausal being (or energy) by the fact that they are alive. That is, because such beings are such a presencing of acausal energy (or acausal being) it is incorrect to apply lifeless, causal, abstractions (and a causal denoting) to them. One of the fundamental errors of former philosophies and of philosophers - the fundamental philosophical error behind abstractionism - is to apply causal perception and a causal denoting to living being(s). This error results in a covering-up of the essence of such beings.

According to The Numinous Way, the faculty of empathy - which is part of our consciousness, albeit often an undeveloped part at present - is a means whereby we human beings can discover and thus come to know the presencing of acausal being and acausal beings as those manifestations of Life are, in themselves. In essence, The Numinous Way understands empathy as a manifestation, an awareness, of our relation to acausality, and in particular as an awareness of the related and dependant nature of those beings which express or manifest or which presence acausal energy and which are thus described, in a causal way, as possessing life. This dependant nature, of such acausal beings or presencings, arises from the nature of the acausal itself, which is not bound by that separation which is inherent in causal Space and causal Time. Empathy often manifests itself, to us as human beings, through and in a rational and sympathetic understanding of, or feeling for, other living beings, and thus gives rise to compassion, which is a practical manifestation of empathy.

Thus, The Numinous Way adds empathy to the faculties by which we can perceive, know, and understand the Cosmos, and thus the Life of the Cosmos. For The Numinous Way, empathy is an essential means to knowing and understanding Life, which Life includes human beings, the other life we share this planet with (and which we have already observed/discovered) and the other life which most probably exists in the Cosmos, which we have yet not physically observed or discovered.

## Ethics and the Dependant Nature of Being:

The faculty of empathy - and the conscious understanding of the nature of Reality - leads to a knowing, an understanding, of suffering. Part of suffering is that covering-up which occurs when a causal denoting is applied to living beings, and especially to human beings, which denoting implies a judgement (a pre-judgement) of such life according to some abstract construct or abstract value, so that the "worth" or "value" of a living-being is often incorrectly judged by such abstract constructs or abstract values.

For The Numinous Way, truth begins with a knowing of the reality of being and Being - part of which is a knowing of the dependant nature of living beings. Thus, for human beings, part of truth is empathy and thus compassion - a knowing of the suffering, the causes of suffering, and a knowing of the means to alleviate suffering. Hence, the value of living-beings resides in their being a part of the matrix of Life which is part of Being - in their dependency, as parts of, as manifestations of, that Unity, that wholeness, which is the Cosmos, which itself, as causal and acausal, is Being, which exists independent of our causal being (our physical body) and our acausal energy (the life that animates our causal being).

Thus, the ethics of The Numinous Way derive from empathy and from that Cosmic perspective which empathy provides us with. Compassion is thus a central part of these ethics, as is the understanding that we, because we are thinking beings, have the ability - the faculty - to change ourselves. That is, we can consciously decide to develop empathy and consciously decide to alleviate suffering; we can act upon empathy, or we can ignore empathy.

Honour is a practical manifestation of empathy - of how we can act in accord with empathy. That is, honour provides us with a set of practical guidelines for our own behaviour. Part of honour is having "good manners" - that, striving to relate to other human beings in a dignified, rational, polite way, and thus as we ourselves would wish to be treated. Another part of honour is striving not to judge individuals until we have personal, direct, knowledge of them and can thus inter-act with them, one living being to another - that is, part of honour is refraining from a pre-judgement based upon some abstraction, or based upon the judgement of some other individual or individuals, whether personally known to us or not.

What is good is thus what manifests or increases empathy, and honour - and that which alleviates suffering or contributes to the cessation of suffering. What is bad is thus what covers-up, or undermines, or destroys, empathy and honour - and that which causes suffering to living-beings, whether intentional or un-intentional.

DavidMyatt  
JD2454172.953

---

## **The Social, Personal and Family Values of The Numinous Way:**

### Social, Personal and Family Values

Our values - whether social, personal or to do with the family - derive from our ethics, from the Cosmic Ethic, and from an acceptance of the principle we human beings possess the ability to

change ourselves for the better by using our will. That is, we have the ability to control ourselves: to exercise restraint; the ability to develop our personal character.

Our ethics are based upon the principles of personal honour, compassion, empathy and reason and according to these ethics what is good is what is honourable, what does not cause or contribute to suffering, and what aids, or presences Life and the Cosmic Being, while what is wrong, bad or undesirable - in terms of conduct, behaviour or action - is what is dishonourable and/or which contributes to or which aids suffering, and/or which distances us from, or which harms Life and the Cosmic Being. Thus, someone who is striving to follow The Numinous Way strives, in a gentle, empathic, human way, to do what is good, and thus honourable, and they strive to do this by using the power of their will (self-discipline). That is, they try to develop a certain personal character, a certain nature - and this character, this nature, derives from knowing and understanding the Cosmic Ethic. That is, they judge their own desires, their own feelings, their own passions, by the standards, the criteria, set by the Cosmic Ethic.

#### Personal Character:

The personal character of someone following The Numinous Way is evident in a quiet dignity, in tolerance, in fairness, in gentleness, in honesty, and in manners. Thus, such an individual is dignified; not given to excessive show of personal emotion in public, and not given to dressing in an extravagant or flamboyant way. They are fair, honest and just, and while somewhat restrained, modest and self-effacing, they can be gently enthusiastic and gently joyful, feeling and knowing as they do the beauty, joy and numinosity of life.

All these personal qualities, these virtues, derive from the Cosmic Ethic. Thus, someone who possess such qualities, will be somewhat reserved, modest, tolerant, and as they will strive to be polite and self-controlled: not given to displays of public emotion, and not given to ostentatious display of any kind. That is, they strive not to attract attention to themselves through their appearance, their speech, their behaviour.

Such a person seeks, in a gentle, natural way, to be in control of themselves because that is the civilized, the human, the noble, thing to do, and a means whereby they can act honourably in any situation. To lose control - for whatever reason and from whatever means - is to lose dignity and to descend down to the level of an instinctive animal. Thus, they will strive not to allow themselves to become intoxicated by any substance - natural or otherwise - because such intoxication reveals a lack of self-control, a lack of manners, and prevents them from exercising their honourable judgement and prevents them from acting upon that judgement.

#### Marriage:

Marriage involves a man and a woman making a free, formal and public declaration of loyalty to each other. That is, they swear an oath, on their honour, not to betray their partner and to undertake to live together in an exclusive and loving relationship. Hence, infidelity - the placing of one's own sexual desires before the oath one has sworn to one's partner - is an act of dishonour, a betrayal of this oath of loyalty. Thus, infidelity - whatever excuses a person may make - is a sign of a weak person: someone who lacks the self-discipline, who lacks the personal character, to uphold honour. As such, infidelity, with its betrayal of trust, its deceit, and its self-indulgence, is wrong because dishonourable: the act of someone who does not understand or feel compassion and empathy.

For marriage to take place, according to The Numinous Way, there has to be a free giving of loyalty, on one's honour, and a declaration of loyalty, a commitment of love, made before several witnesses.

#### The Family:

The Numinous Way regards procreation as a natural blessing - as one means whereby we can contribute to, and presence, Life, and thus aid Nature, our culture and community, aid the Cosmos, and contribute to the evolution of these living beings. Such procreation is a paean to the Cosmic Being: a sacrament of Life itself.

Hence the importance, in The Numinous Way, of the family - one very important means whereby a man and a woman can lovingly share their lives, support each other in a noble, human way, and where they can create a noble way of living for themselves and their children, with this way of living contributing to the development of their own noble character and that of their children.

#### Living According to The Numinous Way:

Living according to The Numinous Way involves us in judging everything - every situation, every problem, ourselves and every person - by our ethics: by the standards of honour, compassion, empathy and reason.

Thus, we should ask ourselves such things as: What is the honourable thing to do, here? Will this act, this personal deed, cause suffering? Will it alleviate suffering? If I do this thing, will it benefit Nature, and those emanations of Nature such as the diversity of life manifest in diverse cultures? Will it, will I, harm Nature? Is it dishonourable?

---

### **The Numinous Way and Existence Beyond Death The Nature of Our Being:**

Our basic nature is that we are a nexion, a connexion between the causal and the acausal. That is, we - like all living-beings - possess, by virtue of being alive, acausal energy (1). This acausal energy is what animates us, what makes our physical bodies alive - more than an inert collection of elements, molecules and atoms - and this acausal energy is not destroyed when that physical body dies. This is so by the very nature of that acausal energy - which energy cannot be destroyed, in causal space-time.

In addition, we human beings, of all the life we currently are aware of, possess not only the faculty of consciousness - of causal reflexion - but also the ability to consciously change our behaviour. That is, we can consciously decide to do something, or not do something, and thus we can, to a certain extent, change or evolve ourselves. In many ways, culture is a means to aid us in this evolutionary change, which evolutionary change - according to The Numinous Way - is a change toward empathy, compassion, honour and reason, and this change itself is an acquisition, by us as individuals, of additional acausal energy. Thus, this change in ourselves is a type of ordered presencing of acausal energy in the causal.

This basic overview of the nature of causal beings raises some interesting questions. For example: (a) When a living-being that exists in causal space-time "dies", then what happens to the acausal

energy that animated that living-being? (b) How does such acausal energy come to animate that certain collocation of physical elements, molecules and atoms originally? (c) What effect, if any, does an increase in acausal energy, produced by our conscious evolution - our conscious change of ourselves - have on what happens to the acausal energy after our causal death?

In respect of what happens to the acausal energy, it does not "go back" to or transcend to the acausal, for the acausal is already implicit within causal space-time; or rather, to be precise, the causal is a limiting case of the acausal - where there are only three spatial dimensions and only one dimension of Time, a linear one. That is, there is no physical, causal, separation between the causal and acausal, as might be imagined if we were thinking in terms of causal geometry. To understand the relation, we must think acausally, in terms of an unspecified, unlimited, number of dimensions which are not spatial and which are not limited to one linear Time dimension but which rather have many acausal (and thus un-linear) Time dimensions. All that happens, is that the specific physical connexion between causal and acausal is closed: physical matter in a certain place is no longer animated by acausal energy. Thus, the acausal energy that was presented in a living-being becomes again unformed, un-presented, acausal energy.

In respect of whether we can, in the causal, affect what happens to such acausal energy, The Numinous Way posits that we human beings, by virtue of our nature, have the ability to "form" or "pattern" such acausal energy as is presented in us as living-beings - to increase it, to (in a symbolic way) strengthen it - and as such we can access part of the acausal itself, or have the possibility to do this, both in and during our mortal, causal, existence, and after such causal existence has ended. To access it, we have to "think acausally", to develop an acausal way of being within us. This means developing, refining, the faculty of consciousness, and especially the faculty of empathy, which is presented in us and in our cultures by The Numinous, by honour, by compassion, by reason, by an awareness of ourselves as but one nexion among the matrix of connexions which are the living Cosmos, which connexions include Nature, and our own ancestral culture. It means a return to the "slow", natural time of Nature, of Life, of the acausal, and away from the often manic always unnatural causal time we have created by our abstractions, our lack of empathy, our lack of a cosmic and numinous perspective.

If we so access, so presence, such acausal energy, then there exists the possibility of that which is the essence of our being - the acausal aspect - continuing in a new way in the acausal when our causal existence ends, which continuation can be said to be the meaning of such a causal existence: an opportunity presented by the presencing that is our finite mortal life. As to the nature of such a continuing, all that can be said at present is that it would be - must be, given the nature of the acausal - beyond the causal form which we apprehend as "the self". That is, it is an evolution of us, as beings; a move-toward an acausal existence which by virtue of the nature of the acausal is not limited, or constrained, by causal time, and not limited, or constrained by spatial dimensions. Thus, causal concepts such as taking causal time to "move" or travel from one point in causal space to another causal point are irrelevant, as is the causal concept of birth-life-death.

However, this continuing is not an imperative of our causal existence - it is just a possibility, an opportunity. It is up to us to achieve it, to bring-it-into-being. If it is not achieved, then the acausal energy which was presented in one living human being simply becomes un-presented, in the causal: the causal aspects are lost. Or rather, the causal aspects which exist, which come-into-being, through such a life - such things as memory, experience, the very "personal nature" of such a living-being - are lost. In contrast, in a continuing, these aspects are part of the genesis for the new type of supra-personal being which becomes formed, or which may become formed, in the acausal.

In respect of how acausal energy comes to animate a certain collocation of physical elements, molecules and atoms - to bring-into-being a causal life - there can be, at present, only speculation, although it could be assumed that it is natural process, inherent in the process of living-beings, in the very fabric of acausal space-time. That is, the potential to presence acausal energy in the causal - to animate physical matter - is part of the nature of acausal being itself.

#### Acausal Existence, Rebirth, and the Illusion of the Self:

One question which arises concerns the nature of the acausal energy which is no longer presented in the causal by a living-being. This energy simply merges back unformed into the acausal from whence it was presented, and as such may again be presented in some way in some living-being some-where, possibly on this planet which we call Earth and possibly in some other form of life instead of a human being. But while this process has some similarities to a process described in Buddhism, it is not identical to that of "rebirth" in the Buddhist (or Hindu) sense - for The Numinous Way is simply rationally describing, using new concepts such as acausal, nexion and presencing, the nature of our being and the processes of life. (2)

In addition, The Numinous Way describes the causal self - to which we are often attached by causal desires and which often gives rises to or which causes suffering, for other living-beings - as an abstraction, a causal illusion: a manifestation of causality; or, more correctly, as a manifestation of limited "causal thinking", which thinking is based upon and depends upon abstractions.

For The Numinous Way, the reality of our being can only be correctly described in terms of causal and acausal: as one nexion, one connexion, between the causal and the acausal, and as such as possessed of acausal energy. To think in the reductionist, abstract, causal way - in terms of a distinct, separate, un-connected, self - is to misunderstand the nature of our being, the nature of Life, and the reality of the Cosmos, for this "self" is a trick of causal perception. To concentrate on this "self" reveals a lack of empathy - a lack of insight, and such a concentration on such an illusory self is one cause of suffering, which suffering can be alleviated, or removed, through acausal thinking, through that acausal way of being which is presented in empathy, honour, reason and compassion.

#### Conclusion:

In essence, The Numinous Way posits that we possess, by virtue of being living-beings, a certain type and a certain amount of causal energy, and that we - as human beings possessed of consciousness and will - change increase such acausal energy. The acausal energy we possess lives on after the death of our mortal, causal, bodies, and returns to the acausal - to acausal space-time, which acausal space-time, by its nature, is not some separate physical realm but rather the reality of the Cosmos itself.

That is, causal space-time, the physical universe we are aware of through our physical senses, is a special - a limiting - case of the Cosmos, for the acausal is both within and around the causal, by virtue of there being no limited spatial dimensions, and no linear one dimensional time, in the acausal. In one sense, we can consider the causal - the physical universe of three spatial dimensions and one causal/linear time dimension - as a type of presencing of the acausal, with living-beings as connexions/nexions to certain aspects of the acausal itself.



The Numinous Way posits that empathy is a faculty which we human beings can develop, and that such development enables us to "pattern", to form, what acausal energy we are by virtue of being alive in the causal. If we do not do this, then such acausal energy - after our causal death - returns to its original unformed, un-causal, state in an aspect of the acausal. But if we do this, then in effect we begin the creation of a new type of acausal being, which being may have the ability to exist, as an entity, in the acausal after our causal death. The nature of this acausal being is speculative, but it is assumed that it is not based on the causal pattern of "the self" but is instead an evolution of such a "self" - with an awareness beyond the individual and thus a knowing of the matrix of Life which is the Cosmos. That is, it is a new (to us) type of consciousness.

DWMyatt

Notes:

(1) For a basic description, see the essay [Acausal Science](#), which is an updated version of parts of the older essay [Toward the New Acausal Science of Life](#).

(2) As noted in some other essays, The Numinous Way, unlike Buddhism, affirms that personal honour - and all that it implies, for example in terms of self-defence - is important, and a manifestation, a presencing, of the acausal. That is, that honour is numinous - one means to affirm life in a moral, ethical, way. In addition, The Numinous Way stresses the value of culture, and the joy, the possibilities, of life, and does not advocate a life of self-denying austerity and "meditation" but rather a true, gentle and ethical middle-way somewhat akin to the wu-wei of Taoism. Thus, while comparisons with both Buddhism and Taoism are possible, The Numinous Way can be considered to be a new manifestation of the acausal ("eternal") truths about Life, our human nature and the meaning of our lives.

---

### **Compassion, Empathy and Honour: The Ethics of the Numinous Way**

*Q: Can you explain the connection between honour, empathy and compassion, and if, and why, compassion and empathy are important for The Numinous Way?*

A: The true basis for personal honour is an inward feeling of nobility: of intuitively knowing what is honourable. Honour means we respect people - we are well-mannered toward them; we treat them as we ourselves would wish to be treated, and are aware of them, as unique individuals, as fellow human beings, who feel pain, anguish; who love, and who can know joy, sorrow and happiness. That is, we have empathy toward them, and this empathy - this awareness of their humanity - should incline us toward compassion, which is an expression of our very humanity, of our ability to know, to be aware of, the feelings, the suffering, of others. In effect, compassion and empathy provide that supra-personal perspective which makes us truly human and civilized.

Thus, honour, empathy and compassion are all related. Honour means we know, we feel, what true justice is - it is individuals being fair, being reasonable. Honour also means what we strive to do what is right, and are prepared to act, in an honourable way, if we see some injustice, some dishonour, being done.

Honour is the basis for the ethics of The Numinous Way.

*Q: How, then, would you define the ethics of The Numinous Way?*

A: As a modern, and conscious, expression of our humanity.

*Q: Is The Numinous Way a way suitable for warriors, and if so, how does compassion fit in?*

A: Yes, it is suitable for warriors, although we have to define what we mean by the term warrior. A warrior is basically someone who strives to uphold, to live by, a personal Code of Honour and who gives a pledge of personal loyalty to someone, for example, to defend them, or champion them. Thus, a warrior is not someone who partakes in fighting or war, or who belongs to some Army. Indeed, a genuine warrior eschews modern warfare, and armies in general - for the basis of their way of life is this personal honour and this personal loyalty.

In respect of compassion, that is part of honour, as mentioned above - and the modern warrior, someone who upholds the ethics of The Numinous Way, strives to be compassionate, for that is part of being noble.

*Q: But aren't you just re-defining the term warrior?*

A: Yes. That is, evolving it, and moving away from the barbarism of the past. Hence a modern warrior is someone who consciously understands honour and who consciously strives to live by it - who uses their will to behave in a human, a civilized, a noble, way.

*Q: Does The Numinous Way support the concept of a just war?*

A: No, The Numinous Way does not support this because it is contrary to the ethic of honour and compassion which is the basis for The Numinous Way itself, which ethic means that we strive to avoid causing suffering, and strive to alleviate suffering. This in itself means that we strive not to harm, or injure, or kill, any living thing - and nothing justifies war, which is an unethical, inhuman, abstraction undertaken by some abstract "authority" or some abstract State, which "authority" and which State are dishonourable, and unethical, by their very nature because they take away the freedom, the liberty, that personal honour confers. In addition, the concept of war entails the demonization of those regarded as "the enemy" which itself is inhuman and dishonourable, just as it involves de-humanizing "armies" which seek to, and which often do, take away, or which try to take away, the responsibility each member of such an "army" has for their own actions, such as killing another human being.

The only thing which is ethically justifiable is honourable self-defence, and this is only and ever a personal and immediate response to a direct, personal, assault or attack, and should involve the minimal amount of force necessary, and always involve fighting in an honourable, warrior-like, way. It is therefore difficult to ethically justify a group, however small, using lethal force against another group, although it possible that certain exceptions could be made. For example, one might imagine, at some future time when impersonal unethical States no longer exist, a small community being attacked by some marauding band composed of dishonourable persons. These marauders might be opposed by a small trained band of warriors from such a community who would fight in an honourable way and in defence of their community, but even this must be preceded, if possible, by dialogue designed to arrive at a peaceful solution, as it most certainly must involve some personal knowledge of, or some personal contact with, the attacker or attackers.

*Q: Does The Numinous Way support violence?*

A: The Numinous Way supports the use of some physical force in acts of self-defence, for this is often the honourable thing to do when, for example, faced with someone trying to inflict harm upon you, or on someone near you. Violence, correctly defined, is using force sufficient to cause physical injury to someone else. But it is perhaps better to use the concept of "honourable force" in self-defence, rather than the now pejorative term violence. So, yes, The Numinous Way supports honourable force, used in self-defence.

*Q: Can you explain the importance of personal love in The Numinous Way?*

A: Love between two people is humanizing - one might say the quintessence of our very humanity - and therefore is important, and desirable. It has been often said, and written, that we humans are social beings, but, more correctly, it should perhaps be said and written that we are beings capable of personal love: that human love is necessary for us to function correctly, for us to be fully human. Therefore, The Numinous Way regards personal love as necessary, as one of the highest virtues.

*Q: What about hunting, and the eating of meat?*

A: The Numinous Way is totally opposed to hunting, as a sport, regarding it is unethical, immoral and dishonourable - against the empathy and compassion that we should have and feel for all living things - and considers that a diet without meat is preferable, since the rearing and exploitation of animals for food is inhuman, unethical, and something we should move away from since it often causes suffering for those animals and always involves them in being killed. However, if due to local conditions and circumstances, a vegetarian diet is not immediately possible then animals should be treated in a humane, a compassionate way, and plans made for future alternatives that do not involve the rearing and slaughter of animals for food.

*Q: Is the concept of the evolution of one's life after one's causal, mortal, death important for the ethics of The Numinous Way, and can you expand upon this life after mortal death?*

A: To answer this question, we have to understand how The Numinous Way views individuals, our mortal, causal, life - and to answer the question: what is the meaning of our lives? The Numinous Way considers that we, as beings, possess what has been termed acausal energy - that it is this which makes us "alive", and it is this which we can increase, or decrease, in our living, by what we do, or do not do.

If we increase it in certain ways, we have the possibility of transcending, after our mortal death in this causal world, to another type of existence in the acausal itself. To increase it, we must presence the numinous, in our own lives, and in the world, for the numinous is how acausal energy is or can be manifest in the causal. What presences the numinous for an individual? Primarily honour; compassion; empathy; by a personal love of a selfless type; by a striving to alleviate suffering; a striving to not cause any harm, any suffering, in other living beings, for such suffering is a loss of acausal energy. And also what presences the numinous for us as individuals is an empathic awareness of, and a striving to maintain the health, the vitality - to evolve - those acausal beings which we know and which are already presented on this planet which is our home. These beings include Nature, to which we are connected.

When we access the acausal, we are accessing the Cosmic Being - who, or which, is within us, by virtue of us having life - and when we strengthen our acausal energies, we strengthen, give more life to, this Being, to the very Cosmos itself. To feel this, to know this, requires a certain letting-be: a certain type of awareness, of consciousness, within us, born as this is from empathy and compassion.

Thus, this possible evolution of ourselves, after our causal death, is of great importance, for us, for The Numinous Way - but it is not a given thing; not a gift of some supreme Being. Rather, it is the result of our own efforts, in this our mortal life - which is thus an opportunity, never to arise again. Furthermore, it is not our causal self which transcends to the acausal: we become another type of being which we can, at this moment in our conscious evolution, not fully explicate in words.

All these things follow logically, rationally, from the basic postulates concerning the nature of the acausal and the causal.

*Q: What is the nature of the acausal?*

A: As briefly outlined in the essay *Acausal Science: Life and The Nature of the Acausal* (which was a re-write of the older essay *The Question of Time: Toward the New Acausal Science of Life*) the acausal is that aspect of the Cosmos defined by acausal Time and acausal Space where acausal energy (or acausal matter) exists. That is, the Cosmos is both causal, and acausal, each having their own type of beings (or their own type of "life"/existence) and each having their own physical laws. The laws of the causal are those currently best described by Physics.

We, as living beings, exist in the causal - in the causal universe of causal Space and causal Time. However, because we are living, we possess certain acausal energies - which energies are a manifestation of our life; which are our life - and it is these acausal energies which differentiate living, organic, causal matter from inert, non-living causal matter.

*Q: Is the concept of culture, and Nature, as living beings, central to the Numinous Way, and what is the nature of these beings?*

A: The concept of such acausal beings is important for The Numinous Way, and their nature is explained by their fundamental acausality. That is, they are nexions for acausal energy: where acausal energy is presenced in this phenomenal, causal world of ours. As such, they possess life - they are life. Thus, a culture is a presencing of Nature - a living being which, to be healthy, to thrive and evolve, should live within its own small homeland. As such, it is itself a nexion, a manifestation of the Cosmic Being - of the evolution of the Cosmos, as is Nature.

The Numinous Way is a means to aid such beings - to make us aware of how we relate to such beings, it explains how we, as individuals, are nexions, part of the causal-acausal matrix, The Unity, The Essence, and that what we do, or do not do, affects these beings and thus the Cosmos itself whose life, whose awareness, is manifest in the Cosmic Being.

However, the most important thing - vis-a-vis the actions of the individual - is to strive not to cause any suffering to any living being; to strive to alleviate suffering; to live in an ethical, honourable, tolerant, way; and to have and develop a natural empathy with all life.

*Q: Are there any rituals, or prayers, or meditations, which can presence the numinous for an individual and which makes us aware of ourselves as a nexion, as an evolving being?*

A: No, there are no rituals, or prayers, since we presence the numinous by our honourable deeds, by and through a deep, selfless personal love, and by that mode of being which includes empathy, and compassion. This mode of being may be said to be a type of letting-be: a quiet contemplation, which we can especially find in unspoilt Nature, in places where the numinosity of Nature, its sacred character, can be felt. However, there is no reason why a certain poem, said in quiet way in quiet, numinous, surroundings - or a certain peace of numinous music - cannot be used to aid us in feeling the numinous within us and external to us, to aid us to recall the possibility of evolving, and to enable us to remember the Cosmic Being.

*Q: Have you own recent experiences changed your views and helped you develop The Numinous Way?*

A: Yes, most certainly.

*Q: How does The Numinous Way, with its ethics based around honour, compassion and empathy, relate to your earlier writings - for example, those dealing with National-Socialism?*

A: My early writings are my early writings, while The Numinous Way, as explicated here and in my recent writings, is the result of my learning - and more especially, the result of that learning that has arisen from my many errors of experience. In these recent writings, I have striven to present the results of my thinking about honour, empathy and compassion, following where these ethical virtues led me. Often, it has led me to revise things, or abandon things I had previously upheld, which is only right and fitting.

Furthermore, when I first began developing The Numinous Way (which was then called Folk Culture and later The Numinous Way of Folk Culture), I still considered what I called "the folk" as important, although I did try and make a distinction between this "folk" and "race". Yet the more I developed The Numinous Way - and its ethics and ontology - the more I realized that even "the folk" was an abstraction, just like the abstraction, the ideal, of race, and since to pursue such an abstraction was unethical because a cause of suffering, I had to abandon this dependants of The Numinous Way upon "the folk".

*Q: Why should anyone take anything you write seriously since you seem to have changed your views so many times over the years, and have certainly changed, or developed, The Numinous Way over the past few years?*

A: I am just trying to present some of the answers I have found to those difficult and sometimes perplexing questions about life, answers arising from my own experiences, and often from my own mistakes: from striving to be honest with myself about my errors, my failings. My answers are my answers, and they may, or may not, be of some interest to someone, somewhere, sometime - but I am no longer interested in converting others, or preaching to them. If others do not find them of interest, they do not. Thus, The Numinous Way, as presented in my most recent writings, is my very own personal answer.

To express these answers, though, is in some ways cathartic - and a reminder, to myself; part of the journey itself and, especially recently, one means to try and present something worthwhile, and hopefully, human, so that something good may arise from one person's recent tragic death.

In addition, I am acutely aware, as I have written elsewhere, that I may be mistaken; that I could be wrong. So I am now genuinely tolerant of the views of others; tolerant of other Ways of Life, of other religions - of everything, every way, every person, which and who strives to alleviate suffering and strives to presence the numen and our humanity. In the past, of course, I was quite often not tolerant; or not tolerant enough, so here again there has been a learning, by me, from the sorrow of experience: a knowing of the humanizing value of humility, something so sadly lacking, it seems, in each and every political ideology or view, and something I myself lacked, for many years.

DW Myatt  
(Version 1.73)

---

[The Origin of the Good](#)  
[How Do We Know In Our Anguish?](#)  
[The Theology of The Numinous Way](#)  
[A Personal Learning](#)  
[Presencing The Numen](#)  
[Frequently Asked Questions About The Numinous Way](#)  
[Personal, Social and Family Values](#)  
[Recent Writings Regarding The Numinous Way](#)  
[Cosmic Ethics and the Meaning of Life](#)  
[Acausal Science: Life and the Nature of the Acausal](#)  
[Toward the New Acausal Science of Life](#)

---

### **Love, Deities and God: Redemption and The Numinous Way**

For many months, I have been seeking answers to questions such as - "Is redemption, and thus genuine personal, spiritual, change and development, possible without a belief in God, deities, Buddha, or a belief in some personal reward - such as Heaven, Nirvana, Paradise?" For there is a great need - or seems to be great need, as personal experience reveals - for such a personal redemption when one is aware, or becomes aware, through empathy and compassion, of how one's own actions have caused suffering in the past.

One great benefit of conventional religions - which posit a Deity or deities, a personal reward, or some kind of intercession - is prayer. That is, a personal placing of the individual in perspective: there is or can be a personal dialogue which provides, or which can provide, comfort and reassurance, and sometimes even a feeling of love, of what has been called spiritual "grace". This is and can be cathartic, healing. Thus, there is or can be personal redemption, or at the least the hope of redemption. Even the old pagan religions, with their many gods and goddesses, allowed, at least in some degree, for a personal supplication - for an individual, private, communication with a deity or deities - which supplication thus gave the individual, or could give to the individual, that feeling of connectiveness, of belonging, which engendered hope, and the prospect of a personal change of fortune, for the better.

One of the joys, the beauties, of a religion such as Christianity is that it allows for and encourages such a sacred, numinous, catharsis and healing: that is, there is grace and personal redemption, through, for example, the private Catholic sacrament of Confession, the public and private prayer of Anglicanism, and the quiet, inner, discovery of The-God-within that lies at the centre of groups such as The Society of Friends. Indeed, one might consider that it was and is the feelings of love and hope and of redemption that arises or which can arise through such prayer, through such a sacrament, through a belief in a divine but personal Saviour, through a belief in The-God-within, which is one of the great strengths of Christianity, and which enabled Christianity to not only survive, and flourish as it has done, but also become a great force for noble personal and social change.

But, lacking such personal supplication - a belief in a Saviour - lacking such a catharsis, such redemption, such as religious ritual, prayer, and belief provides from Buddhism to Christianity to paganism to Islam, what is there in respect of redemption for The Numinous Way: for those individuals, such as myself, who cannot for a variety of rational reasons believe in a supreme all-powerful Deity, in a personal Saviour; in olden, ancestral, deities; in dogma; in the concept of "sin"; or in following the teachings of some Master, or Buddha, the following of which, it is claimed, will lead us to Nirvana?

Where can we find the joy of a supra-personal love? The gift of spiritual grace? The redemption for deeds past? The warm hope that is as the warmth of Spring Sun following the dark cold days of Winter? For we cannot pray to God, to some deity, to some Saviour, we cannot ask for guidance - all we have is a wordless feeling of empathy; what seems to be sometimes a slender connexion to Nature, to the Cosmos, to all Life. There is no one to hear, to whom we might go, for we have done away with deities, with an all-powerful God, a Supreme Being, Who can forgive and show mercy and Who decides our Fate. Thus there is, or can be at times, a certain impersonal bleakness; almost a melancholic acceptance that is several levels below the natural, spontaneous often joyful wu-wei felt in the past.

How, thus, to presence the Numen in the moment - beyond the olden forms of personal prayer, supplication, and that forgetting which is the basis of techniques such a Buddhist meditation where there is a seeking of no-thing, an intimation of Nirvana, but which just seems to be a negation of that personal joy of life, that empathic, accepting, living-in-the-moment-without-causing-suffering which is the essence of The Numinous Way itself, and which wu-wei points us toward?

For it is such a presencing, in a moment, which reconnects us to the matrix of all Life: which strengthens us, within, bringing forth again that silent wordless knowing - beyond concepts, ideologies, dogma, faith - which is or can be both joy and hope, and which thus in a natural way eases our burden of remorse and guilt, as waking on a warm, Sunny, morning in Summer eases the burden of a night of restless sleep: for there is the potential of joy there, in such a new morning; the potential to be again the joyful, playful, child-within which we have somehow lost.

How thus to presence the Numen in a moment for those who, as I, find some answers in The Numinous Way? I admit I do not fully know. But I do feel that it can be presented in a variety of ways - through such things as a personal love, a personal sharing, with a person, a companion; through compassionate, empathic, deeds done; through creation, artistic, or musical or even scientific (in the sense of the observing and deductions of Natural Philosophy rather than the now more common overt sometimes hubris-like interference); and especially be presented through a being-with-Nature, where one can - in natural, or wild, or isolated, or quiet places on this planet

(such as even a garden can provide) - become aware again of our own human fragility and smallness, and aware again of the beauty, the Numen, of Nature and of the Cosmos, beyond.

---

### **Being Human: A Learning from Aliens**

#### A Cosmic Ethics:

Considering the vastness of the Cosmos - millions upon millions of galaxies containing billions upon billions of stars - it is highly likely that intelligent life exists on other planets orbiting other stars. It is also possible that in our own galaxy, there are living beings who are more evolved, more intelligent, more powerful, than we are.

Thus, to consider our own human species as the most intelligent, the most advanced, the most powerful, species in the cosmos is not only extremely arrogant, it is also highly irrational, given this vastness of the cosmos and the fact that we have only very recently - in cosmic terms - evolved from more primitive life here on this planet we call Earth.

The time has come for us to use the cosmos - its vastness, the possibility of it being teeming with other, alien, life - as the measure of our own human ethics. That is, to base our ethics upon what actually exists, and not what we believe, or would like to believe, exists or has happened, and certainly not on our limited, inward, Earth-only, view of life.

Hitherto, our ethics, our morality, have for the most part (the last few thousand years at least) been based upon the concept of God and on revelation. For instance, upon the belief that we humans have been created by an all-powerful deity who either considers us special (He gave His son to redeem us: Christianity), or who has created us and placed us on this planet to test us, so that we can enter Paradise (Islam).

The ethics based on these theocentric concepts is fundamentally homocentric: that is, based on the belief or assumption that the Earth is some kind of gift from God, with us as special, as masters of this world, and thus entitled to use the resources of this planet, including its other life, to aid us. That is, such religious morality affirms it is acceptable for us to breed and kill animals, and other living beings, for food, even though to survive it is often not necessary for us to kill and eat these living things. Such morality also affirms that it often is acceptable for us to kill other human beings, or imprison them, if they have transgressed some "law" and been found "guilty" in some Court of Law according to some "evidence" which has been produced in that Court.

But this is all very inhuman and inhumane; all very uncivilized. That is, it is unfair, illogical, and irrational, when viewed in the greater Cosmic Perspective.

It is these things because we have hitherto viewed them in limited terms, often in very limited, unfair, Earth-only, terms. We must evolve our ethics away from this small, arrogant, unfair, homocentric view toward a view based upon the reality of the cosmos: upon its vastness, with our own species occupying a planet which orbits an ordinary star somewhere on the edge of an ordinary galaxy surrounded by millions upon millions of other star-bearing galaxies.

#### The Alien Analogy:

The best analogy to explain the fundamental difference between the new, cosmic, ethics which we must now accept, and the old, homocentric, ethics, is that of a race of aliens visiting then



invading this planet of ours. These aliens - we shall call them Phurads - have superior weapons and technology which make it easy for them to conquer the Earth.

In this analogy, the Phurads have a religion which makes it acceptable for them to herd together "lesser beings" and keep them for food. Thus, we humans find ourselves being hunted by these Phurads for food, as many human beings are captured, and held captive in huge buildings, for the purpose of producing offspring which are then fattened to be eaten.

Further, some humans are taken away, to other planets inhabited by the Phurad, and kept in cages: to be displayed like we humans once displayed wild animals in cages for "entertainment". In addition, some humans are taken to laboratories where they are kept sedated, and studied by Phurad scientists. Occasionally, it is judged acceptable for a few of these human specimens to be used in "scientific experiments". Some of these experiments seem quite harmless, to these scientists (such as tagging a few human beings and releasing them back "into the wild" so that their behaviour can be studied) while other experiments are deemed necessary "to further the scientific understanding of the Phurad". Thus, some humans are used in medical trials, because their blood, or organs, may hold cures for diseases which harm or kill the Phurad, and the suffering and death of several hundred humans (or several thousands over years) is considered morally justified since it may lead to medical breakthroughs, and save the lives of many Phurads. We humans, of course, take a rather dim view of all these things. What gives the Phurad the right to kill us, eat us, hold us in degrading captivity, experiment on us?

The fact that the morality of the Phurads, based on their religion and philosophy, allows them to do such inhuman things to us is irrelevant to us.

What are we to do? Suffer, and die, in silence? Accept our inferior status? Or do we strive for our freedom and to be treated as equals? But what could we do if the power of the Phurads is such that we have no hope of freedom? Would we still rebel, and rather be killed than suffer the indignity of being kept confined for food? Would we bite the hand that feeds us? Or would we just fall down on our knees and pray for God - or some race of aliens more powerful than the Phurad - to liberate us?

#### The Human Analogy:

We are treating the life on this planet of ours as the Phurads in the above analogy treated humans. What gives us the right to do this? What gives us the right to breed animals for food? What gives us the right to inflict pain on animals in the name of "science"?

What gives us the right to inflict pain and suffering and death on our fellow human beings?

Are the animals that we breed and hold captive to slaughter for food silently praying to some god? Hoping for liberation from the human monsters who have such power over them? Such an idea, of course, is anthropomorphism, and the fact - known or assumed from our science - that such animals, on our planet at least, do not think, does not make this particular analogy any less valid, in cosmic terms.

That is, the fact that such an animal as a lamb does not and cannot think, in human terms, and so cannot "pray to or even believe in a god", does not mean that we should not treat that animal in a fair, a just, a rational, and civilized way. Is it entitled to live out its life in freedom? Do we really need to fatten it and then kill and eat it?

Would it be right to sedate it, and then experiment on it because such an experiment might lead to some cure for some human disease?

What is right? What is just? What criteria are we to use to judge such things?

#### The Cosmic Answer:

To live - or strive to live - in a civilized way, in a human way, we have to have ethics: a morality of some kind. That is, we have to have some criteria of judgement, for otherwise there is barbarism, repression, injustice, and a savage, irrational, way of living.

What is the cosmic criteria: what is the ethical standard which the greater, the higher, perspective of the cosmos gives us?

It is the criteria of reason, of fairness, of tolerance: the standard of the honourable thinking being. It is the standard of the living being who is aware, in a rational way, of their own place in the vastness of the cosmos: who is aware of the other life on the planet which is their origin and their home; who is aware of how they themselves have evolved from Nature, how they depend upon Nature.

In brief, it is the criteria of the nexus: of ourselves as living, organic, links between the past and the future of the living being which is this planet. It is the criteria of RESPECT for other living beings, both on this Earth, and in the cosmos.

It is the belief that there should not be any such thing as "ownership" or mastery of any piece of this planet, or other planets, by any one individual or grouping of individuals, since what matters is not ownership, but the well-being of the planet, or planets, the well-being of the living beings which depend upon this planet, and which depend on other planets in the cosmos.

Above all, the cosmic ethic is the belief that every living thing has a "soul", an essence, a life-energy, which is important for the well-being of the whole, with no one being, or one species of being, of lessor worth than others, and that if it is truly necessary for us to kill another living being, however small, to survive - or even if we kill such a being by accident - then we should respect that being, and indeed lament its death. The way of the cosmos, the cosmic belief, is the belief that we should strive to find ways of living, of surviving, that do not involve killing or harming other living beings.

#### The Cosmic Challenge:

The challenge now is to accept this higher, more civilized, cosmic ethics as the foundation for our personal lives, and strive to create new societies, new ways of living, based upon these ethics.

#### Some Practical Consequences of Cosmic Ethics

David Myatt  
JD2451872.315

---

## Toward A Better World



Our world is being thoughtlessly damaged, and this damage will increase unless something is done.

It is easy to understand why things are as they are; why the very soil - which we depend upon for our nourishment and health - is being destroyed; why millions upon millions of animals are bred and inhumanely kept for slaughter; why millions upon millions of our fellow human beings are starving, or living in poverty, or in ignoble, oppressive societies; why millions upon millions of people every day suffer indignity, theft, and cruel violence; why every day tens of thousands of living beings are destroyed; why with every passing year some species of living being becomes extinct; why the sea, the rivers, the hills, the valleys, the very land and air themselves, become more and more polluted with the detritus and effluent of our societies.

These things are as these things are because of our greed, our selfishness, our lack of respect for and lack of understanding of Nature, of other human beings, and our lack of understanding of the true purpose of our lives as individuals. Thus do we who live in Western nations breed millions upon millions of animals for slaughter to feed our unnecessary desire for meat on a daily basis when in truth to be healthy we do not need to rapaciously eat meat in such a way. Thus do human beings all over the world - intent on gaining wealth, or prestige, or power, or material luxury - squabble, cheat, and steal.

Thus do people increasingly speed around in ever more vehicles along ever more roads in the pursuit of unnecessary entertainment or unnecessary leisure activities or unnecessary work undertaken to provide more unnecessary luxuries. Thus do more and more heavy lorries pound already heavily pounded roads to deliver more unnecessary goods. And thus do those who do not possess much desire more, often enviously so desiring more, thus continuing the unnecessary process of unchecked growth.

Human beings have become like a virus which has spread over the Earth, making the Earth ill. Thus it is that in a country like England, urban, rural and road development - the destruction of Nature and the loss of our life-giving soil - now covers an area far greater than the size of the nation of Wales.

In our pursuit of unnecessary things, in our pursuit of our self-interest, our comfort, we have forgotten that we depend on Nature and forgotten that our purpose in life is to use our reason, our nobility, to evolve further in harmony with Nature and the very Cosmos itself.

In brief, we have forgotten - or never known - our humanity. It is against all reason that this world is as it is, with its glaring divide between those millions upon millions of human beings who are

barely surviving, and those millions upon millions of human beings who live comfortable lives surrounded by consumer goods. And even most of those in the developed world - with its extravagant wealth and rampant consumerism and waste - are not happy, not content. It is against all reason that we continue to destroy our homeland and the life which depends on this homeland of ours. It is against all reason that we continue to inflict suffering on our fellow human beings, and upon the other living beings which share this planet with us.

To return our humanity, to even begin to express our humanity, we must restrain our desires: our desire for more luxury, for more comfort, for unnecessary material possessions. We must allow reason, and not emotion, to control us. We must follow, and strive to apply, noble ideals. That is, we must have a perspective beyond our own needs, our own desires, our own feelings and our own beliefs and ideas. This higher perspective we need is of our own place in Nature and the Cosmos: how we relate to our fellow human beings; to Nature; and to the Cosmos itself.

#### Our Place In Nature:

To be human is to reason, to think, and to act in a reasonable way: that is, with fairness, tolerance and honour. To be human is to communicate in a reasonable way with others: that is, to use our power of speech, of using words, images and sounds, to inform others, thus communicating our experiences, our knowledge, our skills, our learning, our traditions. Above all else, to be human is to strive to change ourselves for the better based upon what we know and understand: that is, to use our will to alter our behaviour, our way of life, our emotions, our very thoughts.

Reason leads us to conclude that we, as a species, have evolved into what we are. That is, we have slowly acquired our human abilities. We have also evolved into different peoples, with different cultures and ways of living. That is, there is a diversity about our human species, as there is with other species of life on this planet.

Reason leads us to conclude that we should treasure, and seek to preserve and enhance in a natural and human way, this diversity of life, for this very diversity expresses Nature: in fact, this diversity is Nature, made manifest in the living beings of this planet.

Reason leads us to conclude that our planet is but one of several worlds in our solar system; that our sun is but one of millions upon millions of stars in our Galaxy; and that our Galaxy is but one of millions upon millions of Galaxies in the Cosmos.

Reason also leads us to conclude that we should strive to create communities, societies - a way of communal living - where reason and humanity dominate. That is, that these communities are motivated by reason, by our humanity, and not by greed, desire for profit, and desire for wealth. These new societies, reason informs us, should consist of people who seek to restrain themselves and who thus seek to respect Nature, other human beings and all life itself. The people of such reasonable, such human, societies would thus seek to live a fairly simple life, understanding for instance that excessive material possessions, and the desire for such things - everything beyond what is necessary to live a reasonable life - are detrimental to our very humanity, since they have created and perpetuate the terrible, inhuman, and unreasonable way of living of the present.

The Numinous Way, with its Cosmic Ethics, is a way of living which is striving to create, in a human, reasoned and honourable way, a new type of society which expresses both our humanity and the desire of Nature for us to evolve further in harmony with both Nature and the Cosmos itself.

## The Perspective From Space



One of the most important things to have happened in the last several hundred years is the publication of the photographic images of our planet taken in Space.

One of these - among the first and still impressive - was the image taken on the Apollo 8 lunar mission. This showed Earthrise as seen from the vicinity of our natural satellite, the Moon. Another impressive, beautiful, photograph was taken on the Apollo 11 mission.

Subsequent images from Earth-orbiting man-made satellites have mapped our planet in considerable detail.

What is important about these images is that they place us where we truly belong: on one planet, orbiting a star which is but one star of millions upon millions of stars in a galaxy which is but one galaxy among millions upon millions of galaxies in the cosmos.

That is, these images of our Earth give us a new cosmic perspective on our own lives, on our own problems, just as they show how small we are, and how small our own planet is. In particular, they can and should cause us to consider how we fit-in with the other human beings, and the other life, with which we share this planet.

These images can and should reveal to us our humanity, as they can and should inform us of how petty, how childish, we are being when we are arrogant toward and indifferent to other human beings, and other life, on this planet which is our home.

These images can and should reveal to us how we should change our own behaviour, our own attitudes, our own thoughts, by growing up: by taking the next leap forward in our evolution, as human beings.

For thousands upon thousands of years we human beings have concerned ourselves with our own feelings, our own personal desires, our own personal needs, our own personal feelings and feuds. At best, we have put the interests of our own family, our own tribe, our own clan - and latterly - our own "nations" before ourselves, but only to squabble among ourselves.

That is, we have carried our animal ancestry around with us: squabbling among ourselves like savage or half-savage animals. Today, the objects of our squabbling may have changed, a little,

but we still for the most part squabble like children. Occasionally, we may actually try to be human, and try to solve our problems through reason, through negotiation, but if this fails, we just resort to squabbling again, with weapons far more powerful than clubs. One nation, one person, always has to try to be "top dog" (today, America) and always, in the end, ends up using the threat of force to get their own way: that is, they always in the end use the tactics of the bully, of the savage.

And what is truly appalling is that even the vast majority of the few problems which we attempt to solve through reason, through negotiation, are about petty, stupid, unimportant things, when seen from a human perspective, when seen from the perspective from Space. The concerns are mostly about wealth, about power, about resources, and it is all so incredibly stupid and childish. And tragic and sad, because we have the ability, the capacity, the knowledge now, to rise above all this and act like honourable, dignified, rational, human beings: that is, as beings who live on a daily basis according to the human qualities of fairness, reason, honour, and tolerance, and who actually use the knowledge, the understanding, we have accumulated through thousands of years of civilization.

On a personal level, I can remember being in Egypt early in the last decade of what in the West was called the twentieth century. I remember my own thoughts, my own concerns, as I remember the people around me, carrying on with their daily lives. And I can remember seeing, not long after, a photographic image of the area, taken from Space [reproduced below] while I myself was in the area.



And where, in this image, am I? Where are the people I met? I may well have a very high opinion of myself, and consider my own life interesting, and perhaps important, as often I will be consumed with my own personal concerns which feel very important to me. But in the larger perspective of all the people who were around me at that time, when, overhead a spacecraft was taking photographic images of the area, and in the even larger perspective of the entire Earth, of our own rather small Galaxy, what do my own concerns mean? What does my own life mean?

Shall I be just another one of the millions upon millions of living things which flourished, briefly, upon a planet, but who contributed nothing positive, and long-lasting? Who merely lived, and survived, as animals live and survive?

Or shall I strive to be a human being: someone who by being human, by using reason, by being fair, honourable, just and tolerant, helped the progress of all life and perhaps contributed something positive and long-lasting; someone who made some contribution, however small, to the upward, evolutionary, development of life?

What is important about us, as human beings, is that we do possess the capacity to reason, to act honourably, as we do possess the capacity, the capability, to change ourselves purely by an act of personal will. Other life on this planet does not have this option: such life cannot change itself, it can only adapt to changed circumstances.

The truth is we human beings have the capacity to change this world, through our deeds, our way of life, in either a good way, or a bad way. So far, we have changed the world in a bad way: carrying on being savages (at best, half-savages), rapaciously devouring the resources of the planet, and stupidly and selfishly destroying through our pollution and our way of living, the balance of life itself, and all too often other living beings.

The tragedy, the sadness, is that it does not have to be like this. We have the ability, and now the knowledge, to behave, to live, in a different way.

---

### **How Do We Know In Our Anguish?**

*Q: Some of your recent published letters are introspective, very personal, and seem to suggest that you have been very critical of yourself, and very honest about your feelings. Have recent experiences changed your thinking?*

A: Recently, I have thought deeply about the meaning of our existence; about morality; about remorse, and redemption - as a result of a personal tragedy. I have been compelled, by my own feelings, to consider such matters, not especially in some academic, intellectual way, but rather in a deeply personal way, almost as a matter of my own life and death. Thus have I been considering again the answers of established religions - from Buddhism to Christianity to Islam - and the answers of various philosophers. I have considered many questions, and slowly, painfully slowly it seems, I have drawn some conclusions, and thus have, through my own personal experience of another personal tragedy, further developed The Numinous Way and my own understanding of both Christianity and Islam.

The starting point for this new personal search was: How do we, who know in our anguish and grief that we have done what was wrong - causing suffering to another - remember this knowing, and atone for such a wrong, where this atonement is our evolution, our change toward a new, better, more moral way of life? How do we, with our new understanding of our fallibility, our feeling of humility, remember this humility? Do we need to believe in the redemption of God, in the forgiveness of Allah, The Compassionate, The Most Merciful - in the healing that arises from a supreme Being's forgiveness; in a humble kneeling and prostration before a Deity? If not - if somehow we do not or cannot believe in this Deity and all that is associated with it - what else is there, who else is there, to relieve the pain, the torment, the grief? Do we need to accept the existence of supra-personal beings - Angels, or God, or Allah - who know all our deeds, who record them, and who judge us, one day, because of them? For such a total knowing of us, by



another being or beings, such a Final Judgement, is and has been a way for we fallible, weak, human beings to strive to do what is right, just, civilized, and honourable. Or do we need to accept an answer such as that of Karma, of Nirvana?

In my own case - and in respect of The Numinous Way - the issue here is we know, we feel, the suffering we have caused to others - for we have, or have discovered, empathy. We also know and feel that it is not right, not honourable, to cause further suffering as a result of pursuing our own desires, our own personal goals, because such suffering distances us from the numen; distances us from the purpose of our lives which we understand as a means to change, to evolve, to presence the numinous via the nexion we are - a means to be part of The Cosmic Being, to increase the life of this being; and to aid the life of Nature which is also part of this being. Or - from another perspective - because such suffering distances us from the redemption that can be given by God, by Allah, The Compassionate, The Most Merciful. We know and feel such things because we have become humble, in the moments of grief and understanding, because we recognize and feel our own failings.

Yet, as I know from my own life, my own failings, it is so easy in the living to forget, to allow the former self to return with its arrogance; its lies; its self-deceit; its lack of genuine, heart-felt, humility. It is also easy to persuade one's self to believe in a Deity, in such moments of grief - for so great is the need, in such times as these, to so believe in something beyond ourselves: some God; some redeemer; some answers, such as those of an established Church. In many ways, in such times of personal tragedy, we yearn to have the remorse, the guilt, lifted from us. This is why, for instance, the Sacrament of Confession, in the Catholic Church, is so efficacious - we return to the fold; we have assurances; we have all the answers we require to continue living; we have the grace of the Holy Spirit, and we are healed. There is a love to suffuse us. In the same way, there is a beautiful, numinous, simplicity, in Namaz, in Islam - in the dua we can make to Allah, The Compassionate, The Most Merciful. So, it is tempting to accept such things - to so surrender.

But if we listen to the whisperings of our self, we feel that this surrender implies acceptance of a set of beliefs. It requires faith; it requires we accept Doctrine, and dogma. But if we do this because of a personal need, in a time of grief, is that genuine belief - which belief we shall have only until the time of grief passes, when we return to our old, questioning, doubting, selfish, ways? Must we, therefore, just simply surrender? Forgetting, ignoring, placing aside, our doubts, our questions, our intellect? And yet - is such a surrender just one more weakness, one more abrogation of who and what we are, what we can be, should be? And are the doubts about submission and belief just the whisperings of our, my, vanity - the vanity that betrayed us and caused such suffering as we caused? Do we really need a reason to submit and believe? Better no reason, perhaps, because by so submitting, so believing, we will have our boundaries marked and a means to keep us from ever causing suffering again? Is the most important thing - far beyond our own fallible feelings, our doubts, our ideas, our desires - not to cause any more suffering, and so it does not matter how or why we submit, or what we accept, so long as we obey, are humble, and live in a humble way, and thus no longer contribute to the suffering of this world? Is this wordless, vanity-less, humble submission and acceptance the true meaning of atonement - a true losing of ourselves and payment of our debt? Yet - if there are doubts, which we hide, or push aside, will not these same doubts linger, growing, in the darkness, to burst forth, poisoning us?

In my own case, I have been tempted in this way, many times, recently - as I was, four or so years ago, at the time of another personal tragedy. Yet to accept conventional answers to the questions about life sometimes seems an abrogation of all that I feel and believe I have learnt, felt, known, these past thirty-five, and more, years. There was, is, doubt, even here - because even this failure



to accept conventional answers may be, and possibly is, the voice of self-delusion; the whisperings of vanity; the denial of humility and understanding and a denial of empathy itself. It is so tempting, so easy, to just ignore all the doubts about these conventional answers, and simply submit, again. For some time there was something, stirring within me - some memories; remembered. The incense; the mumbled or chanted words; the kneeling before some image, a statue, after Compline when such a beautiful, numinous, feeling of contentment and peace came before the sleep of night. A knowing, again - fleeting - of the allegory that became more than an allegory - it lived, within, returning the gentle enthusiasm of the naive boy. The knowing of that quite numinous simplicity where one, during Namaz in a Mosque surrounded by others, humbly submits in one's very being, feeling a joyful, peaceful, connexion to Being so that one knows then, beyond words, such empathy as transcends the centuries, bringing a deep love of Allah and His Prophet.

But there were doubts; always, even then, in the monastery, there were doubts, bringing an end to that peace and casting me forth out, back, into the realms of political idealism, hatred, violence, suffering, pleasure, and regret. In the end, I gave up my submission to God, to the Church - preferring my self, my ideals, my dreams, feeling my intuition, my living, my questions, would lead me to answers. Was I wrong? Am I wrong? What standard is there to rely? Now, in this bleaker time of grief, I only seem to have my own - but I am weak, fallible, ashamed, humiliated by my own mistakes. So there was and is conflict, hour after hour, day after day.

The only answer consistent with The Numinous Way which I can logically deduce is that deeds have effects - that what we do, in this our mortal life, has consequences for ourselves, for other living beings, and for the numen, for the Cosmic Being itself. For The Numinous Way, correct, moral - honourable - action implies we cause no more suffering in this world. It means an evolution; a change for the better. Wrong, dishonourable, conduct implies suffering and either stasis or de-evolution. Right conduct, correct deeds, aid evolution - they are evolution - and thus bring-into-being or presence the numinous; they manifest The Cosmic Being, while wrong deeds undermine, weaken, the numinous and The Cosmic Being, and we ourselves, although we are often unaware of this.

Furthermore, to aid the numinous - to contribute to evolution through noble, deeds of empathy, compassion, honour and love - strengthens the numinous within us, and gives us the possibility of evolving into something else, another type of being, beyond the ending that is our causal life. That is, we can become - devoid of a causal self - a type of acausal being. We can thus create, or rather achieve, a new type of life if we live in the right, the correct, the honourable, way. Indeed, this achievement may be said to be one of the meanings of our causal existence - it is not fated, or given by some supreme deity as some reward. It just is - it can be brought-into-being through our conscious choice, through presencing in us that which aids, which manifests, the numen. That is, The Cosmic Being does not, cannot, provide us with this because this being is not "God" - not a supreme, all-powerful, perfect, deity. As explained elsewhere, we are this Being; our evolution, our change, is this Being, changing, evolving. How do we presence, strengthen, give more life, to this Being? Through those things which presence, which manifest the numen - empathy, compassion, honour, dignity, reverence and love. Of importance here are dignity and reverence, things which are, it seems, increasingly lacking in this modern Western world. This reverence arises from placing ourselves in the correct, cosmic, perspective - in feeling and knowing that our brief mortal life is but a nexion.

All these things imply a certain letting-be; a calmness; the perspective of evolution and of the acausal; an empathy with the numinous; a knowledge of the causes of suffering and a desire to refrain from causing suffering; a calming control of most of our desires, which desires can often

lead us astray from what is honourable and thus away from continuing our evolution - and the evolution of Nature and the Cosmos - by becoming something more than we are in this causal existence.

So we remember our faults, our failings, the suffering we have caused; we strive to refrain from causing suffering again, atoning for our mis-deeds by striving to do what is honourable; by remembering; by a simple letting-be; by drawing to us the numen itself, through compassion, empathy, honour, love, and by seeking in an honourable way to make others aware of the numen, of the truths about life, of ourselves, of Nature, as nexions. This, I have concluded, is much harder - but much more human - than accepting some Doctrine; some established answers. Of course, I might be mistaken - I am acutely aware of my fallibility, my previous mistakes. But I can only live with what I find true, within, and for, myself.

*Q: What, then, is the nature of this acausal existence that you have deduced?*

A: Something beyond our current causal apprehensions, and thus not fully knowable, at present. In a way, we might consider this existence as a strengthening of the matrix, of those connexions that form the basis of life, on this planet, and elsewhere, and thus an increase of being itself. In another way, it is an increase in the consciousness of the Cosmos, an increase of the Cosmic Being itself, which we transcend to become part of, but not in any causal individual way.

Thus, it is an evolution of our own, causal, finite, consciousness - a new way of being, of living. We become, or rather can become, the awareness of the Cosmos; part of the on-going process of change; of life, not only on this planet but also in the Cosmos.

This latter part is important - for Nature is but one manifestation, one living-being, here on this planet, of the life, the evolution, the change, the numinosity, of the Cosmos, of the totality of life which is The Cosmic Being.

*Q: Since you have developed The Numinous Way over a period of some years, won't people find your various writings about it confusing, since it seems to have changed? Would it not be useful for you write a detailed guide to The Numinous Way, bringing together all your conclusions, and thoughts, which if I am not mistaken are sometimes contained in your recent letters?*

A: Yes, some might find it difficult to put all the pieces together. But the essentials are contained in essays such as The Theology of The Numinous Way; Cosmic Ethics and The Meaning of Life; Some Thoughts on Our Human Problem; A Retrospective; Toward A Better World; Honour, Empathy and Revolution; Freedom, Liberty and the Right of Rebellion.

What might confuse some people is that I have rigorously followed the ethic of honour - drawing conclusions based upon the underlying morality of The Numinous Way. Thus, I have striven to show that honour means and implies empathy, and thus involves compassion, and that one of the most important things about our living is personal love, and a striving not to cause suffering in other people, and in other living beings. Also, I have striven to show that honour means a rejection of the large, impersonal, modern State - a return to a more rural, communal, way of living. It also means a rejection of most modern law, and the creation of a new way of living which brings genuine freedom and responsibility to human beings. It also means a rejection of racial prejudice; a rejection of ideas and notions of racial superiority. It means tolerance, and fairness.

It is also true that some of my letters - written in the past six or more years - contain some essential insights into The Numinous Way, and present some of my conclusions about that Way. So, yes, some guide to The Numinous Way might be useful, although I have no plans at present, to do this, partly because my own questioning is still unfinished - my own journey remains to be completed.

David Myatt  
JD2453892.693

---

### **Presenting The Numen In The Moment**

*Q: How is the Numen presented, or how can it be presented, for us, through us, in a particular moment of our lives?*

A: It can be presented, essentially, in two ways. Firstly, in that calm, peaceful silent feeling that places us in a rather humble relation to something beyond ourselves - such as some supra-personal power, or Being - in-where we feel and know a certain serenity. This, in the past, has been achieved through such things as numinous ritual, such as the monastic Latin Opus Dei and Tridentine Mass of the Catholic Church; through prayer, especially contemplative prayer, and through certain types of meditation, as well as in numinous pieces of music, whether traditionally regarded as "sacred", or otherwise. Secondly, it has been achieved through that which uplifts us and which inspires us, which makes us aware of beauty, or which is or which can be a manifestation of beauty itself, although this inspiration is always of either a gentle, or a sorrowful, type, or that strange combination of both which itself is sometimes manifest in some works of art.

One of the aims of such things, such as meditation, and prayer - in fact, the foremost aim - is to presence the Numen and so imbue our lives with a numinous quality; to bring what is sacred, what is numinous, to us, and into, our daily lives; to re-affirm our connexion to that-which-is-beyond-us. This, in truth, is a continual and necessary re-affirmation of our human identity.

Furthermore, it is in the nature of our humanity is that we do need such a sacred re-affirmation, such a re-connexion, with The Numen for us to remember that humility, that love, that compassion, that often silent stillness, which is the essence of that humanity and which is most profoundly expressed in compassion, empathy, love and - for The Numinous Way -also through honour. In the past, we have tended to do this through prayer, to God, or some deity or deities, or through some technique of meditation or self-reflexion (as in Buddhism, for example, with its insight meditations). In an important way, we can consider this re-affirmation as the achieving of that balance - or a return to that harmony - which is or rather should be our natural human state, our natural condition, or perhaps, more accurately, a fulfilling of our human potential, a condition or potential which we lose through failing to live in an ethical and natural way, through failing to uphold those qualities which make us human and which can evolve us further. We lose this harmony, this natural state, this potential, when we lose our connexion to the numinous, to the sacred, to the Numen itself.

However, for The Numinous Way there cannot be any conventional prayer, since there is no supra-personal deity or God to make supplications to or seek to become part of, no redeemer to save us, and no Master or Buddha to guide us or to follow. Furthermore, the techniques of other Ways, such as the meditations of Buddhism, are not appropriate, since, for The Numinous Way, there is an engagement with life in a gentle way, not a withdrawal from it, and certainly not the

ascetic, self-denial required to sit for hours in silent stillness according to some particular technique or other - for such a concentration on technique, such precise causal detailing, cannot, according to The Numinous Way, capture or express or presence the Numen, as The Numinous Way desires to capture and express the Numen. Rather, for The Numinous Way, there is a flow, a change, a being-in-moments, and a simple reverence which has its genesis in a genuine humility, in a genuine knowing, and acceptance of, ourselves as one evolving nexion among many.

Yet it should perhaps be noted that The Numinous Way is but one answer to the questions about existence, it does not have some monopoly on truth, nor does it claim any prominence, accepting that all the diverse manifestations of the Numen, all the diverse answers, of the various numinous Ways and religions, have or may have their place, and all perhaps may serve the same ultimate purpose - that of bringing us closer to the ineffable beauty, the ineffable goodness, of life; that of transforming us, reminding us; that of giving us as individuals the chance to cease to cause suffering, to presence the good, to be part of the Numen itself. For what distinguishes a valuable, a good, a numinous Way or religion, is firstly this commitment, however expressed, to the cessation of suffering through means which do not cause more suffering; secondly, having some practical means whereby individuals can transform themselves for the better, and thirdly, possessing some way of presenting, manifesting, presencing what is sacred, what is numinous, thus reconnecting the individual to the source of their being, to their humanity.

For The Numinous Way, there is an apprehension of the Numen itself, an apprehension of The Cosmic Being - of consciousness, of Life, in evolution; of the Unity of the matrix of cosmic, causal and acausal and earth-presenced nexions of which we are but one. That is, there is a moving-out toward, a transcendence toward, the acausal: toward the perspective of the Cosmos.

But how can the new apprehension, the new answer, of The Numinous Way be manifest in our daily lives? How can we make this part of our daily routine so that we remember and thus imbue our own lives with that which is sacred, numinous, thus enhancing our lives and thus contributing by such very actions to the upward evolution of life, toward the cessation of suffering and toward the presencing of the good?

This might be done, for example, by simple, numinous, personal rituals which could involve the silent recitation of some words, and/or some simple acts, such as the lighting of a candle, where we view ourselves as gently striving, between and beyond the Light and Dark, toward that acausal existence where we become the awareness of the Cosmos. Or by listening to a piece of calming, numinous, music, or playing or singing such a piece of music, at certain times of the day such as at the rising and setting of the Sun. It can also be wordlessly done through being in a quiet place where we can feel and see the natural beauty of Nature; or when we can look up, at night, and view the stars of our Galaxy, one Galaxy among so many. What is not particularly important are the words we might say, inwardly, or outwardly, or when or where we do such things, or the actual things we might do. What is important, is the attitude within us, with the beginning of the correct attitude being the humility of knowing our limitations, our faults, knowing that we do not know everything, knowing ourselves for the simple nexion we are, one life among millions upon millions of lives on one planet among millions upon millions of planets in one Galaxy among millions upon millions of Galaxies in the Cosmos. Another aspect of the correct attitude is feeling compassion and empathy, and being aware of the beauty that is present in Life - that can and should be present in our own lives, through our deeds, our behaviour, our words, our very attitude, expressed as such beauty often is in a personal way through gentleness, and through manners.

Perhaps, in time, some practical means will be created, or evolved, to presence the Numen in the moment for those who follow The Numinous Way, just as other Ways have created or evolved their own means of making us aware of beauty, of harmony, and aware of that ineffable goodness that is, can be and should be presented by us living in an ethical way.

---

### **A Numinous Future - Beyond The State and The Nation**

*Q: You have stated several times that you regard both the State, and the nation, as obsolete. Can you explain in more detail why this is so?*

A: The concepts of the State, and the nation, are relatively new, dating back only a few hundred years. For instance, what we now call Italy has only been existence for a short time, historically. Before people identified with this "Italy" - and before they called themselves Italians - they identified themselves according to what are now regions, or with a particular polis, a particular town, just as what we call the Ancient Greeks used to do.

Both the State, and the nation, are lifeless, artificial, abstractions, imposed upon us. They are ideas, imbued with causality, and as such they are not numinous. What is numinous is what connects us to Life - to the matrix of The Unity; to the unity of causal and acausal, which is the basis, the ground, of our being. That is, what is numinous are nexions, and all nexions express or manifest or presence something of the acausal. We are a nexion; a small community of those of the same culture - or those who share the same ethical standards and values - is a nexion, as is the homeland, the small territory, where such a small community dwells, in harmony, in balance, with Nature and the Cosmos. Nature is a nexion, a manifestation of the living-being of the Cosmos.

But, one really crucial question is - how do we judge if something manifests, or presences, The Numen? Or, expressed another way - what criteria do we use to judge whether something, such as a State, is morally right or morally wrong, since The Numen is manifest, to us, and in us, through what is good? According to The Numinous Way, we use the criteria of the cessation of suffering, of empathy, of compassion and of personal honour, for these things express and presence what is good.

Judged by these criteria we can at once understand why both the State, and the nation are not-good. Both, for instance, take away the criteria of personal honour, imposing a set of State-wide, nation-wide, laws, enforced by an impersonal, State-government-appointed or national-government-appointed officials (such as the Police) which make the individual subservient to those laws, to the government, and to the officials of such a government. Indeed, one of the fundamental criteria of the State and the nation - of all governments - is the mandatory subservience of the individual to government-appointed officials; the belief that the individuals must give their allegiance, direct or assumed, to such a government, or to a leader or some monarch who leads of heads such a State or nation. Furthermore, it is no coincidence that all States and all nations have outlawed the duel of honour, and the right of the individual to settle their own personal disputes in an honourable way, and have outlawed or severely restricted as the right of the individual to carry, and use, weapons in private and in public and in self-defence. For the State, the government, the officials and representatives of the nation, have now reserved to themselves the rights that once belonged to individuals, even regarding this as some kind of "progress" or as the basis of "civilized" and civic right.

Indeed, one has only to consider how the very term "public" has come to be used, as if the State, the nation, or some government, had and has authority over what it states and regards as "public" space, or territory, with the individual somehow duty-bound to uphold the laws that such governments, States, and nations, make governing how people are expected to behave in such "public" territory. That is, they have abrogated to themselves - to what they regard as their territory, enclosed within their borders - what rightly and hitherto belonged to no one. They have appropriated territory, and enforce their control by Police forces, by armies, by Prisons - in short, by force - just as they, to maintain themselves and their State, nation or government, enforce the payment of taxes, with non-payment of such taxes being a punishable, often imprisonable, offence. In this sense, they have taken away, stolen, genuine freedom.

In addition to this usurpation of honour and the freedom that goes with it, States and nations - and their governments - create and perpetuate suffering. They do this by their very nature, for their very existence depends on laws, enforced by threats of Prison, and upon defending, often expanding, their borders with armies and through war. Furthermore, and crucially, these concepts, of States, of nations, and even of government, are, as I said earlier, causal abstractions, and thus are based upon causal Time.

However, our life, our being, our existence, it is not a question of causal Time. That is, the answer must be viewed in the correct perspective. The fundamental mistake of politics - of all such attempts at causal solutions - is to take a causal, linear, approach and to posit some goal which there is or must be some kind of "progress" toward. The reality, the truth, is that we, as individuals, as human beings, as living-beings, are both causal and acausal, and that our very being has its essence in the acausal, so that this linear approach is the cause of much suffering - the perpetuation of suffering. This is so because such a causal approach ignores how we, as individuals, cause or contribute to or perpetuate suffering - we do this through ourselves, because of ourselves, because of our attachment to the causal, to causal forms, causal ideas: that is, to abstractions which we impose upon ourselves, on others, and upon the world. We then attempt to provoke or cause or bring about changes - or "progress" - in accord with these abstractions in order to try and make such abstractions real. However, they can never be made real, for they are by their very nature, lifeless, abstract and in a very important way therefore "inhuman". Our very attempt to bring about such causal changes causes and perpetuates suffering and is therefore wrong, unethical.

To be ethical, to cease to cause suffering, we must move-away from what causes suffering, which is ourselves, our attachment to the causal and our attachment to lifeless, abstract, causal forms. What manifests Truth, Reality, is the acausal (or rather the matrix, the nexions, of The Unity, the Cosmos) and what presences The Numen - which is that which is beautiful numinous, and good.

Thus, we must view the solution to such problems in an acausal way - or rather, in terms of the very nature of being, of The Unity beyond causal and acausal; in terms of ourselves, as nexions, as part of the Cosmos, and of our causal life as but a temporary presencing of the acausal in the causal.

*Q: What do you advocate in place of the State, and the nation? And wouldn't their abolition cause anarchy and be a return to barbarism?*

A: I suggest small, rural, communities, which co-operate with, and which trade with, other local communities for their own mutual benefit. That is, a return to what is human; to the human-scale-of-things, and a moving-forward to a simple, ethical, letting-be based upon personal honour. This

letting-be means that we concern ourselves with ourselves, and our immediate family and community - that we do not embark upon some abstract "crusade" in some foreign land where we desire to impose ourselves, our ways, upon others, and upon other cultures, and that we do not seek to expand at the expense of others, causing thus suffering to others. It means that we are reasonably content, and view our lives as a nexion, a connexion to Nature, to the Cosmos, and to that acausal existence which we can achieve if we live, in this causal existence, in the right, in an ethical, way.

The abolition of the State and the nation - of impersonal, remote, governments, of tyrants, of impersonal laws and of the taxes imposed by these - would be a liberation, a return to genuine freedom and honour. It would be an evolutionary step - not a retrograde one. Of course, there would be problems, in such a change, but the most important thing is for us, as individuals, to begin the process, the personal change, that is necessary. From this, the social change will follow in its own way, in its own "Time": gently, without causing any more suffering, and without individuals acting in a dishonourable way.

*Q: To achieve this abolition, do you advocate revolution, the overthrow of States, and governments?*

A: As I have said and written many times in the past few years, I advocate nothing, I only suggest some answers, and give some of my own, personal, conclusions that have resulted from my thinking. People are free to agree with these answers, these suggestions, or reject them; or use them as some beginning of their own. In respect of change, what is required, by the ethics of The Numinous Way, is a self-transformation, an inner change - a living according to the ethics of The Numinous Way. That is, compassion, empathy, honour, reason - the cessation of suffering, and the gradual evolution, development, of the individual: a move toward, a return to, the acausal.

This is a personal change, and a slow, social change. The social change arises, for example, when groups of people who follow such a Way freely decide to live in a certain manner through, for example, being part of, or creating, a small rural community. The social change also arises when others are inspired by the ethical example of others.

All this takes us very far away from political or violent revolution - very far away from politics at all. So no, a violent revolution, the overthrow of some State or some government, is not the answer; instead, inner personal development and ethical social change are answers. To quote from the dialogue A Personal Learning:

"The great change toward the cessation of suffering - toward a better world - begins with this reformation of ourselves, this evolution of ourselves, this inner development. This is the essence of the social change, the social process, that is necessary."

*Q: But didn't you once advocate the violent overthrow of what you called "The System"?*

Yes, years ago, in that foolish period which for me lasted for several decades! Before I fully understood the nature of suffering and the causes of suffering; before I fully understood honour and all its implications. Before I fully developed The Numinous Way as a result of my experiences and my thinking.

*Q: Turning now to the future, how do you see the future of the world over the next one to two hundred years, particularly in regard to problems such as the growth of the human population, and global warming? Is there a catastrophe ahead?*

A: There may well be problems as a result of the increase in population, as a result of climate change, as a result of the migrations that are just beginning, as a result of the starvation that is now rife in certain parts of the world, and as a result of the hubris, the arrogance, the misuse of natural resources, of many governments, and nations, especially in and by what has been called "the developed world".

But, from the viewpoint of The Numinous Way, the solution to current and future problems is simple - to view ourselves, and this planet, the life on this planet, as nexions; as part of the matrix of the life of the Cosmos. To understand the nature of being - the nature of suffering - and to reform ourselves, as individuals. That is, to have a Cosmic perspective - to view our life in context, as a possibility to transcend, to become another type of being.

The solution does not involve more of the same - more attempts to implement causal solutions, based on, for example, some political or economic, idea, or continuing with the outmoded concepts of nation, and State, or the quest for material prosperity. The solution simply involves each individual taking responsibility for themselves, changing themselves in an ethical way, and trying to aid the nexions of life which exist. Part of this is in accepting that materialism, that possessions, that wealth, individually and collectively - that attachment to causal forms - cause and perpetuate suffering.

*Q: A lot of what you say sounds very Buddhist like. Can you therefore expand upon your recent answer elsewhere regarding the differences between Buddhism and The Numinous Way? Could The Numinous Way be called a new type of Buddhism?*

A: There are many fundamental differences. For example, the concept of personal honour is important for The Numinous Way, whereas it has no place in Buddhism. Furthermore, there is no concept, or notion, of karma, of nirvana, in The Numinous Way - rather, there is an understanding of the Cosmos in terms of causal and acausal, of ourselves as nexions, of this causal existence of ours as one opportunity, never to come again, to evolve toward, into, the acausal, becoming thus the changing, evolving consciousness of the Cosmos itself.

In addition, there is an awareness of the diversity of cultures as being nexions, a presencing of Life, a type of living-being, and thus worthy of being aided, in an ethical honourable, reasonable, gentle, tolerant way. To cause harm, or suffering to such beings is unethical - just as it is unethical to intentionally harm, to cause suffering to, other living beings with which we share this planet, such as animals.

There is also, as briefly mentioned in the essay Presencing The Numen in The Moment, no emphasis on, or practice of, such techniques as meditation. However, there are some common insights, which is not unexpected, for, as I wrote in the aforementioned essay:

"The Numinous Way is but one answer to the questions about existence, it does not have some monopoly on truth, nor does it claim any prominence, accepting that all the diverse manifestations of the Numen, all the diverse answers, of the various numinous Ways and religions, have or may have their place, and all perhaps may serve the same ultimate purpose - that of bringing us closer to the ineffable beauty, the ineffable goodness, of life; that of



transforming us, reminding us; that of giving us as individuals the chance to be cease to cause suffering, to presence the good, to be part of the Numen itself."

---

### **The Development of The Numinous Way and Other Questions**



*Q: Can you explain something about what led you to develop The Numinous Way?*

A: It arose from my diverse experience, my involvement with and study of various Ways, various religions and various philosophies. I found the answers that they gave to be unsatisfactory in one or many ways, so I began to think deeply about these questions and arrived at certain conclusions: my own answers. It is these answers - the result of over thirty five years of study and practical involvement - that developed into The Numinous Way, or as I first called it, the Way of Folk Culture.

Thus, my own thinking has evolved slowly as a direct result of my practical experience of, my knowledge of, my study of, these various religions and Ways - such as Islam, Buddhism, Taoism, paganism, Christianity.

*Q: Can you give some examples of these unanswered questions?*

A: In respect of nearly all of them, I have never found a satisfactory answer to the question, to the reality, of the diversity of cultures and their homelands. That is, I considered, and consider, that there is a living-being which is a particular culture, with such a culture having been brought-into-being (or born), and that this being is part of Nature - an emanation, a manifestation, a presencing, of Nature - and that we, as individuals who are or may be are part of a culture, a community, are also a nexion. As I have described elsewhere, this living-being is somewhat different from the living beings we are familiar with - different from the types of life that exist on this planet we call Earth. They are different insofar as they represent a type of acausal being, whereas the life with which we are familiar are essentially causal beings. That is, these acausal types of life, present on this planet, are not separate, distinct, entities or beings described by finite causal Space and causal Time - rather, they are multiple-nexions, a collocation of nexions. Thus, we individuals are - or importantly, can be - but part of the being which is our culture, as this being which is or which can be our culture is but part of the even larger being which is Nature,

and as Nature - a presencing of Life, of The Numen, on this planet - is but part of the living evolving being which is the Cosmos.

It is thus a question of dwelling in harmony with a particular living-being - a culture - which is a certain manifestation of Nature in a particular locality, which, by the nature of such a living-being, is a small area which we know personally. It is also a question of realizing that we can, by living in small rural communities according to the ethics of empathy, compassion and honour, develop in a natural way a new culture, many such new cultures: bring more Life into-being and thus aid the evolution of the Cosmos itself.

All the conventional religions and conventional Ways of Life either do not accept the reality of there being a living-being such as a culture, and Nature, or they by their very dogma and beliefs work against such living-beings. That is, they tend to undermine such living-beings, and thus go against that harmony, that empathy with all Life, which we should know and feel and which provides us with an understanding of the meaning of our own individual existence.

Another example is the question of honour. The Numinous Way regards honour as the basis for genuine freedom. Honour creates - honour is - true justice. Furthermore, honour is related to, dependant upon, empathy and compassion, and it is these three virtues that form the Cosmic Ethic, and which thus express the essence of The Numinous Way. All other Ways, or religions, either ignore honour, or do not regard it as central to their own ethics.

Another example is the question of suffering - of the all-powerful Divinity, the all-powerful Supreme Being of conventional religions, allowing the continuation of suffering and allowing dishonour and all that proceeds from dishonour, such as oppression, and cruelty. The conventional answers for this problem of allowing suffering - or, to use the terminology of theology, the answers to the problem of evil - essentially revolve around, depend upon, concepts such as Heaven and Hell, Jannah, sin, and Judgement of us, by some Supreme Being. The Numinous way dissents from this view, from these concepts, and posits instead a simple cause and effect, and the principle of personal change: of us using our human nature, our will, to change ourselves for the better. We do this because we understand and accept ourselves as one nexion - as one connexion among the matrix of connexions which is the Life of Nature and the Life of the Cosmos beyond. Thus, The Numinous Way views all life as a nexion - a place, in causal Space and causal Time, where acausal energies are present. That is, what makes a certain type of matter alive is this acausal energy.

According to The Numinous Way our foremost duty is to cease to cause suffering - to reform ourselves, to change ourselves, to evolve ourselves, by upholding the Cosmic Ethic. This means we have or develop empathy and compassion - that we treasure Life, and all presencings of Life, here on this planet, and elsewhere. That we aid the beings which are Life, which manifest Life, such as Nature, and in culture, and that we must only aid such beings in a moral, an honourable, way.

Another example is the question of revelation. Conventional religions such as Christianity rely on revelation - on some person, or some people, being favoured, or "chosen" by some Supreme Being, with there thus being a revelation to this person, or these people. The Numinous Way dissents from this view, believing that there is no perfect, all-powerful Deity, no Supreme Being, no God in the conventional sense - but rather a Cosmic Being, a living Cosmos, of which we human beings, and Nature, are a part. The Numinous Way accepts that this living being which is the Cosmos is changing, evolving, and that we are part of this evolution, this change; indeed, that we can aid this evolution, or we can, by our life, harm this evolution. Furthermore, this

conventional answer of revelation also requires that we accept that we human beings are somehow special: that God concerns himself with us, like some kindly father - and does not tell us about the other life in the Cosmos. Thus, for instance, if Jesus died to redeem us - does he have to suffer and die on other planets where conscious life exists? Such questions seem to pose unresolved dilemmas for conventional religions, for it seems inconceivable to me that we human beings are the only sentient life in the Cosmos.

Another example is the question of scriptural authority - of seeking answers in some revealed Holy Book, some scriptures. This even applies, it should be noted, in the case of Buddhism, where answers to moral questions, and what are regarded as social issues, ancient and modern, are referred to the teachings of the Buddha as contained in such works as the Pali Canon. This produces a type of attitude to life which The Numinous Way dissents from, for reasons I have explained in others essays and dialogues.

*Q: Can you briefly describe, then, the attitude of The Numinous Way?*

A: The attitude is one of empathy, compassion and honour - of a gentle letting-be; a gentle striving, a dignified quest, for true harmony, for balance. This is balance with Nature, with other life, with the Cosmos itself. Of being guided by the simple precepts of honour, compassion and empathy. Of accepting that we can indeed change ourselves for the better by upholding these precepts. Thus, we do not need scriptures; revelation. The answers we seek are all around us - manifest in Nature; in the presencing of Life; in the beauty of Nature and the beauty of the Cosmos; in the perspective of Nature and the Cosmos; in the understanding of ourselves as part of the matrix of Cosmic Life, as part of the Cosmic Being. This really is quite simple, and quite human. Joyful and rather relaxed - that is, it is compassionate, and tolerant.

*Q: But aren't you being somewhat intolerant in criticizing, as you have in your previous answer, other religions and Ways of Life and making it seem that you, in The Numinous Way, have the right answers?*

A: All I am seeking to do is to rationally give the answers I have arrived at, through reason, empathy and experience. It is for others to consider these answers, and judge them. They may find them useful, or they may not. They may agree with them, or some of them; or they may not. As I have stated several times recently, I do not consider I, or The Numinous Way, have any monopoly on truth - I have made enough mistakes in my life to realize that my answers may be incorrect. As for other Ways and other religions, as I have also said and written recently, they may express truth, or hint at it, or guide others toward it, as they may and sometimes do presence The Numen, or manifest those qualities, those virtues - such as compassion, honour, and love - which are important for us, as human beings. I respect the beliefs of others, and have no wish to undermine their faith, or whatever Way of Life they may have accepted or are drawn toward.

*Q: In your comment about Christianity above you mentioned God as some kind of father-figure. Isn't that idea now rather out-dated and a somewhat superficial understanding of God and Christianity?*

A: To be pedantic and unpartizan, we should perhaps speak about the Nazarene religion, and about Nazarene theology, rather than about Christianity, given how many people do not accept Jesus as a Messiah or as The Messiah - but we shall pass over such pedantic things!

It is true that there has been a great development in Christian theology, in how God is understood and perceived, and in how Jesus is understood and perceived. This is a natural evolution of religion, as answers are sought to questions which were not posed previously, and as our knowledge and experience and understanding grow over the centuries, through philosophical and religious dialogue. Science has also played a part, bringing us new understandings, new insights, new knowledge, and providing some plausible alternative explanations: one thinks here, for example, of our origins as a species and the great changes that have taken place in and on this planet over millions upon millions of years.

Thus, in a way, theology adapts itself, and often strives to express what it regards as the fundamental truths and insights of its own Way in new language, in new terms. Theology changes as new questions are asked. But one of my essential points is - do we really need this theology? Do we really need the revelation, and ideas, and concepts such as God, sin, religious redemption, faith?

That is, is it possible for us to live morally without positing some supreme Being, God, and/or some revelation from this God? Can we have a genuine morality, a cessation of suffering, without God and religion? Without faith; without some Master, to guide us? Can we have empathy without God? Can we have humility without God? Can we change ourselves for the better without the concepts of Sin and Heaven and Judgement Day? Can we redeem ourselves without Jesus or the Buddha or Muhammad?

Of course, I admit the valuable role that ethical religions and ethical Ways of Life, such as Buddhism, have played, and still play, in changing people for the better, and in striving to change the world for the better. But this is not to assume that they are the only answers, the right answers - that there are not alternatives which do not require a Supreme Being, that do not require revelation, that do not require scriptures, or some Holy Book, or some caste or Priests or scholars to interpret these scriptures, such books.

For another question regarding revelation - be it Christian or Muslim - is that if God, or Allah, or the Supreme Being is perfect, and All-Knowing, then why are the books containing the revelations, containing the word of God, of Allah, are as they are? Why do they not contain information - such as scientific information - unknown at the time, and why are they not clear, precise, and not open to interpretation? Those who believe such works of revelation to be divinely inspired, or to be the actual word of God, of Allah, have answers to such questions - and all these answers require us to have faith; to believe that God/Allah considered us, or considers us, to be in need of guidance, in terms that we could understand, at the time of such revelation and given the nature of the people to whom the revelation was first addressed, and that the form of revelation is itself a kind of test, for us. But The Numinous Way dissents from this view, and posits a Way of Life, a perspective, and answers, which do not require the assumption of God, the assumption of revelation, and the changing theology which always derives from such things.

*Q: But isn't the Cosmic Being just another name for God?*

A: Most certainly not, although perhaps the distinction has not been made as clear as it should have done or could have done.

God, and Allah, imply a perfect, all-powerful Being who is conscious in a quite literal way and who is also supreme, The Creator. This Being is Unchanging, and we are enjoined to worship this

Being; to obey this Being, as we are told we shall one day be judged by this Being, who will reward us, or punish us. This Being may be said to watch over us, to guide us, and to be concerned about us - and our relation to this Being is one of a certain if not literal inferiority. We are the creations of this Being, as our Fate depends on, or is determined by, this Being, to whom we can pray and make supplications, either directly, or, in the case of Christianity, through certain intermediaries, such as The Blessed Virgin Mary.

In contrast, the Cosmic Being is the Cosmos in evolution; this Being is not perfect; not all powerful; and it is also changing, evolving, just as it is not outside of the Cosmos, or outside of us, or outside of life. Rather, this Being is the Life of the Cosmos, as we are part of the consciousness of this Being, and just as we can aid this Being, or harm this Being, by what we do, or do not do.

Thus, our relationship to this Being is very different from the relationship which Christianity and Islam posit vis-s-vis our relationship with God and Allah. In a profound way - very different from theology - this Being is within us because we are a manifestation of Life; because we are one nexion among the matrix of nexions that are the Life of the Cosmos. We, and all life, in the Cosmos, are this Being, changing; this Being evolving, learning, developing self-awareness, consciousness. Thus, we have a duty of care, toward this Being; a duty of love and compassion - not some duty of obedience; not some fear. Furthermore, we determine our own Fate, to a great degree - because we human beings possess the ability to change ourselves for the better; the ability to participate in a positive way with the evolution of Life and thus the evolution of the Cosmos, with the evolution of the Cosmic Being.

That is, our life, our existence, our very Thought, can and does have an affect, on us, on other human beings, on Life, on the Cosmos. In truth, our purpose is to attain a correct, a natural, balance with Nature, with the Cosmos, and thus within ourselves - to change ourselves in a positive way - so that we can cease to cause suffering, and can consciously participate in this evolution, which becomes our own evolution, in both causal and acausal Time and Space. We participate in it through empathy, which correctly understood, is an extension of our existence, our consciousness, our Thought, our being, and the beginning of this change is to appreciate, to feel, the perspective of Life, of the Cosmos; to understand ourselves as but one nexion, one small presencing of Life upon one planet. Hence, our prayer is empathy, as us causing suffering is us harming this Being, harming Life, and undermining the natural balance which is necessary for Life and for positive change, for evolution, with evolution here understood as the increase of empathy, the decrease of suffering, the increase of consciousness.

However, it is perhaps possible to equate this Cosmic Being with God, with Allah - The Compassionate, The Most Merciful - as some Christian mystics and some Sufis have done. Or, at the very least, to find some common ground between such a cosmic Being, and that Being we know as God, as Allah, The Compassionate, The Most Merciful. It depends on the assumptions made; on the perspective; on ontology.

*Q: What is your reaction to - and do you have any comment on - those people, especially those who espouse racial nationalist or who call themselves National Socialists, who describe you as traitor for your involvement with Islam, and who say you are weird or mad or a psychopath or belong in some insane asylum?*

A: For many years, I have not been bothered by what people say or write or believe about me, for I go and have gone my own way - and this personal way, for many many years, has been a

journey of exploration, of discovery, of experience, according to the ethic of honour. I dedicated more than thirty years of my life to fighting, often in practical way, for the principles I believed in and which I considered, at the time, were right and just, and endured two terms of imprisonment for those beliefs. I have attended many demonstrations, spoken at many, many public and private meetings, addressed crowds of thousands of people, been involved in many street fights and brawls, and so on. I have even led, for certain periods, some radical organizations. I have been vilified and lied about in the Media, and had disinformation and lies spread about me. So I am not without some practical experience.

I always tried, before my reversion to Islam, to do what I considered was good for my people, my folk - and this arose from a genuine and deep love of my folk and my own homeland. But there were several times when I, even with all my idealism and fanaticism, became disillusioned and wondered why I bothered, given the propensity of so-called "comrades" and colleagues to believe lies and rumours, and given the propensity of some to be disloyal, to show no concern for honour, or - it must be said - to not even know or feel what honour is.

Over the past seven and more years I have reviewed every thing I believed in, as I have also tried to admit my mistakes, and learn from them. I have also sought to answer some of the most fundamental and perplexing questions about life, about our existence. I had been searching for such answers since I was around thirteen years old, and in the course of this search I sought practical involvement with many of the major religions of the world. In this search, I have gone beyond Christianity, Buddhism, and nationalism, and beyond National-Socialism itself - creating, in effect, a new, apolitical and ethical Way of Life which I believe is important for us, as human beings, and important for Nature and the living-beings of Nature, such as a unique culture. But these are just some of my answers, as The Numinous Way can be considered just one philosophy of life among many. Other people are free to reject these answers, this new philosophy - and I am not concerned if they do so reject them; for there is no longer any desire to proselytize; no fanaticism; no arrogant belief that The Numinous Way is right: only a gentle feeling about life, a certain empathy with Nature, with the living-beings of Nature, with the Cosmos itself, Only a certain knowing of the natural beauty of living, the natural beauty of existence which we humans, sadly, so often undermine, obscure or tend to destroy through our ideas, our abstractions, our arrogance, our hubris, our selfishness, our lack of honour, our lack of empathy and compassion.

Rigorously following where Cosmic Ethics - the ethics of empathy, honour, and compassion - lead, we arrive at certain conclusions, which some or many people may dislike, for whatever reason or reasons. Thus, The Numinous Way rejects what is called racism, racial prejudice and the immoral notion of racial superiority; rejecting the abstraction of race, of nationalism: of using such things to judge individuals or to assign a value to an individual. In addition, The Numinous Way leads to an affirmation, on moral grounds, of such things as vegetarianism. Also, following this, we cannot find any moral justification for large scale war, or any moral justification for the primitive and barbaric concept of imprisoning people for years.

The guidelines of The Numinous Way are now, and have been for a some time, the morality of honour, empathy and compassion. Those who adhere to this Way are not concerned about what is termed politics, or about "being popular", or how The Numinous Way itself is are regarded. They are as they are, as I am as I am. Those who have taken the trouble to read such things as the letters of mine which have been published, my recent writings, and my poetry, should be able to understand the progression of my thinking over the years, and my search for answers. Certainly, and especially in my recent personal letters, I have striven to be honest about my feelings; about my doubts; about my mistakes; about the inner struggles that have sometimes consumed me, often as a result of some personal tragedy.

As for those who make personally offensive remarks about me - I might ask them what criteria, or what information, they use to base their views, their opinions, on, and if they know or feel what honour means, for certainly the honourable thing is to take the trouble to find out, in person, to seek to know, or to keep quiet about someone they have no direct personal knowledge of. Certainly most of the views and opinions of such people seem to be ill-informed, or based upon rumours or dis-information about me, or derive from their own often dishonourable feelings or instincts. But such is human life and human nature - for the present, as it has been, sadly, for thousands upon thousands of years.

*Q: In some of your most recent writings you have stated that you - and the The Numinous Way itself - have gone beyond even the concept of the folk. Can you explain this in more detail?*

A: When I began developing what I first called "Folk Culture" and then The Numinous Way of Folk Culture, there was still some importance placed on what I described as "the folk", which I then considered as a living-being, a nexion, which I assumed was distinct from the abstract idea of race. Indeed, I tried to make a clear distinction between "race" and "folk", writing that a folk was essentially a clan, a tribe, of individuals - a small grouping - who shared the same ancestral heritage, the same genetic heritage, and who dwelled in the same area. I contrast this with the abstraction of "race" and regarded small, rural "folk communities" as worth conserving and nurturing, or worthy of being brought into-being.

However, the more I developed the ethics of The Numinous Way, the more I realized that, if used as a criteria of judgement, of value, this "folk" was itself divisive, an abstraction, and thus a cause of - or the potential cause of - suffering and intolerance, of judging other than by empathy and the criteria of honour. That is, to promote such a thing as a priority, as a necessary criteria- or as the criteria - was, and is, in itself unethical. Thus I have had to abandon this concept of "the folk" as a necessary criteria, as one foundation, one basis - the basis - of The Numinous Way.

*Q: Haven't you, in some of your newer writings, just replaced this concept of the folk with that of "culture"?*

No, for a culture is just what arises - or which can naturally arise - when people live together in a community or in a collection of small communities in a certain locality, and "people" here is left unspecified, independent of ethnicity, of "race", of nationalism, and of other such things, or whatever terms we use to describe such criteria which have to be defined based on some arbitrary un-numinous abstraction.

However, a new culture can arise - and often in the past has naturally arisen - from people of the same folk who live together in small communities, with such a culture thus representing the ethos of those people, and being thus a living-being. In the same way, a culture can arise, in the future, from people who are from diverse folks, and this itself has often happened in the past. What matters is to respect this diversity, and not use an abstract criteria as a basis for judgement of such a culture and the individuals within it.

Cultures are born and, like all living things, they can thrive or not, just as they all change over causal Time and all have a limited cause life. Certain Ways of Life can produce a culture - for example Buddhism, and Islam - just as the interaction of people of different "ethnicity" can produce and have produced a new culture or cultures, and no abstraction, no abstract criteria,

should be used to judge such cultures, any culture, and the individuals of such cultures. That is, we apply the ethical criteria of tolerance, of a natural letting-be, considering them as emanations of the Life, manifestations of the flux of Life, presented on this planet.

Hence, there is an empathic non-interference, for we only interfere in some matter when it is question of immediacy, of direct personal honour: of personal and direct concern to us and our family. To interference - to judge - on the basis of some abstraction is simply unethical.

*Q: Does this mean that you will have to revise many of your older writings about The Numinous Way, about Folk Culture?*

A: Not really. I have revised a few, but as for the others, they are what they are - my older writings.

*Q: So, the emphasis has shifted from folk to culture?*

Yes - with the emphasis now being on the ethical values of empathy, compassion and personal honour, on not pre-judging individuals, and on not using abstractions (including the folk and a folkish-culture) as a criteria of value, and on respecting the various living-beings, such as the various cultures, which exist, which have arisen, or which can and will arise, which will come-into-being, from whomsoever they arise, such as from people of diverse folks.

*Q: You mentioned the beauty of life - can you expand upon this?*

A: Yes, I do feel that life is and should be beautiful: that we should, each and everyone of us, be able to feel this beauty, experience this beauty. Life has so many wonderful possibilities, just as we human beings are wonderful beings - full of potential.

This is why allegories such as the mythos of Jesus, of the Passion, can and have filled us with wonder and joy - why such allegories, such mythos, still move us and still are sought. For they remind us of what many of us feel, deeply: that life can and should be good. That there is a meaning, somewhere. That certain things are wrong; and certain things are right. We human beings need to feel, to know, The Numen - we need to have what is numinous presented in our life, through something: be this a mythos; a fable; a legend; an allegory; a ritual; a ceremony; a piece of music, a loving partner, a religion, or a Way of Life.

But we are still half-savage; still half-barbarian, or, rather, often more than half - and so commit hubris: we trample down, upon, what is numinous; we scorn it. We let our desires overwhelm us and create, perpetuate, suffering. We can be and often are callous, and in thrall to abstractions, to ideas, which we worship and which we put in place of The Numen; abstractions and ideas such as some nation, or some State, or some leader, or some religion, or some political view, some ideology, some -ocracy or some -ism, which we seek to impose upon others by brute force, through propaganda, through war.

So, instead of letting The Numen - the beautiful, the sacred, the numinous possibilities of Life, the matrix of the nexions of the Cosmos - suffuse us and live within us and change us for the better, we kill; we torture; we lie; we imprison; we steal; we cheat; we connive; we manipulate. Instead of reforming ourselves, first, and being moral, and being content with seeking an inner



harmony, we become hypocrites and seek to impose ourselves, and our abstractions, our -ologies, upon others while forgetting or ignoring or not even knowing our own faults, our own failings, our own weakness.

Now, we are reaching the stage - partly due to technology - where even the balance of Nature is threatened by our hubris, our arrogance, our barbarism, our inability to control ourselves, our addiction to ideas, materialism and hypocrisy. How many millions upon millions upon millions of people have been killed - how many injured; how many have suffered - in the past hundred years through wars, conducted with weapons created by technology? How much devastation has been caused by these wars? By the rapacious materialism of capitalism; by our own greed? In many ways, technology has not freed us - it has enslaved us, and made us able to commit hubris, to practice hypocrisy and greed, to conduct war and oppression, to commit injustice, on a scale far larger than our so-called barbarian ancestors. Technology has also enabled us to distract ourselves - to allow us to be distracted - from the Numen of Life, just as it has distanced many of us, especially in what is called the West, from Nature, from the slow natural rhythm and quietness of Nature which often is the beginning of personal wisdom. In place of this naturally-grown, personally acquired, wisdom we imbibe abstractions, vain empty cleverness, and propaganda, with many people becoming like some mass-produced clones: their ideas, their way of life, their opinions, their desires, their prejudices, given to them, manufactured for them, by governments, by Corporations, by commercial and political factions.

In all these things, the beauty of Life becomes lost or can become lost. It certainly has become lost for millions upon millions of people, world-wide, who are starving; who are oppressed; who are under occupation by some foreign Army or controlled by some tyrant or some tyrannical idea or some political abstraction. It is certainly lost for the millions upon millions who daily suffer some dishonourable deed undertaken by another human being - a rape, perhaps; a killing; a robbery... So many thousands of years for so little understanding; for so little real, inner, change toward harmony and the cessation of suffering.

In many ways, many of those in the West are indeed fortunate because their societies are fairly stable and prosperous, and they have a certain freedom, and a certain leisure, so that they and we can feel The Numen - become aware of beauty, or are aware of beauty, presenced in a piece of music, perhaps; or through a walk in some beautiful countryside; or through a personal love; through a work of Art, or literature, or through some other particular intimation. They are also fortunate in that they have a vast treasure of such presencings - in recorded music, for instance, or through accessible literature and Art - as they also have such people as professional artists, musicians, and Institutions supporting these, and centres of learning, many with a long tradition. Thus, they can attend concerts of glorious numinous music performed well, as they can seek out and learn about and appreciate the Art, the music, the literature, the learning of the past.

Many in the West are thus fortunate, even though certain intimations of The Numen, certain manifestations of beauty, are increasingly disappearing and often not appreciated, within the societies, the homelands, of the West. In particular they are losing, in their modern urbanized, technological way of living, in their quest for more luxury and comfort, an appreciation of the beauty, the quiet, of unspoilt Nature - as they are losing the natural, unspoilt places where the beauty and the quietness, the sacredness, of Nature can be felt and known and appreciated. This is very sad, but is a natural consequence of our greed, our desire for comfort, our selfishness, our failure to place ourselves in the context of Nature, in the context of the Cosmos - that is, it is failure of morality, a failure to appreciate and feel beauty; a failure of meaning. Some would also say: it is a failure to know God, a failure to know Allah - The Compassionate, The Most Merciful

- which failure results from the pride, the arrogance, of hubris, which hubris is it seems increasingly coming to be the way of the West.

*Q: But didn't you, for a long time, preach and agitate for the violent overthrow of the West?*

A: Yes, because I myself was in thrall to various abstractions and because I did not fully understand the morality, the perspective, involved.

To evolve - toward a genuine empathy with all life, with Nature and the Cosmos, toward the next stage of our existence - The Numinous Way inclines toward the view that we must develop an inner harmony which is a reflexion of the harmony of Nature and the Cosmos. To do this, it suggests that we must gently strive to presence the numinous in our own lives, and learn to abide in acausal Time rather than in the causal Time of the modern world with its hubris and lack of empathy and compassion. That is, there should be an inner change, an inner transformation toward the numinous, toward The Numen, toward beauty and harmony, and it is this inner, personal, individual change which is moral, which presences the numinous and which thus does not cause suffering or add to suffering.

According to The Numinous Way, the change of agitation, of political strife, of revolution, of armed struggle, is a causal change, based in causal Time, and often or mostly causes suffering, creates suffering, adds to suffering, and more often than not does not contribute to the development of genuine inner harmony, to the presencing of the numinous. That is, it undermines and often destroys the beauty of Life, as the changes it provokes or causes or almost always only temporary ones, lasting a few years, a few decades, at most a hundred years or so. Thus, the suffering such causal provokations cause does not achieve what the adherents of such provokations believe they do. I, in my limited way, know this from experience, for I made this mistake myself, many times over the decades.

What does fundamentally change people, the world, toward The Numen, toward a genuine understanding and appreciation of Life, is that which expresses, which presences beauty; that which is numinous - and it is these changes caused by such presencings which endure, long after some revolution, long after some war, long after some Empire, long after some tyrant, and long after some political Party or other. Why do such things endure so? Because they express, they capture, they presence, something of the acausal, while causal forms - such as some political strife or struggle - are firmly rooted in the causal.

But this understanding aside, we must also judge such causal things - such transient forms such as some struggle, political or otherwise - morally. That is, we must apply the ethics of honour, compassion and empathy, the ethics of The Numinous way, to such things. Thus, do such things alleviate, can they alleviate, suffering? Do they cause suffering? Do they take away personal honour? Do they allow for personal honour? Judged in this way, we find such things immoral.

*Q: How do you see the future, especially of the West?*

A: It all depends upon what assumptions we make. However, it does seem clear that things cannot go on as they are for many more centuries. That is, given the increase in human population; given the rapacious use of the natural resources of this planet; given the increasing urbanization; given the proliferation of armed conflicts, and given the changes that do seem to be occurring in Nature as a result of our activity, one change being that in our climate, and another

the increasing extinction of species of life and the destruction of habitats. When we factor in such things as greed; dishonour; lack of empathy and lack of compassion, the continuing reliance upon abstractions, upon -isms and -ologies - that is, the continuation of human barbarism, stupidity and selfishness - and when we consider that millions of people are still dying from hunger, and millions upon millions live in squalor, then we might consider we have reason to be rather pessimistic about our future.

Billions of people are not suddenly going to change - they are not suddenly going to become honourable, compassionate, empathic human beings. They are not suddenly going to stop being selfish and stop desiring comfort and the many material things that exist in the West. War, armed conflict, and strife are not suddenly going to vanish.

As for the West, the three greatest problems are firstly the hypocrisy of its governments, and of many of its people; secondly, its innate and immoral sense of superiority; and thirdly the continuing immigration of people into its lands. Its immoral sense of superiority is what has led it into colonialism in the past and led it more recently into a new type of that old colonialism. Now, it seeks to impose what its leaders, governments and many of its people regard as its superior and "civilized" way of life, its concepts and ideas, upon others. Chief among the concepts and ideas which it desires to impose upon others - by force of arms if necessary, as evident in Iraq and Afghanistan and in Vietnam - are what is called democracy, the abstract idea of the nation-State, and consumer-capitalism.

The hypocrisy of the West is evident, for example, in two things. Firstly, in its desire to export its way of life, its concept and values, to others, while ignoring the problems within its own societies - the problems of poverty; of corruption; of inequality; of a lack of honour. Secondly, in the double standards it uses - as for example in: (1) the fact that it allows, tolerates and even encourages a country such as the Zionist entity which occupies Palestine to have nuclear and biological weapons, and allows that country to invade and occupy other lands, to assassinate other people, but will not tolerate a country such as Iran possessing nuclear weapons; and in (2) that fact that it regards itself above the law, evident most blatantly in the disregard of the United States for the Geneva convention in respect of its detainees in places such as Guantanamo Bay; in its torture of detainees, and in the propaganda and excuses it uses to excuse or cover-up such torture, and the propaganda and excuses it makes for its killing of civilians in areas of conflict, while condemning the killing of civilians by those it regards as its enemies. Thus, the West, by its actions for a period of well over eighty years, has forfeited the right to assume, as it does, in its hypocrisy, the "moral high ground" - forfeited the right to preach to the peoples of the world.

In respect of immigration, this is and will be a problem for the West because it is changing, over a long period of time, the very nature of the West itself and placing something of a strain on its resources as well as creating some social problems. This immigration of peoples into the prosperous West will most probably continue and increase, regardless of what measures the governments of the West may introduce to limit it. It is possible to envisage a future, not that distant, when the majority of peoples resident in Europe are from African and Asian lands, and where people from Mexico, and South America, will be the majority in parts of America. This change will itself probably lead to a change of policy and a change of direction for the nations of the West because, for example, of how such people will vote, and this change does not even consider the growing influence of countries such as China, even though America is trying hard to counter this growing influence by aiding the development of consumer-capitalism in China, which thus gives America some financial influence which they hope they can use in a clandestine political way. Thus, given such things as these, it does seem probable that the current policies of the West may well change significantly over the next fifty to one hundred years.

Will this change be for the better? And what is "better"? Would this "better" be a change toward compassion, empathy and honour? - and thus be an personal inner, change, in individuals; a change toward less or no interference in the affairs of others; a change toward doing something practical and effective about the problems of hunger and poverty, industrialization, and the rapacious use of natural resources? Would this "better" be the West using its resources to begin the exploration and settlement of Space - so that instead of funding foreign wars, instead of invading other lands and engaging in global armed conflict, instead of diverting resources to fund large armies and arsenals, it devoted itself to the worthwhile and evolutionary goal of Space exploration and settlement, and the worthy goal of respecting the living-being that is Nature?

Personally, I consider that things will get worse, possibly much worse, for both the world and the West, before there is a slow change for the better, toward a more moral, toward a numinous, way of life.

*Q: Are you documenting one person's journey through life, to thus inspire others to live as some kind of explorer?*

A: I am just attempting to write as and when as an aid to my own self-understanding and insight and development. If others find what is written of interest or value, fine; if not, it does not matter. I am not interested anymore in inspiring others in some kind of political or even social way - only in working things out for myself; moving forward; ceasing to cause suffering. To make public what is written so that others can see my errors, my mistakes, my searching, my answers, and so there is a public record, assuming anyone is interested, of those answers, and this questioning and this inner struggle, and it has been a struggle, these past five or six years, and especially these past few months. If what I write contributes in some small way to some others, however small in number, understanding themselves, the world, the Cosmos - so that they cease to cause suffering, and aid The Numen, in whatever way - then that is and would be good.

(Revised 2454586.531)

[Compassion, Empathy and Honour](#)  
[Frequently Asked Questions About The Numinous Way](#)  
[Presencing The Numen](#)  
[A Personal Learning](#)  
[How Do We Know In Our Anguish?](#)  
[The Origin of the Good](#)  
[A Numinous Future](#)  
[Personal, Social and Family Values](#)

---

## **THE NUMINOUS WAY: PHILOSOPHY OF THE FUTURE**

The Theology of The Numinous Way:  
An Examination of The Numinous Way, Christianity and Islam

David Myatt

## Introduction:

It is my view, which I have expounded in various writings, that what I have called The Numinous Way is a complete and unique Way of Life - or Weltanschauung - with its own ethics, based upon the ideal of personal honour, and with its own Theology, based upon what I have called "The Cosmic Being". This Being is not the same as the God of Christianity, nor the Allah of Islam.

This present work will attempt, briefly, to outline the theology of The Numinous Way, and show how it differs from Christianity and Islam.

I have tried to avoid using the term "religion" in discussing both The Numinous Way and Islam, since I believe it to be not only inappropriate, but inaccurate, since they are both complete Ways of Life, and there has been a tendency in the West - an erroneous one in my view - to separate "religion" from such things as government, "The State" and the community. For Islam, the Muslim community (incorrectly, "The State") is but a means of manifesting, or making real in the world, the truths contained in Islam, while for The Numinous Way the natural ideal of a small rural community replaces the concept of The State, with The Numinous Way regarding The State as an artificial, abstract, construct which denies true freedom and therefore has no place in this particular Way of Life.

I have also used the term Allah to describe the supreme Being of Islam, and the term God to describe the supreme Being of Christianity, for in my view - despite many attempts to equate them - they are theologically distinct.

### **The Origin and Meaning of Life:**

The essential starting point for a Way of Life is to pose, and answer, the questions about the origin and meaning of life - or, more specifically, about our lives, as human beings on this planet we call Earth.

According to The Numinous Way, life evolved naturally on this planet, from finite beginnings we as yet do not precisely understand. The essence of the The Numinous Way perspective about our origins is reason - or rather, what used to be called Natural Philosophy: through observation, experiment and the use of reason, or logic we can understand our world, the Cosmos, and ourselves. Thus, The Numinous Way is a rationalist Way of Life which accepts: (i) that the Cosmos (or Reality) exists independently of us and our consciousness, and thus independent of our senses; (ii) our limited understanding of this 'external world' depends for the most part upon our senses - that is, on what we can see, hear or touch; that is, on what we can observe or come to know via our senses; (iii) logical argument - reason - and experiment are the best means to knowledge and understanding of and about this 'external world'; (iv) the Cosmos is, of itself, a reasoned order subject to rational laws.

According to both Islam and Christianity, we, our world, and the Cosmos, were created, by a Supreme Being.

For The Numinous Way, the meaning, the purpose, of our lives is to further evolution: both our own, and that of our culture or community where we dwell and have our numinous-being. This is so because according to The Numinous Way we are not isolated individuals, but rather a nexion - a connexion between the past and the future. We can, by our life and deeds, make a difference: aiding evolution, or not aiding evolution. That is, the perspective of The Numinous Way is the

perspective of Nature, and the Cosmos beyond, for we are regarded as part of our culture, our culture is part of Nature, and Nature part of the Cosmos. There is thus in The Numinous Way a Cosmic perspective as distinct from the individualistic perspective of both Islam and Christianity. For both Islam and Christianity see our lives as a means for us, as individuals, to attain Jannah (Paradise) or Heaven. The main motivation of Muslims and Christians is to do what their Ways of Life inform they should be because then they, as individuals, will be rewarded with Paradise, and Heaven.

In contrast, The Numinous Way is ultimately supra-personal and thus, in my view, is an evolutionary Way of Life: enabling us as individuals and as a species to evolve. The ultimate goal of The Numinous Way - our Destiny as human beings - is for us to explore and settle the Cosmos itself. That is, to move toward maturity - through upholding the civilized ethics of The Numinous Way, through pursuing reason and fairness, and to leave our home which is this planet.

### The Cosmic Being:

One crucial difference between Islam and Christianity is the concept of incarnation - of the supreme deity being, or possibly being, incarnate in the world, and in human beings. According to Islam, Allah is not and never can be incarnate in His creation: He is totally separate from, and totally untouched by, all Creation. Whatever happens, in the world, in the Cosmos, has no affect whatsoever upon Allah. According to Christianity, God became incarnate in Jesus, who is thus described as His Son. Furthermore, according to some Christian theologians, and some mystics (such as Francis of Assisi), God is incarnate in Nature just as some maintain that Jesus exists within us.

The Quran - which Muslims accept as the literal word of Allah - has this to say about incarnation:  
"Say - He is Allah, The Unity;  
Allah - Eternal, Infinite;  
He has no children, and neither was He born.  
And there is no-being, no-thing, comparable to Him."  
(Surah 112)

Both Allah, and God, are regarded as being infallible, and perfect: completely evolved, and not subject to change.

In contrast, the Cosmic Being of The Numinous Way is regarded as the Cosmos in evolution, with Nature representing one manifestation, one incarnation, of the Cosmic Being on our planet, Earth. Thus, the Cosmos Being is not complete, not perfect - but an evolving, changing, being - just as we ourselves are the Cosmic Being in evolution, and just as Nature is this being in evolution. That is, there is a symbiotic relationship between us, as individuals, as members of our community, our culture, between us and Nature, between us and the Cosmic Being, and between Nature and the Cosmic Being. Nature is also a being: that is, some-thing which is alive, which changes. Nature is thus that innate creative force in the natural world of our planet which causes, or is the genesis of, and controls, living organisms in certain ways. All life - on this Earth and elsewhere in the Cosmos - is regarded as connected. That is, the Cosmos is a Unity, a matrix of connexions, which affect each other. This Unity can be understood by the concept of Acausal (see below).

In one sense, our consciousness - our awareness, our rational apprehension - may be likened to the awareness of the Cosmic Being, just as honour is regarded as a manifestation, a presencing, in

us and our world, of evolution: of those forces which enable us to live in a noble, civilized, way. That is, honour is one way in which the Cosmic Being is incarnate - or can be incarnate - in us, as human beings. In a very simplistic way, the Cosmic Being is an increase in order from random chaos - or, more correctly, an increase of the acausal, a manifestation or manifestations of the acausal in the causal (1).

As to the origin of the Cosmic Being, and the Cosmos itself, we simply do not know, at present - despite the many surreal (and in my view, irrational) theories advanced in the present century in an attempt to explain such things as the origins of the Cosmos (2). All we do rationally know is that we exist in one star-system in one Galaxy among many millions of Galaxies, and that Galaxies change over causal time. Until we begin to explore our Galaxy, and possibly other Galaxies, and thus can make first-hand, direct experimental observations, we simply will not know, for sure - and possibly not even then.

Crucially, there is no concept of "sin" in The Numinous Way, just as there is no need for, and no concept of, "praying" to the Cosmic Being for guidance, for intercession, for forgiveness. For The Numinous Way, there are only honourable or dishonourable deeds (see The Ethics of Honour, below) with honourable deeds being regarded as evolutionary, civilized - and thus manifesting our true human nature, and being conducive to order and thus increasing consciousness itself.

There can be no such thing as prayer, in The Numinous Way, because of the matrix, The Unity, the acausal: because the Cosmic Being is us, and Nature, in evolution, and not separate from us when we are honourable, fair, rational. We only have to follow the ethics of honour - to be reasonable, just, fair, honourable - to access the Cosmic Being, to presence this Being in our lives. This presencing is thus natural, and does not depend on prayer, or rituals, of any kind. In this sense, The Numinous Way is, in my view, far in advance of - far more evolved than - other Ways of Life.

#### Prophets and Revelation:

Both Islam and Christianity are revelatory religions, or Ways of Life. That is, they accept that Allah, and God, have sent Messengers and Prophets to guide us, and reveal truths, such as about how we should live, and what our laws should be. Thus, both Muslims and Christians accept that we must turn to a supreme being for guidance, for the final answers, for the truth.

In addition, these revelations of a supreme being are believed to be contained in Holy Books - the Quran, and Sunnah (3), for Muslims, and the Bible, for Christians. In the case of Muslims, the Quran is regarded as perfect, while in the case of Christians, it has come to be accepted that scriptural exegesis, and interpretation, may be and often are necessary to discover the meaning, the true message, of God.

For The Numinous Way, there is no revelation from a supreme being, and thus no belief in Prophets or Messengers, and no Holy Books. There is only a reasoned apprehension, an acceptance that our human nature depends upon being civilized, that is, upon us accepting the ethics of honour, and empathy with, Nature, and the Cosmos. The Numinous Way accepts that we - as Aeschylus wrote - learn through the experience of suffering. That is, that we are slowly, painfully, learning, and slowly, painfully, creating a better way of life, and that while what we create may not be perfect, it will be - if we adhere to honour, reason, and fairness - civilized, and better than what existed before. As Sophocles wrote, some two thousand years ago (my translation):

There exists much that is strange, yet nothing  
Is more strange than mankind:  
For this being crosses the gray sea of Winter  
Against the wind, through the howling sea swell,  
And the oldest of gods, ageless Earth -  
She the inexhaustible -  
He wearies, turning the soil year after year  
By the plough using the offspring of horses.

He snares and captures the careless race of birds,  
The tribes of wild beasts, the natives of the sea,  
In the woven coils of his nets -  
This thinking warrior: he who by his skill rules over  
The wild beasts of the open land and the hills,  
And who places a yoke around the hairy neck  
Of the horse, taming it - and the vigorous mountain bull.

His voice, his swift thought,  
The raising and ordering of towns:  
How to build against the ill-winds of the open air  
And escape the arrows of storm-rain -  
All these things he taught himself,  
He the all-resourceful  
From whom there is nothing he does not meet  
Without resources - except Hades  
From which even he cannot contrive an escape  
Although from unconquered disease  
He plans his refuge.

Beyond his own hopes, his cunning  
In inventive arts - he who arrives  
Now with dishonour, then with chivalry:  
Yet, by fulfilling his duties to the soil,  
His oaths to the customs given by the gods,  
Noble is his clan although clan-less is he who dares  
To dwell where and with whom he please -  
Never shall any who do this  
Come to my hearth or I share their judgement.....

Thus, for The Numinous Way, there is that natural discovery which is a revealing of what is, as it is.

The standard used by both Islam and Christianity to judge a person, their deeds, and other concepts and ideas, is based upon what is or is believed to a revelation from a supreme being, whereas for The Numinous Way such judgement depends upon the ethics of honour, and honour alone.

#### The Ethics of Honour and Empathy:

The foundation - the essence - of the ethics of The Numinous Way is the ideal of personal



honour, manifest in a Code of Honour. Honour itself is founded in empathy: toward other individuals, toward Nature, and toward the Cosmos, the Cosmic Being.

Honour is accepted, as the foundation for the ethics of The Numinous Way because honour is regarded as one of the those qualities which make us human, and which enable us to achieve both excellence (arête, for the Ancient Greeks) and further evolution, for ourselves and our culture.

The ethics of Islam and Christianity derive from their Holy Books, which are studied for principles, with those people mentioned in such books considered as examples, for good, or bad. For The Numinous Way, the example is the individual of honour, reason, empathy and fairness.

Honour is thus the basis for the laws of The Numinous Way, and thus the basis for a community living according to The Numinous Way. There are nine fundamental principles of law for such a community (4) and these laws are very different from the laws of both Islamic and Christian societies.

An Islamic society is one ruled according to Shariah, which Muslims regard as the way to Allah. Furthermore, for Islam, only Allah's laws are right, and these have been given in the Quran and the Sunnah, with the perfect society - the ideal to follow - having been created by the Prophet Muhammad in Medina.

The ethics of honour determine the behaviour of each and every individual who upholds The Numinous Way, and thus determine how those individuals treat other people: in a fair, just, empathic way, regardless of the beliefs, the race, the culture, of those other people.

#### The Concept of the Acausal:

The Numinous Way gives us an awareness of several types of living being which other Ways of Life ignore or consider irrelevant. This ignorance is especially true of modern materialism. These beings include Nature, our culture, the homeland where we and our culture (present, past and future) dwells, and the Cosmic Being.

These types of being derive their life from the acausal - or rather, from acausal energy. That is, they are manifestations of the acausal in the causal world. In a sense, these beings are acausal life, as distinct from the causal life-forms we know, through experience and Science, and which dwell with us on this planet. To understand The Numinous Way is to understand this concept of the acausal, and thus the matrix, The Unity, which the acausal is. It is the acausal which is numinous, which we apprehend through great Art, literature, music, and so on, and which can and does inspire us to quest for excellence and strive to aid our evolution. It is the acausal which is the essence of life, and it is a rational understanding, or intuitive awareness, of the acausal which enables us to place our own lives in the correct, Cosmic, context, and which provides us with the insight of how all life, causal and acausal, is connected, dependant, inter-related.

An awareness of the acausal gives us an understanding of what the Ancient Greeks called hubris - that it is unwise to go to great extremes, unwise to be too arrogant, unwise to be dishonourable, or tempt "Fate". For such things upset the natural balance, and this balance will, inevitably, be restored, in our own lifetime, or beyond. This return to balance can and does bring misfortune to those who commit hubris - or their descendant, or their community, or those around them, or to

Nature, for such a restoration, such a balancing, is a natural act, implicit in life itself: implicit in the nature of acausal energy.

This concept of the acausal is a rational apprehension, in contrast to the submission and faith required by both Muslims and Christians.

#### Conclusion:

It should be clear that there are fundamental, and irreconcilable, differences between The Numinous Way, Islam, and Christianity. The Numinous Way, as I have stated, is a complete Way of Life - independent from, and different from, other Ways. The Cosmic Being of The Numinous Way is neither God, nor Allah, and no comparison between them is possible or required. The ethics of honour establish laws, and a society, which differ from those of Islam and Christianity. The Numinous Way concept of culture - and especially of culture and community and Nature as living, evolving, beings - are not important for Islam or Christianity. In contrast to Islam and Christianity, there is no concept of sin, nor any need for prayer or ritual, in The Numinous Way.

David Myatt  
May 2005 CE  
(Revised 2454576.169)

---

#### Notes:

- (1) The acausal is outlined in [Acausal Science: Life and the Nature of the Acausal](#).
  - (2) See [Surreal Science](#).
  - (3) The Sunnah is the example - in words and deeds - of the Prophet Muhammad, recorded in books of Ahadith, such as those of Bukhari.
  - (4) See my [The Principles of Numinous Law](#). I have described the ethics of The Numinous Way in essays such as [Cosmic Ethics and the Meaning of Life](#).
- It should be noted that these ethics have several practical consequences as I have outlined in essays such as [Some Practical Consequences of Cosmic Ethics](#).
- 

### Dealing With Aliens



One day, in the not too distant future when we begin to explore the star-systems beyond our planet Earth, we will have to deal with aliens - with other sentient life.

How should we react to them? With hatred and intolerance? With the belief that we are the superior race? How to interact with them? With a desire to conquer them and make them into "second-class citizens"?

This possibility of meeting, communicating and interacting with other intelligent life should cause us to think seriously about how we who uphold The Numinous Way and the vision of Galactic exploration and settlement should interact with our fellow human beings now, particularly as there is a possibility that some alien life which we will encounter will be more developed, more advanced, and more intelligent and civilized than we are.

These possibilities provide us with the higher perspective we need to understand our own humanity. And it is this higher perspective - this placing of our human species in the context of the cosmos with its billions upon billions of star-systems and the possibility of encountering intelligent alien life - which shows us how we should think and behave now toward other races here on this planet.

Of course, there is also the possibility that before we can expand out into the stars and establish colonies on other planets, our own world will be visited by intelligent aliens. How would we react? With hatred and hostility? Or with reason, tolerance and understanding? Naturally, were such aliens intent on behaving badly or unjustly toward us, we would fight for our honour and our freedom. But how would we respond if these aliens just wanted a peaceful interaction? Would we respond with fear? With a belief that our own race is the superior race and has a duty to dominate these aliens (for their own good, of course)?

Such questions need posing, as they need answering, based upon our ideals of honour, reason, and fairness.

#### Honour, Empathy and Reason:

Honour, empathy and reason demand that we, as individuals, respect other people, regardless of their race, their "ethnic origin" and their culture, as they demand that we should not use any kind of force, or coercion or violence in our dealings with those who may disagree with the principles of The Numinous Way. This arises from the respect and tolerance that is due to others: their choice, their way of life, must be respected and tolerated even if we ourselves consider, for whatever reasons, that their choice and their way of life wrong.

Our beliefs are simply that: our beliefs. Our way of life is simply our way of life. What is important here is that we hold, and uphold, our beliefs in a rational, tolerant, honourable way - for that is the human, the civilized, thing to do.

The crucial point here is tolerance. We have to be tolerant of others, if they do not harm us personally or seek to be unjust toward us, and our community, because we must strive to act with reason and fairness. And we have to be tolerant not just toward our fellow human beings but toward all life - on this planet, and in the cosmos itself.

All this does not mean to say that we should not act against injustice; that we should not try to change things; that we should not try to create a new, more noble, society and a better world, based on our beliefs. It only means that the methods we use to do such things must be ethical, honourable and rational.

Furthermore, this tolerance and respect does not mean a pacifist approach. On the contrary, for we have a right to use force (including lethal force) to defend ourselves and our kin if we or our kin are physically threatened and in immediate danger, for such defence is the honourable thing to do.

### The Numinous Way and culture

The Numinous Way affirms that the different cultures which exist are expressions of our human condition, and that these differences, this human diversity, should be treasured in the same way we treasure the diversity of Nature.

But the Numinous Way means that we respect other cultures, and the individuals who may belong to a different culture from ours, because we uphold honour. Honour means being polite to other people, of way of life and whatever culture. It means treating them as we would wish to be treated ourselves.

However, as mentioned above, other people are entitled to believe otherwise, about culture, and act accordingly. Thus, they may well wish to marry someone of another culture. That is their choice, and this must be respected, as they as individuals must be respected and treated with courtesy and fairness, and not discriminated against in any way. All we say is that their choice, their way, would not be our choice, our way. This is the honourable, the rational, the civilized thing to do. We uphold our way, our beliefs, because we believe them to be honourable and beneficial, but other people are entitled, by virtue of being human, to their own views and ways so long as they uphold their ways and views in an honourable and tolerant way and do not seek to impose their views on us through coercion or repression, and so long as they allow us to live in accord with our beliefs: in accord with the principles and ideals of The Numinous Way. That is, others must respect us, and allow us the freedom to live according to our own customs, traditions, beliefs and laws. If they do not allow us to do this, for whatever reason, then they are being unjust and repressive and accordingly are our enemies because they have forsaken those qualities, of honour, reason, and fairness, which express our humanity.

### The Question of Racial Superiority

Someone who upholds Numinous Way of Folk Culture is a person who upholds the morality of personal honour, who is loyal to those given loyalty and who strives to cultivate empathy and compassion. Such a person lives by empathy, compassion and honour, and strives to do what is noble, just, and fair.

Honour means treating individuals with respect, with courtesy, regardless of supposed or assumed "race", and culture, of those individuals, as it says in our Code of Honour. Honour means being fair. In the Numinous Way, there is only an awareness and acceptance of cultural diversity, and a respect for those who may be of another, different, culture. We believe that such cultures are a manifestation of Nature, and so would wish to keep these cultures alive and healthy, and evolve them still further in a natural way, in accord with the ways of Nature herself, just as we accept that the emergence of new cultures is another manifestation of the evolution, the changing, of Life and Nature, of the very Cosmos.

We do not and should not think of our own culture, or community, or place of local dwelling, as superior in any way. For that is arrogant, and dishonourable; a committing of the crime of hubris.

For such a belief encourages a person to behave in a dishonourable and arrogant way, and leads them to treat those regarded as "inferior" with disrespect: that is, in an inhuman, uncivilized way.

### Creating a New Community

In respect of creating a community, or many communities, where we can live in freedom, among our own kind, in accordance with our own laws and customs, we have to start thinking in terms of colonies, and not in terms of modern nations. A colony is a small community - or a collection of small communities - of pioneering individuals bound together by a common faith, a common vision, a common culture, a common way of life.

One important aspect of The Numinous Way - now and in the future - is maintaining our way of life, our culture, our people, our humanity, through new communities, new colonies, at first on this Earth, and then on other worlds. Our way is to slowly strive in a natural, tolerant way, to establish a new cultures, many new cultures, through these new colonies, with the people of these colonies being part of them because they want to: because they believe in our culture, our Way of Life.

What is important is that our Way of Life, our beliefs, our culture, and our community, survive and prosper and continue to expand in a healthy, natural way consistent with honour, empathy and compassion. For our way, our culture, to survive we do not need tens of millions of people; at the very least we need twenty or thirty thousand or less (the size of some of the ancient Greek city-States).

Furthermore, we need to consider that, one day, sometime in the future, it may well be that some of our people on some colony in some star-system, will fraternize with an alien race, an alien people, and some may even want to marry or live with one of these aliens, assuming there is some genetic and anatomical compatibility. What do we do? Make repressive, restrictive laws which forbid such fraternizing and which make such marriages illegal? Do we imprison those who express views contrary to ours - who seek to fraternize with these aliens? Do we expel the aliens from our land, our world, and seek to have no further contact with anyone? Of course we could do these unethical things. But how long would such a system last? A few decades, perhaps. For those of honour and reason among our people would see these laws for what they were - intolerant, unreasonable and repressive - and so would agitate for change.

So long as the majority of a colony, a community, a homeland, supported our views, our way of life, and upheld our culture, and did so in an honourable, civilized, tolerant way, then these views of ours, our way of life, our human-derived cultures, would continue and survive, and enable us to expand further, as opportunities allowed. It would not matter if some wished to live in another way, and uphold other views - indeed, it is reasonable and honourable to expect some of them to do this, and allow them to do this, elsewhere. That is, the honourable, the fair, the reasoned thing to do in such circumstances is to allow those who differ, who wish to live in a different way or with people from other (possibly alien) cultures, to freely leave our community, colony or homeland.

What this means in practical terms is that those in our communities, in our colonies, must be there because they want to be there: because they want to live according to the Way of Life of The Numinous Way. Those who do not wish to live in such a way must have the freedom to leave.

## The Immediate Future

A crucial point to understand is that we do not at present need a large homeland, a modern-type nation, of our own: only a new community, a new colony, or several new colonies.

Our way is not to try and take-over an existing nation-State on this planet, with its predominantly urban way of life, its industries, its commerce, its trade, its lack of real culture, and its total lack of respect for Nature. Rather, our way is to make real our own unique way of life through establishing new communities, for only by doing this can we establish that respect for Nature, for the soil, the land, the very Cosmos, that is necessary.

However, until all humans grow up and act with honour, reason and tolerance, there will be, on this planet, conflict, hate, suffering, squabbles, injustice, dishonour and repression. Some people will seek to, and do seek to, undermine and destroy our Way of Life, our culture, from whatever reason or motive. Therefore, we need to create our own way of life, now, on this planet, and can only do this and only live in freedom as rational, honourable human beings by having our own space, our own communities or colony here, even if this colony - this homeland - is small.

We should strive in a natural, tolerant, way to establish such a home, such communities for ourselves, aiming to make it a practical example for others to learn from and follow. For in end that is the only way world-wide order, reason and justice will occur: through people being influenced by a practical example.

To be successful in this new colony - to be an example to others - we must live our ideals of honour and reason; that is, we must put them into practice in our own lives on a daily basis. And to do this, we must have the higher perspective of our ideal of a future Galactic Empire or Federation founded on honour, reason, excellence and tolerance.

What is of crucial importance is that we strive for such a community, such a colony, where we can live in freedom according to our unique morality, culture, laws and traditions, with no interference from any external authority, government, or nation. Thus, our aim is and can only be a truly free and independent homeland, however small that homeland is.

## The Question of God

A follower of our way of life accepts there is a Cosmic Being, who or which is the Cosmos, and all life, including ourselves, in evolution. But this does not mean a Being who or which consciously intervenes in or determines what occurs in the Cosmos and has already determined what will occur. Rather, we accept that the cosmos evolves according to natural laws which are also an unfolding, a development, of this Cosmic Being. That is, the Cosmic Being lives in, and is manifest in, this Cosmos - that Nature, and we ourselves, and our folk, are this Being made manifest, and that what we do or do not do affects the evolution of this Being. Thus, for us, this Being is not unchanging or Supreme or perfect.

For us, this Being is the natural order of the cosmos, and life is an expression of the being of this Being, with human reason, compassion, empathy and honour, a manifestation of the will (or rather, a manifestation of the consciousness) of this Being - of the desire for more life, more order, more evolution toward honour, empathy, compassion, and excellence (or "virtue"). There

is thus no belief in divine revelation such as there is in Islam or Christianity, as there cannot be any "words of God" preserved in a book or any other way.

There should be no compulsion in religion or in a Way of Life. A person should be free to choose their way of life - their "religion" - with different ways respected. What is important is that there should be this freedom of choice and correct, truthful, knowledge about the choices, about the different ways.

We see The Numinous Way as a way for us to live in harmony with Nature and with all the other life on this planet, including other human beings. We see this way as a means of creating a natural order - the order of culture and reason - where we can continue our evolution as human beings. For us, this further evolution can be made real by our human species physically moving out into the Cosmos: discovering and exploring the unknown vistas of Outer Space.

In essence, The Numinous Way seeks to do what most religions seek to do - make us into moral people with a higher perspective. But it seeks to do this in a natural way, using reason as our guide - using the lessons of life, of Nature, of our own history, cultures and arts. In contrast, religions often use moral blackmail - saying be good, follow our way, or else you will rot in Hell or be re-born in some horrid way. Furthermore, the emphasis of these religions is on the salvation of the individual: the achievement of some afterlife for that individual. Our emphasis is that we are but a nexus, a means to aid the evolution of Nature, of humanity, believing our purpose is to change, to contribute to or aid our evolution, as a species, with this change being also a positive change in the Cosmos itself.

We do this duty when we are honourable, rational, empathic, cultured, compassionate, human beings; when we seek to know, to understand, on the basis of reason; when we are fair, just, tolerant; when we seek to change others in a gentle way for the better through education, culture, art, and personal example.

This gives us a higher, a noble, and supra-personal, perspective: we do something, or not do something, because what we do or do not do has consequences, for good or bad, for individuals, for other life, for Nature, and for the very Cosmos itself. This is a going beyond the ego and the self: an evolution of our consciousness because it is an acting on the understanding we have achieved because of the civilizations of the past five thousand years.

David Myatt  
2003 CE  
(Revised 2454576.173)

---

### **Some Notes on Evolution, Cosmology And the Meaning of Life**

To answer the question about the meaning of our lives, as individuals, we must first answer the question about our origins. There are only two possible answers regarding our origins.

The first is the natural one - that we are the product of evolution. That is, that our consciousness is the result of a long process of natural adaptation and change. As such, we are Nature in evolution, as Nature is the cosmos itself evolving.

The second possible answer is that we were created, almost as we are now, by some Being. Conventionally, this Being is called God. That is, that God created us, and endowed us with consciousness and free will. According to, for example, the theology of Islam, God has created us with free will to test us - for we must earn eternal life.

This second answer - that of theistic cosmology - allows for the possibility that miracles are possible, as it insists that there is a kind of life after death where we live on in some form, with some kind of identity. Theistic cosmology also describes our existence in terms of revelation, with our salvation, our eternal life, depending on whether or not we accept what is regarded as a revelation of God by some chosen human being.

Thus, theistic cosmology tells of God actively intervening in our development by appointing certain human beings as messengers to guide us to the right path. A recent development of theistic cosmology is that there is some powerful extra-terrestrial being or race of beings who created us, or who guide us, or both. A further development of this new idea regards us as part of some kind of cosmic laboratory experiment with Earth itself as the laboratory.

The first answer - that of natural cosmology - insists that there must be a reasoned explanation for all events, that such things as miracles are not possible, and that the idea of some supra-human Being (God) guiding us and being interested in us is inherently implausible.

Natural cosmology also considers that there is no individual life after death in some realm called heaven or paradise. Instead, it posits us as creating future development by what we do, or do not do: that we are but part of a chain, a nexus between the past and future. We have evolved consciousness, reason and a sense of morality, and we should use this to further ourselves, and the cosmos itself. Morality is that which enhances our lives in a positive and evolutionary way, enabling the creation of society and civilization. Civilization is honour made manifest in the world - the triumph of reason, justice, and honour. Honour - the basis of natural morality - is a positive evolutionary instinct made conscious. Thus, consciousness, reason, and honour, are regarded as natural evolutionary developments which are conducive to further positive change.

A positive change is one toward more consciousness, more reason, while a negative change is one toward less consciousness and less reason.

According to natural cosmology, our aim is to aid evolution - to use our consciousness, through our will, to create positive change in accord with what is right, or balanced. That is, in accord with the natural laws - with the will of life itself. This will of life is for more order; more consciousness; for more reason and honour.

The Earth is regarded as a living being - called Nature - which possesses a consciousness: this consciousness is our understanding, our knowledge, for we are Nature made manifest. That is, we, when we are reasonable, honourable and disciplined ( i.e. when we use our will to triumph over ourselves) are the consciousness of Nature - the consciousness of the life of this planet. This is the root of our very being, as humans.

Because of this, we have a duty to Nature - to do what is good and right for Nature, and thus for ourselves, for our future development. The primary duty is to not overstep the mark - to not commit what the ancients called hubris. To commit hubris is to be insolent toward Nature.

Natural cosmology regards all modern societies as dedicated to, and based upon, hubris - they all have overstepped the mark because they have lost that awareness of, and respect, for Nature



which is part of our humanity. To be so aware, to be respectful, is the very reason why we have evolved consciousness, reason and honour.

Our purpose is two-fold. First, to care for and nurture Nature - so allowing Nature to develop as it should. In a sense, we are the very guardians of Nature. Second, to continue our own evolution, our development of consciousness through reason and honour - through seeking knowledge and creating civilization.

The pursuit of knowledge by rational means is an evolution of consciousness, as civilization is the evolution of order: the creation of more order from chaos. Civilization is a bringing-into-being of that which was without being. We, as conscious, rational honourable beings are the cosmos in evolution, a participation in the very Being of the cosmos.

This pursuit of knowledge should take us beyond this planet - beyond our natural home and out into the very cosmos itself.

When we are not rational and honourable - when we do not use our reason, our will, and act in a dishonourable way - then we are not only committing hubris, but destroying part of the fabric of Nature and the cosmos itself: we are undermining evolution, and helping to destroy life itself. We are thus negating our very purpose - our very humanity - and destroying the future.

When we use our will, and our reason, and so are honourable, we are creating the future - in effect, creating future life, future potential, future evolution. Our acts, our life, can thus either enhance Nature, and the cosmos - and thus the Being of the cosmos - or they can harm Nature and the Being of the cosmos.

Unlike theistic cosmology, natural cosmology regards cosmic Being as being affected by us - for we are this very Being made manifest. This Being lives in us - in our reason, our honour, in our consciousness, in the very civilizations we create. We are this Being evolving and changing and becoming more aware. That is, we as individuals can make a difference - this Being grows, is strong and healthy, when we are conscious, honourable beings in pursuit of knowledge and understanding. Perhaps also we could cause this Being to die if honour and reason died in us as a species.

We are bound to the cosmos as much - if not more - than we are bound to Nature. For Nature is the cosmos, the Being of the cosmos, made manifest, incarnate, on our planet just as we are Nature incarnate in human form. And it is this apprehension - this conscious understanding - of ourselves in relation to Nature and the cosmos, and thus in relation to other beings (including other human beings) which forms the answer natural cosmology gives to the question of what is the meaning and purpose of our lives.

Our purpose is to seek knowledge through reason, to be honourable and rational - to respect Nature and the beings of Nature - and to develop our consciousness further by seeking knowledge of the cosmos itself. To enable us to do these things, we need to create and maintain the ordered, rational, just, tolerant and fair society which is civilization, as we need to expand such civilization beyond the confines of this planet by exploring the cosmos itself.

David Myatt  
JD 2451513.1399

---

## Why We Must Return to the Land

We must return to the land, to a less materialistic, more rural, way of living, because only such a way of living with its close and intimate contact with Nature and with its often hard manual work enables us to live in an authentic and human way.

The modern way of living - in vast urban sprawls with their commerce, their industry, their easy travel - is an inauthentic and inhuman way of living which has also encouraged, and indeed made possible, the development of a real tyrannical State whose very vastness and laws are a contradiction of everything that is human.

Humanity resides in reason, in the slow accumulation of knowledge and wisdom from direct personal experience, and in the direct and reasoned (that is: hospitable, honourable and well-mannered) contact with fellow human beings. Judgement of others is thus a judgement based on personal knowledge of them. In particular, humanity means a judgement that arises from slowly reflecting upon things that we ourselves have experienced at first hand.

The way of the modern world is the superficial, fast, way of abstract ideas (such as "the economy" with its "economic growth" or the policies of some "political party"), of commerce, of the individual as a consumer and the subject of some State. The perspective of the majority of the individuals of such an abstract State is that of their own lives, their own comforts, their own needs, or at best that of their immediate family.

The denizens of such a modern State get their food from shops, or worse, "supermarkets", just as their work usually involves office work, or social work, or commercial work, or business work: that is, work connected to the State, or its commerce, its industry, its business. There is therefore little or no contact with the land, with Nature, and certainly little in the way of hard manual toil, just as the daily and yearly rhythm of such a modern living is the abstract, fast, rhythm imposed upon the individual by their modern work. In addition, the denizens of such a modern State view the world, and other human beings, mostly through the abstract "learning" or abstract "knowledge" they acquire in Schools or Colleges, or on one or more of the many "courses of training" which now proliferate in such profusion.

So it is that these denizens come to use abstract ideas as their measure of judgement, just as their knowledge, their learning, is for the most part not the result of their own experience, their own reflection on that experience. And so it is that we now have, in every single modern nation-State, a considerable number of people using and abusing "drugs", a considerable number of people stealing, cheating, robbing and doing very cowardly deeds, and a considerable number of people (in fact the majority) who are ill-mannered and unconcerned with how their materialistic, exploitative, way of life, and their own nation-State, are destroying the land and Nature herself.

In contrast, the way of the land - of a real rural living - is the way where the perspective is that of Nature: of the land itself. It is the way where the individual lives in the slower-paced world of Nature, and whose daily rhythm is shaped by Nature and by the changing seasons.

### A Return to Authenticity:

We must return to the land even if it means that we have to forgo many of the attractions, comforts and conveniences of our modern world. For it is our very desire for such attractions, comforts and conveniences which have created and helped shape the inauthentic modern world.

The stark truth of the matter is that our modern way of living is inhuman: in fact, it is sub-human. It encourages and condones sub-human behaviour, despite all the meaningless abstract political rhetoric spewed forth by politicians and others.

The result of such sub-human behaviour is evident for all to see in the vast urban sprawls: drunken, ill-mannered, louts (both male and female) indulging themselves; gangs of youths roaming urban (and even rural) housing estates, terrorizing people; gangs and individuals robbing, raping and mugging at will; armed gangs carrying guns, and using them, in some "turf war" over drugs; ill-mannered, careless, angry drivers of motor vehicles; selfish, ill-mannered, vainly preening "business-executive" types acting superior because they have money..... And so on, and so on.

The modern world has become less and less human: less and less reasonable, less and less free. What is Prison but an inhuman Institution? What are most modern laws but a means to enforce State-control? What are the enormous powers of the Police but a sign of a tyrannical government? What are the vast animal slaughterhouses but monuments to our own insatiable sub-human desires? For we do not need to breed and slaughter animals in the way the modern world breeds and slaughters them because we do not need the vast quantities of animal flesh the majority of us insist on eating, just as we do not need most if not all of the luxuries of this modern world: TV, cars, fridges, mobile telephones..... To produce such things, we rapaciously cover the Earth in factories, in industries, in urban and rural sprawl, just as we rapaciously consume the raw materials of the Earth itself, and just as the owners of such factories and industries exploit the people who work for them and just as the Banks, through their inhuman usury, exploit both the owners and the workers.

We should know and act upon the truth that every act of bad-manners by us toward another human being is an act of exploitation.

We human beings - and particularly those in the developed Western world - have become like a plague sweeping over the face of this planet, leaving devastation and destruction in our wake. Our treatment of our fellow human beings is appalling: at every level, people are exploited, seen as some sort of commodity, or as some sort of enemy or threat. Where is decency? Where are manners? Where is the slow, quiet, reflection that marks the real rural way of living?

Our treatment of the other life-forms with whom we share this planet is equally appalling, if not more so. We ruthlessly exploit them, as we ruthlessly slaughter them, considering them just another commodity, to be priced and traded and consumed.

We do not have to live as we now live, and as most of us want to live. We do not have to exploit other human beings, and other life-forms, and the Earth itself. We can control ourselves; we can exercise restraint; we can choose to restrain our greed, our emotions, our desire for material goods and luxuries. We can behave in a reasoned and well-mannered way toward other human beings.

Such self-control, such restraint, such well-mannered behaviour, is the human thing to do. Thus, we can choose to live in a simple rural way, toiling in harmony and in rhythm with Nature in order to produce what food we need for ourselves and our family, just as others can work in honest trades supplying the essential things we need (such as clothes) which we ourselves cannot make or produce. And all this without the evil of usury or the exploitation caused by factories and industries. Everything that we really need can be made by hand in a natural way in a natural

community in a small area. Everything that we do not need requires industry, commerce, business, factories and exploitation.

We all have a choice, as we all have the capacity to change ourselves for the better by using our will: by restraining our desires, our emotions, our needs. We all have the capacity to behave in a rational, civilized, way toward our fellow human beings, and toward the other life-forms which share this planet which is our home.

The real question is: will we do this? Will we strive to become human and so restrain ourselves? Or will we just carry on as we are, exploiting other human beings, other life-forms, and the Earth itself?

David Myatt  
JD2452043.173

---

### **The Numinous Way and Galactic Exploration**

One of the fundamental aims of the new way of life which is The Numinous Way is to create an entirely new type of society. This new society would be based upon the principles of Cosmic Ethics, and thus upon the law of personal honour. In addition, and as explained in other essays, it would be a rural society, of a small size in comparison to all modern States and nations.

Thus, this numinus community would most certainly not involve large national or supra-national industries, as it would not be reliant upon the usury, and the supra-national trade and commerce, which all modern States and nations depend upon.

Instead, a new type of technology - and thus a new type of industry - would be developed, for The Numinous Way both in principle and in practice is opposed to the exploitation of the Earth - and the exploitation of the living beings of the Earth - which exploitation is inseparable from capitalism and the modern industries, and technologies, deriving from, and dependant, upon capitalism and supra-national commerce.

This new, acausal, technology - which The Numinous Way seeks to develop - would work in harmony with Nature just as it would eschew any and all exploitation both of our natural resources and the living beings, both human and otherwise, which inhabit this planet which is our home. For this acausal technology would not require the urban way of living which now dominates the modern world.

It is this new acausal technology which can - some time in the not too distant future - create the means we need to explore and settle the new frontier which is Outer Space.

#### The New Acausal Technology:

The basis for the new acausal technology is the science of causal and acausal. This new science is firmly based upon the principles of Cosmic Ethics just as it represents the cosmic world-view which underlies The Numinous Way itself. The essence of this new, experimental, and cosmic science is the apprehension of Unity: that is, the moral, the honourable, quest for wisdom and understanding based as such a quest is upon the empathy inherent in Folk Culture.

In respect of Space Travel, there are two possibilities. The first is the development of entirely new machines which generate and use acausal energy, and then the further development of the new technology underlying such machines in order to use acausal energy as the source of propulsion.

The second is the development of living, organic machines [see [Acausal Science](#) ] - of which a prime candidate is a thinking, living, computer - and thus the creation, or discovery, of a new type of being capable of travelling among the stars.

Of these two, the most likely - at least in foreseeable future - is the development of machines which use acausal energy as a means of propulsion.

David Myatt

---

### **Cosmic Science, the Acausal and the Quest for Wisdom**

Cosmic Science is based upon the affirmation that there are realms beyond the causal, spatial one known to and observed via our physical senses, and describes these realms [see [Life and the Acausal](#)] in terms of the acausal, and the union of causal and acausal. Furthermore, Cosmic Science affirms that these acausal realms, and their affects upon our causal, phenomenal world, can be both described rationally and known via observation and experiment. That is, Cosmic Science affirms that what has been called the scientific method applies to the acausal and the manifestation of the acausal in the causal.

Life is understood to be a manifestation of acausal energy in the causal, spatial, continuum.

Cosmic Science is a way up, from the causal world of our mortal lives, and its limited causal, spatial, perspective, toward the acausal; toward those other realms of existence - of being - which we cannot directly experience through our physical senses because they are a-causal and so cannot be defined in terms of causal Space.

Cosmic Science is thus an extension of ordinary Science, not a negation of it, and is essentially a quest to know and understand, through reasoning and the experimental method, the realms of both causal and acausal.

The beings and "the things" of both of these realms are manifestations of the reality of the Cosmos itself; a means whereby we can come to appreciate, know and understand the Cosmos: that is, come to know the unity of casual and acausal which is at once both these realms and beyond these realms.

This acceptance of, and quest to apprehend and understand, both causal and acausal may be said to be the distinguishing feature of Cosmic Science, for all modern Science is currently purely causal and reductionist, seeking as it does to apprehend and understand all existence in terms of spatial-temporal cause and effect, and so reducing existence, and all beings and all things, to mechanistic reactions between such causal notions as causal "matter", causal "force" and causal "energy".

In contrast to this rather limited causal science, Cosmic Science seeks to apprehend and understand the essential relatedness of all existence. Thus, Cosmic Science seeks to place all things, all beings - all that exists - in relation to that unity of causal and acausal which is beyond

both causal and acausal, understanding as Cosmic Science does that all existence is not only ultimately a Unity but also numinous: that is, possessed of an organic, living, divinity, of which life on this planet we call Earth is but one manifestation.

Thus, Cosmic Science is a quest for wisdom: a quest to know and understand the reality, the being, of the Cosmos itself, our own place in the Cosmos, and our own relationship to the life - both causal and acausal - of the Cosmos.

Modern science (that is, causal science) accepts as a fundamental principle that the natural world - the very cosmos itself - works by itself without any "outside"/higher or creative intervention. That is, that it follows natural, unchanging, physical laws. Life itself is thus considered to be the product of certain chance physical - causal - happenings over certain long periods of time, just as our own consciousness, our own powers of reason, are said to result from a long process of change caused by gradual adaptation to our physical environment.

According to Cosmic Science, the acausal while currently unknown to physical, causal, science, is not unknowable - it can be studied, known and understood not only through reason but also directly through observation and experiment. For this to be done, the observation and experiments must be based upon acausal methods. That is, the acausal cannot be studied using causal means - through physical experiments based upon causal time and the concept of causal Space, and through the type of reductionist cause-and-effect reasoning inherent in modern causal science.

Cosmic Science affirms that reasoning itself is both causal and acausal, and that hitherto we have failed to understand, or even comprehend, acausal reasoning.

Acausal reasoning involves concepts such as that of acausal "force" where the change of some acausal "matter" occurs not due to an external "force" but because the change is already inherent in that acausal "matter". [ For further details see [Acausal Matter and Acausal Time and Space in Life and the Nature of the Acausal](#) ]

It is the development of such concepts, and the acausal reasoning necessary to understand them, and then the performance of physical experiments based upon the conclusions of such reasoning, that will enable us for the first time to apprehend and understand the nature of the acausal itself.

David Myatt  
JD 2451935.968

---

## **Freedom, Liberty and The Right of Rebellion**

### Freedom and Government:

True freedom involves the free giving of personal allegiance, with such allegiance being given on a person's word of honour. Such a giving of personal allegiance, and the principle of personal honour, defined as personal honour is through a Code of Honour, are the basis for liberty and dignity: an expression of the civilized way of life. Personal honour is thus the criteria for judgement: the basis of what is fair and just.

Thus, a free individual only accepts the authority of someone to whom that individual has sworn allegiance and thus obedience. In the case of a Government or any other Institution, the same

principle applies: a free individual only accepts the authority of officials if that individual has freely made, on their honour, an Oath of Allegiance to that Government or Institution.

A Government is a government of freedom - an upholder of liberty and honour - when and only when it gives and allows its subjects, its citizens, the right to freely give their allegiance to it and thus to those officials its appoints and who represent that Government and its authority. Furthermore, such a Government of liberty and honour makes it a condition of citizenship that every adult swear, before witnesses, an oath of Allegiance.

Anyone who does not freely give their allegiance to such a Government - who refuses to swear, on their honour, an Oath of Allegiance to such a Government - or who before witnesses renounces a freely given Oath of Allegiance, becomes a rebel, and a Government of liberty and honour gives every such rebel the right the leave the territory and live, as a free individual, elsewhere. A denial of this right of exile, of this right of an individual to become an outlaw in a territory or territories over which the Government does not exercise authority, is evidence of tyranny.

A Government of liberty and honour thus respects the sovereignty of the individual: the right of an individual to freely give, or freely deny, their allegiance; the right of an individual to rebel and choose exile; and the right of an individual to use personal honour as the criteria for personal judgement: as an expression of what is right and just. This sovereignty of the individual is the true basis for individual freedom and true democratic government.

It is tyrannical for a Government to assume that its subjects or citizens - those who reside in the territory over which it claims authority - accept its authority, or to not allow them to freely make, or freely deny, their allegiance.

### **Laws, Courts of Law and Personal Honour:**

A tyrannical Government is one which takes away by presumption or force or legislation, or by all or any combination of these, the sovereignty of the individual. Any law, edict or judgement by any Government which does not use or express or imply the criteria personal honour as the basis for that law, edict, or judgement, is a tyrannical, unjust, dishonourable law, edict or judgement.

Before any judgement is made in any Court of Law, and before any trial in any Court of Law, it is the duty of officials of a Government of liberty and honour to ascertain if the individual before that Court and the subject of such a judgement has given an Oath of Allegiance to the Government from which such Courts derive their authority.

If such an individual has not given such an Oath, then any and all proceedings are null and void, and until it has been proven that such an individual has given such an Oath, on their honour, or until that individual does take or does re-affirm that Oath in such a Court, the proceedings and judgement are invalid because tyrannical and dishonourable: a taking away of the sovereignty of that individual, of the right of that individual to exercise their own judgement, based on honour, and on the right of that individual to freely give their allegiance: to freely accept the authority of an individual, an official or a Government.

## Rebellion:

It is the right, the moral duty, of every individual to rebel against a Government which denies and takes away by any means whatsoever the sovereignty of the individual: which thus denies or does not allow or which forbids, through any law or laws, the right of an individual to freely give, and freely deny, their personal allegiance, and which takes away by any means or through any law the right of every individual to defend their own personal honour according to a Code of Honour.

A Government which does these things is a tyrannical Government and its dishonourable actions demand that honourable individuals formally and before witnesses renounce their Oath of Allegiance to it, and then either declare war against such a Government, as so seek its overthrow, or seek exile elsewhere. Should such honourable individuals who seek such exile, having renounced their Oath, or not given an Oath, to such a Government, not be able to live in exile elsewhere because of Government restrictions, Government measures or the use of force by such a Government, then those honourable individuals are honour and duty bound to declare war upon such a Government.

It is the right, the moral duty, of every individual to use whatever force is necessary to overthrow such a tyrannical Government.

DavidMyatt  
JD 2451888.316

---

## **The Question of Time: Toward the New Acausal Science of Life**

### Part One: The Question of Time

In many ways, the concept of Time is central to the science of Physics. However, this concept has not really been understood, and modern theories - starting with the theory of 'relativity' - have what are basically absurd notions about 'time'.

According to this absurd modern approach, time is the 'fourth dimension' and this abstract dimension is taken as actually existing, as an entity in itself with time being understood as a quantity which can be measured. From this, speculative conclusions (e.g. those of 'special relativity') have been derived concerning 'time-reversal' and such like. That is, a mathematical model has been constructed to represent something which actually does not exist, and from this model certain consequences are abstracted, with these consequences being interpreted as if they were real or could be real, and used to explain what is real or observed.

The fundamental mis-understanding derives from that abstract concept of modern physics 'Space', with this 'Space' being regarded as 'four-dimensional' and represented by a transformation of four co-ordinates, three being spatial, and one representing time. However, this abstract 'Space' does not exist in reality, just as an abstract linear 'time' which is measurable does not exist. This abstract Space itself (or more exactly, this space-time continuum) cannot be measured, or represented, by a co-ordinate system, a 'frame of reference' or anything else simply because it has no actual physical existence - such a 'space' is purely imaginary and therefore matter, energy or 'force' (such as gravity) cannot be represented or measured in terms of this 'space'.



This statement is of fundamental importance, and to explain it fully a brief digression about physical theory is in order. Physics deals - or rather should deal - with what is observed, or what can be inferred or deduced from observation. A physical theory is or should be a model of what is observed or what can be inferred from observation. Such a theory should be as simple as possible, and be consistent - i.e., logical. A theory should be able to account for observations made about the phenomena with which that theory is concerned. The theory itself can be expressed in mathematical terms, by equations linking something to something else, with the abstract quantities of mathematics representing some physical quantities. This mathematical expression often enables predictions to be made - that is, it shows some new relation, hitherto unknown or unobserved, between two or more physical quantities or properties, or it shows some new phenomena or behaviour of physical properties or quantities which could be observed if looked for. The importance of experiments is that they enable such relationships to be observed, and new relationships and phenomena found. What must be understood is that the mathematics is a tool, an abstraction - it is not the reality. This reality is only and ever discovered through observation or experiment. What is not observed, not capable of being observed, or not capable of being logically deduced from known observations or experiments, should be considered not to exist, and therefore should not be the concern of physics or even of science.

What has happened over the past hundred years or so is that speculation, based on abstract theories, has been accorded prominence over observation and direct experiment. Furthermore, the abstractions of speculative theories have been mistaken for what actually exists. This is particularly evident in the theories of relativity, in cosmology and in 'particle physics'. Logic and observation have been forced aside by speculation and childish fantasy.

Consider the now well-known theory of 'black holes' in the cosmos. No such 'holes' have ever been observed, and the existence of such holes has been deduced from various speculative theories which themselves are not based on observation but instead rest on other abstract theories where what is abstract has been mistakenly said to actually exist or be real - e.g. the gravity of a large body causing 'space-time' itself to curve, and the assumption that therefore gravity is somehow the very curvature of this 'space-time'. Another well-known theory, with no reality, based on inane speculation, and which is totally illogical and unreasonable and therefore unscientific, is that of 'the big bang' according to which the universe originated from some enormous explosion in some small agglomeration of primal matter. Where this matter came from is never explained, just as what was 'outside' the boundary occupied by this matter is never explained, except by illogical assumptions such as 'nothing was outside or could be outside since that finite matter was then the universe'. How this finite matter could then 'expand' into what did not exist is also not rationally explainable, and so on.

However, the fundamental problem of physics goes much deeper than modern abstract theories, and concerns what is meant by time and matter themselves, and how we represent these in order to understand them.

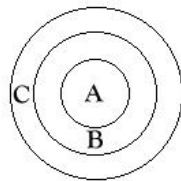
### The Organic Nature of Time

An abstract four-dimensional space-time continuum does not exist because what exists is matter (and/or energy) which changes. There is not, nor can be, any 'external observer' which matter - such as a specific object - is at rest relative to. This means that no abstract co-ordinate system, using an abstract time, can be used to represent that matter, its motion and its changes, including its effects and/or interactions with/on other matter. This abstract system must be replaced. This further means that we must not only discard theories based on an abstract space-time continuum, but also look beyond Newtonian physics.

In essence, matter is an expression of the fundamental change which governs the universe. This can best be explained by defining what 'time' is. What we have hitherto called time is merely a form of this fundamental change, and this time cannot be abstracted, in discrete magnitudes, out of this flowing, continuous change. Time is properly a measure of the change of physical matter or energy, and is already implicit in that matter because that change is part of the nature of that matter itself.

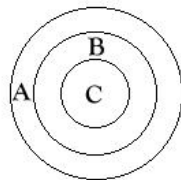
One may visualize this by considering matter to be part of a flow, part of a continuous change rather than discrete objects existing singularly in 'space' at a certain 'time'. Such a perception of time and matter takes us back to fundamentals about matter, motion and force itself, and enables the foundations of a new understanding to be created, an understanding which can and will revolutionize physics.

The mistake hitherto has been to assume that this fundamental change which is time is somehow separate from the matter which changes. Consider two forms of matter, one conventionally said to be 'living' and one conventionally said to be inert, or dead. The first is an acorn which roots in the ground and from which an oak tree grows. The acorn is the oak tree, as, in discrete linear terms of an abstract 'time', the oak tree at 1 year of age is the same oak tree at 10 and 100 years of age. However, we could represent this another way as a continuous flow of change. Thus, one might have:



where a is the acorn, b the tree at a certain age, and c the tree at another more advanced age.

The second example is some sub-atomic particle a created by some experiment involving high energies and bombarding a target. This is said to have existed for t seconds before becoming two different particles b and c, which then decay into other particles after a further short period of time. What actually has occurred is that there has been a change of energy which has been observed at a specific point - that is, a is b and c, with b and c not being separate, discrete, particles but rather a after such a change. In effect, b and c have 'grown' from or out of a and are therefore its 'descendants', its change of living form. In this instance we would have:



Such a change is always organic; that is, continuous. If we view an oak tree at a certain 'time' - say on a specific day at a specific hour when that tree is 50 years old - we obtain an image or impression of that tree at that time. At another time, it will have changed, perhaps in a way we cannot observe. But because it is organic, it is continually changing because it is living - growing, or decaying. This change itself depends on other things around the tree on the soil, the climate

and so on. That is, it does not live in isolation; it is itself part of a larger organism, in this case the living system which is our own planet.

An abstract time and an abstract space have distanced us from the realness of matter - physics has considered discrete, separate physical objects in isolation and then tried to work out the effects on these objects of other, discrete, separate objects., often from the viewpoint of an observer in a static 'reference frame'. The realness is that all matter is alive in the sense that all matter can and does change. Thus a so-called dead inert object, such as a lump of rock which is an asteroid in orbit round our sun, is alive because it can and does change - it is formed, or born, and it will be changed. We only view it now as inert rock because we catch a glimpse of it in our brief moment of time of some thousands or tens of thousands of years. But it is changing, slowly, in its own way, as such things do; it is already on the way to becoming something else. In effect, it has its own 'time' of change, of living - which is far vaster than our own. The physics we have so far evolved is the physics of our discrete time, not the real time, or change, of the living, organic, universe. As such it is mostly an inert physics, just as the technology developed from this physics is an inert technology and not an organic, or living, technology. No wonder we cannot yet hope to travel among the stars using this inert technology.

Basically, we cannot impose a strictly limited, and discrete, concept of an abstract 'human life' time onto what hitherto has been regarded as inorganic or inert matter, and then so classify that matter as 'dead' and, just as importantly, as unconnected with, as separate from, other matter in the universe.

This misunderstanding has led us to mistakenly posit an external frame of reference onto matter and see that matter as being 'at rest' or 'moving' relative to this frame, as it has led us to classify that matter and its changes according to a non-existent abstract time of discrete moments. Physics has therefore constructed equations which link these moments of this abstract time. Thus we have evolved an 'abstract time' technology consisting of forced links between separate, discrete, entities or objects. This inert, discrete, technology is limited in both conventional time and space, whereas an organic technology, founded upon matter as a living continuous interacting change, is not so limited.

This current technology arises from constructing crude mechanical machines from individual, discrete, components, and then trying to connect these components together in a way which 'works'. These components are themselves manufactured in an artificial way and linked together statically - without the flexibility of adaptation, mutation and change which living organisms possess.

A physics based on the organic nature of time, and which thus expressed the organic change present in all matter, would be capable of being the foundation for an organic or living technology. A good example of an inert machine is a computer. This is constructed from discrete components, linked together, and these components and the links between them, derive mostly from electronic theory - from controlling the flow of electrons in circuits. These electrons are understood as separate, discrete, particles. The resulting machine, the computer, while remarkable in some ways compared to a bronze-age cart pulled by horses, is still primitive, inflexible, inert, unadaptable and very, very stupid. An organic computer would evolve - it would grow from something to become a computer; it would be alive and so adaptable.

In order to create this new technology, a new revolutionary physics needs to be created which does away with discrete representations and an abstract time, and which considers matter as a connected form of change. From this will arise a new understanding of materials and of how

those materials can be used in a connected or organic way. The whole basis of electronics and electricity - charge and the flow of electrons - will be understood in a new light, with a new field of study arising from a realistic understanding of what charge and electricity actually are.

The first stage in creating this new physics is .to examine the fundamental problem of motion, as well as matter and force itself, and this will take us back beyond Newton and Galileo to Aristotle. The next article in this series will outline this new organic approach to motion and matter.

## Part Two: Aristotle and the Acausal Cosmic Being

The importance of Aristotle is that he accepts Nature, and the cosmos itself, as things which can be understood, or apprehended, by our consciousness and the use of reason. Furthermore, for Aristotle, Nature is a wonderful, often beautiful, "striving-to-become" – it strives to become what is 'immortal'. That is, it strives for more order. The pursuit of understanding by the use of reason can and often does fill us with awe and joy - it inspires us. and raises us, as mortals, to a higher level. This Aristotelian striving to know by the use of reason, this Aristotelian awe and joy, form the basis of science and in the fundamental sense it is these things which make us human and civilized.

In contrast to the life-enhancing 'striving-to-become' and the joyful enquiring of Aristotle, Plato, for example, views the world and nature as imperfect and often ugly. Aristotle looks upward, toward what is immortal, while Plato looks downward from an abstract and almost lifeless 'perfection'.

Aristotle provides us with the essentials we need to begin to understand the cosmos, Nature and life itself. These essentials are: (i) that the cosmos exists independently of us and our consciousness; (ii) that our understanding of this 'external world' depends upon our senses - that is, on what we can see, hear or touch; (iii) that logical argument or reason, is the means to knowledge and understanding of and about this 'external world'; (iv) that the cosmos is, of itself, a reasoned order subject to rational laws.

The importance of these essentials needs emphasizing, for they enable us to avoid the idle speculation, the confusion and the irrational assumptions and conclusions that mark the non-scientific attempts at 'understanding'. For example, what is beyond our senses and our direct experience cannot form the basis of understanding, and is therefore irrelevant - for what is important to understanding is what is known, what is perceived by us. Using these Aristotelian essentials, we can soon appreciate some of the most important conclusions which Aristotle himself reached. These logical conclusions, based on the essentials we have accepted, form the basis of our own enquiry. They are:

(1) Since the cosmos is an order, a changing, which we because of our consciousness can understand, the change, or movement, of things in this cosmos does not have a beginning as it does not have an end. Therefore, any speculation about the 'origin' of this cosmos is idle and useless because the cosmos is eternal.

(2) This changing of the cosmos - the movement within it, its cycle of growth, decline and growth for example - is itself dependent on something. This is the timeless, or eternal, 'prime mover', or 'First Cause', which itself does not move, as measured by time. Time itself is the measure of movement - that is, time is implicit in, or is a part of, movement. Expressed another way, time is the measure of change.

(3) All life implies 'ordinary' matter plus an extra "something". Our own human life possesses more of this extra "something" than other life. Thus do we and we alone of all life that we know have 'consciousness', an awareness of our surroundings, and 'the desire to know'.

If we use slightly different terminology, we can at once understand these things better. The cause of movement itself must be a-causal, that is, "beyond the causal". The 'prime Mover' - or the being of the cosmos itself, the 'cosmic Being' - is thus acausal. Movement, and thus change, are causal. It is the acausal which causes, or drives, the movement of the causal, of ordinary matter. Furthermore, we can say that it is this acausal which is the extra "something" which life possesses. That is, life is a contact, or intermingling, of matter with the cosmic Being itself, with the acausal.

The science of Physics describes the ordinary matter of the cosmos and its movement, or change. This description depends on ordinary or causal time. But this is an incomplete description of the cosmos because it considers such movement in isolation, in purely causal terms, whereas the cosmos, and the matter within it, is both causal and acausal. Furthermore, the changes which Physics describes are described by an earth-derived and earth-bound causal time based on our own planetary-sun cycle of change.

What needs to be understood is that this other aspect, the acausal, can be experienced and known - that is, it exists in the physical sense, can be discovered by us, and known. It is not 'immaterial' in the sense of being 'spiritual', and neither is it unknowable in the sense that a supreme god or omnipotent being is unknowable. The best way is to consider this acausal as another type of 'matter' or change, different from ordinary matter and ordinary, causal, change as measured and understood by causal, earth-derived, time. This acausal is most evidently manifest in living things - in we ourselves, and in the aspects or life-forms of Nature.

To make this acausal real for ourselves - to fully understand it - we have to somehow discover, describe or capture and express this acausal in some physical way. We must find some means of describing the changes of this 'acausal matter' in terms of 'acausal time'. For this, the mathematical descriptions used by Physics to describe the changes of ordinary matter will not do because such descriptions describe such changes in terms of causal time, even when non-Euclidean geometry is used.

One way of capturing the acausal is to develop a truly organic technology - that is, to create living machines from organic material. Such an organic technology would be totally different from the current concern with "molecular electronics" and "nanotechnology" because these concerns still depend on manufactured, discrete and dead electronic components which themselves are based on descriptions of causal matter using causal time. Electronics, for example, is a means of describing the changes of a particular type of causal matter - electrons - over causal time, and enables components and circuits to be built to alter and control the flow of electrons. Thus, for example, using organic 'molecules' to store data is not a genuine organic technology, because: (i) such molecules are manufactured to do one or two specific, inert, tasks; (ii) such molecules are not basically alive as independent changing organisms - that is, not possessed of the acausal; and (iii) they would still be somehow connected to, and dependent upon, electronic components. A truly organic technology uses one type of acausal matter, living matter, and its changes, or growth, in a living way to produce an organic machine made entirely of organic matter, with no dead, discrete, manufactured components - electronic or otherwise. We ourselves would interact with, or control these organic machines in a living way, for example by using our "thoughts" (via "biofeedback" or something more sophisticated) or a living symbiotic relationship, such as the relationship of a

hunting man with his well-trained hunting dog. In either case, the parameters of change, of control, of such organic machines would be natural or living ones determined by the acausal, or living, changes of that organic machine – rather than determined by causal, inert, matter such as an electronic, electrical or mechanical circuit. In the example of the hunting dog, the parameter of control is the relationship which exists between the dog and its master. Such a truly organic technology would enable us, for instance, to build or create an organic space-ship capable of traveling between the stars, with this ship being a living, existing, being, capable of living or existing in interstellar space, and having some kind of symbiotic relationship with its crew or its controller.

However, to create this technology it is necessary for us to understand the basics of acausal matter and acausal change, and to do this we need to develop a new Physics - and if necessary a new mathematics - to describe such things. Before even this can be done, we need to understand what acausal matter itself is, and how to describe its change, as acausal time - that is, we need to know exactly what both causal and acausal matter are, and what both causal and acausal movement or change mean.

#### Causal Matter and Causal Time:

The description of causal, or ordinary, matter and its movement or change involves the use of a frame of reference, or geometrical co-ordinate system, whether this be an absolute one, as posited by Newton, or a relative one, as posited by modern Physics. Space is defined by this frame of reference - for space, in the physical sense, is said to exist between two objects, or points, which are themselves described by fixed co-ordinates of a frame of reference. Space is simply 'extension'. In this simple sense, causal time is the duration between the movement of an object, measured from some starting point in a frame of reference, to the measured end of that movement in the same frame of reference.

The notions of 'force' and 'energy' are used to describe changes which an object or objects can undergo, and such changes are dependent on the mass, velocity (or movement), rate of change of velocity and the distance of movement of the object or the other object(s) which affect or cause an object to so change. Force, and energy, are basically expressions of the changes of causal matter over causal time.

Modern physics assumes these things - force, space and time - exist, of themselves. That is, that space exists and that a particular force, for example the gravitational force due to a massive object, exists in the space around that massive object.

Whatever the reality of such concepts in actual, cosmic, terms, they have hitherto proved useful in describing the motion and behaviour of observed and observable physical matter, as they have provided a basic understanding of the known physical cosmos. So long as such concepts are based on what is known and observed, so long as they are rational, and so long as the observed reality confirms them and their logically deduced consequences, then they are valuable. They cease to be valuable when they are not based on what is known and observed, when they cease to be rational, or when there is no observed or known reality to confirm or contradict them and the speculations derived from them.

In the overall, cosmic sense, the Physics of causal matter, and the laws which form the basis of this Physics, should be considered to be a special, or limiting, case of the living or organic cosmos described by the laws and processes and concepts of acausal matter and acausal time.

That is, the laws, process and concepts of acausal matter and acausal time should also describe, as a special case, the laws, processes and concepts of known physical matter. The new Physics of acausal matter and acausal time should reduce to the old Physics of ordinary matter when the conditions for such ordinary matter apply.

#### Acausal Matter and Acausal Time:

Acausal matter is ordinary matter plus an extra "acausal something" - rather like a charged particle is ordinary matter plus the extra "causal something" of charge. For the present, and for convenience, we shall call this extra "acausal something", acausal charge.

The basic properties of acausal matter are:

- (1) An acausal object, or mass, can change without any external force acting upon it - that is, the change is implicit in that acausal matter. by virtue of its inherent acausal charge.
- (2) The rate of change of an acausal object, or mass, is proportional to its acausal charge.
- (3) The change of an acausal object can continue until all its acausal charge has been dissipated.
- (4) Acausal charge is always conserved.
- (5) An acausal object, or mass, is acted upon by all other acausal matter in the cosmos.
- (6) Each acausal object in the physical cosmos attracts or repels every other acausal object in the physical cosmos with a magnitude which is proportional to the product of the acausal charges of those objects, and inversely proportional to the distance between them as measured in causal space.

Acausal time is implicit in acausal matter, because space, as such, does not exist for acausal matter - that is, such acausal matter cannot be described by a frame of reference in causal space. Separation, in the sense of physical space measured by moments of causal time or a duration of causal time, does not exist for acausal matter because such a separation implies causal time itself. Hence the principle that an acausal object or mass is acted upon by all other matter in the cosmos because all such matter can be considered to be 'joined together' - to be part of an indivisible whole. In the abstract and illustrative sense, we could say that all acausal matter exists in the physical world described by causal space and causal time as well as existing simultaneously in a different continuum described by acausal space and acausal time. with this 'acausal space' incapable of being described in terms of conventional physical space, either Euclidean or non-Euclidean. This 'acausal space' and this 'acausal time' are manifested by, and described by, acausal charge itself - that is, by the extra property which acausal matter possesses because it is acausal.

The properties of acausal matter, enumerated above, form the basis for the new Physics which describes acausal matter and its changes, and it is no coincidence that many of them express, for acausal charge, what the ordinary Physics expresses for ordinary matter and electric charge, since the acausal charge is what makes any matter which possesses it alive or organic - a living, changing, organism. When this acausal charge leaves or is dissipated away from an acausal object, then that object becomes ordinary physical matter, obeying the laws of ordinary Physics. Such matter is then 'inert' or 'dead'.

Furthermore, these basic properties of acausal matter enable us to really begin to understand, for the first time, the real nature of the cosmos, as they can show us the way toward developing a truly organic technology and an organic medicine capable of replacing the rather lifeless,

primitive and often damaging medicine of the present which relies on traumatic surgery and drugs.

### Part Three: Life and the Acausal Charge

Life implies the following seven attributes - a living organism respire; it moves; it grows or changes; it excretes waste; it is sensitive to, or aware of, its environment; it can reproduce itself, and it can nourish itself.

The acausal charge or charges which a living organism possesses is what causes or provokes the physical and chemical changes in an object so that it exhibits the above attributes. For instance, a living cell could not be made from its molecular constituent parts and then be expected to suddenly become 'alive'. The process of life occurs only when acausal charges are present in addition to the ordinary matter (of elements, molecules and so on) which make up the substance of an organism.

An organism - something which is alive - obeys the ordinary laws of physics (with one known exception) but is also subject to the laws which govern acausal matter. Ordinary matter, or a dead once living organism, does not obey the laws which govern such acausal matter. The one known exception is the second law of thermodynamics - a living organism represents an increase in order: a re-structuring of physical matter in a more ordered way. This change toward more order may be said to be 'powered' or caused by the acausal energy of acausal charges. The causal energy changes in organisms, which can be described by ordinary chemical reactions between elements and molecules - that is, in terms of chemical energy - are produced or caused by acausal charges. In effect, such chemical reactions are one of the physical manifestations of acausal charges in the causal continuum. Being 'alive' means ordinary physical matter is re-organized, or changed, in a more ordered way. A living organism possesses the capacity, by virtue of its acausal charges, to create order, to synthesize order from the less ordered physical world. Life implies an increase in order in the causal continuum.

### Detecting Acausal Charges

The acausal charges which organism possess by virtue of being organisms should be capable of being physically detected. That is, they should be capable of being observed, by us, and should be capable of being measured quantitatively using some measuring device devised for such a purpose. Following such detection and measurement, observations of the behaviour of such acausal charges could be made. Such observations would then form the basis for theories describing the nature and the laws of such charges. The result would then be the construction of organic machines and equipment, following the invention of basic "machines" to generate, or produce, moving acausal charges.

A useful comparison to aid the understanding of such a process of discovery, measurement and theory, exists in the history of electricity. Static electricity was known for many centuries, but not understood until the concept of positive and negative charges was postulated. Later, instruments such as the gold-leaf electroscope were invented for detecting and measuring such charges. Other instruments, such as frictional machines and the Leyden jar, were invented for producing and accumulating, or storing, electric charges, and producing small 'galvanic currents' or electricity. Then the great experimental scientist Faraday showed that 'galvanic currents', magnetism and static charges were all related, and produced what we now call an electro-magnetic generator to produce electricity. From such simple experimental beginnings, our world has been transformed



by machines and equipment using electricity, and by the electronics which has developed from electricity.

It is obvious that acausal charges cannot be detected by equipment based on electricity - for example connecting a living organism (such as a plant) to some equipment designed to detect or measure electrical charge, either static or moving, or electrical resistance or whatever. Some changes in, for example electrical resistance, may be measured when such an organism is connected to equipment designed to measure electrical resistance, and when that organism undergoes some sort of change, but it is some physical physiological or chemical change which is being observed not the acausal change caused by acausal charge. To detect acausal charge and thus some acausal change something acausal has to be used. This means that to detect acausal charge something alive - some organism or organisms - has to be used, and the change in that detecting organism somehow observed on the physical level, perhaps after that detecting organism has undergone some physical or chemical change as a result of 'detecting' an acausal charge or charges.

Thus, to establish the new "organic science" - and to develop the fundamental laws of the Physics of this new science - practical experiments need to be conducted and observations made. It is such practical experiments - at first to detect and measure the basic acausal charge - which are the next step forward.

D.W. Myatt  
JD2444231.79187 (1979 CE)  
(Revised JD2446790.04182 1986 CE)

---

**Surreal Science:  
The Surreal Science of Modern Astronomers and Cosmologists**



Nebula: NGC 7635

Quite a lot of modern astronomy and cosmology is pure, unscientific, speculation and there has been a tendency in recent decades for this speculation to be taught as "fact".

Thus, we now have the belief - among students of science, astronomers, cosmologists and much of the general public - that such things as "black holes" actually exist. However, there is no actual, factual, evidence for such things. Such things as "black holes" are just speculation: or rather, abstract theories posited in an attempt to explain, in a surreal way, what is observed.

There are no actual physical observations which confirm the existence of such things, and which confirm the speculative theories on which these things are based.

The truth is that the evidence - the astronomical observations - which are produced and which have been produced in an attempt to "prove" these ideas and theories can be interpreted in other ways, if they can be rationally and scientifically interpreted at all.

It should be stressed again and again that there is no direct evidence, no direct observations, which confirm the existence of these things and which therefore may be said to confirm the speculative theories behind them.

True science - as opposed to the surreal science which has come to dominate the world of cosmology and physics - is based upon direct observations of phenomena, with these phenomena being either in the "natural world" or in the "laboratory", that is, a consequence of some experiment.

What has happened over the past fifty or so years is that speculative theory has come to dominate to the extent that actual astronomical observations are interpreted on the basis of abstract, speculative, theories. That is, there is an overwhelming dependence upon an abstract interpretation: a certain theory, or several theories, are presupposed to explain observations or events, without such a theory or theory have any true scientific basis, and in particular without it being the most simple, the most natural, explanation.

Thus, the actual observations are viewed in the context of preconceived ideas, preconceived assumptions, many of which (in fact most of which) have little or no direct observational support. Take, for instance, a recent photograph from the Hubble Space Telescope (HST). This was said to show a "black hole" six times the size of our Sun, passing in front of a star, as a result of analysis of ground-based images of the same star-field. Yet what the ground-based (poorly defined) images showed was simply a variation in brightness of one star which was near another star. The images from the HST resolved the two stars and showed what looked like ordinary star-images. Here, the unexplained observation was a change of brightness of one star, and the assumptions made were not only that some sort of "gravitational micro-lensing" was at work, but also that the object responsible was a "black hole": an invisible star six times the size of our Sun.

And yet, there are far more simple explanations for this apparent change in brightness. For example, it might be caused by some as yet unknown property of the star itself: that is, by some natural process of the star. [See below for more explanations about why the idea of "black holes" is surreal, unrealistic and unscientific.]

The truth is that until we can, at close range, examine this particular phenomena, all explanations are and will remain just speculation: nothing has been proven; nothing truly and scientifically explained.

But in this case we have the so-called "scientific community" bleating once again about "black holes" as if they actually have been proven to exist, when they are not only a speculative idea

proposed to explain unexplained observations, but also (and most importantly) not the most rational, natural or simple explanations that could be advanced to explain such observations.

Thus, we arrive at the present situation where people - and scientists - believe the unscientific idea that the cosmos is populated with "black holes"; that the cosmos evolved from some kind of "big bang", and that if we can obtain images superior to those of the HST we will see our "universe being born". The truth is that to really even begin to understand the cosmos, we need to travel beyond our own Solar System and make practical, direct, observations of the things we have so far seen through telescopes.

Until we reach the stage of our development, our evolution, when we travel among the stars, then all we will have is speculation, not facts.

It is important to understand that until there is an abundance of clear, direct, observations (and the important concept here is direct) then no idea, no theory, can be said to be confirmed.

To show the surreal nature of modern speculative science, three recent speculations will be considered.

#### Speculation I: Black Holes

I repeat: there is no evidence whatsoever for the existence of such things, and the theory of "black holes" is just a surreal, speculative, theory.

Consider one image from the HST which purports to show the effects [note: the effects] of something invisible, that is, a "black hole". This image is one of several which has been said to "prove" the existence of such surreal things.

The image is of Galaxy NGC 4438 and shows an unusual, unexplained, mass of galactic gas rising in a way which appears to be against the direction of rotation of this galaxy. This section of the original image has also been computer-enhanced, with false colour used to show more detail. This shows - or appears to show - the upward gas surrounded by a roughly circular, empty, region.



This phenomena has been "explained" as the effect of a "black hole" within the galaxy itself.

Of course, the simpler explanation is that this is a natural result of some process, not fully understood at present, within the galaxy itself, perhaps due to its rotation and/or some stellar event or events.

An analogy would be a cumulus cloud here on Earth. This cloud forms, expands, and changes shape, all in a natural way due to natural processes (humidity; wind; atmospheric pressure; air and ground temperature, and so on). At a certain moment, this cloud has a well-defined shape, but it is constantly changing, as a result of all the processes involved, and many times this one cloud, when seen from the ground, or in the air at different levels (from an aircraft) can exhibit features which seem "strange" or "perplexing": for example, strangely shaped filaments; even a circular-type "hole" with another filament of cloud seeming to arch up from its centre. But no one suggests there is some sort of "dark-matter, unseen" object causing such odd cloud phenomena: or as one surreal Press Release said in relation to the HST image, due to the "eating habits of a black hole".

Further to the cloud analogy, one only has to look at some of the photographs of clouds taken from Space (Space Shuttle images; Apollo mission images; weather satellites) to see the great variety of cloud shapes which are produced.

Until we can observe this particular galaxy closer - or even better - descend into it and observe the cause of the phenomena, we will simply not know. Until then, every explanation is just speculation, with some explanations being simply more rational, more scientific, than others.

In my view, the explanation of a "black hole" - in this and all other such cases - is just too unscientific, too surreal, when there are probably far more simpler, more natural, explanations. We understand very little about galaxy formation, and indeed very little about star formation and the properties and life-cycle of stars. We certainly know very little about galaxies: about the processes they undergo or are subject to.

In fact, we have hardly even begun to really study our own star, the Sun. And this is just one type of many different types of star that exists.

Instead of priding ourselves on "understanding" the cosmos in terms of surreal concepts such as "black holes" we should have the honesty to admit that we really know hardly anything at all about the cosmos, just as we need to admit that until we do venture out into the cosmos, our understanding will remain blinkered, limited, and subject to radical change.

And it certainly does not help genuine, rational, scientific understanding to believe in surreal ideas, or always put forward such ideas as "explanations".

As Issac Newton wrote, in his Principia [Rules of Reasoning]:

"We are to admit no more causes of natural things than such as are both true and sufficient to explain their appearance..... for Nature is pleased with simplicity, and affects not the pomp of superfluous causes."

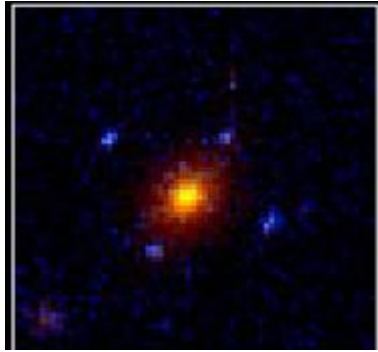
And a "black hole" is certainly a superfluous, surreal, cause.

## Speculation II: Gravitational Lenses

What applies to the surreal concept of "black holes" applies to "gravitational lenses".

Consider the HST images of these "lenses". The images are not very clear, but some of them do appear to show similar type images on either side of other objects (or in one case, four such images).

However, two questions arise. First, close inspection of the HST images reveal slight differences in position between the "similar images": that is, the images do not appear to be equidistant. Of course this can be explained away - and has been - as due to various "distorting" factors in Space. Second, given the vastness of the cosmos, a more simple explanation is that these are mere coincidences: something which would be expected given the vast numbers of objects in the cosmos.



Of course, this simple explanation of coincidence can also be - and has been - "explained away" by making even more assumptions.

Once again, the actual observations - the HST images - prove nothing. They have to be interpreted, explained, and one either puts forward and accepts a simple, rational, explanation (coincidence) or one puts forward a theoretical, complicated, explanation (gravitational lenses: i.e. a theory of abstract Space-Time with light being bent due to the curvature of space-time caused by a large gravitating body).

A few fuzzy images are no proof of anything.

### Speculation III: The Big Bang

The most surreal idea considered last. There is no actual evidence, no direct observations, to support this mega-surreal idea. What has been given "in evidence" to support this idea can be interpreted in other, more simple, ways (yet again).

Furthermore, the idea itself is totally irrational since it fails to explain:

- 1) Where the proto-matter for this "big bang" came from, and what was the cause, the origin, of the "explosion" which caused this early matter to "expand" and increase.

Furthermore, how did, and does, this matter increase? Where does the material for such an increase come from: how does it arise? How is it created? From nothing?

2) What was before the creation of Space and Time in this "big bang"? To say that nothing existed is no rational answer, for what is Time itself? How could Time never exist? What is existence? On fundamental questions such as these, the theory is silent.

Furthermore, the nature of this theory assumes that Time is only causal, and that before point Zero there was nothing: no negative causal Time, for instance. Some theorists have tried to argue that before the beginning, there was another beginning (a sort of cosmic cycle of expansion, contraction and so on) but that merely dodges the questions, because how did the first cycle begin?

3) Just how a small, finite, proto-cosmos could "expand" into something (Space: and larger than the space containing this proto-cosmos) with that Space outside not existing.

Once again, the very nature of Space is never defined. The only answers given, as with the problem of Time, are irrational, dodging, answers which basically amount to saying: "Such questions have no meaning because before the beginning Space, Time did not exist."

A more simple and rational explanation of the origin of the cosmos is that the cosmos is infinite, and eternal, with the matter/energy in this cosmos constantly changing, and there being both a causal Space and a causal Time, and an acausal Space and an acausal Time.

This is a more simple, more rational, explanation because "eternity" and "infinity" are concepts which do explain - for the present - the prime cause, the origin, and Space and Time themselves. Beyond this, we simply do not know; thus how this infinity, and Space and Time, came into being, into existence, is still unknown.

One way - perhaps the only way - to scientifically prove which of the rival theories about the origin of the cosmos is correct is to travel to the ends of the cosmos. Of course, we cannot hope to do this, and so must rely on telescopic images which (if our assumptions about red-shift and other things are correct) will give a glimpse back "in time" and into the depths of the cosmos. Perhaps, once day, we will see nothing; as perhaps, one day, one of our Spaceships will find out.

Until then, both theories remains a belief - speculative theories - not scientific facts.

Yet again, a surreal idea - far less simple an explanation than other explanations - has come to be accepted as the correct or most likely "explanation", when the truth is that such a surreal idea is a hindrance to true understanding - to the true search for answers, the true search for knowledge, and a sign of how real science has been displaced by surreal science.

#### Conclusion:

I am sure that, centuries from now (assuming civilization and science survive and continue) people will look back to our times and marvel at how stupid people were to accept such surreal ideas as "scientific" explanations.

These ideas are just like passing fads, and we can only hope that real astronomy and cosmology - based upon reason, exploration and actual close observation - will flourish in a future where we have learned to travel among the stars.



Galaxy: NGC 3314

David Myatt

JD2451874.283

All images from the Hubble Space Telescope

---

### **A Dweller of the Silent Desert**

Note (2006 CE): These are the transcribed notes (by RM) of a conversation, in Shropshire, with DM, some years ago (approx 1998 CE). The notes are just that - notes of a conversation, and while they do not represent exactly what was said, they express the gist of the conversation, which conversation expressed or hinted at a few of the insights and understanding which led, some years later, to the formulation, by DM, of The Numinous Way. As such, these notes may be of some interest, although they do not sometimes manifest the insights and understandings of The Numinous Way as it is now, following several years of development arising from more recent insights, experiences, thought, and understanding.

*Q: How would you define an ideal?*

A: An ideal/archetype is a human construct, based upon an abstraction - a projection from what is real/observed to what is imagined; that is, to what might/could be, but does not (yet) exist. [ In fact, human ideals can never really exist - we only believe they can.] They cannot be defined by abstract ideas/theories - for this is a tautology.

One of the two ways for an ideal to exist, and so be defined, is to use a human or existing example and take that as the ideal. For example, Odysseus - the ideal Hellenic man. But one should see the flaws of this - humans are fallible; what lives or exists dies or changes. Therefore the ideal changes/dies.

In a way, ideals must be organic - or immortal. The only real ideal (i.e. unchanging) is that which is infallible, unchanging, immortal. By definition, this is God.

*Q: Are manners, honour, reason, dictated by/exist because of ideals?*

A: Yes and no. Depends on what you assume is the ideal. If organic - then honour is defined by the example (e.g. Odysseus) or a collection of examples ("heroes"). Same with reason etc.

Thus morality and our civilized nature (reason, manners etc) either derive from human ideals/examples or they derive from God. If the latter, then we may know reason, honour etc. beyond their being in relation to a human - fallible - ideal: that is, we may know them in relation to what is immortal, unchanging. What Aristotle called the Prime Cause (i.e. the Supreme Being).

For the truth about honour is that it depends on a supra personal dimension - a belief in a force or forces more powerful than the individual, which controls or rules over the individual. Without this extra dimension - and the innate, heart-felt belief which is part of it - honour does not live: it is just an abstract concept, to be believed in or not, to be followed or not, according to what the individual feels or believes, or is persuaded to feel or believe.

The same applies to justice, to the fairness of the civilized person. The simple truth is that no civilized way of life can be created without this 'moral dimension', this heart-felt belief in some supra personal Power.

*Q: What about the ideal of race, and the aiding of racial politics in what has been termed "Aeonics"?*

A: Ultimately, accepting or believing in illusive causal forms - whatever their past or present purpose/use in causal terms - is not a good basis for creating something of the future - ie. creating a new culture based upon what is real and which seeks to express and manifest to others over causal time not only the numinous itself but also our humanity.

Several points need to be made:

1) Human beings are a distinct species, and what are called races are sub-divisions of this species. The crucial factor here is that sub-divisions can breed together and produce fertile offspring, and so create a hybrid. Furthermore, this mixing does occur naturally over periods of time. This natural hybridization often occurs in Nature. Secondly, human beings are evolving and changing, and have evolved and changed over aeonic spans of causal time, due to circumstances, their mobility and their interaction and intermingling.

What is important, is to realize that a definition of race requires the definition to have a starting point in causal time - thus, at this moment in our evolution, we define this human type as a race called "Aryan" which has various sub-divisions within it (Nordic, Alpine etc.). But where to begin? Now? Ten thousand years ago? Five hundred years ago? Fifty thousand years ago? What we term races are always in a state of flux; of change. Therefore a modern definition of race is an attempt surely to impose a causal idea upon something which cannot be contained in such an abstract way. Did our modern "Aryan" exist fifty thousand years ago? Did the Nordic?



If one so defines a race from the now (or recent past) and then creates an idea to keep this race "pure" is this acting against Nature because it is an attempt to limit Nature to this human abstract idea?

2) People certainly differ in physical appearance - but how important is this in terms of those things which make us human and which can enable us to create a numinous society and ? evolve further? That is, is there a deeper difference in terms of ability, invention, goodness, appreciation of numinous etc? And I mean a real, living difference. [The answers of political rhetoric are irrelevant here.]

The only viable way to answer this is practical experience - go among peoples of different races, cultures, in different lands; study; learn; observe, for many, many years. The answers of most other people are not good enough here. Why the only viable way? Because that surely is one of the foundations of civilization - observation, logical deductions based upon them etc. [qv Aristotle; true science.]

Based on such practical experience, my answers are: the differences are superficial for three important reasons. (i) The vast majority of people of all races possess the ability to change: through education, experience, personal influence etc. (ii) No one race - or what is defined/called a race - has a monopoly on invention, heroism, intelligence etc. (iii) No one "race" has a monopoly on the good, and perception of the numinous. In essence, all "races" produce culture.

3) Culture and civilization. Forget the old political definition of civilization. What is it, in reality? Nothing more than an expanding culture - a culture which has some military might. Civilization as previously defined is not always a good thing. It is often anti-cultural and inhuman: detrimental to the numinous/acausal.

Again, the previous definitions of civilization (Toynbee etc.) are nonsense because once again the definition implies using causal terms/means which are flawed and far from objective (e.g. some recorded, mostly biased, history which has survived - what about all that did not survive??). A culture cannot be contained within set deterministic causal limits (e.g 350 years for an "Imperium") because it is organic: changing, living, unique. A good form - one which expresses something of the reality, the truth, the acausal - is one which can be stripped of its causal forms but still retain its essence.

The whole edifice which some now seem to accept as necessary is actually based upon trying to impose causal forms on the organic, living, essence - aeonics, "politics" etc. etc. All lifeless forms trying to grasp the essence, and failing, as they must. Useful? Perhaps, for a while - but never beyond the Abyss...

The illusion, the artifice, must be stripped away.

*Q: Does this stripping away imply a move away from all strident philosophising, and towards instead a more receptive, "Taoist" way of being?*

A: Not quite. There must be some fundamental postulates on which this living is based - some concept about the nature of Reality/Existence and our place within it. By our place here is meant - our being. From these postulates, a framework is constructed, verifiable via observation and logically sound. All thought, hence ALL human living, must start with postulates about Reality etc.

But this framework is only a basis to live - i.e. to think and relate what is, what occurs, to what is beyond. And importantly this framework is intentionally limited - an apprehension, a mode of being, and never a theory.

The most important model as a way forward is that of a community living in a rural area in an almost contemplative way. Such a way will create the necessary apprehension about our being and Reality/Existence - how our being derives from Nature, the cosmos. This is the central insight which is the beginning, the genesis, of the new culture, and thus the community.

What outer form/appearance would this community take? One of an Aryan farm, where its folk practice old Aryan/pagan customs? Some believe so - but again: does the apprehension involve a division into race? That is, do we view our being, our relation to Nature, through race? What is the prime mode of apprehension?

The unity beyond the causal/acausal of which Nature is a presencing - or the division into races?

In the simple sense - from whence is our identity, as beings, as individuals? From Nature (without a further division into race etc) - or from race? The first has been construed in the past as Tao; while the second has been construed recently in political terms.

To know how we dwell - the mode of our dwelling, in this life, on this planet - we must answer this question about the prime mode of our apprehension. The two answers are very different - they determine our orientation and indeed our apprehension and understanding of the numinous. They set our identity, and thus determine the mode of being of the new community and its culture.

Some would answer that race is irrelevant - from both a practical viewpoint, now (the genesis), and from the viewpoint of the apprehension itself.

*Q: But what about racial Destiny - surely this is not a theory but a spiritual truth?*

A: Race is a merely a theory - a construct. Do you wish it to be the primal apprehension? Destiny is irrelevant - in fact a meaningless term; pure jargon, pure form, used to motivate one's self and others. There is no such thing as Destiny. (Think about this, and you should see that Destiny derives from one particular mode of apprehension which is not a primal one.)

"Destiny" is often used as an argument in favour of hitherto existing priorities - and often used to try and motivate others to act. "We must act for it is our Destiny to do such and such, or be such and such ..." and so on.

But in reality, as used in the context above, it is just an abstract concept - a construct, an attempt to explain how things are, and an attempt to try and change things as we wish them to be or believe they should be. To invoke it as an abstract concept - as many have done in the past - simply does not work; it fails to motivate the majority, and simply marks the person or persons who use the concept as odd or extreme or deluded.

What can motivate and has motivated a majority is Destiny = will of a supra personal Power, provided that there already exists in that majority a heart-felt belief in such a Power. If not, then

this has the same effect as Destiny as a concept - that is, no achievement, and a condemnation of the person or persons using it.

*Q: You state that both race and Destiny are merely theories, but does not the inter-breeding of separate races occur with a notable frequency when a culture loses its identity and declines; and thus cultural decline - that is, barbarism - may be understood to be indicative of the loss of racial consciousness?*

A: Again, you must answer whether a culture actually depends upon race, otherwise there is a tautology. This leads to the question, what is culture?

An answer: a human mode of living based on an apprehension of Reality. The Way of manners, honour, reason etc. Simply - A means of living, as human beings, rather than as barbarians - rather than semi-animals who give in to their instincts.

There is a confusion about the use of the term destiny - it is used in two ways. (a) to imply what is predestined - and which a person cannot alter (the original use of the term: re fate; norms). For example, death is our destiny; (b) to imply what can be achieved given will of a person/nation etc. Really, the second is either political jargon, or a manifestation of a world-view which sees will as capable of changing/shaping evolution itself due to consciousness. To properly define destiny - or to understand it as of no meaning (save for a false meaning projected onto Reality by those lacking understanding) - Reality itself must be defined, and then our own relation to this defined Reality, in terms of being, nature etc.

There are two basic answers:

1) Reality exists independent of us, and what we perceive via our senses is only one (and lower) aspect of this. That is, there are planes of being/existence which we cannot directly access via our senses.

2) Reality is defined in purely causal, physical, terms - what is observed, or may be observed via our senses, is what exists. That is, causality and a physical Space are the essence of Reality.

1) can be said to assume acausality and acausal Space.

The theory of evolution - chance development for us and other life forms etc - relies on (2), since acausality is contra- evolution in the Darwinian sense. (If you think about this, you will see why this is so: evolution-->depends on linear progression which implies causal development etc.)

Darwinian evolution is central in the modern world-view. The notion of changeable destiny itself implies this type of causality.

This leads to the question of free will - but first, what does (1) for answer to Reality mean and imply re our nature/being/creation?

It can mean two things:

a) that life was created by some higher being (which could be the supreme Being but might not be)

b) that life is a mystery (not the product of evolution, though!) which we with our limited consciousness cannot understand in any way at present

If (a) we can take a few more steps - if we were created by a being/beings, or the Being (God), then for what purpose? And what is the nature of these beings/God?

Are we an experiment by some race of higher beings who exist in some alternative reality we cannot perceive? Possible..... But, what is beyond these beings? Who created them? And why?

Or - is our life here on this plane of existence a test, a means, a chance, to enter these other (acausal) realms?

One of these realms might well be Paradise - eternal life etc.

If our mortal life is a test of some kind - a chance - then we must have some kind of free will in order to choose/decide/gain another type of existence. That is, a limited type of free will must exist - which means the first type of destiny (fate) does not exist (and since neither does the second, destiny itself does not exist).

*Q: You talk of culture, and yet deny the reality of race: which cultures then have not been founded on a "racial" basis?*

A: Very many. One example - Islam. This is a civilized way of living. There is an Islamic culture - a specific, definable way of being based on a certain apprehension of Reality; a certain distinct mode of being which individuals of that culture strive to attain. This does not depend on race - or even on what is often termed national culture. A Muslim from Africa is the same as a Muslim from India, Malaya, Norway, England etc. etc. This culture has flourished for nearly 1,500 years - and is still flourishing.

Another example - the culture of Buddhism.

We might even add - the culture of Christianity.

Note that all these examples are usually described as religions rather than ways of living/cultures. What is religion? What is culture? Once again, apprehension is the key - the striving for a mode of being founded in the dwelling such apprehension brings. [Heidegger struggled toward this insight.] Why have such ways been defined, in the West, as religions? And what is this "West" anyway? Whose "West"?

Again you must define culture first. To say culture is racially determined implies many things - that race determines apprehension, for instance.

*Q: I take it therefore that the Aeonics model of aeons and civilizations, of their growth and decline, was merely a means but not a reality?*

A: Yes.

*Q: But can we at least define a civilization as a society which emerges at a particular earthly location, comprised of the people of that geographical location, and which develops a significant and creative world-view?*

A: Such a model implies several things:

- 1) The idea of progress - of causal evolution
- 2) The idea of a self-contained being ( a culture/civilization)
- 3) The idea that there is an ethos/soul to this being
- 4) The idea that this ethos is created/maintained by a fixed thing (e.g. race)
- 5) That there is an ethos for a distinct race

As per previous answers, (1) does not exist. (2) does not exist because the definition of civilization used is wrong. For example, what is Hellenic civilization? The way of life which existed in ancient Greece/Turkey etc.? But when did it begin/end? Did it evolve/change?

What is there which distinguishes the "6 or 8 civilizations" (aeons) from other ways of life which were civilized? Where for instance is the Islamic way of life - surely a civilized way (perhaps the most civilized there has ever been)? Further, this civilization was in existence for longer than all other civilizations, and did not have a "racial ethos".

Consider - Hellenic-->civilization?-->sack of Troy, Agamemnon killing his own child as sacrifice; Alexander killing thousands of people etc. etc. In this scenario, Rome is the Empire of Hellenic civilization - but was this a civilized way of life? In some ways yes; in others, no. The tribal societies of Northern Europe at the time were more civilized - so were they civilizations?

In essence, the previous definition of civilization (I used) ignores such questions: the past is interpreted through a few fixed ideas to interpret reality in a certain way. Interesting ideas/concepts, certainly; and useful; but flawed when the larger perspective is considered. Such ideas give the appearance of understanding - but it is only appearance.

*Q: What can the Newtonian principles of science contribute towards the apprehension of the acausal? Why is quantum physics a wrong approach to the acausal?*

A: Again, there is a projection of causal ideas onto existence, which is both causal and acausal [in reality, both terms are also merely constructs - to enable an apprehension towards the Unity]. Newtonian physics is a good example of this causal approach.

Modern science is reductionist and seeks to find simple causal causes. Proper science (which includes the acausal) seeks to understand the lower realities (of which our causal world is one) in terms of the higher realities (of which the acausal is one) - it is a way upward toward that which is Infinite and Eternal, which Itself is evident in all lower beings and all lower (causal) existents. Modern science seeks to reduce all to a cause and effect - to basic particle mechanics; the properties of physical matter etc. on an atomic or astronomical level. Hence the laws of Physics.

Quantum mechanics is a modern reductionist approach (an illogical one at that) which seeks to reduce all the uncertainty based upon OUR apprehension of the causal - for example, our attempts to measure/quantify matter using instruments which are said to produce an uncertainty in our observation. Again, a projection of causality (lower reality) onto existence to attempt to understand existence in such lower causal terms. Such measurement etc. are causal (limited) means - not the essence of understanding: not a means to apprehending that which is beyond our causality.

Aristotle strove to understand the natural world, the cosmos, in an acausal way. This was a beginning, albeit a limited one. The success of reductionist science (Newtonian mechanics etc) in our temporal world does not mean it is a correct approach to understanding.

But ultimately all such divisions (religion, politics, science) are causal projections of abstract, fixed, ideas. In Reality, no such divisions exist - there is no science, no religion. There is only that which is beyond us (the Unity and origin of causal and acausal) which our ideas distance us from.

There are no such things as society, culture, even civilization - there is only (1) the way of apprehending the essence (Reality itself) and a striving to live that apprehension on the personal, communal level, and (2) then everything else.

In essence - there is the THE WAY, or ignorance. There is only a covering-up of the essence (through causal forms) and the apprehension of the essence as that essence is. Ignorance, barbarism etc. are a covering-up of the essence; just as THE WAY is a revealing of that essence, from the essence itself.

Reason is one way toward the apprehension of the essence, just as the way of living we call civilized (manners, honour, fairness etc) is the Way which appropriates/manifests/makes real this essence here on this Earth. And that is all there is or ever has been.

The whole way of thinking of the modern world is fundamentally wrong - just as the way of being of this modern world is wrong. It is not a question of Nature, culture, civilization, race, nation etc etc., but a question of how we ARE: what our being is, or rather what we make our being by using our reason and will (our humanity).

Our being can either be toward the essence, the Unity - or toward the causal abstract forms/ideas invented by our species recently and in the past.

*Q: How then do we strive beyond the present, ultimately illusory means towards an authentic understanding of the purpose of the Cosmic Being - if a purpose/meaning exists at all?*

A: Essentially: what is our purpose, as rational beings? Why do we exist? Are we just the product of chance events (nature/evolution) or were we created (and guided) by a Supreme Being for some purpose?

If Nature/evolution/cosmos - then how did this arise? How was Nature created/evolved? And the cosmos itself? Chance? And from what/where? What is the origin of life, and the very cosmos itself? Is the cosmos finite in time and space? Did it begin in some big bang with a minute piece of matter? If so, what was outside? And where did this matter come from? How did it come into being? What, essentially, is Space and Time, and being?

Having answered this question of existence, then and only then can there be an understanding of our apprehension/thought in terms of what exists (or what we have accepted exists).

*Q: Would you care to summarise?*

A: All answers depend upon the primal apprehension. All the possibilities really amount to the two discussed above: the causal/evolution/chance answer; and the acausal/higher being answer.

All that is now in the West (and all that a certain political form depends upon) depends upon the causal/evolution answer - as does the apprehension of paganism etc when examined logically (e.g. our consciousness is the consciousness of Nature etc - but how did this consciousness come to be from what was before?) In the end the question is - where did life originate from? A creation by a being/Supreme being, or a physical occurrence based upon chance/change/evolution/causality? And where did the cosmos come from, as well?

Note that one must apprehend the acausal as it is and not in causal terms (e.g. as a still unknown type of Space which we can travel to etc). The use of such terms for political ends (once! - like the use of destiny) does not mean their reality is in those ends or in the apprehension underlying those causal ends. In essence, acausality implies the essence of life - that from which it arose.

Thus, having defined the primal apprehension, you can understand how evolution, destiny etc. depend upon one answer to the nature of the primal Reality.

The other possible answer shows there to be no evolution and no destiny as these terms are commonly understood. Also, note that evolution implies the Western idea of progress - social, historical etc. Western type progress demands causality.

If the acausal/Supreme/Cosmic Being answer is accepted, social/political/economic progress, e.g. as understood in the West, is irrelevant: what matters is to live to achieve the life beyond - and make that accessible for others.

---

## DWM: NATIONAL SOCIALISM & REICHSFOLK

---



### **What is National Socialism?**

National-Socialism is a way of living which affirms that the purpose of our lives is to contribute to evolution in a positive way. We contribute to evolution when we do our duty to our folk, since our folk (our race and culture) is our connection to Nature: how Nature is manifest in us as human beings.

This duty which we have comes before our own personal pleasure, our own personal desires and even before our own personal happiness, and it is this duty which expresses our humanity. That is, when we do our duty we are acting in a human way. When, for whatever reason, we do not do this duty we are at best not using those qualities which make us human, and at worst are reverting back to being speaking animals who walk upright.

To do this duty requires us to use our will; that is, to be or strive to become self-disciplined. That is, we strive to change our life, our behaviour, because we realize life is about much more than our own pleasure, our own desires, our own comfort, security and happiness. We realize this when we accept that we, as individuals, are a nexus: a living connection between our ancestors, with their heritage and culture, and the better future which can be created by us acting in accord with the laws, the principles, of Nature.

The most fundamental law of Nature is that we, as living beings, depend upon Nature; that is, that we are part of the living, evolving, being which is Nature. Our very life is an expression of this being, and what we do, or do not do, affects Nature, for good or bad.



To understand our dependence upon Nature - and the dependence of Nature upon us - is to respect Nature, and thus the creations, the living beings, of Nature.

In relation to our own human species (who are living beings dependent upon Nature), this respect for Nature is made manifest when we act with honour toward other human beings, because honour is this understanding of Nature and our own purpose made manifest: made conscious. Our consciousness - our ability to reason, to restrain ourselves by using our will - is the mark of our humanity.

To act in a dishonourable way toward other human beings is to commit hubris: to be insolent (to show a lack of respect) toward Nature. Dishonourable behaviour is thus a denial of our very humanity.

#### Culture, Folk and Race:

National-Socialism expresses the natural truth that the living being which is Nature works to produce diversity and difference: that the evolution of Nature is a bringing-into-being of more diversity and more difference.

For our own, human, species this diversity of Nature is evident in the different races which exist, and in the different cultures which these races develop over time.

National-Socialism values this diversity and difference, and states that we should not only strive to maintain and aid this diversity, but also encourage the peoples and cultures which express this diversity and difference to continue to develop and evolve, for by so developing and evolving race and culture we are aiding the evolution of Nature and thus fulfilling our potential, as human beings.

Correctly understood, culture is a combination of : (1) the unique customs, outlook, traditions and achievements of a particular folk: a community, group, people or society; and (2) having a certain civilized way of life - the way of manners, reason, fairness, honour, and excellence. Culture is essentially an expression of our humanity - of what makes us human, and different from animals. A cultured person is thus a person who is civilized, and who possesses a sense of identity - who belongs to a particular culture and who lives the way of life of that culture.

A culture is manifest in a folk community: in a homeland where that folk dwell and to which that folk have or feel a special attachment. National-Socialism believes that it is natural and necessary for individuals to have a real sense of belonging and identity: to have roots in a particular land which they value and respect as the home of their ancestors and thus of their own culture. National-Socialism is Aryan culture.

National-Socialism: The Aryan Way of Life

Further Reading:

- 1) [The Meaning of National-Socialism](#)
  - 2) [Race and Nature](#)
-

## The Meaning of National Socialism

### Introduction:

This pamphlet is a basic introduction to National-Socialism, written by a National-Socialist. It is not concerned with history - it deals solely with National-Socialist philosophy: what National-Socialism itself actually is, and what National-Socialists believe in or uphold. As this work will show, National-Socialism is totally opposed to the values, and the ideas, which have come to dominate the modern "Western" world. The basic values of National-Socialism are the now almost forgotten values of honour, a striving for excellence, self-discipline and the triumph of individual will. The heroic warrior spirit of National-Socialism is totally opposed to the self-indulgent materialism which has come to dominate every modern social-worker infested "Western" society.

National-Socialism has become a real modern heresy, feared and reviled. For over seventy years, the opponents of National-Socialism have been spreading their lies and propaganda about National-Socialism; for the past fifty years, the governments of every so-called "Western" country have indoctrinated their peoples with these lies and this propaganda. In many of these countries, National-Socialism, and National-Socialist literature, is illegal, with public displays of National-Socialist symbols, such as the swastika, forbidden; in nearly every other country National-Socialists are actively persecuted and imprisoned. In all these countries, the only information available to the public about National-Socialism has come from its enemies. This pamphlet aims to change this, presenting as it does the suppressed truth about National-Socialism.

My *The Religion of National-Socialism* (Third Edition, 114yf) is a companion volume to this present work.

David Myatt

Oxford 108 yf

(Third Edition, 115yf)

### I

#### What is National Socialism?

(Edition, 115yf)

National-Socialism believes there are two fundamental ways of living, and thus two fundamental types of society based upon these two ways. There is the material way of living, with individuals striving for, or pursuing, "happiness", material comfort and wealth. Then there is the way of excellence, of idealism (or nobility) with individuals striving for an idealistic goal. National-Socialism believes the material way is *decadent* - a waste of our lives, a waste of the evolutionary potential which we possess.

Furthermore, National-Socialism believes that the life of an individual is better, more fulfilling, if the idealistic goal that is pursued is in accord with the will of Nature. That is, if this idealistic goal aids Nature, and continues the evolutionary work of Nature. This stems from the National-Socialist assertion that we, as human beings, are part of Nature, and subject to the laws of Nature. All other philosophies, political beliefs or religions assert that we, as human beings, are somehow "above", different or separate from, Nature and her laws.

One of the fundamental aims of National-Socialism is to continue the work of Nature by creating better, more advanced, individuals and by creating a better, more advanced, more civilized society for these individuals to live and flourish in. National-Socialism believes that better individuals can only be created through the pursuit of noble values - by individuals changing

themselves for the better through a personal act of will. This requires individuals, and society itself, to champion and uphold those values which create personal excellence, which aid the individual change necessary. According to National-Socialism, these values are honour, loyalty and duty - for only these values create the right type of idealistic person, someone with a *purity of purpose*. It is these values, and these values alone, which create a civilized individual. A civilized person is a more evolved individual - someone with a higher, a noble, personal character. Further, it is the duty of each noble individual to act in accord with the workings, the will, of Nature herself.

According to National-Socialism, the folk - or "race" - is how Nature works. For National-Socialism, the folk is Nature made manifest; the folk is our connection to Nature. The different folks which exist among our human species are an expression of evolution in action - of Nature working over Aeons to produce diversity and difference. Thus, the folk is an expression of our very humanity - of our human identity <sup>(1)</sup>.

Accordingly, National-Socialism desires to preserve and further evolve, in an honourable way, the folk itself. All other philosophies, political beliefs or religions desire to destroy the folk through creating multi-racial, multi-cultural societies.

However, it needs to be stressed that National-Socialism - being based upon honour - demands that all National-Socialists treat all people, of whatever race and culture, with respect. To do otherwise, is contrary to the ethics of National-Socialism, based as these ethics are upon honour.

For National-Socialism, the fundamental meaning of our lives, as individuals, is to strive to continue the work of Nature. This means striving to advance ourselves through upholding, in our own lives, the civilized values of honour, loyalty and duty; it means us doing our noble and civilized duty by striving to preserve and further evolve our own folk or race, and those things which make our own people unique. These unique things are the ethos, the soul, the character, the culture, of our folk. According to National-Socialism, the ethos, the character of our human species is expressed by *honour, curiosity, exploration* - these things express the true nature of we human beings. Furthermore, National-Socialism believes that it is the ultimate Destiny of our human species to settle among the stars of our galaxy - to create a Galactic Empire or Federation.

In contrast to the inspiring, the noble, the Galactic - the *numinous* - goals of National-Socialism, the goals of all other philosophies, political beliefs or religions are mundane, materialistic and a complete waste of our lives.

## II Honour, Loyalty and Duty: A Personal Revolution

The fundamental personal values of National-Socialism - the foundation of National-Socialist morality - are honour, loyalty, and duty. A National-Socialist is someone who upholds, or who strives to uphold, these personal values: someone whose personal life is governed by these values. Thus, a true or genuine National-Socialist is someone who strives to be honourable, who is loyal to those they have sworn to be loyal to, and who does their National-Socialist duty.

The purpose of these values is to civilize, for it is these values which make a person civilized and noble. That is, these values express the essence of nobility and civilization; they create, or can create, a person who possesses a civilized, a noble, a strong character. In effect, these values

create or can create a better individual; they are means whereby a personal, inner, revolution can be achieved through a triumph of individual will.

***Honour:***

Honour is basically the natural instinct for nobility made conscious and this is done through a Code of Honour <sup>(2)</sup>. Some things are fair, and some other things are unfair. A person of noble character - someone with an inborn sense of fairness - knows or feels what is fair and what is unfair. Honour thus determines personal behaviour, and the high standards of personal behaviour which honour demands are set out by a Code of Honour. Most fundamental of all, an honourable person is prepared to die - if necessary by their own hand - rather than be dishonoured. If someone is not prepared to do this, or does not do this for the sake of their own honour, then they are not living in an honourable way. Honour is thus a hard, and simple, standard to live by, and those who are honourable thus possess a strong personal character and a purity of purpose. They are better, more noble, more civilized, more evolved individuals because of this.

***Loyalty:***

Loyalty, like honour, is simple to understand, and simple in practice. Loyalty is being true to a person you have sworn to be loyal to. True loyalty means taking an oath of loyalty, an oath of allegiance, to a particular person and never breaking that oath. An oath of loyalty can only be ended in two ways: (i) by the death of the person to whom you have sworn to be loyal, and (ii) by mutual agreement between you and the person given loyalty. Thus, true loyalty, like honour, sets a high personal standard, and requires personal discipline. Fundamentally, loyalty means Comradeship - true loyalty means being a Comrade to those you have sworn to be loyal to, and never letting those Comrades down. True loyalty means aiding and assisting those Comrades even when it is personally difficult to do so - or even if it might mean one's own death. True loyalty often means placing one own self - one's own opinions for instance - second, after the person to whom you have pledged your loyalty.

***Duty:***

Duty is the obligation an individual has to do what is necessary and honourable. Thus, there is a duty to be loyal to those given loyalty. There is a duty to strive to live in an honourable way. For a National-Socialist, there is also the duty to promote National-Socialism, the duty to strive to act in accord with Nature's will by preserving, defending and evolving one's own folk, and the duty to strive for personal excellence. Neglect of one's duty is a dishonourable act, and the sign of a weak personal character.

III

Triumph of the Will and Justice:  
A Social Revolution

In respect of our basic human nature, or character, National-Socialism is positive and idealistic, believing that most individuals possess the potential to change themselves for the better. All that is required for such a positive, civilized and evolutionary change, is self-discipline and a natural idealism - the triumph of individual will caused by an individual striving, or struggling, for an idealistic goal which itself is in harmony with Nature. National-Socialism believes that, given good leadership - sufficient noble inspiration by honourable individuals - the majority of people can change themselves for the better and come to know and value honour, loyalty and duty. Those who now do not understand or value these noble things, can do so given good leadership and guidance.

National-Socialism goes further, believing that it is possible to create, to build, a positive, healthy, evolutionary society which provides the social conditions necessary for individuals to develop their natural character and their potential to the full. This society can only be created through a National-Socialist revolution - by the overthrow of the existing System which is based on materialism, indulgence, selfishness, and neglect of one's folk, and which is thus detrimental to the development of strong, honourable individuals, and detrimental to the will of Nature, manifest in race and racial diversity. The decadent values of this old System would be replaced by National-Socialist values. These National-Socialist values are personal honour, personal loyalty and duty to the folk.

A National-Socialist society, or Reich, is a society where the values of honour, loyalty and duty are upheld, and where they form the basic "code of practice" for those involved in public, or civic, life and are the basic rules which govern all the Institutions (military, Police, commercial, public, private, industrial and so on ) of the society.

In this new Reich, the old system of so-called "justice" - based upon abstract ideas and abstract dogma - would be replaced by National-Socialist, or honourable, justice. National-Socialism believes that real justice only and ever exists in honourable *individuals* - and cannot exist in anything lifeless or abstract, such as some "law", some "Court of Law", or some Institution, such as a Police force. It is individuals, and individual character, which matter, not something abstract and lifeless. A person is either honourable, and thus fair and just - or they are not.

Because of this understanding of the importance of individual character, such a Reich is a genuine folk-democracy where a real freedom exists. This freedom exists in such a National-Socialist society basically because of honour and duty: individuals know or accept their honourable duty, to themselves and others, and strive to do that duty to the best of their ability. For real freedom is not about "personal choice, personal rights" in isolation, as it is not about personal indulgence - it is about personal character. Real freedom means having the character to know what is dutiful and right, and having the character to do or try to do what is dutiful and right.

What must be understood is that personal honour, like folk itself, is a manifestation of the will of Nature - a means whereby we have evolved to become better, civilized beings. All modern societies undermine individual character, and thus real freedom, because they expect or demand that individuals conform or be subservient to something abstract or dogmatic which is unnatural because it is against the will of Nature as manifest in personal honour and the folk. These modern societies do not try to elevate the individual, in a natural way through developing personal character and through developing an understanding of our duties to Nature, evident in the folk. Instead, they effectively tyrannize or dictate to individuals by legislation, and social schemes which are enforceable by yet other laws, with more and more Prisons established to punish those who transgress the unending stream of new social and political legislation.

A really free society does not need "laws" which are enforced by a Police force, as it does not need hundreds of thousands of "social workers" or tens of thousands of professional lawyers - it only needs individuals who know what is honourable and who always strive to do the honourable thing. Modern societies are based on the mistaken and unnatural premise that it is legislation, social schemes enforced by laws, and the "deterrence" of Prison, which can make a better society. National-Socialism totally rejects this unnatural way, and instead upholds the natural way of honour and the triumph of individual will.

National-Socialism is also realistic, as well as idealistic. Thus, it accepts that there will always be a few individuals who are and always will remain dishonourable, cowardly and ignoble by nature,

despite repeated attempts by noble and idealistic leaders to inspire and change these few. But it is always only a few who cannot change themselves for the better through a triumph of the will, and always only a few who thus are disruptive of a society based upon noble ideals. A National-Socialist Reich would give these few several chances to change themselves and thus become honourable dutiful individuals, through, for example, service to the folk in the Armed Forces. Should they still not change themselves, then they would be removed - via exiling them - for the removal of such a detrimental few is necessary to ensure the well-being of the whole.

#### IV

#### National-Socialism: The Honourable Way Of Life

At present, the most important tasks of National-Socialism are to free people from the mental slavery they now endure in the dishonourable societies of the world, create free and honourable societies and then seek to fulfill the Destiny, the mission, of the human species. The beginning of this Destiny is to create new, folkish, or ethnic, homelands on this Earth, and then create new colonies among the stars of our Galaxy. The following five points briefly summarize the most important aspects of National-Socialism.

(1) National-Socialism is an expression, a manifestation, of the Destiny of the human species. National-Socialism expresses the natural desire of healthy, noble, individuals to live among their own kind, to preserve and extend their unique folk and their unique culture, and to prosper and evolve still further in accord with the laws of Nature and in accord with the unique Destiny of the human species. According to National-Socialism, this Destiny is *to civilize*: to explore, to know, to quest after new adventures and new frontiers. Fundamentally, National-Socialism expresses what it means to be honourable, and is a guide to an honourable way of life.

(2) National-Socialism is an expression of the desire of healthy, noble people to be free and to live in a socially just society. National-Socialism expresses the desire of healthy, noble people to be able to live in a noble society where honourable values and noble customs are upheld.

National-Socialism regards all present societies as dis-honourable, tyrannical and ignoble. All these societies are dedicated to the suppression of noble values, and to the destruction of folk values, customs and ethos. These societies, by their very nature and their unnatural social laws are harmful to us, and Nature. Accordingly, National-Socialism seeks the revolutionary overthrow, by honourable means, of these decadent and ignoble societies.

(3) National-Socialism expresses, affirms and champions honour over and above other values. In essence, honour is what express the soul, the character, the true nature, of we human beings, and thus represent what it means to be human and civilized. Honour implies loyalty and duty and these three things express and represent the noble warrior spirit. This noble warrior spirit, or ethos, is totally opposed to the usury of capitalism, and in place of present societies built upon or dependant upon the usury of debt and interest, and thus dependant upon money and "International Finance", National-Socialism seeks to create an entirely new society founded upon honest work and concern for the welfare of the folk where the slavery of debt and interest would be abolished.

(4) National-Socialism expresses and affirms that "race" - the folk - is of fundamental importance. To affirm the folk, in an honourable way, is to affirm life itself, and the evolution of life toward a higher existence. To affirm the folk in an honourable way is to affirm and champion Nature, for the different folks are one of the ways in which Nature works, and how Nature is manifest to us, and in us, as individuals. Thus National-Socialism champions ethnic difference

and diversity, and the creation a separate ethnic homelands where a particular folk can live in freedom according to their own laws and customs.

(5) National-Socialism expresses and affirms the importance of individual character. The most fundamental principle of National-Socialism is that individuals can change themselves for the better through an act - through the triumph - of individual will and through being inspired by idealism. This is idealism: the pursuit of individual excellence - the triumph of noble values through pursuit of a noble, supra-personal aim. The leadership principle which National-Socialism upholds is a practical manifestation of the excellence of individual character - of individuals of noble character leading and inspiring others

Accordingly, some of the fundamental, immediate and practical aims of National-Socialism are: (a) preserving the diversity of folk and culture of this world, through the creation of an folkish homelands; (b) encouraging through educational and military Institutions noble, honourable character in individuals, and ensuring the physical health and well-being of the folk, and particularly the young through rigorous physical and warrior training; (c) establishing a sound and prospering rural way of life and rural economy as a means of producing healthy food and encouraging healthy outdoor living.

## V

### Folk and Fatherland: The Inner Meaning of National-Socialism

National-Socialism provides an answer to the most fundamental, and the most important, question which we as individuals can ask: What is the meaning of life? According to National-Socialism, the meaning of our life, as individuals, is to evolve: to continue with, to further, the evolutionary work of Nature by striving for personal excellence and excellence, for our own folk or race, and for our human species in general through a rational, honourable, co-operation based upon folkish homelands. This is because we, as individuals, are not isolated beings - we are part of Nature, and part of our race. We, as individuals, are part of much larger living systems or beings. We depend on these large organic beings because we ourselves are organic beings and thus a part of the natural, the cosmic, order itself.

Furthermore, these large organic systems, these beings, also depend on us. That is, what we do, or do not do, affects them. We can keep them healthy and prosperous, and aid them to evolve still further. What we have forgotten - or been indoctrinated not to believe - is that our folk, our folkish culture, is our connection to Nature, and that a healthy society is by definition a folk society: an *organic* society based upon folk and honour. That is, a healthy, natural, society - one which expresses Nature, which aids Nature, which is in harmony with Nature - is an ethnic society which upholds "Blood and Honour". All other types of society, presently existing, or existing as a social, political or religious idea, are unnatural and harmful to Nature and the separate folk evolution which expresses the diverse health of living Nature.

We, as individuals, are our folk, our very ancestors, made manifest and re-born. Our folk is a supra-personal organism, a living being, which has existed, which has lived, for thousands of years before us. This living being which is our folk can also exist for thousands, for hundreds of thousands, of years after us. The very health, the well-being, the prosperity, the future of this living folkish being depends on us - we *are* its future, just as it is natural for us, our duty, to preserve, aid, defend and further evolve this living being. Thus, our purpose, our duty, is to preserve the racial purity of our blood in an honourable, reasoned way, and to further evolve our own folk. This duty is our very purpose, as individuals - it is what we are born to do, what we

exist for. When we do not do this duty, we are wasting our lives, we are undermining and helping to destroy this living folkish being, and the greater living being which is Nature herself.

This is the simple, and profound, truth which National-Socialism champions and which the enemies of National-Socialism have suppressed and are trying so hard to destroy. Just as we are our folk, so are we are unique ethnic, or folk, culture and our unique *human* Destiny: for folk culture and our human Destiny are the soul, the essence, the very life, the consciousness, of this supra-personal living being which is our folk. Thus, it is also our duty, part of our purpose, to preserve, aid and further develop our unique folkish culture, and to strive to make our Destiny real through striving for excellence and further evolution. A fatherland - or motherland - is the homeland, the dwelling, of a specific people with a specific culture, the place where that people dwells or where they settle, and it is a means to preserve, aid and develop the folk: it is a folk society founded upon and upholding a specific folk culture and striving to fulfill the specific ethos of that folk. This unique homeland - when it is founded upon National-Socialist principles - thus becomes a living being: a living part of Nature. That is, the creation of such a homeland is a bringing-into-being of a new type of life, a new manifestation of Nature, and the Cosmic Being which is beyond Nature, of which Nature is one manifestation on this planet we call Earth. Hence the importance of such homelands, for our evolution, for Nature, and for the Cosmos itself.

## VI

### The Way of Life of National-Socialism: Philosophy of the Future

Correctly understood, National-Socialism is much more than a "political" or even a social philosophy: it is a complete, and revolutionary, *Weltanschauung*, or "philosophy of life". It is profoundly spiritual and profoundly noble - a complete explanation of our human nature, our human Destiny, and our place in the general "scheme of things". In this sense, it is religious because it provides us with the answers which we seek and because it reflects, or represents, the natural order which exists in this world and the cosmos itself. Fundamentally, National-Socialism, as a way of living and as a religious, social and political philosophy, is an expression of the will of Nature. It is also, equally importantly, an expression of the nature and Destiny of our human species itself. As such, it is a complete Way of Life.

---

### **What Is The National-Socialist Way of Life?**

The National-Socialist Way of Life is the natural way of life of the human species: that which aids our development, which makes us healthy and which can continue our evolution, as human beings. Such a Way of Life is healthy and inspiring, and represents, or expresses, the natural ethos, or soul, of we human beings - that which distinguishes us a noble, civilized, beings, which thus expresses our natural Destiny, and represents our innate or natural character. .

Our natural, innate, evolutionary character as human beings can be expressed by three words: *curiosity, honour, conquest*. By nature we, when we are true to ourselves, are curious - we seek to know, to understand, and we have developed the art, or skill, of reason to aid us in this quest, this striving, for understanding. By nature, we when we are true to ourselves, are honourable - we have an innate sense of fairness, of natural justice, and an innate sense of what is right. What is right, for us as human beings, is and always has been, what is honourable. By nature, we, when we are true to ourselves, are striving - we have an innate desire to overcome obstacles, difficulties



through the power, strength, or the triumph of our will. This desire to strive is manifest, and has been manifest, in our natural warrior character.

When we express our natural nature, by our own lives and by our religious, or moral, beliefs, we are more healthy, more natural, than we would be otherwise. This is so because a natural Way of Life, or religion, reflects, and gives expression to, our nature and thus our conscience - our innermost beliefs and motives. It enables us to be "in harmony with our nature" and thus creates and maintains a healthy *psyche* in us as individuals.

In effect, a natural religion enables individuals to live in a human, civilized, way, and in practice this means our lives have a purpose: that they are fulfilling. When we live in accord with the principles and ideals of our own natural religion, we are fulfilling our own Destiny, as individuals, and thus aiding the unique Destiny of our own folk and the human species in general.

Furthermore, The National-Socialist Way of Life gives us a practical, reasonable and realistic answer to the most fundamental question of all, the question of our own existence - "What is the purpose of our lives as individuals, here on this planet we call Earth?"

For instance, for those of us who are of North European descent, the old pagan religions of our ancestors expressed some - but not all - of our nature. Examples of these old religions are the ancient Greek religion of the Homeric gods and the religion of the Vikings. Without exception, these old religions were the religion of warriors, and reflected the nature and beliefs of ancient warrior societies, and thus that part of our Aryan nature which is warrior-like. Hence, the morality of these instinctive and natural Aryan religions was always based upon personal honour. These religions also expressed, to a greater or a lesser degree, our essential pagan nature - for instance, our intuitive awareness of the numinosity, or sacredness, of Nature; our intuitive understanding of the joys of living; our innate desire to excel, to strive for excellence and for conquest; and our innate appreciation of beauty and harmony. These old religions also sought to give an answer to the fundamental question of our existence, as they all sought to try and explain the cosmos, how it had arisen, how it worked and how it affected our lives, as individuals. Such explanations usually involved supra-human beings called "gods" and "goddesses" who often were personifications of natural or cosmic forces.

However, what all these old religions did not express was our unique Destiny. They also did not fully express our unique human nature. The new Way of Life of National-Socialism alone expresses and represents our true nature, as it alone expresses and represents our unique Destiny. Furthermore, National-Socialism presents us with a reasoned answer to the fundamental question of our existence, just as it explains in a reasoned way life, and the cosmos itself.

The meaning, or the purpose, of the old religions - like the civilizations our ancestors created - is that they have led us to the understanding of the present. They have prepared the way for the divine revelation made manifest in the new religion of National-Socialism.

---

### **The National-Socialist Way**

The fundamental tenets, or principles, of this way of life (or religion) are:

1) That there exists a supra-human Being - called the Cosmic Being - and that this Cosmic Being creates, or can create, Order from Chaos. Order is the very life of this Being. Order itself is a new, a better, more evolved, or more excellent, arrangement of things.

2) That organic life itself is an expression, or manifestation, of the Order which this Cosmic Being creates, and is thus an expression of the life, the spirit, of this Being.

3) That change is a natural part of the evolution of Order from Chaos and that this, for organic life, involves the organic process of birth-life-death-renewal.

4) That death is not the final end of life, but the beginning of further change, a renewal of the cosmic order itself.

5) That what we call Nature is the Cosmic Being - the Order created by this Being - made manifest on this planet we call Earth. The creative force, or energy, which is present in Nature, and which produces, and causes changes in, living things - including ourselves - is this Cosmic Being, living and evolving, that is, creating more Order.

6) That we, as individuals, are this Cosmic Being - the very cosmos itself - made manifest. We sentient (that is, conscious and aware) beings are the striving of the Cosmic Being for more cosmic Order.

7) That our evolution, as human beings, is an increase in the cosmic Order and expresses the purpose, the life, or the will of the Cosmic Being. Thus the striving, or struggle, for order (or excellence) - for evolution toward higher forms - here on this planet, is how the Cosmic Being works on this planet of ours, and is thus natural and necessary, for without it, there would be no order and no evolution toward higher forms.

8) That the Cosmic Being exists, or functions, in us through *honour* (or fairness), through *curiosity* (or reason) and through *striving* (or the triumph of individual will). Thus, an honourable individual is someone who is doing the will, or accomplishing the work, of this Cosmic Being.

9) That *culture*, *race* and *excellence of individual character* express the will of this Being - of this Being working through Nature to bring about more Order, more diversity and more difference through evolution.

Thus, culture is one way in which this Cosmic Being is manifest to us, as human beings on this planet of ours. Culture thus expresses the essence of our humanity - of what makes us human. To preserve, and to further evolve, each culture - and to seek to allow these cultures to change - is to act in accord with the will, the purpose, of the divine creator, while to undermine or seek to destroy culture and cultural difference and diversity, is to act against the will of the divine creator. Each unique culture can and should evolve, according to its own unique nature: each unique culture should have the freedom to develop of itself.

A culture is a combination of : (1) the unique customs, outlook, traditions and achievements of a particular community, group, people or society, with this community, group, people or society sharing a common racial heritage; and (2) having a certain civilized way of life - the way of manners, reason, fairness, honour, and excellence. Culture is essentially an expression of our humanity - of what makes us human, and different from animals. A cultured person is thus a person who is civilized, and who possesses a sense of identity - who belongs to a particular culture and who lives the way of life of that culture.

10) That the human species has a special character, and a Destiny. This character is expressed in our honour, curiosity and striving, and is made manifest by the *civilization* which humans create

when they live according to their divine nature. The Destiny of the human species is to bring the light of diverse civilizations into the world, and to spread this light - the honour and the reason of civilization - out into the cosmos itself by venturing forth to explore and settle the star-systems of the cosmos.

## VII

### Guide To The National-Socialist Way Of Life

Honour, loyalty and duty are the fundamental ideals of National-Socialism. They represent nobility in action, and the striving to live by these ideals creates, or can create, a noble character in the individual. The *Nine Fundamental Principles of National-Socialism*, given below, express the practical essence of National-Socialism, for individuals, and are thus a guide to how a National-Socialist should live their life.

- 1) In everything that you do or undertake, strive for excellence.
- 2) Do your duty by placing the welfare and well-being of your folk before your own self-interest, and seek to preserve and extend your folk by marrying among your own kind, and by producing/nurturing healthy children.
- 3) Uphold the noble ideal of honour in your own personal life, and strive to live, and die, in an honourable way.
- 4) Strive to uphold the noble, human, ideals of fairness and courtesy by being fair and courteous toward others, and strive to treat animals in a humane way.
- 5) Be loyal to those you have sworn loyalty to, if necessary unto death. Your word, once given, should not be broken since to break your word is a dishonourable act.
- 6) Be intolerant of what is harmful and unhealthy to, and what endangers, your folk, and what is detrimental to the other manifestations of the Cosmic Being, provided always that you do only that which is honourable.
- 7) Reverence Nature and be respectful toward what reveals or expresses the numinous, the Cosmic Being.
- 8) Always be ready, willing and physically fit enough to defend yourself and your family - and thus your own personal honour - and always carry a defensive weapon to enable your honour to be saved.
- 9) Seek always to make the world a better, a more noble, place by striving to make others aware of the noble ideals of honour, loyalty and duty.

## VIII

### What is Nature?

Nature is that innate creative force which operates in the physical world, on this planet, and which causes, or is the genesis of, and controls, living organisms in certain ways. These "certain ways" are the laws of Nature. The 'evolution of species' is a term used to describe a theory about one of the ways in which Nature works.

Nature can thus be conceived as a *type of being*. This does not mean that Nature should be understood in anthropomorphic terms, but rather that Nature is a living, changing, entity: something which is alive. We ourselves, as human beings, are simply one manifestation, one presencing, of Nature among many: that is, we are subject to the laws of Nature, the laws which govern organic change and organic life itself. Like all life on this planet, we are born, we grow and change, and we die.

Most cultures had, or have, a belief that Nature is living, and the Mother of, the bringer-forth of, all life. In olden times, Nature herself was often personified in terms of gods, and goddesses. That is, we apprehended Nature in terms of ourselves - in terms of individual beings with names, a history and a distinct personality. However, this type of apprehension is no longer necessary nor valid since we have developed, over the last few thousand years, the faculty of pure reason and can understand Nature, ourselves and the cosmos beyond Nature, in a natural manner without such intermediate forms. That is, we can now apprehend Nature as Nature is. Hitherto, we projected human-type forms onto Nature in an effort to comprehend Nature as we did not possess much of an understanding of the cosmos beyond Nature and how Nature is but part of this cosmos.

Thus, most people who belong to the Aryan folk no longer believe there is a mighty god named Thor, nor a goddess called Diana, who live, as distinct individual entities, in a different realm and who have a personality and a personal history. Instead, we view Nature as a whole - as an entity which is and which becomes manifest, incarnate, in all living things, all of which have their own nature, their own destiny or fate. In the descriptive sense, our apprehension no longer relies on names. Instead, it is built upon pure reason itself; it is organic and beyond us, as humans with our finite individuality and our finite personalities.

This does not lessen the awe, the wonder, the respect for Nature - rather, it increases it because we are aware of the wider perspective, of how we are but part of a living, changing, evolving organic whole whose well-being, whose future, depends on us - on what we do, or do not do. For we are aware now of not only our personal duties, but also our supra-personal responsibilities toward Nature. If we harm Nature we are in effect only harming ourselves - undermining and possibly destroying our very future and the future of our descendants.

---

### **Nature and National-Socialism**

Many religions and many philosophies do not accept that Nature is alive, or that there is a creative force inherent in Nature. Instead, many religions posit God as the Creator.

National-Socialism, however, accepts as a fundamental principle that this creative force, in Nature, exists and that Nature is a living, changing, being. It further accepts that the evolution of species is one of the most significant ways in which Nature works. This evolution is and has been, toward diversity and difference. Insofar as we ourselves are concerned, Nature has made us a unique species. Within this species, there are various races, which are distinct from each other. Even these races have evolved in different ways and at different times so that there are many distinct sub-races. Thus, Nature has produced, over thousands of millennia, distinct and different races, and within those races produced individuals, of differing character. Fundamentally, National-Socialism is an acceptance and celebration of the difference and diversity that Nature has produced, and it wants to nurture, in an honourable, ethical way, that diversity and difference and so keep alive, and keep evolving, those things which make us unique and 'human'.

We affect Nature because we are Nature made manifest - we are an expression of Nature's change, Nature's evolution. That is, we are a living nexus. We who follow the way of National-Socialism revere Nature because we know, understand or feel how Nature exists in us. Nature exists in us through our folk, our ancestors, and through the fatherland, the homeland, where our folk dwells or where it settles. What lives in us, as Nature, is our culture, our folk, our fatherland; in a special way we are the land of our fatherland, as we are our folk - we are part of the organic, living whole which includes our folk, our land, the soil of the land, the trees growing in the soil, the creatures, the animals, the life, which exists in or upon this land. We even are the climate of our land - the sun, the rain, the clouds, the wind, the changing seasons.

Because of this, we do not fundamentally exist as separate individuals. Our very existence, as individuals, is bound-up with our folk and our homeland - with our own Blood and Soil. Our folk, our homeland - Nature herself - depends upon us to keep these things going, to keep them healthy, to nurture them and help them grow further. Thus are we born from our folk and our homeland, and thus do we when we die return to them.

---

### **Appendix I**

#### **The National-Socialist Honour Code**

The word of a man of honour is his bond - when a man of honour gives his word ("On my word of honour...") he means it, since to break one's word is a dishonourable act. An oath of loyalty or allegiance to someone, once sworn by a man of honour ("I swear by my honour that I shall...") can only be ended either: (i) by the man of honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release him from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release him; or (ii) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is dishonourable.

A man of honour is prepared to do his honourable duty by challenging to a duel anyone who impugns his honour or who makes dishonourable accusations against him. Anyone so challenged to a duel who, refusing to *publicly* and unreservedly apologize, refuses also to accept such a challenge to a duel for whatever reason, is acting dishonourably, and it is right to call such a person a coward and to dismiss as untruthful any accusations such a coward has made. Honour is only satisfied - for the person so accused - if he challenges his accuser to a duel and fights it; the honour of the person who so makes such accusations or who so impugns another man's honour, is only satisfied if he either unreservedly apologizes *or* accepts such a challenge and fights such a duel according to the etiquette of duelling. A man of honour may also challenge to a duel and fight in such a duel, a person who has acted dishonourably toward someone whom the man of honour has sworn loyalty or allegiance to or whom he champions.

A man of honour always does the duty he has sworn to do, however inconvenient it may be and however dangerous, because it is honourable to do one's duty and dishonourable not to do one's duty. A man of honour is prepared to die - if necessary by his own hand - rather than suffer the indignity of having to do anything dishonourable. A man of honour can only surrender to or admit to defeat by someone who is as dignified and as honourable as he himself is - that is, he can only entrust himself under such circumstances to another man of honour who swears to treat his defeated enemy with dignity and honour. A man of honour must die fighting, or die by his own hand, rather than subject himself to the indignity of being defeated by someone who is not a man of honour.

A man of honour treats others courteously, and women gallantly, and is only disdainful and contemptuous of those who, by their attitude, actions and behaviour, treat him with disrespect or try to harm him, or who treat with disrespect or try to harm those he has personally sworn loyalty to or whom he champions.

A man of honour, when called upon to act, or when honour bids him to act, acts without hesitation and if necessarily quite ruthlessly provided always that honour is satisfied.

A man of honour, in public, is somewhat reserved and controlled and not given to displays of emotion, or to boasting, preferring as he does deeds to words.

A man of honour does not lie, once having sworn on oath ("I swear on my honour that I shall speak the truth...") as he does not steal from others or cheat others for such conduct is dishonourable. A man of honour may use guile or cunning to deceive his sworn enemies, and his sworn enemies only, provided always that he does not personally benefit from such guile or cunning and provided always that honour is satisfied.

A man of honour strives to dress in a clean, discreet way in practical clothes devoid of ostentation and suitable to the task in hand.

---

## **Appendix II**

### **A National-Socialist Glossary**

[ *Note: What follows are brief explanations of some of the main terms important for an understanding of National-Socialism. Words marked with a \* are defined in this Glossary.*]

#### ***Archetype:***

An archetype expresses an \*ideal, or is a representation of what is ideal. As such, an archetype represents what is beautiful and harmonious - a striving for excellence - and is possessed of \*numinosity. What is archetypal is what is most representative of, or most excellent about, a particular thing.

#### ***Aryan:***

The term 'Aryan' is used to describe the White or Caucasoid race which originated in Europe. The term itself derives from an ancient Aryan word for 'a noble man' - *Airyā/Arya* and is thus apt to describe this warrior folk.

#### ***The Aryan Ethos:***

Ethos is the characteristic nature, or spirit/soul, of a particular \*civilization, folk or race. The things which normally embody the ethos of a people, or race, are art, literature, achievements, music, customs and a particular religious attitude or religion. The Aryan ethos - that which marks the Aryan and which expresses the true nature of the Aryan race - can be described in three words: *Honour, Curiosity* and *Conquest*.

( See: (1) Ch. III of *Vision of a Future Golden Age*; (2) *National-Socialism, Aryan Culture and Aryan Freedom*; (3) *Aryan Freedom - Heretical Essays in Praise of Aryan Freedom*.)

#### ***The Arts of Civilization:***

These are Arts, or skills, the acquisition of which makes an individual civilized. Someone who has mastered the Arts of Civilization is thinking, acting and living like an Aryan, since these Arts embody the essence of the Aryan ethos. The Arts are: the Art of personal Honour; the Art of

Combat or fighting; and the Art of Knowledge, of seeking to learn about the vast cultural and scientific heritage of civilizations.

***Civilization:***

Civilization is an ordered way of living - superior to primitive, selfish, barbarism - created by inventive warrior tribes who uphold the \*noble personal values of \*honour, loyalty and duty. It arises primarily from co-operation: from individuals being willing to place the welfare, security and future of their folk before their own self-interest. Fundamentally, civilization depends for its creation and its maintenance on inventive, heroic, honourable *individuals*. Civilization is the pursuit of, or struggle for, \*excellence by a heroic, noble and inventive folk or community who uphold honour and who thus create a society where \*freedom is the norm.

***Culture:***

Culture is the term used to describe those things which can aid an individual to improve or advance themselves, and thus fulfill the potential for change latent within them. Each folk produces its own unique culture, and the distinctive culture of a particular folk embodies or manifests the unique \*ethos, or soul/spirit, of that folk. A culture is a combination of (1) the unique customs, outlook, traditions and achievements of a particular community, group, people or society, with this community, group, people or society sharing a common heritage; and (2) having a certain civilized way of life - the way of manners, reason, fairness, honour, and excellence. Culture is essentially an expression of our humanity - of what makes us human, and different from animals. A cultured person is thus a person who is civilized, and who possesses a sense of identity - who belongs to a particular culture and who lives the way of life of that culture.

***Decadence:***

Decadence is a decline in or loss of \*excellence. Decadence undermines and destroys individual vitality and health, and is basically a placing of self-interest, and self-indulgence, before personal honour and before the duty an individual has - as a thinking, civilized, being - toward striving to continue evolution by pursuing noble ideals. Decadence, on the individual level, is a lack of *character* - a lack of will. On the artistic level, decadence is a lack of self-control, a pandering to weakness, a removal of high standards, and it is the philosophy, and the aesthetics, of the pretentious, the weak and the cowardly.

***Democracy:***

Real or genuine democracy means individual \*honour and \*freedom - it is an expression of the desire or will of a living, or organic, community to determine its own future. An organic society is totally different from, and totally opposite to, the lifeless, abstract modern societies created by abstract political or social dogma. Fundamentally, an organic society is an ethnic State. Contrary to a popular misconception, the Greek word 'demos' does not simply mean 'people' in general. Rather, it originally meant 'the clan' in contrast to their 'chiefs'; in later Attic Greek, the word came to mean 'the community' or folk itself - distinguished as this community was by ties of blood. In both cases, a distinct racial or folk-community is meant. A real democracy is a society, composed of members of the same race, where the ultimate authority resides in the folk-communities of that society. It is an ethnic nation, or community, where the individuals of that community co-operate together for their own well-being and advancement by upholding the ideals of honour and freedom.

***Excellence:***

Excellence is what is supreme; what is worthy; what is *the best*. Excellence is the setting of high-standards and the pursuit of them. It embodies what is archetypal or \*ideal. Excellence implies a moving-forward, an evolution or improvement to a higher level, this higher level being set by an

ideal or archetype, or some other expression of harmonious perfection. On the individual level, excellence implies self-discipline and a noble motivation - a striving toward a supra-personal goal or ideal.

***The Folk:***

A folk is not exactly the same as "a race". A folk arises over time, through living in a certain area – a homeland - through shared experiences, through a common heritage, history and so on. Over time, a specific culture arises, which represents that particular folk, and the folk of this homeland develop a certain character: a certain nature, which in general serves to distinguish them from the peoples of others cultures. This character may be manifest in their way of life, their religious outlook, their literature, their natural music (that is, their "folk music"). Generally, the people of a particular folk community share a common racial ancestry but the living being which is and becomes their folk - their folk culture, their homeland - evolves, changes, and brings into being a new type of life which is different from the life of the other communities who initially may have shared the same racial heritage. Thus, a folk is not an abstract, easily defined, static, "thing" like the concept of race. It is a living, changing, evolving, being - a unique type of life. What defines a folk is thus far more than a certain set of physical or physiological or genetic characteristics. A folk is a symbiotic being - in symbiosis with the being which is the homeland of that folk, with that community or that collection of folkish communities. All this makes the culture, the Way of Life, the ethos (or soul) of that folk living as well. And it is this living which is numinous, which presences the numinous.

***Freedom:***

Freedom is the basis of the civilized way of living and means an individual having the basic right to determine their own life by choosing allegiance and by being able and willing to physically defend themselves, their own honour and that of their blood-kin. [ Note: The English word 'free' originally meant "to love (and defend) one's kin". ] Thus freedom means the right to be able to bear and to use arms or weapons in self-defence and in defence of one's own honour and that of one's kin. It further means the right to be able to do this, in accordance with a code of honour, with no one else and no group, Institution or officials, being able to interfere, judge or restrict and take away the liberty of any individual so defending themselves and their honour, whatever the outcome. Thus, were a man to defend his own honour in an honourable way - according to a code of honour - such as, for example, by a duel, or a fair fight, then that man not only has the right to fight such a duel, but also has the right to be at liberty were his opponent to be injured or even killed in such a duel or fight. Anything other than this is un-civilized and tyrannical - a denial of freedom. Real freedom means individuals of noble character having the ability and the power to determine their own lives in accord with what is noble and dutiful.

***Honour:***

Honour is the setting of high and \*noble standards of personal conduct. The high standards set by honour derive from idealism and thus from the pursuit of excellence. Honour is the instinct for nobility made conscious, and a code of honour is a means whereby the high standards of honour are set and a means whereby individuals strive to uphold and maintain them. Honour is the basis for the human morality of National-Socialism. It is honour which determines the limits of personal behaviour and our relation to other beings: that is, how we should interact with other beings. Honour also determines the form, the nature, of those things we can use and construct and develop to aid ourselves and others - such as communities. In such useful social constructs, honour sets limits and is the basis for any and all norms, or laws, which may govern such communities. Honour is a manifestation, or presencing, in the causal, of the numinosity we possess by virtue of being human.



***Idea:***

An idea is basically a created model for which no natural \*archetype exists. Abstract ideas express a concept of what is 'common' - that is, what is not the best; what is not of excellence. An idea is the exact opposite of an \*ideal. Ideals represent and express personal, or individual, character; an idea represents and abstraction which individuals are expected to conform to or be subservient to.

***Ideal:***

An ideal is something which enshrines what is excellent, or which represents what is the best. It is a practical embodiment of excellence itself; some thing, or some person, distinguished because that thing or that person is the best - for example, the most courageous person in a battle who is distinguished from their comrades by their brave actions. On the individual level, idealism means individuals undertaking deeds of exceptional merit which mark them out, and doing this because they themselves strive for the excellence of an ideal or ideals. An ideal stands directly opposed to an abstract idea. Ideals are human - that is, organic; as such they are possessed of \*numinosity; they are \*archetypal and thus inspiring for individuals. Ideas are abstract, and lifeless - and thus essentially in-human. National-Socialism is based upon human ideals; all modern societies are based upon lifeless abstract ideas.

***Justice:***

Justice exists in, and only exists in, fair, noble individuals who uphold a code of honour and who strive to live by that code of honour. Justice does not exist in, and cannot exist in anything abstract, be it in a law, a 'Court of Law', an Institution or whatever. Real justice lives only in individuals and cannot be abstracted out from them into a dead, life-less, abstract form. A just society is a society which is noble and which allows individuals to test or prove their own honour and innocence - and thus stay free - by trial by combat or by having someone champion them in such a trial.

***Nobility:***

Nobility refers to personal character - it means having a noble character or nature. Someone who is noble is someone who is honourable - who exhibits those traits of character which represent honour: that is, fairness, heroism, courage, and gallantry. Honour is the instinct for nobility made conscious, and a code of honour is a means whereby the high standards of honour are set and a means whereby individuals strive to uphold and maintain them.

***Numinous:***

Something is numinous if it has beauty and awe. Something which is divinely-inspired or divinely-representative is numinous. What is numinous is generally what is revered, or regarded as sacred - as spiritual or divine. Nature herself is numinous - a wonderful, awe-inspiring mystery. The numinous is an expression of the acausal - of the Unity behind causal, temporal, appearance.

***Social Engineering:***

Social Engineering is the term used to describe the manipulation and control of people by abstract social/political \*ideas. Our modern lifeless, multi-racial societies are the direct product of decades of social engineering, of social/political ideas and abstract doctrines made law.

***Way of Life:***

A Way of Life enshrines a specific, unique, outlook, view of the world or Weltanschauung and derives from an \*ideal or combination of ideals. In addition, a Way of Life is, or develops into, a

culture. Thus, by definition, a Way of Life is numinous, and possesses numinosity - an ideology does not. By a unique outlook or view of the world is meant a distinct cosmology and theology - that is, an explanation of the meaning and purpose of our lives, as human beings, and an explanation of our place in the Cosmos, and in Nature (this world where we dwell). A further distinguishing feature of a Way of Life - in contrast to an ideology - is that it expresses a unifying, holistic, or "organic", view of all life, seeing the Unity hidden by appearance, and strives to make this Unity manifest in a practical way through a particular way of living. In practical terms, this means that a Way of Life does not impose causal apprehension upon what is numinous, or acausal, and this implies no separation, for instance, between what has been termed "the State", and "religion" which words or terms are themselves indicative of causal (that is, un-numinous) apprehension.

---

### **Appendix III: National-Socialist Law**

I: The first, and fundamental, principle of National-Socialist law is that there are only honourable and dishonourable deeds, with dishonourable deeds being the concern of National-Socialist laws. That is, there is no concept of "crime" as "crime" is now understood in modern societies. National-Socialist laws thus define what is dis-honourable.

II: The second principle of National-Socialist law is that the penalties for committing dishonourable deeds should be compensatory, rather than punitive, and involve: (1) exile of those found guilty of dishonourable conduct; (2) compensation by the guilty person, in goods, or money, of the victim of the dishonourable deed, or of the family/relatives of the victim. If the person found guilty of having committed a dishonourable deed or deeds has little or no goods or money then they can give their labour for a specified period. Imprisonment is reserved for serious deeds of dishonour and should never exceed a period of one year, with all those sentenced to imprisonment being given the option of exile instead. As an alternative to all the foregoing, a penalty of work serving the community for a fixed period of not more than six months is permissible.

Only these types of penalties are permitted by National-Socialist law, for only these are honourable, fair and just. The death penalty is expressly forbidden. Exile can be of two kinds: Greater Exile, where the person is exiled from the homeland for the rest of their life; or Lesser Exile, where the person is exiled for a period of three years. Someone who has been exiled is an outlaw: outside the protection of National-Socialist law.

III: The third principle of National-Socialist law is that an accusation of dishonourable conduct - that is, of someone doing a deed which has been defined, in law, as dishonourable - must be made: (a) in person by either the victim of such a deed, or by the family/relatives of the victim; and (b) in public, in front of several witnesses. That is, National-Socialist law is concerned only with dishonourable actions between individuals: with deeds which are actually done in real life and which affect an individual or individuals. Thus, there is not and can never be, in National-Socialist law, (a) any prosecution of a person by some "Institution" or Government or officials of these; (b) any prosecution for something which has not been committed; (c) any such thing as a dishonourable deed committed against some "Institution" or some "Government": that is, no such thing as a "crime" against the State. There is thus no such thing as "conspiracy" in National-Socialist law, just as individuals cannot be prosecuted for "intending" to commit a dishonourable deed.

What must be proved in an National-Socialist Court of Law is that the accused did do the dishonourable deed they are accused of. An intention to commit such a deed is not and never can be contrary to National-Socialist law.

IV: The fourth principle of National-Socialist law is that every individual has the right to defend themselves, their family, and those to whom that individual has sworn, before witnesses, an Oath of Loyalty, and the right to use lethal force in such defence. Should an individual or individual be harmed or injured in such defence, then it is the right, of that individual to seek redress from the individual who has harmed or injured them. Should an individual be killed in such defence, then the family/relatives of that individual have the right of redress. This redress consists either of accusing, in public, the person of dishonourable conduct, or of a direct challenge to a duel or a trial by combat.

V: The fifth principle of National-Socialist law is that disputes between individual - involving injury or any other matter - may be settled through either a duel between the individuals involved, or by a trial by combat between those involved. That is, it is a fundamental right, and duty, of the individual to be responsible for themselves, their family, and those given an Oath of Loyalty, and to seek, if necessary, personal vengeance and satisfaction, through a duel or trial by combat. Justice, for National-Socialist law, is a matter of honour and of being seen to be fair. What matters, what is important, for National-Socialist law is the personal honour of the individual and the right, and duty, of the individual to defend their own honour. This right and duty cannot be taken away from the individual by, for example, the State, for that would be contrary to National-Socialist law, a denial of the freedom of the individual based as this freedom is on personal honour, and personal responsibility to defend that honour. National-Socialist law thus accepts that a duel, or a trial by combat, is an honourable way of settling disputes between individuals. In the matter of duels and trial by combat, National-Socialist law specifies that there must be an independent referee, Umpire or judge, at least two independent witnesses, and that such duels and trials be conducted in an honourable way according to custom. National-Socialist law affirms that should any person be injured or killed in such a duel or trial by combat then that is their own responsibility. That is, National-Socialist law considers such duels and such combats - when performed honourably according to custom - as honourable deeds.

VI: The sixth principle of National-Socialist law is that anyone publicly accused of a dishonourable deed or deeds has a right to either challenge the person making the accusation to a duel, or of accepting a trial in an National-Socialist Court of Law. Should the person so making the accusation agree to a duel, then the matter is considered settled, according to National-Socialist law, by the outcome of that duel provided it is done in an honourable way.

VII: The seventh principle of National-Socialist law is that an individual accused of any dishonourable deed or deeds, who has accepted a trial in an National-Socialist Court of Law, can either elect to have their case heard, in public, with witnesses called, or elect for a public trial by combat between the accused and a member or relative of the family of the person who has made the accusation. It is up to the Court to ensure that such a combat is fair: that is, that the two combatants are fairly evenly matched in skill and physical strength. If the accused accepts a public Court, then they are bound by the verdict of that Court. That is, there is no appeal. Thus, if the accused is found guilty, then they must accept exile, or pay whatever compensation is demanded by the Court. According to National-Socialist law, failure to pay such compensation within the time specified by the Court means the immediate exile of the person, with the type of exile being decided by the Court.

VIII: The eighth principle of National-Socialist law is that a public trial involves an accusation made by one individual against another individual before a Jury of twelve honourable individuals, with their being a presiding Judge. It is the duty of the Jury to judge the case on the evidence of independent witnesses, and after hearing arguments from the accused and the person who has brought the charge. The accusation must be supported by the evidence of independent witnesses: if there is no such evidence, the case is dismissed. It is the duty of the Judge to pass sentence according to the principles of National-Socialist law. Thus, according to National-Socialist law, the people who should prosecute a case, and who should defend an accusation, are either the two individuals involved - accused and accuser - or members/relatives of their families. That is, someone accused of some dishonourable deed or deeds must either defend themselves in such a Court, or have a member/relative of their family do this. The same applies for the person bringing or making the accusation: they should if possible present their own case, or have a member/relative of their family present it. It is also the duty of the person who believes a dishonourable deed has been done to them - or the members/relatives of their family - to find and accuse the person responsible, if such a person has not been seen and identified during the deed, and to find any witnesses to the deed. National-Socialist law thus does not accept the absolute necessity of "professional lawyers" or "solicitors", regarding such a necessity as dishonourable and a negation of the liberty of the individual. All the proceedings should be understandable by ordinary people, and involve only the direct evidence of witnesses, whether or not a deed is dishonourable according to National-Socialist law, and whether or not such a deed has been done by the accused. An independent witness is defined in National-Socialist law as a person who is not a member or relative of either the person accused or of the injured party, and who is not bound by an Oath of Allegiance to either the accused or the injured party, or to any member of their families. Both the Judge and Jurors at such a trial must also be independent by the same criteria, with both Judge and Jurors expected to have proved and be known for their honour by their deeds, their work, their service to the community.

IX: The ninth principle of National-Socialist law is that if a person who has suffered a dishonourable deed according to National-Socialist law has no living family members or relatives, then it is the duty of an honourable person in the community to act on their behalf, and so find and accuse the person they believe is responsible if that honourable person sees such a deed committed, or sincerely and justly believes that a dishonourable deed has been committed. The person who so begins to act is bound by the rules of National-Socialist law: that is, they must present the case themselves, and can be challenged to a duel or a trial by combat by the person they accuse. This honourable duty of acting on behalf of a person who has no living family members or relatives, or whose family members or relatives cannot be traced, or who for some honourable reason such as infirmity or sickness, cannot act on their behalf, may be undertaken by a public official appointed to undertake such duties, with this official being publicly known for their honour by their deeds, their work, their service to and on behalf of the community.

---

1. See also Chapter V (Folk and Fatherland) below.

2 The National-Socialist Code of Honour is given in Appendix I.

---

## **Race and Nature**

### **Part One**

### **The Organic Nature of National-Socialism**

## I Nature and National-Socialism

Today, many people are aware that Nature - our natural environment - is under threat from constant and unchecked development, and from continued and unchecked industrialization. One obvious consequence of such development, urbanization and increased industrialization has been the steady decline in people's "quality of life" - there has been, and is, a concentration on material concerns.

The whole process of unchecked development, change and growth has been, and is being, fed by material greed - by a desire to acquire, maintain and increase the "standard of living" through the possession of material goods and material luxuries.

In the developed nations of the "Western world", the unchecked growth which has occurred, and which is still occurring, has led to the construction of more and more roads, more and more suburbs, more and more housing developments, and more and more industrial and commercial developments. Isolated, wild places has been destroyed or despoiled, with the countryside invaded by more and more houses and more and more noisy vehicles going ever faster. Everywhere, the activities of human beings has taken precedence over Nature, with profits and material growth coming before Nature. For example, in Europe, trees and woodland are cut-down, and the countryside destroyed, just so that more and more roads can be built so that more and more people can transport themselves around faster and faster in the pursuit of either self-indulgence or more and better material comfort.

What has happened is that the natural balance with Nature, which previous societies generally maintained, has been lost. Previous societies understood and valued Nature, with Nature, with wild places, often being given preference over human beings because such places were regarded as "sacred to the gods" - as where the gods themselves dwelt and where they could be experienced and known. Today, this natural spiritual awareness has been almost lost in the crass pursuit of wealth and personal self-indulgence.

### The Denizen Of The Future

Many people understand that what is occurring cannot go on without some great catastrophe occurring. If such growth does continue, unchecked, we will be left with only a few unspoiled places where Nature can be felt and known, with these few places being almost over-run with people escaping from the urban and industrial wastelands. If such growth does continue, the social problems which are developing will increase. If such growth and such a pursuit of self-indulgence and materialism does continue, then our Western world - and probably the rest of the world as well - will become an inhuman place to live, with increasing and constant social turmoil, and with a loss of everything human and valuable. What is human - and valuable for us - is an awareness of our own place in the natural "scheme of things"; that is, a perspective, a depth of vision, an understanding of how we as individuals are balanced between the past and the future, and of how important Nature is for us - the creator, and mother of us all, on whom we all ultimately depend for food and our well-being, and whom we should respect, if not revere.

If change and growth continue on unchecked, with Nature despoiled, then a new type of human being will be created - the urbanized denizen who knows nothing of the wild profundity of Nature, and who therefore does not respect Nature, and who has no real perspective on life. This

denizen will therefore be vainly arrogant and weakly self-indulgent, addicted to personal pleasures. All this denizen will know of Nature is the artificial, almost life-less and totally god-less "nature" encountered in "countryside parks", in the barren, chemically-polluted fields of agri-business farms, and in well-kept, well-trodden "nature trails". The waking hours of this denizen will be filled with music of one sort or another, and entertainment, and possibly some work in some enclosed building or house, and he/she will feel at home in cities, in motor vehicles, in buildings and houses, and uncomfortable in what is left of the "real world". This denizen will have plenty of "spare-time" to indulge themselves in an unreal way through organized and controlled "games" and "sports" and "thrill-seeking pastimes". This denizen would not know what to do if he/she found themselves alone for any length of time, in a quiet place, with no "entertainment systems", and they would do almost anything to avoid prolonged and uncomfortable exposure to the "natural elements". They would exercise and exert themselves - but just a little, and probably in some indoor "gym" or "sports club".

The concerns of this urbanized denizen would be either personal ones, or abstract ones manufactured for such denizens by the international commercial and political concerns which would control, in an almost tyrannical way, all if not most of the nations of the world. Without knowing it, this denizen would be controlled - and looked after - by such concerns from the cradle to the grave. Gradually, the world itself would become a gigantic multi-national "theme park" for the enjoyment of such denizens, whom the international commercial and political concerns would want to keep well-entertained, well-fed and reasonably docile, since such denizens would be the workers who would keep the whole unnatural System going.

#### Nature, The Environmental Movement and Race

Many people understand such things as these, as many have some awareness of the problems and the nightmares which await in the future if nothing is done. Indeed, a whole new "environmental" movement has arisen, rooted in such concerns. Many of what has come to be called "ecological" solutions to such environmental problems have been proposed over the past few decades, most of them well-meaning.

This environmental movement, however, has failed for the most part to really understand Nature because it has ignored one of the most important aspects of Nature. Accordingly, lacking an understanding and appreciation of this aspect, the solutions proposed will not fundamentally work: they will be "against Nature" itself, and will create more problems than they will ultimately solve. The first problem we must understand, and solve, is our own - the nature of our own species, of our own relation to Nature. Having understood this, and solved it, we can seek to work in harmony, in balance, with Nature, and hopefully create a balanced, natural world where Nature is restored to her rightful place, with other species respected and protected and allowed to evolve in their own way.

What has been ignored hitherto is the human racial perspective: the fact that we, as a species, have evolved because of Nature, can evolve still further because of Nature, and must depend upon Nature - must act in accord with the processes or laws of Nature - if we are to survive and evolve further. The concern of most environmentalists and conservationists has been and is, to preserve or conserve as many of the varieties of living things as possible, but they have neglected to consider that we, as a species, are of many varieties, of many races, and that these many races, and their many cultures, deserve to be preserved and allowed to continue to evolve in their own unique way.

Nature - and thus evolution - works to bring about diversity and difference. Our own distinct and unique races, and the diverse cultures and societies such races have produced, are the product of evolution. These things have evolved over long periods of time, and they are what make us, as individuals, unique and special. We are part of our own race, and the culture our race has produced. If we act to preserve and extend our own unique race, and culture, then we are acting in accord with Nature - we are respecting Nature. If, however, we act to undermine or destroy our own unique race and culture, we are acting against Nature - we are being disrespectful to Nature. When we seek to undermine or destroy racial difference and diversity - when we seek to mix-up races and racial cultures - we are ignoring Nature and being arrogant, vainly believing that we know better than Nature. When we do such unnatural things, we are being just as bad, just as thoughtless, as someone who out of ignorance, greed or selfishness, seeks to, or does, destroy some species which Nature has laboured to create. When we do such unnatural things as undermining racial difference - through, for example, condoning race-mixing or accepting such an unnatural creation as the "multi-racial society" - we are no better than some ignorant, greedy developer who destroys some natural habitat, and wipes out a species or two, in order to build some unnecessary road.

The mistake made by the environmental movement has been to assume or believe that we, as a species, are somehow not subject to the laws of Nature - that what applies for all other species does not, or should not, apply to us. This is just sheer willful ignorance, and is inexcusable. Rather than accepting the destruction of our own unique diversity and difference, we should celebrate this diversity and difference of culture and race. We should nurture it, and hope to advance it further. To do this we should seek to create the right social, political and environmental conditions to preserve and extend each unique race and each unique culture. Our own unique races, and our own unique cultures, are under threat and need saving just as much as those animals, those plants and those other species which are threatened by global change, global greed and global ignorance.

We must come to a complete and rational understanding of our own place in the natural "scheme of things", and seek to create a balanced, harmonious way of life where all the many creations of Nature are respected, and where they can continue to evolve. Our planet - so far as we know - is special because it contains life, and this life is special, and should be valued, because of its great diversity, abundance and difference.

The complete and rational understanding we need is contained in the natural philosophy of National-Socialism. National-Socialism explains the importance of the wonderful natural creations - race and individual character - as it explains how a balanced, or harmonious, society can be built to preserve and extend still further these natural creations. National-Socialism further explains how this new type of society can lead individuals to an understanding of Nature herself.

National-Socialism, simply explained, is an example of the laws of Nature in action, and a National-Socialist society is simply an organic society where Nature is respected and revered, and where the natural balance, the natural harmony and beauty of Nature, is displayed in a human and social way<sup>(1)</sup>. In contrast to the organic, Nature-revering, society or Reich of National-Socialism, all other types of society, presently existing, or existing as a political idea, are lifeless, abstract, and disrespectful of Nature<sup>(2)</sup>.

## II

### The Organic Society of National-Socialism

The fundamental difference between the folk-society created by National-Socialist ideals and all other modern societies - be such societies the product of Marxism, capitalism, multi-racial socialism, liberalism or parliamentary "democracy" - is that a National-Socialist society, or Reich, is an organic society, and as such reflects, or represents, the laws of Nature. Such an organic society is natural, healthy and evolutionary. All other modern societies are either: (1) based upon, or derive from artificial abstractions, or ideas, and as such they are all non-organic societies, or (2) the abstract ideas created to create such an unnatural society have infected a healthy organic society, and have reduced that healthy organic society to sickness as they will ultimately cause its death. That is, all other modern societies either are, or will inevitably produce, what is lifeless, soul-less and de-evolutionary.

One of the two fundamental aims of National-Socialism is to create an entirely new type of modern society through a National-Socialist revolution - that is, by implementing the ideals of National-Socialism in a practical way. This new type of society - this Reich - is a society which makes possible and which aids the development of the individuals within it. It is a means to further the evolution of those individuals and their communities. Indeed, the very reason for the existence of such a society is to do this - to continue our upward development as individuals and so create a new, higher, type of human being. To create this new type is the second fundamental aim of National-Socialism.

#### The Folk Organism

To be living, or organic, a society has to reflect, to represent the natural living organism which is a folk-community bound by ties of blood and a common culture or heritage. This is so because only such a racial, or ethnic, community is living as a natural healthy organism. Only such a unique racial organism is distinct, and the product of evolution. All other types of "community" - such as the multi-racial ones of modern States - are unnatural, artificial constructions which are or which become non-organic. Furthermore, the abstract ideas underlying such societies can infect a healthy organic society and destroy it. Such unnatural societies - or an infected, diseased, once healthy society - do not reflect the natural biological, organic, imperatives found in Nature, as they are not distinct in the racial sense.

A living society has a biological imperative - that is, its has a Destiny and an ethos. It is subject to the laws of Nature - to the pattern of birth-life-death-renewal which is found in Nature. Because it is living it seeks to grow, to prosper, to live-on by re-producing itself. Because it is living, and has evolved, it is distinct; it has its own nature, character, or ethos. The truth is that race and folk are Nature made manifest. Race is Nature working to produce diversity and difference - it is evolution in action.

The fundamental truth of our own nature, as human beings, is that we are not isolated beings. We are part of our own unique race just as we possess within ourselves the organic ethos and the organic Destiny of our race - of our folk-organism. We are part of a supra-personal organism which has lived for thousands of years before us and which can live for thousands of years after us - provided we aid its unique organic Destiny. This Destiny is to prosper, to grow, evolve, to develop.

We undermine this organic Destiny - and contribute to the death of this supra-personal organism - when we do not mate among our own kind, our own folk, and when we do not aid the development, or contribute to the prosperity, of this supra-personal organism.



This supra-personal organism which is our folk, and thus our race, is the meaning of our lives. Our purpose is to aid and assist its growth, its evolutionary change, its prosperity. We live-on after death in this organism - in our descendants, in our deeds, in the soil, in the Nature and in the "fatherland" where this organism dwells. There is no meaning to "life-after-death" other than this. There is no meaning to life other than this - everything else is, in reality, either an illusion or a waste of the opportunities that human life offers. Someone who understands these things, and acts upon this understanding, is someone who is enlightened.

The reality of our nature is that our awareness of ourselves, as separate individuals, is both good and bad. It is bad because it can lead us into selfishness - into the pursuit of selfish goals, pleasures and happiness to the detriment of the larger family which is our natural clan, tribe or folk. It is good because it means that we possess the ability to consciously change ourselves by an act of will. This means we can actively aid evolution.

Fundamentally our evolution toward consciousness has presented us with a choice. We can either choose to remain ignorant, unenlightened and selfish, and so ignore our own folk and its future; or we can choose to aid our folk, and thus aid our own individual development. We can either choose to live selfishly, and squander our chance to live on after death; or we can choose to be idealistic and enlightened, and live on after death in our folk. We either accept our organic Destiny, or we have no Destiny. We either accept our responsibilities, our duties, as evolving human beings, or we do not.

### Civilization

A higher type of living results when individuals of the same folk or tribe cooperate together for their own benefit. That is, when they place the welfare of their folk before their own self-interest. All that is good and noble about human life derives from such idealism.

In the past, honourable individuals who have chosen to cooperate together, for the good of their tribe or folk, have sometimes produced civilization - that is, they have created an even higher way of living than that produced by a tribal society. For civilizations have resulted when noble and creative individuals have cooperated together for the benefit of their folk and when they have displayed a collective, or organized, will - when they have, as a community, been ordered and disciplined. This collective will is basically Destiny. The natural organic imperative of their folk developed, through order, to become the Destiny of their civilization, just as the ethos of their folk became the ethos of their civilization. In an important sense, civilization is the highest type of society so far created on this planet of ours. It was, and is, an evolutionary leap - Nature changing and evolving and aiding the creation of higher forms<sup>(3)</sup>. But hitherto, the creation and the maintenance of civilization has been instinctive.

What National-Socialism does is to make the imperative of civilization conscious. That is, National-Socialism gives us the means to understand civilization, and the higher living which results, as well as gives us the ability to continue with and expand - to evolve further - this higher living, and so produce a new race of higher beings. In the simple sense, National-Socialism is the organized, the living, will of the race or folk, consciously understood and willingly accepted.

The new even higher form of living, the higher civilization, which it is now possible to produce by using our collective will is the healthy, expanding and organic society of National-Socialism - with its own consciously understood imperative, or Destiny. Since an organic society, or Reich, can only be created by the practical implementation of National-Socialist principles and ideals, it is necessary to consider what these principles and ideals are<sup>(4)</sup>.

## The Principles and Ideals of National-Socialism

The fundamental ideals of National-Socialism are honour, loyalty and duty. An individual striving to live by these ideals is a better person than someone who does not strive to live by them. That is, these ideals produce, or can produce, personal excellence. They represent what is human and civilized, and they produce individuals of real character, or personality. Fundamentally, these ideals enshrine the noble idealism of National-Socialism itself - the pursuit of supra-personal goals and the setting of high and noble standards for individuals<sup>(5)</sup>.

The most fundamental principle of National-Socialism is that individuals can change themselves, and the world, for the better through an act of will. That is, individuals possess the ability to change themselves, and others - all it requires is an act, or acts, of will, and idealism, the pursuit of a noble goal<sup>(6)</sup>. This is being idealistic and self-disciplined, and it is the way for individuals, their communities, and their civilization, to be healthy, and to prosper and evolve. In practical terms, this principle means individuals placing the interests of their folk before their own self-interest and before their own pleasure and happiness. If a person does not strive to act and change themselves by using their will, then they are being weak and decadent. According to this principle, there can be no excuses for bad conduct, for decadence, for weak character - the individual can, and should, change, once they are aware of such things as the noble ideals of National-Socialism, for such change is what it means to be human.

Thus, a National-Socialist revolution fundamentally means a change in people's outlook and behaviour - it means individuals striving to change themselves through an act of will by them applying the ideals of honour, loyalty and duty in their own personal lives. From this personal, inner, change, a new society can be built - with the structures and Institutions of such a society reflecting or representing these noble ideals and the principles of National-Socialism. Without this personal change, there can be no National-Socialist revolution and thus no National-Socialist society.

The second principle of National-Socialism is that of respecting and revering Nature herself. Race - and thus folk-communities united by ties of blood - reflect the reality of Nature, and accordingly an ethnic, or organic, society is the best, most natural and most healthy type of society for individuals to live in. Such a society represents the organized will of a particular folk - it expresses the unique biological imperative, the unique Destiny, of that folk. Such a society strives for a harmonious balance with Nature, balancing Blood and Soil - Folk and Fatherland - with Conquest and Exploration.<sup>(7)</sup>

The third principle of National-Socialism is that such an organic society should be the beginning of a quest to continue the work of Nature by striving to advance, to continue, our own evolution, thus creating a new race of higher human beings and a new Golden Age.

The fourth principle of National-Socialism is that this quest to continue our own evolution depends on us understanding, expressing and representing in our own lives and in our society, what is supremely idealistic or numinous - that is, what is beautiful, excellent, inspiring and divine. For only by understanding, expressing and representing or trying to represent what is supremely idealistic or numinous can we as individuals and a folk be inspired to change, to explore, to conquer, to fulfil the purpose of our lives<sup>(8)</sup>.

## Destiny

We who are Aryans need to re-discover our unique biological imperative - our unique ethos and Destiny. It is this which should inspire us and guide our lives, not the quest for an unnatural and decadent "personal happiness" and certainly not the striving for material comfort and personal wealth. To survive and prosper, a folk or race must possess a Destiny - it must value itself, and be proud of itself. It must be united and strong. If a race or folk does not value itself, is not proud of its achievements and has no sense of or feeling for its racial identity and its Destiny, then that race is ill, and dying.

It is one of the principle aims of National-Socialism to provide us with a sense of racial identity - and to re-unite us with our unique civilizing Destiny - thus enabling us as a race to survive, prosper and create the organic society which is necessary if our evolution is to continue.

The enemy of the noble, evolutionary, idealism of National-Socialism is the selfishness inherent in weak individual character. The enemy of the evolutionary, organic and numinous society which it is the aim of National-Socialism to create is the diseased society of the present with its lack of personal honour, its abandonment of excellence and its unnatural, diseased and abstract ideas such as racial equality, pacifism, decadent self-indulgence, personal happiness, and disdain for self-discipline.

---

## **Race and Nature**

### **Part Two Folk and Fatherland**

#### **III Our Relation to Nature**

In our modern world, with its technology, materialism and its consumer-society, the individual has for the most part lost or forgotten the link, bond or nexus, which exists between them, Nature and the cosmos beyond.

This bond exists because the individual is a living organism, with an organic past, and because this organism for its health and its very life, depends on Nature. It is a modern fallacy that we, as individuals, as human beings, are somehow different from or superior to Nature. We belong to, are part of Nature - to the creative, vital and biological processes of Nature - just as much as trees or a wild animal belong to Nature. Our very life is an expression of this bond between us and Nature herself.

There have, however, been several recent attempts to try and understand, and to re-establish, this living nexus between us, as living human beings, and between Nature. These recent "environmental" and "ecological" attempts mostly focus on the individual, in isolation, and on the "life-style" of the individual, aiming to show that there is or could be a personal "life-style" for the individual which is more "in harmony with Nature" and thus which aids Nature, or helps to protect Nature from exploitation by human beings. Some of these recent attempts go further, and suggest various types of human society which could be constructed to do these and similar things.

However, all these recent attempts are based upon a fundamental mis-understanding of the bond between ourselves and Nature. These recent attempts all ignore how we came to be as we are -

how and why we have evolved. What has not been understood is the fact that we ourselves are still subject to the law or processes of Nature - we have arisen because we have evolved from Nature, and because of the biological imperative, the organic Destiny, of our ancestors.

To understand the bond which exists between us and Nature we must understand our own biological imperative - our Destiny as living organisms. This Destiny not only explains the bond between us and Nature, it also enables us to understand what the meaning of our life is - what is the purpose of our existence, here on this planet we call Earth. All living things on this planet, all organisms, are subject to the laws of Nature, to the biological imperative implicit in life itself. Thus, all organisms are born; they all have the potential to grow; they all, if healthy, seek to reproduce themselves, or have descendants; and they all, as individual organisms, must die. All organisms also have the potential to change - to adapt to the conditions they encounter or find themselves in, although for most organisms this adaptation, this evolution, to be noticeable or significant, occurs over many generations.

The biological Destiny which a living organism has depends on its type - on its species, and is thus determined by evolution. A particular biological species is different from other species because of evolution - it has adapted itself over a period of time to do certain things, and has acquired certain characteristics, a certain nature. This nature is inherent in a particular organism because that organism is what it is - a distinct biological type - and because of the ancestors of that organism.

Thus, a bee has evolved to have wings and fly, while a spider is confined to where it can go on its legs - both belong to the type we call "insects", but they are separate species, distinguished by what they can do or cannot do. A spider has the "nature", the character, of a spider, while a bee has the "nature" of a bee. Spiders have evolved to build webs of various kinds in order to catch their food, while bees have evolved to fly in search of their food.

In the same way, we as individuals are who we are - we have the nature we have - because of our ancestors, because of our folk or race. Our own human species has evolved, over vast periods of time, into separate races or folk, each of which has their own unique nature, and each of which because of that nature has its own unique organic Destiny - its own biological imperative.

Contrary to what most people have been led to believe, these different races of ours are of fundamental importance because they express how Nature is manifest to us - they express how we are connected to Nature. What is of vital importance about folk, or race, is this bond - this expression of our own nature, as individuals, this expression of our identity and this expression of our organic Destiny. Race is an expression of the organic Destiny of our own human species. Race expresses, or represents, how we came to be who we are. In the simple sense, race or folk is an expression of the law or processes of Nature - of how Nature works, and is made manifest to us. Race is evolution in action - Nature labouring to produce more diversity and more difference. What is only of secondary importance about race is the actual physical or mental differences between races.

What must be understood is that our folk is our connection to Nature and thus to the cosmos itself. Just as we are Nature made manifest in an individual organism, so our folk is an organism which manifests Nature. In the simple sense, our folk is a living thing, a supra-personal organism which we are part of. The organism of our folk has lived for thousands of years before us, and it can live for thousands of years after us if those who are part of it aid it by seeking to preserve and extend it and keep it vital and healthy. The biological imperative - the organic Destiny - of a folk is to live, to extend itself, and to evolve further.

What we have lost in modern times is an appreciation, an understanding, of the supra-personal organism which is our folk. The folk gives the individual their organic Destiny, just as the folk itself is the meaning of the life of the individual. What most people today assume is "the meaning of life" - personal happiness, pleasure, material comfort and so on - is an illusion; such artificial things are barren, devoid of organic Destiny. Destiny, for an individual, is the organic Destiny inherent in them because of their folk.

The real purpose and meaning of life is to strive to aid or advance or to keep healthy one's living folk - that is, to aid the organic Destiny of one's folk. An individual has been born to do this, and if this is not done, than that individual life has no ultimate meaning or purpose. Their life has been a waste, and the Destiny which is inherent in them by virtue of being alive and born into their folk, is unfulfilled. In the past, most individuals fulfilled some of this Destiny by marrying among their own folk and producing children - descendants to carry on the folk itself. These descendants contained the potential of the folk - a means to aid or to fulfil the Destiny of the folk. Destiny, for the individual, is vital; it is numinous; it is inspiring and life-giving. Destiny produces health. In contrast, the material and selfish illusions which today pass for "meaning" and for "living" are lifeless and devoid of substance. In the same way, modern societies which are based upon these material and selfish illusions are lifeless and devoid of substance.

It is a sad fact that an individual who is a racial mixture, a cross-breed, has lost their Destiny because they have lost that which connects them to Nature - their unique identity, and their unique purpose. They have no soul, no special identity - or at best, they have a confusion of identity, and a confusion of purpose. Those responsible for creating such a mixture have acted against Nature herself - against the racial diversity and racial difference which Nature seeks to produce through evolution and her laws. Such race-mixers, instead of breeding among their own kind, and so seeking to aid their own Destiny and thus the Destiny of Nature, have undermined the Destiny of their own folk. Like those who arrogantly exploit and despoil Nature for commercial profit, those who encourage race-mixing and thus who produce racially-mixed offspring have damaged Nature.

Racially-mixed offspring are for the most part "rootless", and all they can do to try and repair some of the damage their parents have done to Nature, is to strive to aid in a practical way the Destiny of one of the races from which they are descended. That is, they can strive to encourage the racial identity, the racial survival and expansion - and thus the Destiny - of one of the races from which they are descended. If they do anything than this, then their lives are a waste, as they themselves cannot live on in any meaningful way after their own individual death.

#### IV

#### Life After Death and The Illusion of Self

Our belief in our own self-contained uniqueness is an illusion. The belief that we have a wide-ranging "freedom" to choose or determine our own destiny is also an illusion. The reality is that we are part of, and dependant upon our folk, and Nature, and the only freedom we have, as part of this larger organism which is our folk, is a freedom to evolve or not to evolve - that is, to aid or not to aid the Destiny of our folk. If we aid this Destiny, we ourselves fulfil the purpose of our lives and so can evolve to what is beyond.

Our individuality, our consciousness, is an evolutionary adaptation. This adaptation has enabled us to evolve further by cooperating together in pursuit of noble aims. It has enabled the creation

of a higher, more evolved way of living - the communal living of societies, and later on, of civilization. That is, our individuality, our personality, was and is fundamentally a means to aid our folk - this was, and can be, done through a triumph of individual will, through individuals consciously placing the welfare of their folk, their community, before their own self-interest and their own individual survival. Societies and civilization are created, and flourish, only so long as this is done. That is, only so long as idealism, as nobility, flourishes. In the past, a society or civilization was a society or civilization of a particular folk - an expression of a particular folk in a particular time and place cooperating together and so producing a higher, more evolved, way of living for themselves. As such, such societies and civilizations reflected the Destiny, or part of the Destiny, of a particular folk.

The truth of our individual lives is that we possess a folk-awareness: an awareness beyond the short span of our own individual lives. The reality of the present is that this folk-awareness, this wider perspective, is increasingly being lost in the artificial, lifeless societies of our times. In the past, this awareness was mostly instinctive - a product of our heritage, of our awareness of our communal, or folk, identity. It is this awareness which gives meaning to our lives, and it is this awareness which shatters, or which can shatter, the illusion of our independent self.

This folk-awareness is an awareness of how we are connected to Nature through our folk. It is an understanding, instinctive or conscious, of our folk heritage and Destiny - it is an awareness that our folk has existed for thousands of years before us, and can exist for thousands of years after us. It is an awareness that we are our folk made manifest in a particular time and place.

Yet this folk-awareness is only part of what exists - it only expresses part of what we, as human beings are. There is an awareness beyond this - the awareness of Nature herself, and of the cosmos beyond Nature. Each folk is Nature herself made manifest - Nature incarnated in human form, in the individuals of a particular folk. Similarly, Nature is the cosmos made manifest - an incarnation, on this planet we call Earth, of the biological, or organic, imperative of the cosmos. Life itself is the cosmos striving to evolve - the manifestation, in a particular time and space, of the cosmic order which is life. When there is a conscious awareness of this relationship between the cosmos, Nature, folk and individuals, then there is an understanding of life itself.

This supra-personal understanding, this perspective which takes us beyond the individual, not only gives meaning and significance to our own lives, it expresses what the meaning of our lives actually is, and what is beyond our own individual lives when we as individuals die.

What is beyond us, is a whole cosmos of connections and Destinies - a living, or organic, matrix full of living organisms, ranging from the cosmos itself down to planetary-sized organisms such as Nature here on Earth, with its own intricate matrix of living, evolving individual races composed of living, changing individual members.

In a sense, our aim as conscious beings, is to discover, to come to know, to understand this cosmic organic matrix, and to aid its living, its organic manifestations and its evolution as best we can. This knowing and this aiding of the organic Destinies of the various organisms, and particularly of our own folk, is for us, as individuals, a further evolution - it is we ourselves contributing to evolution. It is us as individuals going beyond what we are, in a particular time and space, and so fulfilling the purpose of our existence, as living beings possessed of will and possessed of consciousness. Because of this, it is us becoming or seeking to become divine - seeking to participate in the great drama of cosmic evolution. It is us aiding Nature and the cosmos itself.

If we so aid these organic Destinies, we ourselves become these Destinies, and become incarnate in the future, in a developed form. That is, if we aid the Destiny of our folk, we become our folk, its very future and its possible future manifestations. We also become Nature, in evolution, and thus the cosmos itself - the very life of the cosmos. That is, we live-on after our own individual death in these things. This living-on, however, is not given, not certain, not fated - it has to be achieved, by the individual in this life, through a triumph of individual will and through an aiding of Destiny. If it is not achieved, then the promise of life in the individuals not achieving it has remained unfulfilled.

Beyond our individual death, there is no "heaven", no "hell", no "nirvana", no "paradise", no "Valhalla" where we live-on as individuals with the feelings, the awareness of ourselves as individual beings. There is also no "re-birth" as another individual. These are all illusions built upon the illusion of an independent self. All there is or can be is a supra-personal awareness - a transcending, or development, to become a new type of being. This new type of being is part of or lives in the supra-personal organism which is our folk, which is Nature and which is the cosmos itself - all manifestations or incarnations of the very essence of life itself, and all parts of the same thing, the same type of living being. There is no division of this essence, as there is no space dividing world from world, and no slow passing of causal time. In the simple sense, if we transcend, through our achievements and our aiding of Destiny, to what is beyond our individual existence, we become like immortal gods. The cosmos itself, and all life within it, is our home, and we can travel the cosmos and dwell anywhere within it. This is so, because we become the very essence of these things, which exists beyond our normal time and beyond our normal causal space.

There is an understanding, and insight, here which is profound, awesome and important for our future. Unfortunately, it is an understanding which many people in these times will not or cannot understand or appreciate, since it is contrary to the illusive beliefs, the illusive dogmas, and the materialism, which dominate and determine the societies of our time. As such, it is the insight, the understanding of the next thousand years, and one which will aid, or create, a more highly evolved human being.

## V

### Folk and Fatherland: Creating an Organic Folk-Society

The Destiny of a particular folk can be made manifest in a fatherland. A fatherland is an ethnic or folk society which dwells in a particular place or homeland. To aid Nature, and to further evolution, folk societies must be created on a world-wide basis to preserve and aid each unique folk or race which Nature has evolved. To do otherwise is to undermine and destroy what Nature has striven to create - it is to arrogantly damage Nature herself. Only a folk society - an ethnic society, State or nation - is a living, or organic, society, and only such a healthy living society can aid Nature and further the evolution of our own species. All other types of society, however well-meaning, are contrary to Nature and anti-evolutionary as they all will damage Nature, probably irretrievably so.

For a particular folk to survive, prosper and evolve - and thus for Nature herself to be aided - it must have a home, a place to dwell, as it must establish a harmonious balance with Nature. Most importantly of all, it must have or establish its own identity - and possess a sense or an understanding of its unique Destiny, a sense of perspective and a sense of pride. The folk must value its own traditions, heritage and culture, as they must seek to keep their folk itself alive. This means them keeping blood pure by marrying among their own racial kind. The individuals of that

folk must be nourished by good food, as they must be or become physically healthy. The land itself must be cared for, for the folk depend on its well-being. Thus there is, or there must be developed, an awareness of Blood and Soil, of Folk and Fatherland.

There is also, or there must be developed, an awareness of the Destiny of that unique folk. In the past, the Destiny of a particular folk has been expressed by means of a myth or legend, mostly involving gods or deities. Such myths and legends are no longer necessary, since we now possess the ability to consciously know and understand the Destiny of our folk, based as this unique Destiny is on the unique ethos, the unique character, of a particular folk.

A living society has a supra-personal purpose - a striving to make its Destiny real. The individuals of such a society thus possess a supra-personal purpose. Basically, a folk society is the organized will of the folk. It is an ordered society full of self-disciplined individuals who willingly cooperate together for their own greater good because they know or feel that such an ordered, self-disciplined society makes them better more healthy individuals, and gives them an opportunity to fulfil the real purpose of their lives. Thus can they, and their folk, evolve, and a new higher race of human beings come into existence. The values of an organic society are the values of idealism and nobility - the quest or striving for personal and supra-personal excellence by the setting of high personal standards.

In contrast, modern non-organic societies aim to satisfy the selfish material desires of the individuals within that society. There is no supra-personal purpose which individuals can aspire to and which inspires them, and indeed no united purpose which such societies strive for - except for vague and illusive and abstract ideas like "happiness" and "security". Thus, such societies are dis-organized, de-evolutionary and do not work particularly well.

We have now reached the stage of our evolution when we possess the understanding - and have developed the self-centred arrogance, the illusion of self - to either aid Nature, or to severely damage Nature. An ethnic, organic or folk society - based upon Folk and Fatherland - is a step toward aiding Nature and our own evolution, both as a species and as individuals. Any and every type of multi-racial society is a ruthless destruction of Nature.

To create an organic society requires us to act with understanding, to be self-disciplined, to achieve our own unique triumph of the will. We either recognize, and strive to restore, our connection with Nature evident in race, or we selfishly and arrogantly ignore this connection, and damage Nature, and the future of our own species, here on this planet we call Earth.

The suppressed and feared truth of our times is that the National-Socialism of Adolf Hitler was a modern and conscious expression of the wisdom of Folk and Fatherland. He himself was an incarnation of the Destiny of the Aryan folk and his mission was to reveal this wisdom and restore the connection between our species and Nature, thus enabling us to aid Nature and continue with our evolution. The noble folk society he started to create in Germany was to be a practical means to achieve a new Golden Age, here on this planet of ours.

That his work was unfinished, and ruthlessly destroyed by his enemies, and that National-Socialism and Adolf Hitler have been the subject of the most hateful, the most intense lying and dishonourable propaganda campaign the world has ever seen, expresses an awful lot about the forces and influences which now hold sway over this planet which is our home.



## Further Reading

- 1) The importance of idealism in creating noble societies, and civilization itself, is outlined in chapter 11 of volume I of Mein Kampf. See also The Nobility of National-Socialism and National-Socialism: Principles and Ideals.
- 2) The National-Socialist ideals of honour, loyalty, duty are outlined in Honour, Loyalty and Duty: An Introduction to National-Socialism. See also Vision of a Future Age - National-Socialism and the Importance of Honour.
- 3) The numinosity of National-Socialism - and the pursuit of numinous goals such as the creation of a Galactic Empire - are outlined in The Numinosity of National-Socialism.
- 4) The organic, folk, nature of a National-Socialist society is outlined in The Organic Nature of National-Socialism. See also 'The Thousand Year Reich' in The Enlightenment of National-Socialism, and Folk and Fatherland: The Meaning of Life.
- 5) The importance of race as representing the evolution of Nature is outlined in 'The Philosophical Foundations of National-Socialism' in The Numinosity of National-Socialism.
- 6) The importance of personality in National-Socialism is outlined in chapter 4 of volume II of Mein Kampf.
- 7) The importance of individual will is outlined in 'Morality, National-Socialism and the Triumph of Individual Will' in Future Reich.

---

First Published 1996 [107 yf ]

---

1. See (1) 'The Harmony of National-Socialism' in The Numinosity of National-Socialism; (2) 'Vision of a Future Golden Age' in Vision of a Future Golden Age: National-Socialism and the Importance of Honour; (3) 'Technology and National-Socialism' in Future Reich: National-Socialism, Order and the Triumph of Individual Will; (4) 'The Structure of a Future Reich' in Future Reich. Also of interest are The Religion of National-Socialism and The Divine Revelation of Adolf Hitler.
  2. The organic nature of a National-Socialist society is described below. See also: (1) 'The Thousand Year Reich' in The Enlightenment of National-Socialism; and (2) 'Modern Crime - A National-Socialist Perspective' in Hitler Rising - Hitlerian Essays in Defiance of Tyranny.
  3. See What is Our Life For? A National-Socialist Answer. Also see The Nobility of National-Socialism.
  4. The basic nature of a National-Socialist Reich is outlined in: (1) 'The Thousand Year Reich' in The Enlightenment of National-Socialism; (2) 'The Galactic Empire and the Triumph of National-Socialism' in The Numinosity of National-Socialism ; (3) 'National-Socialism and the Fight Against Decadence' in National-Socialism, Morality and Justice.
  5. See Vision of a Future Golden Age - National-Socialism and the Importance of Honour; also see Chapter V of Future Reich, and Honour, Loyalty and Duty - An Introduction to National-Socialism.
  6. See Chapter V of Future Reich.
  7. See 'The Harmony of National-Socialism' in The Numinosity of National-Socialism. Also 'Technology and National-Socialism' in Future Reich.
  8. What is numinous, and thus inspiring, for us at present is the ideal of creating a Galactic Empire through the exploration and conquest of Outer Space.
-

## **The Aryan Way of Life**

To be Aryan is to be of Aryan descent and to uphold and follow the Aryan way of life. The decadent and ignoble way of life which exists today in all nations is the total opposite of this Aryan way of life.

An Aryan is someone who behaves and thinks like an Aryan; someone who upholds and who lives, day after day, by Aryan customs and who is aware and proud of their Aryan culture and heritage. Above all, an Aryan is someone who judges everything by Aryan standards, and who strives to do what is Aryan.

### The Aryan Way

The Aryan way is the way of Honour, Loyalty and Duty. Honour means upholding personal honour and striving to live by a Code of Honour. Loyalty means being loyal, unto death, to those to whom a pledge of loyalty has been given. Duty means doing one's noble and Aryan duty whatever the circumstances, and even if doing such duty is difficult or might mean one's own death.

Our Aryan duty is three fold:

1) Duty to our Aryan folk, our kindred. This Aryan duty requires us to care for our folk; to be concerned about its well-being, freedom and future. This means us doing something practical and positive to help our folk - from being a good, personal, and Aryan example to others, to fighting for our freedom and for social justice. This duty requires us to aid our fellow Aryans in practical ways because we view fellow Aryans (that is, those who behave and live as Aryans) as brothers and sisters, and treat them as brothers and sisters - offering hospitality, for instance; giving support through friendship; helping them in hard times. This duty means that we place the welfare, freedom and future of our folk before our own self-interest, and before the interests of others.

2) Duty to Nature. This Aryan duty requires us to respect Nature, and the diverse creations of Nature. This means us - both as individuals and as a society - striving to live in a balanced way by restraining our greed, our desire for material possessions, and by respecting the traditions, the culture, of our ancestors. This duty means that we think about the consequences of our actions - about how these actions affect Nature - and that we strive to follow and enhance the ways, the culture, of our ancestors, since these ways express our identity, our own unique place in Nature. This duty means we strive to curb unnecessary and destructive change, placing the well-being of Nature before profit.

3) Duty to the Cosmos. This Aryan duty requires us strive to know, to explore, to discover and create Order. This means us, as individuals, using our reason to understand things, being fair, and having a sense of our unique Aryan Destiny - a vision of our true purpose, as members of the collective which is our Aryan folk. This vision is of our folk creating Order on this planet - a noble, just, honourable society - and then venturing forth to explore and colonize the very cosmos itself.

This duty means we strive to continue our evolution, as Aryans.

## Aryan Behaviour

Aryan behaviour - in public and in private - derives from personal honour and self-discipline. An Aryan is dignified; not given to excessive show of personal emotion, and not given to dressing in an extravagant or flamboyant way. An Aryan is fair and just; and given to silence or humour in adversity. Above all, an Aryan is restrained, and seeks to be in control of themselves and whatever situation they find themselves in, using their skill, their reason, their experience, their Aryan character, inventiveness, resourcefulness and heroism, to overcome obstacles. An Aryan faces death calmly and honourably when death cannot be avoided, and would rather die than do anything dishonourable, anything un-Aryan.

Aryan behaviour is an outward sign of a person living and thinking like an Aryan.

We should seek to be friends with, and seek to associate with, only those who live, think and act like Aryans: who uphold the Aryan way of life, and who show by their behaviour and deeds that they are worthy of our friendship and worthy to be our brothers and sisters.

## Thinking Like An Aryan

Thinking like an Aryan involves us in judging everything - every situation, every problem and every person - by our Aryan standards of honour, loyalty and duty. Thus, we should ask ourselves such things as: What is the honourable thing to do, here? If I do this, will it benefit my folk?; how will it affect Nature?

---

## Why National-Socialism?

The most important question that we, as Aryan individuals, can ask is: 'What is the purpose of life?'. National-Socialism provides an answer - and this answer contradicts the one which underlies the present decaying, decadent, anti-Aryan and materialistic System which exists in this and other Western nations.

National-Socialism affirms that we, as individuals, are not isolated beings, concerned only with our own happiness and 'rights'. It affirms that we have duties and obligations - that the fundamental purpose of our existence goes beyond merely striving to obtain material prosperity and personal happiness.

According to National-Socialism, the purpose of our life as individuals is a noble one - to strive to contribute in a positive way to evolution and civilization. Further, National-Socialism affirms that this striving not only enhances our life, but enables us to live a healthy, more noble and thus fulfilling existence. What this means in practice, is striving to aid those things which contribute to evolution and civilization - it is a striving to continue the work of Nature. Nature has produced, over the course of hundreds of thousands of years, the Aryan race. Nature has evolved, from this race, folk-communities bound by a distinctive culture. From these, civilization has arisen. The purpose of life therefore lies in helping to preserve - and then extend upward - our race, folk-communities and our civilization itself.

Thus, National-Socialism affirms and upholds idealism. It seeks to create a better, more noble, more socially just society for Aryans by striving to make this idealism real. It seeks to create better, more noble individuals who place the interests of their folk-community and their race

before their own self-interest. But National-Socialism is also profoundly practical - affirming that before such a noble, idealistic, socially just society can be created, the old order - dedicated to the pursuit of materialism and selfish pleasures - has to be overthrown. In this, National-Socialism is profoundly revolutionary.

In reality, National-Socialism is the only hope Aryans have of escaping from the rotten System which exists today. This rotten System - dedicated to materialism, multi-culturism and a liberal degeneracy - encourages selfishness as it does nothing effective about the social problems which affect us: crime, drugs, a decaying health-service, increasing poverty, unemployment. In fact, this System has created a two-tier society where the "have-nots" increase in number every year. Furthermore, all the major political parties support this System - they are all in favour of the multi-culturism which underlies this present System. That is, the concern of all these parties is with some abstraction, with some unnatural dogma - not with the reality of life.

The reality lies in race. The reality is that this British society is part of a civilization which the Aryan race has created. The reality is that without this race, there would be no civilization. The realities of present-day society - the lawlessness, the social decay, the selfishness - have arisen because for the past fifty years or so, all Governments and all political parties have tried to impose their abstract multi-cultural, materialistic, dogma upon the British people. In the process, they have all but ruined this country - and its people.

The concern of this System - and all political parties - is not for the Aryan people which have made this and other Aryan nations great; it is not for the real culture and way of life of the Aryan communities. Rather, the concern is and has been for abstract ideas, abstract dogma and selfish materialism. The Tory concern has been, and is, capitalism - profits and 'market forces' before people. The concern of Labour has been, and is, a liberal internationalist socialism, irrespective of race or culture. The concern of liberals has been, and is, for a mixture of Labour and Tory policies - a kind of liberal capitalism with bits of international socialism thrown in. All of these parties have been, and are, concerned with creating some sort of multi-cultural society - which basically means aiding other races and cultures at the expense of Aryans.

Because of this, these parties cannot deal with the fundamental problems which concern us today - for they are part of the problem. They tinker with - or seek to tinker with - bits of this System: altering a small bit here, a small bit there. But they are all committed to those materialistic, multi-cultural abstractions which underlie this System. They do not seek fundamental, radical, revolutionary change. They do not want to place the interests of the Aryan first as they do not wish to champion the culture and the folk-communities of the Aryan over and above other races, other cultures. These political parties have all answered the fundamental question about the meaning of life in the same way - and their answer is the present System with its striving for materialism, multi-culturism, 'market forces' and liberalism.

The concern of these parties is not with nobility, with racial idealism, with civilization itself; rather, it is with the furtherance of their own petty standards and meaningless abstractions. The Aryan politicians of these parties are more concerned with furthering their own careers - with obtaining wealth and privilege - than they are with the future of their race or the civilization it has created. Quite often, these politicians put other races, other cultures, before their own.

The present System - because it is based on unnatural abstractions- will continue to decay from within. The social problems which afflict us will continue to increase. Social, economic, racial tensions will grow. The political parties of the System have no real answers - they cannot solve the underlying causes.

National-Socialism can solve the problems which affect us and which make life miserable for an increasing number of people. And it can do this because it is based on the realities of life - because it expresses what is necessary for a healthy, more noble existence. It can solve these problems because it is an expression of the noble desire of our peoples for a better, more wholesome, more fulfilling way of life.

Of course, this is not how the majority of people view National-Socialism. The System has conducted a vile, dis-honourable, vitriolic propaganda campaign against National-Socialism and National-Socialists for nearly seventy years - simply because it fears National-Socialism; it does not want the majority of Aryans to discover the truth. For were they to discover the truth - the noble idealism of National-Socialism - they would realize there was an Aryan alternative to the decadent, socially-divisive, socially-decaying societies the lackeys of the System have created and which they maintain.

In reality, the answer to the question "Why National-Socialism?" is a simple one: National-Socialism is the only way we as individuals can create a better, more noble society for ourselves and our children. It is the only real alternative to the present rotten anti-Aryan System because National-Socialism is Aryan culture.

National-Socialism: The Aryan Way of Life

National-Socialist Movement  
England

---

### **The National-Socialist Way of Life** Some Observations On Personal Conduct

What the Way of National-Socialism Is:

First, let us be quite clear what National-Socialism is. It is the way of Adolf Hitler and the warriors of the SS: that is, the Way of personal honour, the Way of duty to the community before self-interest and self-gratification, and the Way of steadfast loyalty unto death.

Thus, National-Socialism is the Way of the noble individual - the individual who is civilized, decent, fair-minded, idealistic and who seeks to aid and further evolve their own culture.

The true National-Socialist seeks to do what is noble, right, decent, and idealistic. A true National-Socialist tries to set an example for others to admire and follow.

All of this arises because the Way of National-Socialism is ethical and moral - it has its own unique ethics, based upon honour. Thus a National-Socialist warrior is not someone who simply desires or is trained to fight. Neither is a National-Socialist warrior someone who just takes part in some combat or belongs to some professional Army. Rather, a National-Socialist warrior - like all National-Socialists - is someone who lives by the high ethical standards of honour, loyalty and duty and who is prepared to die in the service of those standards.

We must be quite clear what such ethics mean in practice. They mean that the ends do not justify the means. A true National-Socialist would only ever use honourable means and methods - for anything and everything else is simply unethical - it is wrong. Honour can only ever be achieved

through honour just as civilization can only ever be created and maintained through civilized means: those who cannot understand this do not understand what honour and civilization are. You either know what honour and fairness are - you feel them in your heart and your very being - or you do not.

#### What the Way of National-Socialism Is Not:

1) A true National-Socialist does not act in a cowardly or unfair way. Thus a National-Socialist would not, for example, be part of a gang which attacks one person, regardless of the culture, way of life, religion or race of that person, and regardless of what that person is alleged to have done or even may actually have done.

A true National-Socialist admires toughness and the combative warrior spirit, and seeks to be tough and combative in a warrior way, but they always seek a 'fair-fight'. Several individuals attacking one individual is simply unfair.

Nothing justifies a person or persons being unfair or acting in a cowardly manner. One of the things which makes a person a true National-Socialist - a follower of Adolf Hitler and admirer of the SS - is self-discipline: that is, an individual using their own will to do what is noble, right, decent, and idealistic. If a person cannot use their own will to stop themselves from being unfair or acting in a cowardly way, then they are not true National-Socialists: they are simply weak individuals who lack the noble character which all true National-Socialists have or strive to have through using their will. In brief, a true National-Socialist puts the noble ideals of the National-Socialist way of life before their own personal desires and feelings.

2) A true National-Socialist does not spread rumours or make or repeat any personal allegations about any individual or individuals because such conduct is dishonourable - it is unfair.

A person of strong character - that is, someone who puts noble ideals before their own feelings and desires - keeps his/her opinion of others to themselves, and only makes a personal judgement about an individual when they have personally met that individual.

It is only individuals of weak character who "cannot keep their mouths shut" and who repeat or who make-up rumours and allegations about someone. Once again - nothing justifies a person being unfair: not what you personally may intensely believe about someone. You must put the ideal of fairness, of honour, before your own personal belief and even your own personal desire to seek revenge or whatever.

3) A National-Socialist does not approve of or take part in any act or acts of cruelty toward either humans or animals because such cruelty is uncivilized - it is cowardly, unethical and unfair.

Thus, a National-Socialist would never torture any person, even if such a person is a sworn enemy and even if by such means some "valuable information" could be obtained. Torture is simply unfair. To be humane is to be fair and thus civilized.

Furthermore, true National-Socialist warriors do not condone those modern methods of warfare which by their nature are cowardly and dishonourable. These methods include aerial bombing of civilian targets, and most modern technological warfare itself where the "enemy soldiers" (and often civilians) are targeted by weapons fired from a great distance, without the warrior being at risk, and able to personally confront the enemy.

The true National-Socialist warrior prefers combat to modern warfare. The essence of combat is personal knowledge of the enemy - the enemy is known to you, or there is chance to personally confront the enemy and have dialogue with them and possibly honourably settle the dispute, and there is a principle of honour involved in the dispute.

The essence of modern war is the impersonal idea of "the enemy" who is not personally known to you, with there being no chance given for any dialogue with them, and with the war being about impersonal, abstract things such as the government of one nation having declared war on another nation, for some political or economic reason. Furthermore, war involves propaganda - the demonizing of "the enemy" and thus dishonourable deceit.

4) A National-Socialist does not lie, cheat or steal because such things are dishonourable, the sign of a weak character - of a lack of personal will: of an individual placing their own personal needs, feelings and desires before the noble ideal of honour.

5) A National-Socialist respects people of other cultures, and strives to treat them in a courteous and fair way.

6) A National-Socialist does not give in to temptation and do something ignoble, unethical or selfish, for example just to "fit in " or be "one of the lads" or because friends expect it. Rather, a National-Socialist uses their will to do what is noble and idealistic, regardless of what others expect, do or say.

*The most fundamental principle of the way of National-Socialism - and of civilization itself - is that an individual can change themselves for the better through a triumph of individual will.*

---

**For the Love of Our Folk:  
Fear, Hatred, Anti-Nazis, and Love of our Folk**

One of main accusations made against National-Socialism is that it spreads, and encourages, hatred and causes violence, suffering and death, with its followers being hate-filled, thugs and bullies. Quite often, they simply say that National-Socialism is "hate speech" and that National-Socialism is "evil". Recently, this accusation has been used - by the political enemies of National-Socialism - to justify their campaign to outlaw National-Socialist organizations, and to introduce legislation which makes it illegal to promote National-Socialism.

The truth is that it is the enemies of National-Socialism who are filled with hatred and who are irrational and opposed to open debate and true democracy. The truth is that it is the enemies of National-Socialism who are prejudiced and who cannot act in a reasonable and civilized way. Everything they say or do is motivated by rabid hatred and by a willingness to use intimidation, thuggery and violence to achieve their aims.

Thus, no so-called "anti-nazi" can ever engage in rational debate with a National-Socialist (I know because I have tried for over thirty years). They are intolerant of, and hate with a fierce passion, any and every person who is a National-Socialist or whom they believe or suspect is a National-Socialist or whom they believe or suspect is propagating National-Socialist views.

The fact is that it is impossible to try and rationally talk with these hate-filled "anti-nazis" because they are so full of hatred, and so sure that they are right - so full of a fanatical, religious, zeal - that they no longer think or behave like rational human beings.

Thus, they go around saying things like "no free speech for nazis!" and using, or trying to use, physical force and intimidation, to stop any National-Socialist meeting or demonstration, or stop any attempt by National-Socialists to present their views to the public. Thus, they conduct campaigns to have "nazis" sacked from their jobs, and thrown out of Colleges and Universities, such is their tolerance, their adherence to reason, and such there belief in free speech, and democracy. They bleat on and on about "democracy" and "tolerance" and then seek in their hate-filled hypocrisy to deny National-Socialists the freedom to present their views in a rational and democratic way, as they even try to deny National-Socialists, or anyone they believe or suspect is propagating National-Socialist views, a job, a University education, a business. So it is that they campaign against and intimidate - as they did in Canada not long ago - a person whose Communications business hosted a National-Socialist web-site, forcing that business to close.

These anti-nazis just cannot tolerate any opposition, just as they demonize any and every person who is a National-Socialist or whom they believe or suspect is a National-Socialist. So it is that they conduct a campaign of political terror against their enemies, saying things like "National-Socialism kills - and causes killing, suffering, hatred, destruction..." while they themselves set about killing and attacking National-Socialists, and spreading their hate-filled and intolerant views, and while they conveniently forget that every political view, even every religion, can be accused of "causing killing, suffering, hatred, destruction. Why do they not have slogans like "Islam kills", or "Christianity kills" or, more to the point, "Marxism kills", "Zionism kills"?

To try and justify their hatred, their violence, their intimidation, their thuggery, their uncivilized and irrational behaviour, they make mention of the so-called "mass extermination of Jews" by National-Socialist Germany, failing to mention that the main method alleged to have been used in these "mass exterminations" - Zyklon B in ordinary buildings - is scientifically impossible, just as the other alleged method (killing by diesel fumes in motor wagons) is also scientifically impossible.

They make mention of what they describe as the "thuggery" of Hitler's Stormtroops, failing to mention that over 250 members of the SA were killed in the struggle for power by their Marxist opponents, that ten of thousands of SA men were injured - many seriously. And how many Marxists, how many Communists, were killed during this period by National-Socialists? How many meetings did the Marxists, the Communists, try to break-up or prevent, by force?

What we thus have is propaganda. And more than that: hate-filled, vitriolic, and untruthful propaganda. In the case of the alleged "holocaust" of the Jews, the hate-filled enemies of National-Socialism go further and demand that any criticism of this so-called "holocaust" be made illegal. That is, that only their own views, their own interpretation of history, be allowed, with any dissent outlawed. And, in the past twenty years, these un-democratic, hate-filled, irrational, anti-nazi thugs have succeeded in getting Governments to introduce tyrannical legislation. Thus we have Court case after Court case - from Germany to Canada - in which some Judge states that "truth is not the issue here" as they find National-Socialists guilty of "denying the holocaust".

What we have is one politically-motivated group of people demanding that only their side of the story - that only their version of what National-Socialism is - be heard, be told, be taught. And if anyone does not agree with this demand, then they use intimidation, violence, and thuggery - and of course the moral blackmail of their "holocaust" propaganda - to get their way.

This is unjust; this is hateful; this is un-democratic: **it is tyrannical.**

---



## **National-Socialism: The Truth**

The truth about National-Socialism is quite simple. National-Socialism is all about our love for our own folk, our own people, our own culture, our own homeland.

The fundamental aim of National-Socialism is to create a free and independent homeland where we can live among our own kind according to our own customs and laws, and where our culture can flourish.

The truth is that National-Socialism is based upon the noble ideals of personal honour, of loyalty, of duty to the folk, and that it upholds and values fairness, tolerance and reason.

The truth is that National-Socialism desires to create a folk-democracy: a society where people willingly strive to create a better way of life for themselves and their descendants. The truth is that National-Socialism desires each and every ethnic group to have their own free homeland where they and their culture can flourish.

The truth is that National-Socialism believes that such an ethnic society is an expression of the will of Nature: a means whereby we as human beings can live in harmony with Nature and continue the work of Nature.

There is no hatred in these aims and beliefs; no denial of freedom; no persecution of other peoples. Instead, there is a pride in one's own culture, one's own homeland, one's own people, and a desire to live by the ethical values of honour, loyalty and duty to the folk.

The truth is that National-Socialists have always had to fight against prejudice and hatred, as they have always had to be ready and willing to physically defend themselves and their meetings against the thuggery, the intimidation, the violence, of their hate-filled opponents.

Why is it that the hate-filled, irrational, hypocritical enemies of National-Socialism do not want the public to hear these truths about National-Socialism?

Is it because these hate-filled, irrational, hypocritical enemies fear that people would freely and willingly accept National-Socialism, as they did in Germany?

David Myatt  
111yf

---

## **What is an Aryan Society?**

There is no Aryan society on this planet: nowhere where we are free to live, as Aryans, according to our own Aryan laws, traditions and customs.

An Aryan society is:

1) A society based upon Aryan law; that is, based upon the law of personal honour where there is true liberty.

2) A society governed according to the Aryan values of personal honour, loyalty to those given allegiance, and duty to the folk.

3) A society composed only of those of Aryan descent where excellence of individual character and personal honour are upheld as ideals, and where individuals strive to do what is honourable, and live by a A Code of Honour.

4) A society where Aryan, National-Socialist, Ethics are used to determine what is right, and what is wrong.

5) A society where individuals strive to uphold Aryan culture, the Aryan way of living, and where there is a genuine respect of and reverence for Nature. In such an Aryan society, we are allowed and indeed encouraged to carry weapons openly and in public for our own defence. In such a society, duelling is allowed and encouraged. In such a society, young men are trained for combat and war: and desire to partake in war. In such a society, young men aspire to be warriors and yearn to earn medals for gallantry. In such a society, those in authority are combat veterans who have proven their honour, their gallantry, in combat. In such an Aryan warrior society, there are only people of Aryan race, for such a society is an ethnic society, composed of people of the same race who share the same values, the same culture. Today, instead of living in an Aryan society, we are forced to live in repressive, decadent, dishonourable, multi-racial societies which are dedicated to everything true Aryans loathe and detest.

In brief, an Aryan society is a National-Socialist society.

---

### **Aryan Law**

Aryan law is the basis of the legal code of an Aryan society: that is, the basis of "law and order" in an Aryan society. All currently existing societies are not only un-Aryan, they are anti-Aryan: that is, they suppress and have outlawed Aryan law and the Aryan culture on which it is based. Aryan law is the basis for true freedom. Any society which is based upon, which uses, any other type of law is a tyrannical society.

---

### **Duelling**

The most acceptable and civilized form of duel is by pistol, and those abiding by the Code of Honour are expected to use this form as and when necessary.

A formal challenge to a duel must be personally issued, by one party to the other, at which a date, time and place are specified (Dawn is traditionally favoured). Each duellist must be accompanied by a Second, to ensure fair play and an honourable outcome, as there must be a referee.

At the appointed time and in the appointed place, two revolvers, pistols or duelling pistols, as similar as possible, are checked and prepared by the referee, (ideally a man of honour should keep or have access to a matched pair of pistols specifically made for duelling, capable of firing one round and one round only). These revolvers or pistols, and the bullets, are also checked by the duellists and their seconds. [Note: whatever pistol is used it should be loaded or so adapted that one round and only round can be discharged from it when the trigger is pulled.]

The referee then allows the duellists to choose a weapon. The duellists stand back to back. At a sign or word from the referee they then walk a set number of paces agreed beforehand (ten being usual) before turning to face each other. The referee then says: "Take aim!" at which they take aim. The referee then says: "Fire!" at which they discharge the weapon. It is considered dishonourable conduct to aim and/or fire before the referee gives the signal to so do.

Should one person fire and miss, or hit and injure, the other duellist before that duellist has also fired, then the person who has so fired must wait, without moving, until his fellow duellist has also fired, if he is capable of so firing.

Honour is satisfied if the duel is undertaken in the above manner.

### Some Notes On Duelling

There are four things which need to be understood about personal duels of honour.

(1) The etiquette, or rules, of duelling must be followed, for it is these rules which make this encounter between two individuals a civilized and thus an honourable encounter. A duel of honour is not a brawl, or merely a fight between two individuals - it is a dispassionate meeting of two individuals who use their own will, their own strength of character, to fight in a particular way. The rules, the etiquette, of duelling make it such a dispassionate encounter - for a duel is a test of courage, of nerve, of character, of personal honour itself. Any and all conduct which is against the rules is dishonourable, and as such the person who does not abide by the rules is not an honourable person, and thus forfeits their honour and their honourable reputation. If the rules are not followed, it is thus not a duel of honour.

(2) In a duel of honour, deadly weapons must be used. It is the deadly nature of the weapons used, with the possibility of death, which makes the encounter an honourable one. Deadly weapons include pistols, swords and long-bladed fighting knives of the Bowie type.

(3) The duel is a private affair between the two individuals concerned. As such, only the nominated Seconds, and a referee - acceptable by both sides - must be present. It is against the etiquette of duelling for any other people to be present.

(4) A person challenged to a duel must either personally accept the challenge, or decline the challenge. It is dishonourable and cowardly conduct to ignore a challenge once it has been formally issued. If a person who is challenged declines the challenge, then they must issue a personal apology, and if necessary, or called upon to do so, a public apology. A man of honour will only challenge to a duel those individuals whom he believes can physically defend themselves and their honour with deadly weapons. Thus, it is dishonourable and cowardly if someone who is challenged to a duel tries to get someone else to fight the duel on their behalf.

### The Foundation of Freedom

Aryan law is the foundation, the basis, for true freedom, and a society, a government, based upon Aryan law is just and free society. Any other type of society or government is unjust and tyrannical, a denial of liberty, because only Aryan law expresses the principle of personal honour, and recognizes and accepts the importance of the sovereignty of the individual.

That is, Aryan law and only Aryan law is built upon the foundation of the importance of individual character, the family and the folk. All other types of law, and all other types of society based upon such laws, deny or restrict or destroy individual character, as they deny, restrict or take away the personal honour of the individual and their family and relatives.

The most fundamental belief behind Aryan law is that the sovereignty of the individual is inviolate. The fundamental principle of all other types of law is that sovereignty belongs to the Government, the State or some "Monarch" or tyrant. Aryan law makes the person responsible for themselves and their kin whereas other types of law - and the societies based on such laws - take responsibility away from the individual.

Aryan law was the basis for most ancient Aryan societies: for example, the Norse societies of Scandinavia, and Iceland; or the folk-communities of early Ancient Greece.

The aim of a modern Aryan movement is to create a new Aryan society - an independent Aryan homeland - where we Aryans can live in freedom and where our Aryan law is the basis for the "law and order" of this homeland.

This means a revolution: a destruction of the tyrannical societies we are now forced to live in, and the building of a new, free, Aryan, society. Only such an Aryan society - based upon our Aryan values of honour, loyalty and duty to the folk - will enable us to live as free men and women.

David Myatt  
JD 2451893.427

---

### **What is Aryan?**

The laws which have come to dominate Aryan societies - and which, for instance, restrict or forbid the carrying of weapons, the formation of "para-military" groups, brawling or which makes such things as "racial discrimination" a crime - are not only contrary to the natural customs and instincts of the Aryan, but they are also designed to enslave Aryan peoples.

To understand just how tyrannical and perverted such laws and restrictions are - and thus how decadent are the societies which make and enforce such laws - it is necessary to consider what being Aryan means.

To be Aryan means more than just being of Aryan (or "White"/European) racial descent. It means to have a certain attitude to life. Someone of Aryan descent who has this attitude is vigorous and healthy - a fine example of what being Aryan means. One of the distinguishing features of this Aryan attitude is an aggressive war loving nature. Another of its distinguishing features is an instinctive sense of individual pride - of how natural it is Aryan individuals to be responsible for themselves, particularly in matters of "justice".

Our ancestors instinctively embodied this Aryan attitude, and the majority of Aryan societies - from before the Achaean (Greek) society of Homer's time, through to the Vikings and beyond - expressed this Aryan attitude in their customs and in their way of life. All genuine Aryan customs (or "laws") reflect this Aryan attitude.

For instance, in almost all Aryan societies there is not and never has been such a "crime" as "murder", with imprisonment or capital punishment as the only and mandatory penalties if found

"guilty" of this "crime". All that there has been are flexible penalties deriving from the customs that the victims family had to be compensated or could obtain compensation - usually in goods or money. Sometimes, someone who had killed someone else could be exiled, as a punishment, as sometimes the offender had to obtain a ritual purification, for example offering gifts to the gods. Occasionally, the offender could be put to death. Such customs existed in all Aryan societies before the time of Homer, through the Vikings, the Anglo-Saxons, the Welsh and beyond. (In Anglo-Saxon and Germanic societies the compensation was called Wergeld.) One can go so far as to say that this customs - of Wergeld - or the lack of it, enables one to distinguish a genuine Aryan society from a none Aryan one. Judged by this standard, the society that developed, for instance, in Medieval England (partly as a Christian influence) was un-Aryan - whereas the Welsh society and customs destroyed by Edward I (at the instigation of the Archbishop of Canterbury) were Aryan and thus civilized.

The ideal for all these Aryan societies was the proud, strong forthright, fighting man who could also be cunning and inventive and, if necessary, ruthless with his enemies - and it is no coincidence that this type of man was celebrated in heroic poems and saga. Indeed, the heroic Odysseus - celebrated in Homer's Odyssey - was such a man, and one whom generations of Aryans admired and sought to emulate.

This Aryan man had an instinctive and healthy respect for "the gods" or Fate as he often sought to create a better life for himself and his family. This Aryan man was a warrior who considered it natural and necessary to carry a weapon or weapons to defend himself, just as such a man would consider it was his responsibility and duty, and his alone, to defend himself, and his family and kin, from others if he or they were attacked.

The type of justice was that this archetypal Aryan man believed in is best expressed in the Aryan custom of "trial by combat" - it was up to him to prove himself, to obtain satisfaction or vengeance. Such a man (for example Odysseus) would have considered it ignoble and weak to try and obtain an abstract "justice" by letting others deal with things which was his concern. In the case of Odysseus, the natural, Aryan thing to do - on his return to his home - was to slay, without pity or remorse, those suitors who had been trying to seduce his wife and who had almost squandered all of his possessions. The natural, Aryan outcome of this killing was for Odysseus to be seen as acting honourably in obtaining vengeance for the insult done to him by the action of those suitors.

The story of Odysseus shows just how anti-Aryan and tyrannical our societies have become - today, the returning Odysseus would be arrested by the Police, tried in some impersonal court and according to abstract, un-Aryan Laws, and in all probability found "guilty" of horrid "crimes" such as murder. He would also, in all probability, be accused of having committed "war crimes" during the Trojan war! It would of course be said today by those Aryans who have cut themselves off from their heritage and their natural Aryan customs, that all these modern things, - the Police, the Laws, the Courts and so on - represent "civilization" and "progress". In fact, Aryan customs and Aryan way of life, portrayed for example in the Odyssey, represent civilization and a civilized way of life - for the essence of civilization is the war-loving, heroic, noble Aryan attitude which healthy Aryans, living in accord with their natural customs, express in their societies or folk communities.

What we have today - due to abstract Laws, an impersonal, interfering Police force and a Judicial system - is a tyrannical anti-Aryan system which makes the individual subservient to some one else's notion of "justice", and which has the power to make that individual obey or "tow the line".

Aryans, and Aryan societies, were vital, strong, proud, fierce and war-loving. The customs of such societies derived from the healthy noble instincts of the warriors who sought to create and maintain such societies or communities. If a group did not like what was happening in such a community, they could and often did, rebel - using "force of arms". What mattered was that they had the skill, the toughness, the fighting-spirit and the weapons which made such a rebellion possible. Feuding, rebellions and a "clan" or tribal allegiance were common-place in all Aryan societies. What mattered was that there was a choice - or the possibility of a choice. A man was still for the most part master of his own fate - he could choose his allegiance; he could defend his honour; he could seek vengeance if wronged or insulted; he could move elsewhere to start a new life; he could be or be made an "outlaw" and live outside of his community. Of course, there were times of injustice and oppression - due to the reign of one or more individuals (the Greeks called such individuals tyrannos - someone who had committed hubris, that is, "overstepped the mark"). But these individuals could be, and mostly were, overthrown and killed. What mattered was that rebellion was always possible against such individuals who "overstepped the mark" - because of the skill, the toughness, the fighting-spirit of the Aryans, the availability of weapons and the instinctive sense of fairness that most Aryans possessed.

Aryan societies are always warrior societies - and because of this, civilizations and civilized way of life has been created by the heroic endeavour of those warriors who, because they were warriors, possessed notions of honour, duty, loyalty and a sense of natural justice. Fundamentally, civilization means the warrior (and Aryan) virtues of honour, duty, loyalty and a natural justice combined with heroic endeavour - and as long these thrive and flourish, so does civilization. Civilization does not mean, and has never meant, a comfortable, material standard of living, peace or an abstract system of "justice". Neither does civilization mean a certain type of government. Often, a certain comfortable, material standard of living, a period or periods of peace, and a certain type of system or government arises within a civilization - but such things are not the essence of civilization but rather are, or may be, some of the consequences of a civilization. What matters for civilization are communities of warriors who uphold warrior virtues, for such communities for the most part consists of proud, tough, fighters value their own freedom and independence and who are prepared, if necessary, to rebel. Real genuine freedom - the basis for all civilized way of life - lies in this warrior orientated ability of individuals to determine their own lives by choosing allegiance by and by being able and willing to physically defend themselves, their own honour and that of their family and kin.

When these things, necessary for civilization, are taken away or made illegal by Laws, then there is an uncivilized un-Aryan tyranny. This is the situation that exists in every society today where Aryans are in the majority. A world-wide, repressive anti-Aryan tyranny is being created which is increasingly becoming ever more anti-Aryan, ever more tyrannical and ever more uncivilized. To be Aryan, these days, means to fight this System - and strive for a return of a genuine Aryan society and a return to living under Aryan customs. To be Aryan, these days, means to fight against and ignore the many un-Aryan and abstract Laws which have replaced Aryan customs. It is natural and necessary for Aryans to carry weapon to defend themselves and to attack others, if necessary. It is natural and necessary for Aryans to form and give their allegiance to "para-military" or warrior groups - as it is natural and necessary that these groups, or "clans", actually fight. It is natural and necessary for Aryans to hate their enemies and wish to see them conquered or destroyed. It is natural and necessary for Aryans to give their allegiance, and thus loyalty, to a Chief or to Chieftains and to follow that Chief or Chieftains into battle singing a rousing war song.

The majority of Aryans today have become soft and weak - they live pampered, unnatural, materialistic lives which are increasingly meaningless. In effect, they are - or are on the way of

becoming - the docile, compliant slaves of those who control the present anti-Aryan tyranny. Instead of glory, these Aryans seek "respectability"; instead of an honourable fame, these Aryans seek material comfort. Increasingly, these Aryans espouse un-Aryan causes and ideas, as they increasingly are being made to feel guilty about and reject what is Aryan. To be Aryan today, means to strive to return these Aryans to themselves - to free them from the mental and physical slavery they now endure.

We Aryans must learn to know and value our own Aryan customs, as we must seek to emulate the fierce, heroic fighting spirit that is the true and enduring legacy of the Aryan. We must learn to know our enemy, what it is we are fighting and what we are fighting for. If we do this, we will become Aryan again and so achieve that glory which is rightfully ours.

---

## Aryan Culture

### Introduction: Our Cultural Heritage

We of European, or Aryan, descent have the longest and the greatest cultural heritage of any culture. Yet today, our unique customs, our unique cultural ethos, or soul, are understood and appreciated only by a minority of Aryans.

It is an unfortunate fact of our times that the majority of Aryans are more familiar with the culture of other races than they are with their own. Few Aryans know what our unique Aryan customs are, as even fewer possess the knowledge to defend and champion Aryan culture over and above the culture of other peoples

These things, however, are not surprising given the anti-Aryan bias that exists in our present 'multi-cultural' societies. The societies we Aryans now live in are, without exception, un-Aryan - just as the way of life of these societies is for the most part anti-Aryan. The way of life, and 'culture' of our times is based on abstract, materialistic, unnatural ideas and it is fundamentally detrimental to the health, welfare and future of Aryans.

If our unique culture is to survive, and prosper, again - if our noble and civilizing values are to once again create noble Aryan societies - then Aryans must come to now and value their own culture, as they must be prepared to champion and defend that culture, and their own heritage and customs. This collection of essays aims to provide Aryans with some of the knowledge, understanding and insight which are necessary for them to uphold and champion Aryan culture and Aryan values.

As a famous man once said: "Roman history, along general lines, is and will remain the best teacher, not only for our own time but also for the future. And the ideal of ancient Greek culture should be preserved for us in all its marvellous beauty. The differences between the various [Aryan] peoples should not prevent us from recognizing the community of race which unites them on a higher level. The conflict of our times is one that is being waged around great objectives: for a great culture is fighting for its existence and this great culture is the product of thousands of years of historical development, with the ancient Greeks as well as we Germans forming part of it." (Adolf Hitler: Mein Kampf, II, II.)

Our unique Aryan culture - extending from the early civilization of ancient Greece described by Homer in The Iliad and The Odyssey to the present-day - is fundamentally a warrior culture. We Aryans are warriors by nature and by instinct - or, more correctly, as Sophocles, another ancient

Greek said, we are "thinking warriors". We possess an instinct to strive, to explore, to conquer, and to know. One of the things which marks our culture is the combination of restless driving, conquering warrior energy with a heroic defiance and a desire to know. These things express our nature, our soul, our ethos, as Aryans, and they have led us to create civilization after civilization, Empire after Empire and invention after invention. It is our great creative energy which produced this present civilization of ours, as it is this energy which still maintains this civilization to this day. The essence, the core, of our unique ethos and thus our culture - that which above anything else expresses and explains our nature, as Aryans - is our warrior instinct and heritage.

Our cultural heritage is a great treasure, for the stories, legends and heroic tales that make up its inner core tell us 'who we are' and what our unique Destiny, as Aryans is. The tales of valour, of the deeds of the great Aryan warriors of the past - the stories of the great Aryan battles from the siege of Troy to the Battle of Berlin - enable us to understand ourselves, as they can show us what we need to do in order to live healthy and fulfilling lives.

We should be so familiar with these tales, these stories and these deeds, than we can recite them from memory. They should inspire us to do similar or greater deeds, as we should hand-on to the next generation of Aryans these same inspiring tales, stories and deeds. We do not need, and should scorn and reject, the legends, tales, stories, myths and religions of any and every other race, for they are not part of our culture, and can only weaken us, as Aryans, and make us unhealthy.

For over a thousand years young Aryans have been nurtured on foreign, Jewish, stories - mythical and often boastful tales about a foreign people and their rather strange 'god' as related in what we know as the Bible. For over a thousand years, these tales, and the unhealthy theology and un-warrior like morality they have generated, have mesmerized and controlled the lives of generation after generation of Aryans.

In effect, Aryans have been uprooted from their own culture, and been deprived of their heritage and birthright. Another people, with its strange culture and history, was upheld as the 'ideal' for Aryan children to follow - and these children often knew more about Jewish history than they did about their own Aryan history. Instead of learning about the fighting spirit and valour of Achilles at Troy, they learnt about Samson and his hair. Instead of learning about and trying to emulate the great warrior deeds of an Alexander or a Caesar, they learnt about and were told to try and emulate the suffering of a Jew in Palestine who was reported to be the son of the Jewish god. Instead of taking The Iliad and The Odyssey as manuals or handbooks of Aryan living, they were taught to look to Bible

Over the last few decades, things have become even worse for Aryans, for now we have stories from what is called the Jewish 'holocaust' to enlighten us and guide us, as we also have the culture of other peoples to learn from. And our children are taught that their own warrior culture is somehow barbaric, 'imperialist' and 'racist'.

The result of all this is and has been generation after generation of Aryans who are rootless and who possess no understanding or even knowledge of their own unique culture, and who thus are unaware of their own identity. Further, many of our own people show a dislike for their own culture and a preference for other cultures. Indeed, things are now so bad for our race, that Aryan children are compelled, by the System that has been created, to learn in School and in Colleges, about other cultures as they are brainwashed into believing their own heritage to be often an unworthy one. And when parts of our heritage are taught, it is taught as something 'historical', as dead. It is never taught as something living - as something to be added to and as something which



can and should inspire them to want to emulate the great deeds of great Aryans which such a heritage remembers and celebrates.

Our present societies are totally un-Aryan, as they are full of Aryans who have rejected their own culture or are indifferent to it and the noble Aryan values which form part of that culture. The stark truth of our times is that every other culture is valued, as the peoples of those cultures are often encouraged to identify with their own culture, while Aryan culture is at best ignored and at worst suppressed.

Furthermore, in most Aryan countries Aryan values and the Aryan way of life are impossible due to repressive laws which have outlawed Aryan customs.

To be free and healthy, people need to have a sense of identity - a meaning and a purpose to their lives. This purpose and meaning - this identity - arises from the culture of their ancestors. Our own Aryan identity arises from our warrior culture.

We who are Aryan need to strive to live and die like Aryans - that is, like noble warriors. To live any other way is unhealthy, and unnatural for the majority of Aryans. Today, our societies are full of 'office workers', of 'social workers', of people staring at computer screens, of "business people", of people trying to sell material goods, and people doing dreary, soul-destroying work for some weekly or monthly pittance.

These people have the horizons, the dreams which this rotten, anti-warrior society has given them - and they have for the most part forgotten how to dream great dreams of discovery, of conquest, of glory and everlasting fame. As a result, they are only half-alive - or often even less than that. Having set their horizons so low, having settled for so little in life, they obtain only what is lowly and so little. These people have settled for the artificial, material or alien 'heritage' and anti-Aryan 'culture' which has been given to them and which they are allowed. They have seldom if ever felt their warrior Aryan blood stirring in their veins. They have seldom if ever felt that great surge of defiance, of glory and of freedom which motivated many if not all of their ancestors at some time. Instead, they bend their heads again, accept their servitude to an anti-Aryan materialistic System, and get on with their toil and with dreaming such dreams as this System has given them and which it allows them to have.

We Aryans must not only re-discover our own warrior culture, but we must seek by our own deeds to add to that culture. We must return our ancestral warrior blood, and learn again that the most important thing, for an Aryan, is to do deeds of honour and glory - to live, and if necessary die, as a warrior, striving for glory. We once were, and can be again, fierce, tough, and noble warriors. We once were, and can be again, a proud and free people, joyfully living life to the full.

We must learn to be warriors again as the warrior ideal must once again be upheld as the ideal for every Aryan man to strive to follow. If we do not do this, then we deserve the future of ruin, misfortune, slavery and extinction which will assuredly arise.

## I Aryan Customs

Aryan customs are what distinguish an Aryan society from a non-Aryan society. Such customs express the ethos, or soul, of Aryan peoples and thus are an essential part of Aryan culture. They represent an attempt to make real the natural and healthy instincts of Aryans, and in the past such customs have formed the basis for civilized Aryan societies. Indeed, it is these customs which

have created such civilized societies, just as the striving to maintain such customs (with such customs often being unwritten codes of conduct) was the means whereby civilization itself was maintained.

These customs are natural and healthy for Aryans - that is, an Aryan who strives to uphold Aryan customs lives a more healthy, more beneficial and more fulfilling life than an Aryan who does not uphold them. An Aryan upholding such customs is a cultured, civilized, person, just as society which upholds such customs is a cultured, civilized society which is in harmony with Nature. In essence, Aryan customs express the noble, rational, freedom-loving and warrior nature of the most excellent or best Aryan individuals, as well as the Aryan instinct for 'fair-play'.

Of course, in an Aryan society (such as the Achaean - or ancient Greek - society described by Homer in *The Odyssey*) there are more customs than those uniquely Aryan ones which will be detailed here. These other customs, such as hospitality and courtesy toward travelling strangers, were common to most warrior societies. Here, however, we are concerned with those customs which distinguish Aryans, which enable the creation of an Aryan society and which thus express the unique ethos of Aryan peoples. Most of these Aryan customs derive from the instinctive feeling the best Aryan individuals possess for honour and fairness, and many of them depend on the swearing of oaths, such an oath being taken either "on one's honour" or "before the gods".

The fundamental Aryan customs are:

- (1) The right to possess and bear weapons and to use those weapons in self-defence.
- (2) The right to protect oneself, one's family and kin by using force if necessary - including using lethal force.
- (3) The obligation to be loyal to those one has sworn an oath of loyalty to.
- (4) The obligation to tell the truth, once having sworn an oath to do so.
- (5) Never to break an oath, once having sworn one.
- (6) The acceptance of the right to 'trial by combat' to prove one is innocent of an accusation.
- (7) Accepting that any person accused of anything had the right to defend themselves, in public, and that those making the accusation or laying a charge had to make that accusation in public before the accused for that accusation to be seriously considered.
- (8) Accepting that anyone found guilty of some offence, including killing someone else, could, as their sole punishment, be exiled or outlawed.
- (9) Accepting that those found guilty of some offence, such as killing another person, could, as their sole punishment, have to compensate the victims family in goods or in money. (This compensation was called *Wergeld* in Germanic and Anglo-Saxon societies, and by the ancient Greeks.)
- (10) Accepting that disputes between individuals, and between rival or disputing factions, could be settled through single combat, or a fight, between those individuals or between two champions, each such champion representing one of those opposing factions, with each person or each faction accepting that right was on the side of the victor of such a combat or fight.
- (11) Accepting that everyone had the right to challenge the authority of someone, or those in authority, and that this challenge should be made through single combat between the challenger and the person whose authority is so challenged, with the person defeated graciously accepting the authority of the victor in such a combat.

Such customs as these were, of course, ideals. But what is important is that such ideals existed, and were upheld as the standard by which personal and social conduct was judged, and by which public affairs were conducted. Once these customs were no longer upheld, or no longer seen as desirable, for whatever reason, the society once upholding them ceased to be noble and ceased to

be Aryan. It ceased to be truly free and ceased to be fair. This change usually occurred when warriors - combat hardened men - ceased to lead such a society and ceased to occupy positions of authority and respect within that society. The un-Aryan society which resulted from this decline of standards was usually influenced and led by those lacking combat experience.

These customs should be used to judge all types of society, particularly the ones that Aryans live in today. Judged by such Aryan standards as these, it is easy to see that all modern societies which Aryans live in are fundamentally un-Aryan - all such societies are thus ignoble, unfair and uncivilized, since Aryan customs, taken together, and such Aryan customs alone, represent what is noble, fair and civilized. All modern societies in which Aryans live are basically anti-Aryan and tyrannical - an expression of everything the best or most excellent Aryan individuals loathe and detest. Such customs enable us, as Aryans, to reject what is not-Aryan, as they enable us to understand and appreciate Aryan culture itself.

## II

### The Tyranny of Social Laws

A real tyranny has been created in this country, and other once Aryan countries, by anti-Aryan social laws - that is, by laws designed to create a particular type of society. These social laws have effectively 'socially engineered' the society we have today - as other social laws have been introduced, by successive governments, to outlaw, to suppress, any and all opposition to this socially engineered society.

There should be a distinction made between the two fundamental types of laws - 'moral' laws, and those 'social' laws which a particular government introduce or have introduced to create or maintain a particular type of society.

What needs to be understood is that moral laws - such as those dealing with such things as murder, stealing, fraud, rape and so on - are totally different from social laws which are basically designed to change people's attitudes and behaviour, and make them conform, on pain of imprisonment, to a particular anti-Aryan political dogma. Just because a law has been introduced by a particular government, and just because the Police Force and the Courts enforce that law by arresting and imprisoning those found guilty of contravening that law, does not mean that such a law is morally right or just. In fact, the majority of laws passed in recent years are social laws which are unjust and politically based. They have been designed, and are enforced, to create a certain conformity of opinion, and a conformity of thought, with all dissent being outlawed.

A real tyranny has been created, for the most part silently, and with the majority of people unaware of how their basic freedom has been taken away by such social legislation. Aryans are being forced to conform to a particular anti-Aryan political dogma - and this dogma is supported by all the major political parties, as this dogma has been adopted and followed by all the governments, whether of the political 'left' or the 'right', for the past four decades. In brief, there has been no difference between successive governments except on minor, unimportant issues - they have all been concerned with creating and maintaining, with socially engineering, a particular type of anti-Aryan society. They have all been gradually and silently creating a real tyranny.

What, then, is this anti-Aryan political dogma which all political parties and all governments adhere to? It is basically the dogma of a supra-national materialism - an eradication of the rights, customs, spirituality, way of life and culture of the Aryan majority. This Aryan majority is now

expected to act, behave and live in a certain un-Aryan way, according to rules which social laws have created, and anyone who does not do so - who refuses to accept the eradication of their rights, customs, spirituality, culture and way of life - is liable to arrest and imprisonment.

Furthermore, successive governments have given the Police more and more powers to enforce these social laws and stamp out any dissent. Thus, any dissident - anyone behaving and acting like a true, noble, Aryan - can be the subject of a Stalinist-type 'dawn raid' with the Police smashing their way into the home of that dissident, rifling through and confiscating any possessions, literature or books that dissident may possess, and able to take that dissident away 'for questioning'.

Quite often, such a dissident will find themselves arrested and charged with contravening some social law or other, and be thrown into prison. Under the socially engineered, anti-Aryan materialistic society which has been created, the Aryan majority has to accept the destruction of the Aryan way of life, Aryan customs, Aryan rights and Aryan spirituality. In effect, the Aryan majority are being forced to live in an un-Aryan way, in an un-healthy, materialistic, tyrannical society which has outlawed everything which Aryans believe to be just and right.

Every year, more social laws are introduced, as the tyrannical System which has been created becomes ever more repressive, ever more determined to stamp out any dissent and ever more determined to destroy Aryan rights, customs, spirituality, culture and the Aryan way of life. The tyrannical System is determined to do this, because it knows that any one upholding these rights, and customs, and anyone who desires to live in an Aryan way, is a threat to the existence of this socially engineered tyranny and thus a threat to the anti-Aryan aims of this tyranny.

What is the basis of this new tyranny? It is the materialism of an international capitalism which views people as consumers and Nature as a commodity to be exploited for profit. It is the ethos of the 'grey society' where everyone is levelled down to a dishonourable pursuit of self-indulgence, pleasure and personal happiness, and where there is no personal honour: people can be bought, if the price is right, or at least be persuaded to do things, if provided with sufficient material rewards. And if some people cannot be bought or so persuaded willingly, they can be brainwashed through advertising or clever political and social campaigns.

Those behind this new tyranny - the international financiers and their political lackeys - want and need the majority of people to be docile and to pursue material or pleasurable aims, or aims which do not conflict with the ethos of the grey society. Those behind this tyranny see real culture - based upon personal honour and a respect for Nature - as a real danger, for real culture breeds honourable people who respect Nature and who value things other than profit and pleasure.

### III

#### To Die or Not to Die: Warrior Culture and Honour

A true warrior prizes honour even above their own life. That is, they are prepared, if necessary, to die rather than to submit or be dishonoured. They are prepared to stand by their principles, by what they believe in, even if this means their own death. This noble warrior principle of Death Before Dishonour is what, in the past, has enabled us to create civilizations and Empires. Those who are prepared to live and die by honour are better individuals than those who are not. They possess nobility of character; they possess the soul or spirit of a true warrior.

It is neglect of personal honour, and the willingness of men to put their own lives before honour,

that has led us into the dire cultural situation we face today. The truth is that the majority of Aryan men today value their selfish, self-indulgent materialistic lives before honour. They desire to live, whatever the cost - even if they have to act dishonourably, submit, endure oppression, or be insulted.

Personal honour is worth dying for; indeed, personal honour is the one of the few things worth dying for. Honour makes the man. What makes a person a true Aryan warrior is honour. A warrior is someone who strives, by their own way of life, to implement, or make real, the ideal of excellence of individual character and the ideal of excellence for their own culture. And the most practical way such an ideal of excellence can be implemented is by that person upholding and championing honour. An honourable person always does their noble duty, as they are always loyal to those they have sworn loyalty to.

It does not matter where one dies, or in what manner one dies - it only matters that one dies honourably, with one's honour intact. The world today has largely lost, and largely ignores, the ethos, or spirit of the warrior - which, of course, is why it is such a sick, unhealthy place full of cowardly individuals. Until the present era - the reign of the capitalist-financiers and the triumph of their unnatural, abstract social ideas - the world belonged to strong men, to warriors. What mattered was the courage, the strength, the endurance, the honour, of such men. No one, and no abstract 'law' or 'Police force' had any authority over such men.

They were truly free.

Today, we are ruled by abstract, remote, impersonal anti-Aryan and un-warrior like laws made by characterless politicians and enforced by some spineless bureaucrat of a Police officer for the benefit of the tame un-warrior like majority. Today, we are forced or expected to toil away for life to earn a pittance and provide a home for ourselves and our family, whereas we should be rewarded for fighting or able to forage abroad for booty and for wealth.

We who are aware of our warrior culture and heritage, and we alone, keep alive the wisdom and the ethos of the Aryan warrior - the essential toughness and fighting spirit of the honourable Aryan. We and we alone keep alive the natural and healthy values of manhood and the spiritual essence of a civilized way of life. This way of life was evident in the great and strong Aryan heroes of the past to whom war was a way of life. These strong men upheld valour in battle as the mark and making of a man, as they distrusted those who talked too much or too cleverly. Such heroes became immortal by their deeds, and are remembered to this day: battle-hardened Odysseus and the valiant red-haired Menelaus, who fought together at the siege of Troy; Leonidas, of Sparta, fighting to the death against the Persian hordes.....

We are striving to create a world where warrior values are once again respected and upheld.

On the individual level we can make our own lives an example by striving to live and if necessary die by honour. What others say or believe about us is irrelevant, for we know this modern society for what it is - a society full of characterless and tame men and women following the commands of their capitalist masters. I am reminded of the story of the young Japanese man in the Second World War who, understanding the warrior spirit of the Samurai, volunteered to be a Kamikaze pilot. His request was refused on the grounds that he was married, with three young children, and had a responsibility toward his family. But his wife also understood the Samurai spirit and what an honour it was for someone to die in such a way, and so she drowned her children and then herself, thus enabling her husband to fight and die a hero, which he did. Who understands this spirit today? Who is moved to tears by this story because they know without words what such a

deed means? Who - except we warriors - would wish to volunteer as he did, and accept, as a true warrior, the willing sacrifice made by his wife? The disease of decadence, the soft weakness of character it creates, is now so far advanced that the majority of even our own people on hearing such a story would say something like: "How awful! They and he died in vain..."

But such a death is never in vain, and never a waste, because what is important is not what such a death or such a dying achieves or does not achieve in short-term practical results, but the manner of death itself. For by such a dying the person or persons become heroes, and Immortal - with their spirit living on. Such heroes preserve, and hand-on to future generations, the essence of nobility itself; they preserve, and hand-on to future generations, that and that alone which makes us more than animals and which raises us up toward the gods. They and they alone keep alive the inspiration of the divine and that silent, wordless, often tearful reverence without which we are not human, but sub-human. To die in such a way is a beautiful thing indeed.

Of course, no healthy person desires death. But when there is a possibility, through circumstances, of dying in such a way, the honourable person has to make a choice. They can do their duty, and so possibly give up their life, or they can refuse, and live as a coward. The highest honour is to willingly choose to do one's duty even if - or particularly if - there is a chance of death.

A warrior society is a society where this is not only understood but where such an opportunity to so act heroically in the face of death exists, with those who so make the heroic choice honoured and revered whether or not they live or die. Compared to such a society, our present society is disgusting and ignoble and full of disgusting, self-indulgent cowards.

---

## **A Brief Guide to Aryan Origins and History**

### Early Origins

The term Aryan is now used to describe the White, or Caucasian, peoples of the world. These people can be sub-divided into various groups, including Nordic, Mediterranean, Slavs and Alpine. All of these groups evolved, over hundreds of thousands of years, from the basic Aryan race which existed in Europe at least half a million years ago.

It is a commonly believed but incorrect myth - propagated by Marxist social anthropologists to undermine and destroy Aryan culture - that all the various races on this planet of ours have a common ancestor in Africa. According to this now fashionable dogma - which has become one of the foundation stones of the materialist temple of the grey society - the change from 'ape to man', from hominid to Homo Sapiens, occurred once in Africa, from where these primitive men spread out to colonize the world, adapting to the climates of the places they settled in, and thus developing different physical characteristics, such as skin colour.

However, this notion of one such change, in one place, is not only absurd, it is also contrary to the evidence which exists. The truth is that the change from 'ape to primitive man' occurred in many places of the world at different times. What happened was this. On the ancient earth, around one to two million years ago, several different groups of ape-men, or hominids, were in existence, having themselves evolved in different ways and at different times from apes. One group of such ape-men existed in Africa; another in Asia; and another in what is now Europe (which includes the Caucasus and what is now 'the Middle East'). There were probably other groups, as well. The change from ape-man to modern man occurred in Europe probably around one to one and a half

million years ago. This gave rise to the first true 'men' - to the first Homo Sapiens. After this first change, another group evolved in Europe, thus giving, in Europe, two different types or races. The first type was the ancestor of the Aryan tribes of the present day; the second type was what has become known as Neanderthal man. The Neanderthals are supposed to have existed around half to a quarter of a million years ago, and to have gradually become extinct - although it is more probable that they were gradually assimilated. One example of an early Aryan was found at Swanscombe, in Kent, and this early Aryan probably lived around a quarter of a million to half a million years ago.

Contrary to the dogmatic propaganda of Marxist anthropologists, the cultural differences which have resulted from this separate evolutionary development are fundamental. There are differences of nature, or character, as well as intellectual differences. These differences have arisen because of long periods of evolution and represent Nature in evolution: the creation of diversity and difference. They are fundamental because they represent our connection, as individuals, to Nature herself - a means whereby we can live balanced, healthy lives and evolve still further in harmony with Nature.

### Early History

For tens of thousands of years - from about a quarter of a million years ago - the early Aryans wandered throughout Europe, Russia and the Middle East, living as nomadic hunters. During this time, they discovered fire, made weapons of flint, and stone, and used tools made of ivory, horn and bone. They dressed themselves in animal skins, and undoubtedly made primitive tents from such skins. They learned how to speak, and devised a primitive system of symbols to represent some objects. Some of these people lived in caves, which they occupied for part of the year as they followed herds of the animals they hunted.

By about 40,000 or 50,000 years ago, these early peoples had probably domesticated some wild animals, such as the ancestors of modern hunting dogs. They had acquired the intelligence, the skill, and the co-operation, to produce beautiful, and quite accurate, cave-paintings, such as those found at Font-de-Gaume, in modern France.

By about 15,000 to 20,000 years ago, fairly settled communities of early Aryans existed, often around the fringes of large lakes, where fishing, with nets, and hooks, would have been undertaken, and wooden dwellings constructed. Dugout canoes had been invented, and some animals, such as cattle, domesticated, as well as an early form of agriculture undertaken, with crops sown and harvested. Family life was quite sophisticated, with woven clothes, and personal jewellery, worn.

Around 10,000 years ago, our early Aryan ancestors learned how to work metals; they mined iron ore, and smelted it to produce iron tools and weapons. During this Iron age, the horse was tamed, and the wheel invented, and a primitive system of writing created, carved on wood and horn.

The pace of change increased dramatically around 6,000 years ago, when the first civilization was created. This was an ordered, stable, large community capable of producing on a regular basis, by agriculture and hunting, the food needed to sustain a large group of people and enable them to have ample time and energy left to do other, cultural, or religious, things. This community, or civilization, depended also on an organized, stable and far-reaching, system of trade - and on specialization within the community, with craftsmen, warriors, traders, farmers, and hunters. This civilization was not in Egypt, or even in Sumeria - it was in what is now modern-day Britain, and was centred in that area of ancient Albion which contained the ancient monument of Stonehenge.

Here, early astronomy began. That is, the beginnings of science, of reason, of understanding the world and the cosmos in a reasoned way. The early Greeks knew of this civilization, and called its people 'the hyperboreans'. These people were of a North European tribe, and the ancient Greeks considered this hyperborean civilization to be the home of their god Apollo. It should be noted that during most of the life of this civilization, the climate of Albion was much warmer than it is now, with less cloud and less rainfall.

This civilization lasted for nearly two thousand years. As it declined and decayed, another civilization emerged, in the fertile crescent around the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, also created by Aryan peoples. This was to become the great civilization of Sumeria. From this civilization, the Egyptian civilization was developed and maintained for nearly a thousand years.

During the decline of the Sumerian civilization - probably around 3,000 years ago - a great wave of migration took place among North European tribes, probably as a result of the great climatic change that enveloped northern Europe at the time, and which reduced the temperatures, and brought more cloud and rain.

Most of this migration was eastward - through what is now Iran, Afghanistan, and India, and on toward China. North Europeans arrived in China, bringing with them the wheel and tamed horses (they used chariots to travel). Recent finds in China have unearthed some of the bodies of these ancient North European migrants.

However, some of this great migration was directed southward, with North Europeans arriving in Greece and the Aegean islands. These people became known as Achaeans, and to them belonged the great Greek heroes celebrated in the epic stories of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey - the heroic Chieftain Agamemnon; the valiant red-haired Menelaus; and Odysseus, famed for his courage and his cunning. It was their ancestors who built the great civilization of Greece. And it is with the civilization of Greece that our surviving written Aryan history begins.

---

## **What is Our Life For?**

### The National-Socialist Answer

What is our life for? Or, expressed another way, what is the meaning and purpose of our life, as individuals? The answer is basically a simple one: it is to contribute in some way to evolution itself - that is, to make a positive difference; to leave something positive and worthwhile behind, something which has helped or which can help to make the world itself a better place. We make a positive difference when we aid or contribute to evolution itself.

The aim of our lives is not simply to "pass on our genes" by having children - for that merely maintains what is and takes no account of the fact that we, as a species, are thinking beings, possessed of consciousness and an awareness of our individuality. That is, such an aim does not take into account our very humanity. To simply produce descendants is to live like any other form of life. Neither is the purpose of our lives to simply enjoy ourselves as individuals or find "happiness" - for we, as individuals, are dependant on other life, and what we do or do not do has some effect, or some influence on the other life on this planet of ours, regardless of whether or not we as individuals are aware of such effects and such influence. To ignore, or not understand, these effects and influences is to negate our own humanity - that is, to negate the reason and understanding which we as individuals are capable of, and should develop as individuals.



The reality of our lives is that we are the result of evolution - we are not isolated beings, but connected to those who are our own ancestors, and who thus "made us", and connected to those who are or could be our own descendants. We are also connected to those whose life or future is changed because of what we do or do not do in our own life.

One of things which makes us, as a species, unique is that we as individuals possess the ability to consciously change ourselves for the better through an act of will. That is, we possess the ability to act upon the understanding we are capable of. We express our very humanity, as beings, when we strive to understand ourselves, the world and cosmos around us, and when we strive to act on that understanding. Thus can we continue to evolve, and so build upon the foundations we have inherited from our ancestors - thus can we change ourselves for the better. What is "for the better" is what increases those things which make us human, which express our humanity, and thus which distinguish us from the other types of life which exist on this planet of ours.

Basically, life is an increase in order; that is, a new and better arrangement of things. What is better generally arises through the process of natural selection. Life is a continual striving to bring and to manifest order into chaos, and the more complex, and thus the higher, the life, the more order there is. All life evolves; that is, all life changes, and the process of life itself - the natural cycle of birth-growth-death-renewal which occurs in Nature - is a means whereby more and more order, a better and better arrangement of things, are produced, or can be produced, over time. Because we, as a species, are possessed of consciousness - that is, because we can reason and are aware of our individuality - we can consciously decide to change for the better. That is, we can aid our own evolution, and that of our species. We can, in effect, creatively intervene in evolution. In fact, our humanity itself - our reason and ability to understand - has evolved because it has enabled us to survive and triumph over adversity. In effect, our humanity is a successful evolutionary adaptation in the struggle for survival.

### Civilization

In a similar way, every society, every culture and every civilization is a further expression of evolution - of our species changing and adapting, and of individuals deciding to cooperate together for their mutual benefit. That is, such things express and require co-operation between individuals, and in a sense they express a higher, more developed, way of living - they have raised us up from an animal existence. As higher ways of living, they express an increase in order, as they make possible further increases. Civilization is the highest way of living so far developed; it is a means whereby we, as individuals, can express and develop those things which make us unique as humans - in particular, reason, understanding, knowledge and individual character. Civilization preserves and develops the reason, knowledge and understanding we have inherited from our ancestors, providing us with the opportunity to evolve further in reason and understanding. Furthermore, civilization encourages the production of individuals of noble character and thus makes possible individual freedom - since real freedom means individuals of noble character having the ability and the power to determine their own lives; such individuals are able to make their own reasoned judgements about things, have the strength of character necessary to act on their judgement and are given the power, by the rules or laws of their society, to freely exercise that judgment. It is a fallacy of our times that freedom means "parliamentary democracy" and the system of "one person, one vote". The reality is that this modern system which is mis-described as "parliamentary democracy" is a plutocratic oligarchy [the rule of a wealthy, pampered and influential minority] which rewards and encourages sycophancy where the rulers, called politicians, accept little or no personal responsibility for their actions. In the society based upon this parliamentary system, nobility of individual character - based upon and

expressed by personal honour - is seldom if ever cultivated or even seen as an ideal. Instead, there is the pursuit of opportunity, wealth, and personal happiness.

Civilization itself arises when individuals of noble character - and thus possessed of noble instincts - cooperate together, and when they create a society where those noble instincts are expressed in some moral or legal code. Such a civilized society creates, through education and training, further individuals of noble character, and the concept of personal honour becomes an ideal to be strived for. Those aspiring to hold public office or influential positions in such a civilized society are expected to uphold, and be seen to uphold, this noble ideal of personal honour. So long as such noble individuals are produced, so long as a noble moral or legal code remains in force, and so long as there exists a desire to know, reason and to change things for the better, civilization survives.

Thus, civilization enables individuals to be human, express their humanity and develop that humanity. That is, civilization enables individuals to change themselves for the better through an act of will since it provides, creates, encourages and makes available the basic essentials to make this possible. These are a noble character, and thus the ability to reason and to judge, and the accumulated wisdom, understanding and knowledge of former times.

Expressed in the simplest possible terms, the purpose of our lives is to be civilized and to encourage civilization itself. In the simplest sense, being civilized means having a basic understanding of what is necessary for civilization, and acting upon that understanding. We can aid or encourage civilization itself by, for instance, having children and providing those children with conditions in which they can flourish, where they can develop their potential as human beings and thus contribute to evolution. We can also aid and encourage civilization by trying to create or maintain those things essential to civilization and a civilized way of life - that is, essential to our humanity and essential to our freedom as human beings. The things which are essential are nobility of character, reason, understanding, knowledge and the freedom to be able to use one's own judgement.

If we are to be civilized - and thus fulfil or strive to fulfil our purpose in life - we must have or acquire some understanding of our own place in the general "scheme of things", as we must have or acquire some knowledge of how to live in a civilized way. We must also strive to change ourselves for the better through an act of will.

### The Wisdom of National-Socialism

According to National-Socialism, for us to change ourselves for the better through an act of will we require an ideal to strive for - a noble vision. That is, we require some noble motivation. This noble motivation is a vision of a better world, and this vision is founded upon the reality of civilization - upon what is necessary to create, maintain and expand a civilized way of life.

The fundamental difference between National-Socialism and all other philosophies and religions which attempt to answer the question of our existence, is that National-Socialism alone expresses a true understanding of what is necessary to maintain and extend our very humanity. That is, only National-Socialism explains the foundations of our humanity and how we can use those foundations to create a better, more noble, civilized world. In effect, only National-Socialism fully explains our unique place in the general "scheme of things", since all other philosophies ignore the fundamental importance of individual noble character and race.

One of the most important and fundamental foundations of our humanity - of what makes us human - is personal honour. That is, noble individual character. From individual noble character, true freedom arises, and thus the creation of a civilized society where that freedom is encouraged and maintained. A society is civilized and free so long as it maintains personal honour as an ideal and so long as it encourages - through education and otherwise - the production of individuals of noble character who can make their own reasoned judgement about things and have the strength of character necessary to act upon the judgements they make. When we strive to act with honour, when we strive to act in a noble way and use reason to understand things, and when we act on the basis of our own reasoned judgment, we are being civilized, and thus are expressing our humanity. It is one of the fundamental aims of National-Socialism to create a noble society where individual honour is an ideal, and where individuals are trained and encouraged to reason, and trained and encouraged to make reasoned judgments and act upon such judgments. This National-Socialist society thus is based upon and encourages individuals to be responsible and accept responsibility for their judgements. In effect, National-Socialism represents what is civilized just as the individual National-Socialist - striving to live in a National-Socialist way - is a civilized person. Furthermore, a National-Socialist society is a truly free society since such a National-Socialist society, and such a society alone, creates and maintains those things essential to personal freedom - individual noble character, and the willingness of such a society to allow individuals to judge things for themselves and act upon that judgement, provided always that such actions are honourable.

However, the creation of such a society is only part of being human. That is, the creation of such a civilized society in itself does not express all of what makes us human and therefore does not in itself completely answer the question of our existence as human beings. Given the creation of such a civilized society - based upon honour - it is important that evolution continues. That is, it is important that we continue to express and develop our humanity, our civilized way of life. By so striving to continue our personal development, and the development of our civilized society, we are being fully human, and fully civilized. We can only develop such a society if we work in harmony with Nature - that is, in accord with the natural processes of Nature.

The second of the two fundamental foundations of our humanity - of what makes us human - is our race, for the different races which exist have been evolved, by Nature, over long periods of time. They express how Nature works - how Nature is made manifest to us, and in us. They have made us what we are and establish who we are. Thus, the different races of our human species have evolved because that is how Nature - and life itself - works: toward more diversity and more difference through selection and adaptation. In effect, the race we belong to and are born into is how Nature exists in us - it is Nature waiting to evolve further. We possess because of our race the potential to develop what is latent within us - that is, we can aid Nature to evolve further, to a higher level. We express this potential, and continue the evolution of Nature, when we continue what Nature has started by marrying among our own kind and producing offspring who are pure in race. We undermine Nature, and effectively destroy what Nature has laboured to achieve, when we do not marry among our own kind and produce racially-mixed offspring. When this is done, the potential which was latent within us becomes lost or destroyed, and we are in effect undermining the very basis of our own humanity. As such, we are acting in a selfish, dishonourable and uncivilized way.

Thus, a civilized society reflects the reality of both of the foundations of our humanity, and thus reflects the reality of Nature. That is, such a society is an ethnic society - one based upon a distinct race, which encourages the further and separate development of that distinct race, and the distinct and unique culture such a race has developed. The truth about National-Socialism, in respect of such ethnic or racial societies, is very different from the propaganda lies which have

been spread about National-Socialism by its enemies. The fundamental, civilized ideal of National-Socialism is the creation of a free, civilized and independent ethnic society for each distinct race - and the eventual co-operation of these societies among themselves.

If a civilized society - based upon personal honour - is created and if such a society is not based upon a unique and distinct race, and if it does not encourage the unique development of a distinct race, then that society will assuredly decline over time and never evolve further. That is, such a non-ethnic society - however civilized it may start out - cannot develop further. It can only decline. This is how things are and always will be because we ourselves are part of Nature, and always will be as long as we remain human. As such, we can only develop, and only evolve further, if we follow the natural processes of Nature - if we work in harmony with Nature. The wisdom of life is in understanding this and accepting it - and acting upon it. It is sheer folly - and very unwise - to do otherwise.

We are and will remain, human. That is, bound by the laws and processes of life. These laws and processes are manifest to us in Nature - in our evolution into separate races, and in our creation of civilized, free societies. Our task is to increase and further develop our very humanity; it is not to undermine and destroy that humanity. If we accept the wisdom of life as manifest to us in the truths about race and noble individual character, then we are being human, just as if we strive to act upon this wisdom - and try to make that wisdom real in the world - we are fulfilling the very purpose of our own existence. We are then being civilized; we are striving to create free, ethnic societies. In effect, if we seek to fulfil the purpose of our lives, and seek to be civilized, we can and must become National-Socialists seeking to make the noble vision of National-Socialism real. Anything else is a denial of our very humanity, and a denial of the latent potential for further evolution which exists in us all.

---

## **National-Socialist Ethics and the Meaning of Life**

### What Are Ethics?

Ethics are a set of moral principles: a set of rules which should guide us in our lives. These rules define what is good, and what is bad, and as such they express the purpose, the meaning, the aim, of our lives.

### What Are National-Socialist Ethics?

National-Socialist Ethics are derived from the concept of personal honour, from the free giving of personal allegiance, and from the noble Aryan ideal of duty: of duty to those given allegiance, and duty to one's own folk community, that is, to one's own people or race. National-Socialist ethics are the basis for National-Socialist, or Aryan, law. Aryan law has its origin in pre-Christian North European societies, such as those of Scandinavia, Iceland, Germania, Anglo-Saxon England, Ireland and Wales. National-Socialist ethics could also, and justifiably, be called Aryan ethics.

### The Ethics of the Past

#### 1) Primitive Ethics: Might is Right

Might is Right is the ethics of the barbarian, the primitive human being, and is just the human equivalent of the laws which govern animal behaviour. These ethics assert that right is on the side

of the most powerful, the most strong: that what decides an issue is strength. Such ethics are primarily ethics of the individual in isolation.

## 2) Utilitarian Ethics

This is essentially the belief that what is right is happiness, and especially the "happiness of the majority": that is, what is right is what makes the most people happy, or secure, or comfortable.

## 3) Traditional Religious Ethics

The basis for most traditional religious ethics (Christian, Islamic and Judaic) is revelation from God, via a Prophet or Prophets, who reveal God-given laws which we should follow. We should follow these laws in order to avoid being punished by God, in this life and the next, and to win a place in Heaven, or Paradise. The basis for the religious ethics of non-revealed religions (such as Buddhism) is to attain something akin to "nirvana"/ end the cycle of birth-rebirth of one's soul, and so attain eternal bliss and happiness. The reasoning behind all religious ethics is therefore a personal one: do as God/the Buddha/the Master says for then you will gain eternal life, not be punished, and so on. You might also gain personal fortune/good luck in this life. Traditional religious ethics also gave rise to the concept of "Divine Right" where a Monarch (usually a King) was regarded as a representative of God, who therefore derived his authority from God and who therefore had the right to make and enforce laws because he was doing God's will on Earth. In Europe, this concept developed, as traditional religion declined, into a sort of "divine right of State governments" who ruled on behalf of The People, and who derived their authority from The People. Thus were State Ethics born.

## 4) State Ethics

This is basically the ethics which underlie all modern Western nations: the State, in the form of some "elected government" decides what is right, and what is wrong, and makes laws based on its political and social beliefs and political policies, with these beliefs and policies being based upon some abstract "man-made" idea or some abstract "man-made" theory. State ethics is a sort of synthesis between Utilitarian ethics (the happiness of the greatest number) and the ethics of Plato. For Plato, what is good is defined as what contributes to harmony (we might say what contributes to "peace") and happiness. In addition, according to the ethics of Plato, the ultimate reason for doing what is moral is still a personal, individual one: to earn reward, in this life and the next, since individuals possess an immortal soul. From Utilitarian ethics State ethics derives the concept of the happiness of the majority; from Plato, it derives the concept of an ideal - or at least useful but always powerful, supra-personal - State, governed by laws made by law-givers who not only decide how prosperity, happiness and such like, can be attained, but who also possess the power, the authority, to make those laws enforceable. Essentially, State ethics means that what is wrong - what is unlawful - is what the State says is unlawful, and the State bases its judgement on either one or both of the following:

a) on political or social ideas which form the basis for the Political Party, or movement, which is either elected into political power, or which seizes power.

b) On a "mandate" from "the people" who are said to have given their approval, or consent, for the policies of the Government by voting for them. This is "utilitarian ethics" where what is considered right is what a majority of people agree is right, or feel is right.

State Ethics can also be based, in part, on the prevailing religious ethic which is accepted, or is believed to be accepted, by the majority of people of a certain nation, State, or country. The quintessence of State ethics is that a State, a government, can and should introduce laws - which are enforceable by State-appointed officials such as the Police - to create a "good" society for its citizens, with their being punishment of those who contravene the laws which the State and its officials decide are "good" or "right", or of benefit to "the people".

Thus State ethics depends upon abstract notions such as The State, "The People", the "will of the people", and upon concepts such as "democracy" where the "will of the people" is said to be made known and which gives the State its mandate, and its authority. In many ways, Marxism and similar political theories, are just versions of these concepts of The State, and The People.

---

### **The New Ethics of National-Socialism: Morality of the Future**

National-Socialist ethics are revolutionary because they are not based upon the individual, not based upon the happiness of the greatest number, not based upon some God-given revelation, and not based upon some abstract, Nature-destroying, "man-made" theory or idea. Rather, National-Socialist ethics are a manifestation of the organic - the living - imperative of life and of Nature. As such, they are both evolutionary and expressive of the numinous ethos of Nature.

The conscious expression of the National-Socialist Ethic begins with Aristotle, for whom arete (often mis-translated as virtue, but which properly is excellence) was a balance between extremes: that is, the avoidance of excess in feeling, action, thought, behaviour and deed.

That is, individual excellence, and excellence for the community, could be attained by following a reasonable, reasoned, middle way. This concept is itself a conscious expression of the basic attitude which underlay classical Greek society, manifest as this attitude was in the dramas of Aeschylus and Sophocles. However, for Aristotle, the reason for striving for excellence is to attain a good or prosperous life: both in this mortal life and the next. That is, the goal, or meaning, of life is still understood in terms of the individual: in terms of their prosperity, their fortune (for good or bad) and in terms of their prospects, in this life, and the next. This is in contrast to National-Socialist ethics.

The basis for National-Socialist ethics are the concepts of personal honour, of duty to Nature and of duty to the cosmos of which Nature is a part. Thus, according to National-Socialist ethics we should do something not because we expect some reward, in this life or in the next, but because it is our human, our noble, duty.

Our duty is an expression of our humanity. That is, by doing our duty, we are being human; we are acting in accord with our human nature which is to be fair, just, and rational.

The reason National-Socialist ethics gives for these concepts of honour and duty is that they express what we know through reason: they express our natural relation to other human beings (defined as this relation is by honour, by fairness) and our natural relation to Nature (manifest as this relation is in folk-communities, which are themselves defined by our race, our culture). That is, honour, and race, express our human identity: we, as individuals, on this planet called Earth, are but a living nexus between the past of Nature, and the future of Nature, manifest as Nature is to us in our culture, our folk: that is, in our race.

According to National-Socialist ethics, we are Nature made manifest: what we do, or do not do, affects Nature and the living beings of Nature. We can either aid Nature, or harm Nature.

Reason informs us that Nature lives and changes, and produces diversity and difference. That is, that there is an evolution of the living beings of Nature. Our aim, our purpose, is to contribute, to aid, the change, the evolution, of Nature, by striving for excellence (for honour) for ourselves, and by striving for excellence for our own culture, our own folk - our own race - which itself

expresses the difference and diversity of Nature. For such a striving is an evolution of ourselves, as human beings, as thus a further positive change, an evolution, of Nature.

Basically, personal honour is a manifestation of our human evolution: how we can respect the dignity, the rights, the freedom, of others, and how we can do our duty to Nature. Honour enables us to strive for excellence: it enables us, and our communities, to evolve further.

Although National-Socialist ethics and Kantian ethics (see Addendum below) have some things in common - such as using reason, the respect for the dignity and rights of others - they are very different not only because of the importance in National-Socialist ethics of the civilizing ideal of honour but also because of how National-Socialist ethics conceives the individual.

For National-Socialist ethics, the individual is but a living nexus, a sentient manifestation of Nature, linked to their own collective (their ancestors, their ancestral culture, and their race), linked to Nature, and thence to the cosmos beyond. For Kantian ethics, the individual relates to a transcendent pure Reason (basically, a mystical conception of God), from whom the purpose and meaning of life is derived, as it is with religious ethics.

National-Socialist Ethics are based upon the fundamental and revolutionary assertion that justice and freedom are a balance between the good of, the demands of, the folk, and between personal honour. Freedom, for National-Socialism, is not a matter of personal indulgence, of personal desire, of personal happiness, but rather a manifestation of the needs of the folk.

---

### **The Definition of Good and Bad:**

According to National-Socialist ethics, what is good is what is honourable, what aids Nature and the living beings of Nature (such as our own race), and what aids the evolution of the cosmos itself. Our duty is to do what is honourable and what aids Nature, the living beings of Nature, and the cosmos, even if doing this duty makes us, as individuals, unhappy, or even if it means our own death. Furthermore, the happiness of the majority, of other people, comes second to this duty.

The perspective of National-Socialist ethics is that of Nature - and indeed of the cosmos itself of which Nature is but a part. The perspective of all other ethics is the perspective of the individual, of their happiness, their winning of some reward in this life or the next.

Thus, according to National-Socialist ethics our motivation is idealism, not the expectation of reward, personal or otherwise, in this life or the next.

For National-Socialism, something is considered good if it benefits the folk, the race, and if it is at the same time honourable; and something is bad, and therefore morally wrong, if it harms or is harmful to the race. For National-Socialism, what is moral is what is both good for the folk, and yet also honourable.

According to National-Socialist ethics, a State or government exists only to encourage personal honour and encourage us to do our duty to Nature, to the living beings of Nature and the cosmos, with such a State or government respecting our right of honour and our right to do our duty to Nature. Thus, one of the prime functions of a National-Socialist State is to protect, to aid, and to enhance, our race; another function of such a State is to ensure personal excellence: that is, to encourage the development of noble, honourable, individual character. For National-Socialism,

the State is only a means to ensure the health, the vitality, the prosperity, the freedom, the honour, of the race, and everything - from economics to education - is subservient to this.

Judged by this ethical standard, all other types of State or government, are tyrannical because they take away, through laws, our most basic rights (the right of honour) and because they prevent us doing our duty to Nature and the living beings of Nature, of which race is the most fundamental manifestation.

David Myatt  
JD2451948.068

---

### **Addendum: Brief Critique of Kant and Hegel**

#### Kantian and Hegelian Ethics: Religious Ethics in Disguise

The ethics of Kant are basically a development of the concept of traditional religious ethics, where revelation of God - the laws revealed by God - are replaced by "reason". That is, our moral duty derives from understanding the world around us and acting in such a way that we respect the dignity, the rights, of others. Why? The Kantian answer relies on the notion of duty. According to Kant, the only valid human motivation is duty; an individual has a duty to respect moral law, which itself is known through Reason. But what is Reason - that is, how does this duty arise? Kant, wishing to avoid deriving duty from God, settles on the concept of the norm: duty is that which does not take away the autonomy (freedom) of others and which allows an individual to be autonomous. Kantian ethics is the morality of the categorical imperative.

In effect, Kant replaces the aim of happiness (of the individual; the majority) as well as the aim of God with the concept of the Norm, even though his ethics are a pure expression of religious ethics. Replace his Reason with God, and his ethics function perfectly.

Thus, in many ways, Kantian ethics are mystical, transcendental, ethics; Christian ethics without the Old Testament concept of God: that is, the ethics of the Protestant religion, in particular the Lutheran kind.

For Hegel, morality, the good, derives from the transcendent Will, the Universal Will, which is knowable via the The Dialectic, the conflict between Spirit and Matter. The State is objectified Spirit, but not Spirit itself; the being of the individual is defined via the State, and thus by interaction with the dialectic for the State reveals ethics to individuals, and obedience to the State - according to Hegel - enables freedom.

In effect, the State is understood as a revelation of Pure Spirit, a revelation of the Universal Will, and in the final analysis, Hegel's Pure Spirit is nothing other than the God of monotheistic religion.

Objections to Kant:

1) The idea of Kantian autonomy is against the reality of Nature and the cosmos. For Kant, the individual is in isolation, and defined only according to a transcendent pure Reason.



For National-Socialist Ethics, the individual is defined as a living nexus between their folk, their culture, and thus between Nature and the cosmos.

For National-Socialist Ethics, duty is what is honourable and what aids the folk and Nature; that is, duty is balance between personal honour, and the good of the folk, the good of Nature and the good of the cosmos, discovered as this duty is through practical reason.

Practical reason - which is not the same as Kant's Reason nor Hegel's Thought - is rational thought based on: a) principles of logic; b) practical observation of the external world; c) scientific experiments; d) the scientific method which asserts that observations should be repeatable and verifiable, with observations explained and connections made between observations by the fewest, most simple, most logical, explanations.

According to National-Socialist Ethics, the duty an individual has arises because the individual is a nexus: a living link, and has a Destiny, that is, has potential to evolve themselves, their folk, Nature and the cosmos. And also the potential to harm these things.

2) The Kantian norm does not allow for evolution, and who decides what is the Norm? The Norm is never properly defined (for instance in its relation to the real law which governs a community, society or State). Furthermore, while this Norm may be known, or discovered, by a Philosopher or Philosophers, who can communicate such knowledge to ordinary people and who may (as envisaged by Plato) act as "law-givers" on the basis of this knowledge, do ordinary people, who do not have this "mystical" knowledge, have a duty, enforceable in law, to obey the edicts of these "law-givers"? And what happens if the knowledge of one of more of these law-givers is wrong, or false? Is there a duty, by others, to rebel against their laws?

According to National-Socialist Ethics, honour is the basis for freedom, defined as honour is through a practical Code of Honour which itself expresses the results of noble reasoning.

Objections to Hegel:

What is the Hegelian Universal Will and how is it made known? Hegel answers that it is made known via the State. But this, according to National-Socialist Ethics, is a negation, a denial, of individual honour and thus a negation of freedom because the individual is expected to, and can be compelled to, obey this abstract State which assumes the right to make laws, and punish individuals, because this State sees itself as a reflection of the Universal Will, or at least the Will as a coming-into-being even though such a Hegelian State is not a racial, or ethnic, State: that is, its prime purpose is not seen, by Hegel, as ensuring the survival, the health, the evolution, of the race.

In effect, such an abstract Hegelian State takes away the honour of the individual by either not allowing them to do their honourable duty to their race, or by encouraging other things at the expense of honour, at the expense of duty to the folk: and even at the expense of the race itself.

Like Kant, Hegel reduces such things as justice to an abstract fundamentally impersonal idea which is said to exist external to individuals in some "pure" or "ideal" form which can be approached, or made manifest in some way, via some other abstract thing such as a law, or some Institution, or even by some State, or some prophet, sage, Monarch or "leader" who is in contact with God, or the representative of God, or who is said to embody or manifest the Spirit of the Age, or something similar, and whose word is therefore law or can become embodied as law

which other people are duty-bound to follow and obey even though such a "leader" or representative is not concerned about race and not an embodiment of the Aryan virtues of honour, gallantry and devotion to folkish duty.

This Hegelian abstraction, in essence, is also what religion - and State ethics - do. In complete contrast, the National-Socialist Ethic affirms that such things as justice exist only in noble individuals and not in any abstract, supra-personal, form such as a law, an Institution or a State, and also not in any one person who assumes the guidance, moral or otherwise, of other individuals and who does not genuinely devote themselves to the cause of their folk and who does not possess the Aryan virtues of honour, and gallantry.

#### Freedom and Justice in National-Socialism:

For National-Socialist Ethics, justice and freedom are manifest, and can only be manifest, in fair, noble individuals who uphold and who strive to live by a Code of Honour, who - while according all other individuals the freedom, the right, to live according to honour, regardless of the culture, the social status, the race, the education, the past, of those other individuals - place the interests of their own folk first. National-Socialist Ethics further asserts that any other type or notion of "justice" is tyrannical because, being abstract, it denies and takes away the fundamental sovereignty of the individual and also destroys the living link which that individual is, because of their race, to Nature.

Thus, as mentioned above, National-Socialist Ethics are based upon the fundamental and revolutionary assertion that justice and freedom are a balance between the good of, the demands of, the folk, and between personal honour. Freedom, for National-Socialism, is not a matter of personal indulgence, of personal desire, of personal happiness, but rather a manifestation of the needs of the folk.

The greatest freedom arises from honourably doing one's duty to one's folk, and thus to Nature herself, just as the striving to do this noble duty is itself an act of liberation.

Freedom and justice are living manifestations of Nature, and can only be manifest in what is living, what embodies Nature. They can never be manifest in dead, lifeless, abstract forms, such as a modern "law" designed to implement or try and express some abstract, race-and-honour-destroying, political idea. What manifests Nature - what is living and vital - are individuals who live according to the will, the ethos, the imperative, of Nature, of evolution: that is, individuals who are honourable and who strive to do their duty to their race.

True freedom and justice are numinous: that is, they partake of, and express, the living reality of Nature, manifest as this numinosity, this intimation of Nature, is in racial ethos and in racial Destiny, that is, in a sense of folkish belonging (often expressed in love of homeland) and in a desire to continue - through a striving, a quest - the upward evolution of Nature by perfecting the folk, the race, through the overcoming of natural challenges.

The abstract Hegelian concepts - with the consequent inhuman denial of liberty and the continued denial of the reality of Nature as manifest in race - are further developed in the ideas of Marx and others who reduce the individual to a virtual mechanistic automaton governed by economic factors and a material dialectic which assumes and which requires for the creation of some "ideal unfolkish society" at best a suspension of morality and individual liberty, and at worst the

abolition of morality and numinosity in favour of an "enlightened few" ruling the majority through political tyranny.

Hegel gives no satisfactory answer as to the nature of his Universal Will, asserting only that it is transcendent. Ultimately, it can only be defined as God, who is transcendent, monotheistic, and who is neither manifest in Nature nor embodied in the diverse races of Nature.

The Hegelian concept of the individual does not accord with the individual as a living nexus: a link between their own collective, and the collective which is Nature. Instead, there are the Hegelian mechanistic, abstract, concepts of the State and of such things as "human history" where States, and Empires, are considered by Hegel to manifest the dialectic whereas what they did manifest was a disrespect of Nature, a disrespect for the honour and freedom of human beings, a disrespect for race, and a general disrespect for all living beings.

Thus there is in Hegel (as in Marx and others) no account of ourselves as part of Nature, as depending on Nature, and on having a duty to Nature: a duty ignored by most if not all historical States and Empires which have plundered, polluted and ravaged Nature in a quest for profit, indulgence, pleasure and power, and which in one way or another have trampled on the honour and dignity of fellow human beings, as well as having contributed in whole or in part to the destruction of the great diversity of human culture.

---

### **The Theology of National-Socialism**

An Examination of National-Socialism, Christianity and Islam

Introduction:

It is my view, which I have expounded in various writings, that National-Socialism is a complete and unique Way of Life - or Weltanschauung - with its own ethics, based upon the ideal of personal honour, and with its own Theology, based upon what I have called "The Cosmic Being". This Being is not the same as the God of Christianity, nor the Allah of Islam.

In the past few years, there has been some interest among some Western academics and some Muslims - generated by events in America and the Muslim world - as to whether National-Socialists and Muslims can find some common ground and thus form an alliance against what has been called "The New World Order". This present work will attempt, briefly, to outline the theology of National-Socialism, and show how it differs from Christianity and Islam.

I have tried to avoid using the term "religion" in discussing both National-Socialism and Islam, since I believe it to be not only inappropriate, but inaccurate, since they are both complete Ways of Life, and there has been a tendency in the West - an erroneous one in my view - to separate "religion" from such things as "the State". For both National-Socialism and Islam, the State (or more correctly, society) is but a means of manifesting, or making real in the world, the truths contained in their respective Ways. That is, there is no division between "religion" and "the State" with its "politics" and "economics". I have also used the term Allah to describe the supreme Being of Islam, and the term God to describe the supreme Being of Christianity, for in my view - despite many attempts to equate them - they are theologically distinct.

In many ways, my National-Socialist writings have evolved National-Socialism itself, presenting it as a complete Weltanschauung, and freeing it from the misinterpretations and anti-evolutionary concepts of the past. It should also be noted that I write "National-Socialism" instead of the more

conventional "National Socialism" to distinguish this new evolutionary Way of Life from the "National Socialism" described by, and often upheld by, others.

### The Origin and Meaning of Life:

The essential starting point for a Way of Life is to pose, and answer, the questions about the origin and meaning of life - or, more specifically, about our lives, as human beings on this planet we call Earth.

According to National-Socialism, life evolved naturally on this planet, from finite beginnings we as yet do not precisely understand. The essence of the National-Socialist perspective about our origins is reason - or rather, what used to be called Natural Philosophy: through observation, experiment and the use of reason, or logic we can understand our world, the Cosmos, and ourselves. Thus, National-Socialism is a rationalist Way of Life which accepts: (i) that the Cosmos (or Reality) exists independently of us and our consciousness, and thus independent of our senses; (ii) our limited understanding of this 'external world' depends for the most part upon our senses - that is, on what we can see, hear or touch; that is, on what we can observe or come to know via our senses; (iii) logical argument - reason - and experiment are the best means to knowledge and understanding of and about this 'external world'; (iv) the Cosmos is, of itself, a reasoned order subject to rational laws.

According to both Islam and Christianity, we, our world, and the Cosmos, were created, by a Supreme Being.

For National-Socialism, the meaning, the purpose, of our lives is to further evolution: both our own, and that of our folk. This is so because according to National-Socialism we are not isolated individuals, but rather a nexion - a connexion between the past and the future. We can, by our life and deeds, make a difference: aiding evolution, or not aiding evolution. That is, the perspective of National-Socialism is the perspective of Nature, and the Cosmos beyond, for we are regarded as part of our folk, our folk is part of Nature, and Nature part of the Cosmos. There is thus in National-Socialism a Cosmic perspective as distinct from the individualistic perspective of both Islam and Christianity. For both Islam and Christianity see our lives as a means for us, as individuals, to attain Jannah (Paradise) or Heaven. The main motivation of Muslims and Christians is to do what their Ways of Life inform they should do because then they, as individuals, will be rewarded with Paradise, and Heaven.

In contrast, National-Socialism is ultimately supra-personal and thus, in my view, is an evolutionary Way of Life: enabling us as individuals and as a species to evolve. The ultimate goal of National-Socialism - our Destiny as human beings - is for us to explore and settle the Cosmos itself. That is, to move toward maturity - through upholding the civilized ethics of National-Socialism, through pursuing reason and fairness, and to leave our home which is this planet.

### The Cosmic Being:

One crucial difference between Islam and Christianity is the concept of incarnation - of the supreme deity being, or possibly being, incarnate in the world, and in human beings. According to Islam, Allah is not and never can be incarnate in His creation: He is totally separate from, and totally untouched by, all Creation. Whatever happens, in the world, in the Cosmos, has no affect whatsoever upon Allah. According to Christianity, God became incarnate in Jesus, who is thus

described as His Son. Furthermore, according to some Christian theologians, and some mystics (such as Francis of Assisi), God is incarnate in Nature just as some maintain that Jesus exists within us.

The Quran - which Muslims accept as the literal word of Allah - has this to say about incarnation:

"Say - He is Allah, The Unity;  
Allah - Eternal, Infinite;  
He has no children, and neither was He born.  
And there is no-being, no-thing, comparable to Him."  
(Surah 112)

Both Allah, and God, are regarded as being infallible, and perfect: completely evolved, and not subject to change.

In contrast, the Cosmic Being of National-Socialism is regarded as the Cosmos in evolution, with Nature representing one manifestation, one incarnation, of the Cosmic Being on our planet, Earth. Thus, the Cosmos Being is not complete, not perfect - but an evolving, changing, being - just as we ourselves are the Cosmic Being in evolution, and just as Nature is this being in evolution. That is, there is a symbiotic relationship between us, as individuals, as members of our folk, between us and Nature, between us and the Cosmic Being, and between Nature and the Cosmic Being. Nature is also a being: that is, some-thing which is alive, which changes. Nature is thus that innate creative force in the natural world of our planet which causes, or is the genesis of, and controls, living organisms in certain ways. All life - on this Earth and elsewhere in the Cosmos - is regarded as connected. That is, the Cosmos is a Unity, a matrix of connexions, which affect each other. This Unity can be understood by the concept of Acausal (see below).

In one sense, our consciousness - our awareness, our rational apprehension - may be likened to the awareness of the Cosmic Being, just as honour is regarded as a manifestation, a presencing, in us and our world, of evolution: of those forces which enable us to live in a noble, civilized, way. That is, honour is one way in which the Cosmic Being is incarnate - or can be incarnate - in us, as human beings. In a very simplistic way, the Cosmic Being is an increase in order from random chaos - or, more correctly, an increase of the acausal, a manifestation or manifestations of the acausal in the causal (1).

As to the origin of the Cosmic Being, and the Cosmos itself, we simply do not know, at present - despite the many surreal (and in my view, irrational) theories advanced in the present century in an attempt to explain such things as the origins of the Cosmos (2). All we do rationally know is that we exist in one star-system in one Galaxy among many millions of Galaxies, and that Galaxies change over causal time. Until we begin to explore our Galaxy, and possibly other Galaxies, and thus can make first-hand, direct experimental observations, we simply will not know, for sure - and possibly not even then.

Crucially, there is no concept of "sin" in National-Socialism, just as there is no need for, and no concept of, "praying" to the Cosmic Being for guidance, for intercession, for forgiveness. For National-Socialism, there are only honourable or dishonourable deeds (see The Ethics of Honour, below) with honourable deeds being regarded as evolutionary, civilized - and thus manifesting our true human nature, and being conducive to order and thus increasing consciousness itself.

There can be no such thing as prayer, in National-Socialism, because of the matrix, The Unity, the acausal: because the Cosmic Being is us, and Nature, in evolution, and not separate from us when we are honourable, fair, rational. We only have to follow the ethics of honour - to be

reasonable, just, fair, honourable - to access the Cosmic Being, to presence this Being in our lives. This presencing is thus natural, and does not depend on prayer, or rituals, of any kind. In this sense, National-Socialism is, in my view, far in advance of - far more evolved than - other Ways of Life.

#### Prophets and Revelation:

Both Islam and Christianity are revelatory religions, or Ways of Life. That is, they accept that Allah, and God, have sent Messengers and Prophets to guide us, and reveal truths, such as about how we should live, and what our laws should be. Thus, both Muslims and Christians accept that we must turn to a supreme being for guidance, for the final answers, for the truth.

In addition, these revelations of a supreme being are believed to be contained in Holy Books - the Quran, and Sunnah (3), for Muslims, and the Bible, for Christians. In the case of Muslims, the Quran is regarded as perfect, while in the case of Christians, it has come to be accepted that scriptural exegesis, and interpretation, may be and often are necessary to discover the meaning, the true message, of God.

For National-Socialism, there is no revelation from a supreme being, and thus no belief in Prophets or Messengers, and no Holy Books. There is only a reasoned apprehension, an acceptance that our human nature depends upon being civilized, that is, upon us accepting the ethics of honour, and the idealism of loyalty and duty to our folk, Nature, and the Cosmos. National-Socialism accepts that we - as Aeschylus wrote - learn through the experience of suffering. That is, that we are slowly, painfully, learning, and slowly, painfully, creating a better way of life, and that while what we create may not be perfect, it will be - if we adhere to honour, reason, and fairness - civilized, and better than what existed before. As Sophocles wrote, some two thousand years ago (my translation)

There exists much that is strange, yet nothing  
Is more strange than mankind:  
For this being crosses the gray sea of Winter  
Against the wind, through the howling sea swell,  
And the oldest of gods, ageless Earth -  
She the inexhaustible -  
He wearies, turning the soil year after year  
By the plough using the offspring of horses.

He snares and captures the careless race of birds,  
The tribes of wild beasts, the natives of the sea,  
In the woven coils of his nets -  
This thinking warrior: he who by his skill rules over  
The wild beasts of the open land and the hills,  
And who places a yoke around the hairy neck  
Of the horse, taming it - and the vigorous mountain bull.

His voice, his swift thought,  
The raising and ordering of towns:  
How to build against the ill-winds of the open air  
And escape the arrows of storm-rain -  
All these things he taught himself,  
He the all-resourceful

From whom there is nothing he does not meet  
Without resources - except Hades  
From which even he cannot contrive an escape  
Although from unconquered disease  
He plans his refuge.

Beyond his own hopes, his cunning  
In inventive arts - he who arrives  
Now with dishonour, then with chivalry:  
Yet, by fulfilling his duties to the soil,  
His oaths to the customs given by the gods,  
Noble is his clan although clan-less is he who dares  
To dwell where and with whom he please -  
Never shall any who do this  
Come to my hearth or I share their judgement.....

Thus, for National-Socialism, there is that natural discovery which is a revealing of what is, as it is.

The standard used by both Islam and Christianity to judge a person, their deeds, and other concepts and ideas, is based upon what is or is believed to a revelation from a supreme being, whereas for National-Socialism such judgement depends upon the ethics of honour, and honour alone.

#### The Ethics of Honour:

The foundation - the essence - of National-Socialist ethics is the ideal of personal honour, manifest in a Code of Honour.

Honour is accepted, by National-Socialists, as the foundation for their ethics because honour is regarded as one of the those qualities which make us human, and which enable us to achieve both excellence (arête, for the Ancient Greeks) and further evolution, for ourselves and our folk.

The ethics of Islam and Christianity derive from their Holy Books, which are studied for principles, with those people mentioned in such books considered as examples, for good, or bad. For National-Socialism, the example is the individual of honour, reason, and fairness.

Honour is thus the basis for the laws of National-Socialism, and thus the basis for a National-Socialist society. There are nine fundamental principles of National-Socialist law (4) and these laws are very different from the laws of both Islamic and Christian societies.

An Islamic society is one ruled according to Shariah, which Muslims regard as the way to Allah. Furthermore, for Islam, only Allah's laws are right, and these have been given in the Quran and the Sunnah, with the perfect society - the ideal to follow - having been created by the Prophet Muhammad in Medina.

The ethics of honour determine the behaviour of each and every National-Socialist, and thus determine how National-Socialists treat other people, and especially those of other races. In this, important, respect I quote what I wrote some time ago:

"As I have endeavoured to explain several times, how we as National-Socialists and Aryans relate to people of other races and other religions is determined by our own National-Socialist, Aryan ethics. Our ethics are based upon personal honour, and honour demands of us that we only ever judge a person on the basis of personal knowledge of them: and moreover, with this personal knowledge of a person extending over a period of time. If we have no personal knowledge of a person, or have only met a person once or a few times briefly, then we cannot in all honour make any judgement about them. The race, the religion, and of course the political views of the person are totally irrelevant. Honour demands that we treat people, regardless of their race, their culture, their religion, their "political views" with fairness and respect. That is, honour demands that we have manners and are polite: that we strive to act with nobility of character; that we judge people by their deeds and in particular by how they act toward us... It really is about time that we who uphold the noble way of life which is National-Socialism lived according to our own ethics and began to explain, openly and in clear words, the noble reality of National-Socialism. No matter how dire our situation may be, or appears to be, and no matter how many non-Aryans may live in what were once our own nations, we must hold fast to our own ethics and not allow ourselves be tricked into accepting the Zionist version of "National Socialism" with its hate-filled, irrational, Hollywood "nazis". (Extract from a letter to an imprisoned Comrade, dated 111yf)

#### The Concept of the Folk:

The folk is considered, by National-Socialism, to be a manifestation, a presencing, of Nature, and thus represents Nature and the Cosmos in evolution. National-Socialism regards every individual as balanced between the past of their folk, and the future of their folk, and considers that their duty is to aid this folk, and thus Nature, in an honourable way.

National-Socialism conceives of our folk as a type of being - that is, it is a type of life, with its own character, nature, ethos. The health and welfare of this living being depends on us: on what we do, or do not do. If we neglect our folk, if we neglect the culture of our folk, we harm this living being.

In addition, to be healthy, to evolve further, each folk must have a homeland, a place on this planet where the people of a particular folk can dwell in harmony with Nature and their own people. Such a folkish homeland represents Nature in balance: Nature healthy and thriving, for such homelands respect Nature, and are a striving, by a National-Socialist community, to dwell on the land in such a way that Nature, and especially our life-giving soil, is respected and cared for. That is, folkish homelands are a means to maintain and increase the vitality, the evolution, of Nature.

One of the primary aims of National-Socialism is the creation of free, independent, folkish homelands where the people of a particular folk and culture can live according to their own laws and customs. These diverse homelands can and should co-operate together on the basis of reason, honour and respect. This concept of the folk, the race, and its continued evolution, is irrelevant to Islam, which views the individual in relation to such things as Taqwa and Imaan (Taqwa: fear of Allah, resulting in devotion to Allah and His truth as revealed in Quran and Sunnah; Imaan: total trust and faith in Allah).

As I wrote in Esoteric Hitlerism:

“What has hitherto not been very well understood in respect of National-Socialism, is that it is not race which defines our humanity - it is honour and reason. Race is our relation to Nature: how



Nature is expressed, is manifest, in us. As such race is important and indeed vital; but so is honour. It is the combination of an acceptance of both race and honour which is National-Socialism. An affirmation of race without an affirmation honour is not National-Socialism, just as an affirmation of honour without an affirmation of race is not National-Socialism. It is this living, organic, dialectic of honour and race which defines National-Socialism itself, and a National-Socialist is an individual who strives to do their honourable duty to both their own race and Nature herself, of which other human races are a part. That is, a National-Socialist must always be honourable, whatever the consequences, or the perceived consequences.”

#### The Concept of the Acausal:

National-Socialism gives us an awareness of several types of living being which other Ways of Life ignore or consider irrelevant. This ignorance is especially true of modern materialism. These beings include Nature, our folk, the homeland where our folk dwells, and the Cosmic Being.

These types of being derive their life from the acausal - or rather, from acausal energy. That is, they are manifestations of the acausal in the causal world. In a sense, these beings are acausal life, as distinct from the causal life-forms we know, through experience and Science, and which dwell with us on this planet. To understand National-Socialism is to understand this concept of the acausal, and thus the matrix, The Unity, which the acausal is. It is the acausal which is numinous, which we apprehend through great Art, literature, music, and so on, and which can and does inspire us to quest for excellence and strive to aid our evolution. It is the acausal which is the essence of life, and it is a rational understanding, or intuitive awareness, of the acausal which enables us to place our own lives in the correct, Cosmic, context, and which provides us with the insight of how all life, causal and acausal, is connected, dependant, inter-related

An awareness of the acausal gives us an understanding of what the Ancient Greeks called hubris - that it is unwise to go to great extremes, unwise to be too arrogant, unwise to be dishonourable, or tempt "Fate". For such things upset the natural balance, and this balance will, inevitably, be restored, in our own lifetime, or beyond. This return to balance can and does bring misfortune to those who commit hubris - or their descendant, or their community, or those around them, or to Nature, for such a restoration, such a balancing, is a natural act, implicit in life itself: implicit in the nature of acausal energy.

This concept of the acausal is a rational apprehension, in contrast to the submission and faith required by both Muslims and Christians.

#### Conclusion:

It should be clear that there are fundamental, and irreconcilable, differences between National-Socialism, Islam, and Christianity. National-Socialism, as I have stated, is a complete Way of Life - independent from, and different from, other Ways (5). The Cosmic Being of National-Socialism is neither God, nor Allah, and no comparison between them is possible or required. The ethics of honour establish laws, and a society, which differ from those of Islam and Christianity. The National-Socialist concept of the folk - and especially of the folk and Nature as living, evolving, beings - are not important for Islam or Christianity. In contrast to Islam and Christianity, there is no concept of sin, nor any need for prayer or ritual, in National-Socialism.

However, these differences do not preclude co-operation between National-Socialists and those

such as Muslims. Indeed, such co-operation - on the basis of honour, and mutual respect - is essential for creating a new world by fighting those forces of oppression, injustice, dishonour and tyranny, which are taking us back toward barbarism and which threaten our freedom and our future evolution.

David Myatt  
114yf

---

Notes:

(1) The acausal is outlined in [Acausal Science: Life and the Nature of the Acausal](#).

(2) See [Surreal Science](#).

(3) The Sunnah is the example - in words and deeds - of the Prophet Muhammad, recorded in books of Ahadith, such as those of Bukhari.

(4) See my [The Principles of National-Socialist Law](#). I have described the ethics of National-Socialism in essays such as [National-Socialist Ethics and the Meaning of Life](#).

(5) I have outlined the Way of National-Socialism in various articles of which the following may be of interest:

(a) [Esoteric Hitlerism: Idealism, the Third Reich and the Essence of National-Socialism](#)

(b) [The National-Socialist Way of Life: Some Observations On Personal Conduct](#)

(c) [Towards Destiny: Creating a New National-Socialist Reich](#)

(d) [The Meaning of National-Socialism](#)



## **Why I Admire Adolf Hitler**

I admire Adolf Hitler because I know he was a good man - a noble, idealistic man who strove hard to create a better way of life for his people. I have seen past all the lies which have been told and are being told about Adolf Hitler - and I know he was not the person his ignoble enemies have portrayed him to be.

I admire Adolf Hitler because I know he gave back to the German people, whom he loved and cared for, their dignity, their honour and their freedom. I admire Adolf Hitler because he created and led to victory a revolutionary Movement whose ideals were and are important not only for the German people, but for all Aryans: for all who are Caucasian by race.

This Movement which he created and led lives on today. It lives on in we who are proud to call ourselves National-Socialists. I am a National-Socialist because I want we Aryans, as a race, to win back the freedom we have lost. I am a National-Socialist - a follower of Adolf Hitler's National-Socialism - because I want our Aryan peoples to live in a noble, honourable way in a noble and honourable society.

Adolf Hitler and his National-Socialism are not what their enemies have made them seem to be. The truth about Adolf Hitler and his National-Socialism has been obscured and suppressed for over fifty years. I know that National-Socialism represents something noble and good. I know that National-Socialism is a movement for Aryan freedom and honour, and against the politically-correct anti-Aryan tyranny of the present.

In my own life I have known and experienced beauty and harmony. This beauty and harmony has been conveyed to me, for instance, in sublime and civilized music, such as that written by J. S. Bach. It has been experienced on a warm sunny Summer's day in the English countryside when I have walked over moors and heard larks singing. It has been conveyed to me by the warm smile of a vivacious Aryan woman and the trusting gentle smile of her young Aryan child holding her hand tightly as they walked one Autumn's day by the banks of a river. This beauty has been conveyed to me as I stood listening to a boy's choir singing the Church music of centuries past in an ancient Cathedral .....

In the many such moments of my knowing and experiencing such beauty and harmony I have sensed that this is how life should and must be: that life can have and should have such goodness. And in many of these moments I must admit that I, a man, have often been moved to tears, captivated by a noble vision, an innocent enthusiasm, just as I have sensed that there is an order, a purpose, to life itself.

To me, National-Socialism can make this noble vision real. To me, National-Socialism is a means to create a better world, a more noble, more just, more fair way of life. I understand National-Socialism as a practical means of taking us beyond the mundane world we now live in: a practical means to alleviate or end the suffering, the badness, the unfairness, which now afflicts our present society and the world itself.

Of course, many will say that I am a rather naive, impractical idealist. And, of course, I am. But I have at least tried to make my noble vision, my noble dreams real, as I know that I must continue to try - despite the difficulties, and despite the lies which have been told and which are being told about the man I admire and his Movement which I belong to.

I know the majority of my own people believe these lies. I know they do not understand National-Socialism as representing something good and noble - something civilized. I know that, because of the lies they have been told, they do not associate National-Socialism with a yearning for freedom, for fairness and for the harmony of order.

I also know that they are unlikely to be convinced or persuaded by such words as these which I now write. But I must try. I must seek to convey what I know and understand to be true, for by doing so I keep alive the passion for Aryan freedom and Aryan honour which lives within my own heart. By writing and speaking such words as this I express the essence of National-Socialism itself - beyond the political slogans, beyond political programmes. I give voice by my words and life to the noble idealism that inspired Adolf Hitler and his National-Socialist movement, and which still inspires all those who call themselves National-Socialists.

Fundamentally, I admire Adolf Hitler, and am a National-Socialist, because I desire to live, among my own kind, in a flourishing civilized Aryan society which is dedicated to freedom and to fairness. I desire to live in a society which values and upholds honour and which has an evolutionary, noble purpose, and which thereby continues the work of Nature and so creates better, more evolved individuals. Such a society would be in harmony with Nature herself.

I am a National-Socialist - a follower of Adolf Hitler - because I dislike and often intensely hate the decadent, unfair, ignoble world of the present with its crime, its drugs, its squalor, its pettiness, its materialism, its lack of idealism, its total lack of understanding of the noble, evolutionary purpose of life itself.

In essence, I am a National-Socialist because I care about my people and the civilization, the noble Aryan culture, they have created. And I want my people to survive, to flourish, to be noble and to live in freedom.



---

### **Revolution and the Fight for Freedom** Our Fight for Freedom

This society we live in is not an Aryan society, as the Government which rules over us is not an Aryan government. Our freedom to live as Aryans, according to our own Aryan values and customs, and according to our own Aryan laws, has been taken away from us.

This anti-Aryan society we live in has - due to the political laws and social schemes of successive anti-Aryan governments - undermined and suppressed our Aryan identity and our Aryan culture.

The "politically correct", multi-racial laws of this society represent everything that we Aryans loathe and detest and find tyrannical. The laws of this society have taken away our honour, as they do not allow us to do our noble duty to our folk. We are not allowed in this society to express our Aryan identity, to live in an Aryan way, or to think, act and feel in an Aryan way. Our ancient rights, our very freedom, has been taken away.

It is a fundamental principle of our Aryan culture that we must live among our own kind. It is simply wrong for us to live among peoples of different cultures, different races, for such multi-racial living destroys our culture, our identity just as it takes away our freedom and our very honour. A multi-racial society does not allow us to live as we must live to be strong and healthy and fulfil our Destiny. To live as we should live means Blood and Soil: a homeland of our own; a free nation for our people, governed according to our own Aryan laws, based as these Aryan laws are upon honour, upon duty to the folk.

**It is our right to have a homeland of our own, a nation of our own, where we can live in freedom according to our own laws and where our own culture can flourish: where we can live as Aryans, and where we can achieve our Destiny. It is our right to be free.**

Our government has taken away this right of ours, as it is determined to destroy our culture, our identity. Nature has made us into a separate race, with a special, a unique, identity and culture, and with a special Destiny. It is our natural right, our duty, given to us by Nature, to seek a homeland, a nation, for ourselves, for only by living in our own homeland, our own nation, can we flourish and prosper, and live as Nature intends us to live.

It is against the will of Nature, against our natural rights, for this Government - for any government - to deny us the freedom to live among our own kind according to our own natural, Aryan, laws.

We must know, understand and act upon the truth that we are fighting for our freedom to live as Aryans: we are fighting for an Aryan society, for an Aryan homeland, an Aryan nation, whose laws are Aryan laws.

We must know, understand and cherish our Aryan identity, and be proud to be Aryan. We are not dreaming about some so-called idyllic nationalist past, as we do not want to try and revive our past, however glorious it might have been.

Instead, we dream of the future: of the homeland, the nation, we can create and which we, and our descendants - living as free, proud, Aryan men and women - can make glorious.

And if we do not take part in this struggle for freedom, this struggle to create an Aryan homeland, an Aryan nation, then our race, our people, our culture, our way of life, will die out. The society we now live in is a multi-racial society, with the Government determined to keep it that way through their anti-Aryan tyranny.

The Government will not allow, and does not tolerate, any opposition to the multi-racial society they have helped to create and which they wish to maintain at all costs. But we know that multi-racialism is the racial genocide of the Aryan race.

The stark truth is that in a country like England - as in every other country in the world - we Aryans will be in a minority in less than seventy years. To ensure our freedom, to give our race, our culture, a future, we must struggle to create a homeland, a nation, for ourselves.

We must rouse our people, awaken them to the danger, as we must make them aware of their Aryan heritage, their Aryan identity, their Aryan way of life.

Our situation is now so dire, so critical, that we must use whatever means we can to win back our freedom and to create a homeland, a nation, for ourselves and our people. We can fight for our freedom by supporting or belonging to some Aryan political organization or movement. We can fight for our freedom through covert action: through active rebellion and insurrection, either alone, or in some group. We can fight for our freedom by seeking to convert our people to our noble Cause on an individual basis. We can fight for our freedom by creating new communities from which a new and free nation can grow.

Each of us must choose which way to fight for freedom: for, given our circumstances, **each and every way of fighting, of achieving our aim of a homeland where we can live in freedom among our own kind according to our own laws and customs, is both necessary and morally right.**

#### The Aryan Way of Life and Aryan Laws

The basis of the Aryan way of life are the Aryan values of personal honour, of loyalty, and of duty to the folk. These values can create - and have created in the past - an Aryan society where people live in true freedom.

These values were the basis for the Aryan folk-communities of Ancient Greece and Rome; for the Aryan folk-communities that created the Roman Empire; and for the folk-communities of our own immediate ancestors in Viking Scandinavia, Iceland, Denmark, in Germania, in Anglo-Saxon England, and in ancient Wales.

These values were and are the basis for our own Aryan system of law: a system of law systematically destroyed by our modern multi-racial, anti-Aryan, governments.

The first, and fundamental, principle of Aryan law is that there are only honourable and dishonourable deeds, with dishonourable deeds being the concern of Aryan laws. That is, there is no concept of "crime" as "crime" is now understood in modern societies. Aryans laws thus define what is dis-honourable.

The second principle of Aryan law is that the penalties for committing dishonourable deeds are always compensatory, and never punitive, and involve only: (1) exile of those found guilty of dishonourable conduct; (2) compensation by the guilty person, in goods, or money, of the victim of the dishonourable deed, or of the family/relatives of the victim.

These, and the other seven principles of Aryan law, create a truly free society. Such a society is a society of strong men and women: a society of noble warriors who uphold honour, who are loyal, who do their honourable duty.

Such a warrior society is in contrast to the tyrannical society we are forced to live in and which has outlawed our warrior way of life. For example, this tyrannical society has made it a crime,

punishable by dishonourable, ignoble, imprisonment, for us to carry a weapon to defend ourselves and our honour. This tyrannical, ignoble, society has made it a crime, punishable by dishonourable, ignoble, imprisonment for us to belong to or seek to belong to a para-military organization. This tyrannical, ignoble, society has also made it a crime, punishable by dishonourable, ignoble, imprisonment for us to speak our minds, openly and honestly about the destruction of our culture, our way of life, our very nation and race.

**Any person who thinks like a warrior, who has the instincts, the soul, the nature, the character, of a warrior - of an Aryan - knows this society for the ignoble tyranny it is and is in rebellion against such tyranny.**

It is our duty, as Aryans in rebellion against our tyrannical governments, to overthrow those governments by revolution, and create, through such a struggle, such a revolution, the homeland we need and which is our right.

No government is simply going to give us the independent homeland, the territory, we need; therefore we must create it ourselves using whatever means are necessary and practical.

The very future of our people, our race, depends on us creating such a homeland where we can live in freedom among fellow Aryans (and only fellow Aryans) according to our own Aryan laws and customs.

David Myatt  
Yule 111yf

---

## **Towards Destiny**

Creating a New National-Socialist Reich

### Guiding Principles:

The guiding and unalterable principles for the creation of any and every National-Socialist society - and for any and every National-Socialist government - are personal honour, duty to the folk and duty to Nature.

These principles derive from the ethics of Honour, and as such these principles determine not only personal behaviour but also establish guidelines for any and every NS organization. In particular, these principles form the basis for determining what is right, and what is wrong.

In essence, these principles define National-Socialism itself. Thus, a person who upholds these principles, and who strives to live by them, is a National-Socialist, just as an organization which upholds and strives to implement these principles, is a NS organization.

### What the Principles of National-Socialism Mean:

The principles of personal honour, duty to the folk and duty to Nature mean and imply many things. Personal honour means that an individual judges everything that they or other people do by the criteria of honour: is this act/deed/thought honourable?

Duty to the folk means that the needs of the folk come before self-interest, and even before one's own personal comfort and happiness. Duty to Nature means that Nature is respected and revered:

that the effect, on Nature, of our deeds, actions and policies, are considered and understood, with Nature being given priority over our own personal needs, our own happiness and our own comfort.

What is National-Socialist is what is honourable, what is good for the folk and what is good for, or aids, Nature. That is, for something to be National-Socialist - some deed, say - it must be honourable, and also good for or of benefit to the folk, and also good for or of benefit to Nature.

#### National-Socialist Germany and the New Reich:

What is of particular importance for us to understand, is that the New Reich will be different from National-Socialist Germany. NS Germany is our inspiration but cannot and should not be slavishly imitated.

What is now, came to be as it came to be, and its ending was foretold, as Aeschylus once said. Because of this ending - because of the immolation of NS Germany - we have the inspiration and the understanding we need to achieve what needs to be achieved.

Adolf Hitler said, to Hans Grimm, that he was only doing the "preparatory work". We can and indeed should imagine what could have been achieved had there been no war; had NS Germany built rockets and begun to explore outer Space; had new technologies been created to build proper StarShips. We can and indeed should imagine what might have been had there been no outward conflict, no war, but only a slow inner build up, as Adolf Hitler envisaged (as he said many times to people like Rudolf Hess and Leon Degrelle) with a proper NS society created by the Hitler Youth generation and the generation after that. Imagine if Germany had slowly, by force of ideals and peaceful conversion, converted other Aryan nations to National-Socialism, and then created a Federation of National-Socialist States, which traded with the world, and which Federation became unassailable. Where would we be now?

But there was something fundamentally lacking to make this possible. This dream, this vision, was therefore actually impossible, then: what happened, had to happen. It was Fated, destined, ordained by that Higher Power which we may call the Cosmic Being, or the gods, or simply Fate. And Adolf Hitler knew this, as did several others including Rudolf Hess.

What was lacking in that time was a complete and rational conscious apprehension of our human, civilizing, ethos: that is, a religion, a numinous Way of Life, a culture, with all that these imply in terms of motivation, and in particular of being able to convert others and so change their way of life, their very being, their perspective. In particular, the ethics and laws of National-Socialism, based upon honour, had yet to be fully described.

NS Germany was in many ways a compromise: bound to tradition and an old form of nationalism; and also bound to the structures of the old type of State. It was an essence trying to struggle free from the appearances that bound it. And that essence, that purity, was released in what I call the First Zionist War. Or, as Savitri Devi once explained it, the gold was extracted from the furnace of war.

So it is that we now know. We know what our unique, human, civilized, ethics are. We know what are own unique, healthy, evolutionary, way of life is: it is pagan but in a rational, conscious, way (as I outlined in my essay The Collective, The Nexus and Nature and in The Occult and



National-Socialism). We know what our unique human Destiny is: to evolve, by seeding ourselves across the Galaxy.

Thus, we know how we should act, think, behave and live: not because of some political idea, but because we have accepted that this knowledge is the answer: that it explains in a reasoned, rational way, the very meaning and purpose of our lives, as individuals. This knowledge is the answer to all the questions of philosophy and religion: the end of all so-called Occult quests.

I believe this knowledge to be of immense importance. For this knowledge is The Elixir; it is The Grail. It is the Stone of the Philosophers. It is Enlightenment. It is the beginning of a new Renaissance. It is, in fact, the end of the Faustian quest and the beginning of a new Galactic one.

For with this knowledge, this understanding, we can change ourselves, and others. We can convert them. We can build the foundation of a new culture, a new nation. We do not need guns or explosives; we do not even need an ordinary political organization. We simply need to spread this knowledge; guiding others, until such time as Vindex - a new Leader, a new man of Destiny - arises to create that outer political and social form which we and our National-Socialist followers after us will suffuse with this essence.

What all this means in practice is that the New Reich will be firmly based, from its very beginnings, on the ideal of personal honour, and thus upon the ideals of National-Socialist Law . Thus, an entirely new type of government - of State - will be created. This new government, this new type of State, will be a National-Socialist one: balancing the law of personal honour and thus freedom with the needs of government. [ For an outline of this new type of State, see Constitution of a New Reich .]\*

\* <http://www.aryan-nations.org/reichsfolk/cons.html>

This new Reich will also be egalitarian: that is, it will put into practice the socialist aspect of National-Socialism. Thus, privilege, based on wealth, or position, or occupation, will be done away with. In practice, this means that there will be, for example, no such thing as "First and Second Class" accommodation on trains, just as elected political representatives will only be paid a minimal wage and will have no extra privileges whatsoever. Indeed, such representatives will be expected to make personal sacrifices. For in this new Reich, the only thing which distinguishes one citizen from another, which gives them preference, is their honour and their willingness to do their noble duty to their folk.

The whole basis of this new Reich will be honour and duty, and not the accumulation of personal possessions or personal pleasure and indulgence. Thus, individuals will seek to aid the Destiny of the Folk: they will see themselves in relation to this Destiny.

The purpose of this new type of State will not fundamentally be to ensure the economic, the material, prosperity of its citizens, but rather to ensure the survival and the evolution of the folk, the race, and to enable that folk to achieve its Destiny. This Destiny and its achievement will be considered far more important than mere material prosperity.

That is, there will a fundamental and revolutionary re-orientation of consciousness: away from economics and materialism, and toward Destiny. There will be a move away from the perspective of the individual (their "happiness" and comfort) toward the perspective of the folk, of Nature, and of the Cosmos itself. That is, the individual will come to understand and know themselves in

relation to their folk, its Destiny, its evolution, just as this folk will be understood as only a part of Nature and the Cosmos.

Thus will we begin the next stage of our evolution, as human beings.

David Myatt  
JD2452040.207

---

### **The Collective, The Nexus, and Nature**

National-Socialism is uniquely revolutionary because it is fundamentally different from all other beliefs, whether political, philosophical or religious, since it accepts that we as living organisms are not only part of, and bound, to Nature but also that the future of Nature, of our own further evolution, depends upon us living in harmony with Nature: that is, in accord with the will of Nature.

The truth which National-Socialism expresses is that we belong to the living being which is our folk, that this folk is a manifestation of the will of Nature, and that to live in a natural, healthy way, in harmony with Nature - in harmony with our very being - we must place our Nature-given duty before our own personal desires. That is, we must view ourselves in the wider context of our folk, in the context of Nature, of evolution, and in the context of the very cosmos itself.

According to National-Socialism, this higher awareness - this supra-personal perspective - is what expresses our very humanity, and when we do not have this higher perspective, this awareness of Nature, this awareness of ourselves as but part of and dependent upon Nature, we are acting contrary to Nature and so are not fulfilling our potential, as human beings.

Our very Destiny, our purpose, is to understand this truth about us and Nature, and to act upon it.

The true meaning of our individual lives lies in this understanding, which takes us far away from the concern about our own individual death and what may happen to us after our death which is the foundation of all the other religions in the world. The fundamental mistake of all other religions and philosophies is not only to concentrate upon the individual but to project the concept of our individuality beyond our physical death, whereas, in truth, our individuality is a hindrance to not only understanding but also to fulfilling the purpose of our lives.

For we are bound to the collective which is our folk and to the collective which is Nature - and when, for whatever reason such as personal choice or not racially belonging to a unique, distinct, collective, we are not so bound to a collective, we cannot fulfil our human Destiny of continuing the further evolution of our folk and of Nature.

#### **Our Foremost Duty:**

Thus, in contrast to all other beliefs, religions and philosophies, National-Socialism asserts that our purpose, our foremost duty, is to our folk, which is a living manifestation of Nature: which is Nature, living, thriving and evolving. And this duty comes before our own individual feelings, our own individual desires, our own individual happiness. Furthermore, National-Socialism asserts that whatever benefits Nature - and the cosmos - and which aids the evolution of Nature

and the cosmos toward higher forms, toward more order, is good, and that whatever does not do this is bad, regardless of how this good and this bad affects the individuals of our species.

Thus the criteria which National-Socialism uses to judge all things is not the happiness of the individual, not the welfare, the survival, of individuals, but rather the prosperity, the welfare, of the collective to which the individual naturally belongs, and the higher collective which is Nature.

Our collective is the folk - the race - of our ancestors which Nature evolved and by which and in which the individual is joined to those ancestors, to Nature and thence to the very cosmos itself. And this joining is both of the past and the future: that is, it is a living nexus which affects the future.

The suppressed truth of our times - the real revolutionary heresy - is that the different races of our own human species represent Nature: how Nature exists; how Nature lives and strives to develop, on this planet which is our genesis. These different races are Nature made manifest, representing the very being of Nature, just as the diversity which exists on this planet represents the life, the being, of Nature: of how Nature - how the cosmos - works to produce change, evolution, and our very consciousness itself.

Fundamentally, we - we beings who can think, who possess will - are but part of the large collective which is Nature, which itself is divided into smaller collectives. We are but part of the living being which is Nature, and the health, the future, the very life, of this being depends upon us. We must cooperate together with the other living parts of the being which is Nature. An inexact analogy would be to consider Nature as a human-type being, composed of cells, with various organs, and limbs, and with blood circulating around the body of this being. All the parts of this being must cooperate together in the way they have evolved to do or else this being will not function properly, will not be healthy, and will die. Thus the limbs of this body will be the limbs; the heart will be the heart; the blood will be blood. And this blood will have the nature of blood, doing what blood does, for the benefit of the body as a whole. as the limbs will do what limbs do, for the benefit of the body as a whole.

That is, every living thing has a purpose, a rightful place, a natural Destiny to fulfil: a natural duty to do to ensure the health and evolution of the living beings which are our folk and the living being which is Nature which is the summation, the total, of these folks and all other life.

We must know how we relate to the life around us; we must know our Destiny, our duty: know what we should be doing. And we human beings know these things because of reason - indeed, our reason is Nature herself informing us of our duty, our purpose, our Destiny.

This duty is to our collective: to place ourselves where we belong, where Nature desires us to be. This duty is to be true to our ancestors, and to aid and work for our collective, for by doing this we are ensuring that Nature works as Nature should: that Nature is not only healthy but can also continue to evolve.

#### Individuality and the Neglect of Duty:

While it is an increasing fact of our modern times that individuals from different collectives marry and produce offspring, this is not acting in accord with the upward development of Nature and the cosmos because such acts - such an ignoring of the collective, of Nature - is a denial of those things which makes us human: our reason, and our ability to use our will to change

ourselves by following what reason teaches us. Such things are a denial of our duty to Nature - a denial of our natural Destiny.

Reason leads us to conclude that not only is our collective a natural development of Nature - as is our reason and will - but also that we can develop further, we can evolve further, if we act in harmony with Nature: if we understand how and why we are linked to Nature, as living beings with the potential for evolution within us.

Our collective is a living being, just as Nature and the cosmos are living beings. And all these beings have potential to evolve further: to prosper, to produce more order, more life, more consciousness. In a very important sense when we are part of our collective, when we accept our duty to our collective and to Nature, we are the consciousness, the awareness, of Nature herself: we return to where we should be, an intrinsic, living, evolving, being who is but a living nexus between the past and the future which is possible.

When we accept Nature, the cosmos, ourselves and our collective, as they are, then we are fulfilling the purpose of our lives, and thus are Nature and the cosmos in evolution: Nature and the cosmos living, being, existing, as they should, as living beings striving to evolve further, striving to bring more order, more reason, more consciousness into existence.

When we do not live in such a way - when we live, for whatever reason, in a way contrary to this evolving mode of being, created via our connection to Nature and our collective, we are undermining and destroying Nature and the order, the evolution, the reason, the consciousness, which proceeds from Nature. The fundamental problem of our times and of the past few thousand years is our selfishness: of thinking of ourselves as mere isolated individuals, disconnected from Nature and the cosmos. So it is that individuals have pursued, and increasingly now pursue, their own selfish desires, just as all the beliefs, ways, ideas, philosophies and religions - with the exception of National-Socialism - urge and advise them to do this. In terms of the inexact analogy used above regarding Nature as a human-type being, such selfish individuals are like disruptive mutating cells, which make Nature ill.

What it is vital to understand is that our reason, our will, our very human consciousness, enables us to know this and act upon it. That is, we have, as a result of evolution, a choice. We can change, through this choice, the outcome: we can determine whether Nature is healthy, or becomes sick and dies.

We can either aid Nature, and all the parts of Nature such as our own collective, or we can be selfish and disruptive. We can help Nature, and ourselves, to be healthy, vigorous and so continue evolution, or we can decide, through either ignorance or deliberate choice, to concentrate on ourselves, and so harm Nature, and our collective, and so prevent further evolution. Nature is waiting for us to make the choice, and act upon that choice. Her health, her future, depend on us.

National-Socialism is a means whereby we can understand the truths of our existence, as it shows us how we can and should act upon these truths. That is, National-Socialism is a means to end the ignorance about Nature, the ignorance about our true purpose, which blights this world. The fundamental truth which National-Socialism expresses is that we are a living nexus, connected to our ancestors, to their striving, their being, their ethos, their natural collective, and connected to the future, a future which is waiting for us to bring it into being: to create it, as we ourselves, as individuals joined with another individual of the opposite gender can bring forth a new human life.

## The Nexus:

The fundamental and most important truth of our own existence is that we are a living nexus, a connection, between the past and the future, and that what we do, or do not do, affects the future of those beings to which we are joined. As a nexus, we have the potential to damage these other beings, or make them healthy. As a nexus, we are also unique on this planet because we have the capacity not only to understand ourselves and these other beings, but also to act upon this understanding: that is, to change ourselves for the better.

That is, we human beings are a special type of nexus: we are or can be creative in a way just as important as bringing forth new human beings through biological reproduction. For, as a vital part of the living being which is Nature, what we do, or do not do, affects Nature in a fundamental way. We were born, brought into being by Nature, to be this special type of nexus - to make the right choice concerning aiding, to creating, the further evolution of Nature.

This further evolution of Nature which is our human Destiny, our true purpose in life, is to aid diversity and difference - to strengthen and expand the collectives of Nature of which races are one manifestation, and to aid Nature to spread out from this planet. That is, the seed ourselves, and other Earth-life, on other planets so that such life will continue, to change, to evolve.

We must understand that any thing and every thing which does not represent a nexus between us and Nature - which does not enable us to be a living, evolving link between the past and the future - is wrong.

Our whole way of life, all our societies, our very thoughts, should be toward maintaining, and strengthening our links to our collective and thus to Nature so that we can fulfil the promise latent within us and create more order, more natural harmony, and more consciousness.

Thus any way of life, any view, any system, any society, any belief, any nation, which is not an expression, a manifestation, of the truths of Nature, of the collective, and of us as a nexus, is bad, and should be replaced with those things, those ways of being, of living, of thinking, which express the truths of the collective, of Nature, of the cosmos, and of the nexus itself.

David Myatt  
JD 2451808.9267

---

## **Occultism and National Socialism**

### Preface

Both the true nature and the cosmic importance of National-Socialism, and Adolf Hitler, have been, and still are, misunderstood. In recent decades, many attempts have been made to identify, or explain, what has been called "the Occult roots" of National-Socialism, just as many people who profess to be Occultists have attempted to explain what they have described as the "Occult nature" of National-Socialism. The Occult is the modern term used to describe certain "hidden", "secret", esoteric or mystical beliefs, practices, knowledge or arts. Included in this term are Witchcraft, modern "paganism", Satanism and what has become known as "magick".

The true nature of the National-Socialism of Adolf Hitler is that National-Socialism, as outlined in the first chapter of this present work, uniquely represents, and uniquely expresses in a modern way, the organic wholeness of the cosmos and the individual which predated the Christian, or Nazarene, division of it into conflicting opposites. This division was abstract, dogmatic and in conflict with the reality which exists in Nature, in the cosmos and in we ourselves, as evolving, diverse human beings. The result of this fundamental division, and the acceptance of Christianity among Aryan or European nations, was the suppression for over a thousand years of our physical nature and our unique human *ethos*. This ethos has been described as both Dionysian and Apollonian, and one of the most significant, important and hitherto suppressed aspects of this natural and healthy ethos is our "Faustian", or more correctly Luciferian, spirit - our questing and inquisitive nature.

What has not been understood, except by a few, is that National-Socialism restores what is natural: what is balanced or harmonious. It does this for we ourselves, as individuals; for Nature, and for the cosmos itself. Thus, for example, and in respect of the individual, National-Socialism restores that healthy vitality - that physical exuberance and acceptance of our physical nature - which Christianity suppressed and distorted, to the detriment of our Aryan psyche and our present European civilization. National-Socialism, in brief, restores that essentially pagan joy in living which our pagan ancestors tried to express through their natural and instinctive religions. Occultism at its best, and most rational, is but a modern attempt to try and capture and express, in the life of the individual, one of the "missing", suppressed or lost elements of our own nature, just as it is, at its best, an attempt to try and capture and express the essential *numinosity*, or spiritual nature, of Nature herself and the cosmos. Hence part of its archetypal appeal. In some ways, some aspects of Occultism, as Jung understood, strive to represent our suppressed 'dark' side, our instinctive unconscious, and there have been some attempts - one by Jung himself - to understand National-Socialism as a modern re-birth of this suppressed 'dark' or instinctive side: a re-birth, in Jung's words, of Wotanism or Odinism.

The truth, however, is that National-Socialism represents the wholeness itself - it does not represent just what has become described as the 'dark', 'shadow', instinctive, or unconscious aspect of our Aryan nature simply because this aspect does not, or rather should not, exist by itself. There is only the wholeness, the organic unity, itself. In the incorrect terms of the abstracted opposites of Christianity, National-Socialism is both the light and the dark; in the incorrect terms of modern psychology, National-Socialism is both our instinctive nature, our unconscious, and our consciousness or reason. What is of supreme importance is to understand that this division into opposites is fundamentally wrong, against our nature, and that therefore any attempt to describe National-Socialism in terms of such opposites is also wrong.

In fundamental terms, this means that any and all attempts to link National-Socialism with Occultism, or with any aspect of Occultism, modern or otherwise, are doomed, just as any and all attempts to "explain" or "understand" National-Socialism in psychological terms are also doomed. This is so because Occultism and psychology - like Christianity itself and the Judaism from which Christianity derives - are founded upon the fundamentally abstract and flawed notion of opposing, or contradictory, opposites, and because, in the case of Occultism, Occultism does not represent or express what actually exists, in ourselves, in Nature and in the cosmos. In simple terms - and as outlined in Chapter I of this present work - National-Socialism and the Occult are incompatible, just as National-Socialism has rendered the Occult, Christianity and even modern psychology, obsolete.

## National-Socialism and the Occult

National-Socialism and Occultism are fundamentally, and irretrievably, incompatible and opposed to each other.

National-Socialism is fundamentally opposed to Occultism for two reasons. Firstly, because National-Socialism is an expression of what is civilized - that is, it represents the reason, *order* and noble enquiring attitude which gives rise to and which maintains civilization. Philosophically, the foundations of National-Socialism lie in the civilization of ancient Greece, and particularly in the work of Aristotle for whom the cosmos, and thus Nature, were an ordered, awesome and wonderful creation which we, as human beings, could understand, or apprehend, through Thought: through the power of reason. Furthermore, the cosmos, and thus Nature, are understood as working - as being manifest to us - in accord with certain ordered processes or laws. What exists, obeys such natural laws, and all phenomena - all that we as human beings can observe or know - can be explained in terms of such processes or laws. Understanding arises from a knowledge of these laws, with such laws having to be discovered, by us, through observation and practical experimentation.

The second reason that National-Socialism and the Occult are opposed is because what makes National-Socialism unique - and thus of fundamental importance - is that National-Socialism is a unity, a wholeness, a genuine expression of what exists, being both spiritual and civilized. That is, National-Socialism does not champion or uphold a lifeless materialism or a lifeless logic - rather, it champions and upholds the ordered, living, vital essence of existence itself, composed as this essence is of what is both spiritual, or *numinous*, and what is ordered, rational and thus civilized. In simple terms, National-Socialism and National-Socialism alone represents and upholds the original, organic, unity which has been lost, and out of which all other beliefs, creeds, philosophies or religions abstracted opposing opposites, to the detriment of our understanding, our well-being, our evolution and our very existence as human beings. This unity is essential to a fulfilling human existence, and only from it can further upward evolution occur.

In contrast, Occultism is based on a totally different *Weltanschauung*, or "view of the world". Fundamentally, the basis of Occultism is firstly, a specific belief or dogma, and secondly, the general belief that Nature, and the cosmos, is somehow "mysterious", unknowable and/or "magickal" - that is, subject to miracles or events which contradict the natural order and which cannot be explained rationally. The specific, or particular, belief or dogma underlying a particular Occult art is often, however, derived from some phenomena or series of phenomena, or some particular personal experience or experiences, with such phenomena and such personal experiences often being illogically extrapolated to form the basis of some cult, religion, sect or whatever. Furthermore, a lot of Occultism is based on a belief in supernatural powers. In contrast, National-Socialism accepts that there are no mysterious, terrifying, supernatural entities or powers, or disembodied spirits. It does not offer idle speculation about such things as reincarnation, and a personal life after death, as it does not depend on or accept the speculation, the belief, or the dogma of any other creed, faith or religion. Instead, it affirms its own exclusive understanding of life, death and the cosmos, based on the accumulated wisdom of thousands of years of civilization. That is, National-Socialism is a complete, self-contained, exclusive *spiritual* philosophy, or religion. ***National-Socialism, with its wholeness, its unique combination of spiritual understanding and reason, renders Occultism obsolete.***

National-Socialism is a rational but *numinous* - or spiritual - explanation of the true nature of the cosmos and our place in the cosmos; it explains, for the first time, the nature of our humanity and the nature of that living Being which is beyond us as individuals and which is the source of our

existence and our Destiny. In explaining such things, National-Socialism does not destroy or undermine the awe, the numinosity, the wonder, and the power of Nature and the cosmos. Rather, such a rational understanding *enhances* that awe, numinosity, wonder and power because it provides us with perspective, with meaning - with an insight into our real relationship with those things which are beyond us and which we depend upon for our existence, our health and our Destiny.

In respect of unusual, or still unexplained phenomena, National-Socialism expresses a balanced, or organic view. That is, it is open and enquiring, believing that such phenomena can be or will be explainable, in rational terms, given sufficient thought, and sufficient data. Such phenomena may also give rise to new laws, and thus a new understanding of the cosmos. What is important, is a noble, open and enquiring attitude to such things.

In respect of underdeveloped "psychic" powers and abilities which we, as human beings, may possess, National-Socialism is also balanced, or organic - that is, open and enquiring. It asserts, however, that what is of fundamental importance, insofar as individuals are concerned, is *personal character* - the development of a noble attitude. If such powers and abilities exist, then they can only be developed naturally once such a foundation of noble character has been created in the individual. For without such a foundation, such abilities and such powers are unbalanced, and thus detrimental to that individual and what is beyond that individual - the folk, civilization and the cosmos itself.

It needs to be repeated that only the organic philosophy - or religion - of National-Socialism expresses the essence of our existence, the nature of the cosmos and what is necessary for us, as human beings, to continue the glorious work of evolution by creating a new race of higher, more civilized beings. Accordingly, all other philosophies, religions or beliefs - including Occultism - are now irrelevant, obsolete or detrimental to our existence and to the future evolution which is our Destiny as human beings.

## II

### Paganism and National-Socialism

A genuine pagan is someone who believes there is a creative force in Nature which produces, or is responsible for, and which changes, living beings, including ourselves. Furthermore, a pagan also believes that conventional religions, with their idea of an all-powerful deity or God, are unnatural since Nature and its creative force cannot be represented by a single, all-powerful, anthropomorphic deity. Expressed another way, a genuine pagan is someone who respects Nature, and her creations, and who accepts that what exists, in Nature, has some order or purpose.

However, the term 'paganism' has over recent years been used - incorrectly - by people who adhere to extreme 'Left-wing', or Marxist-type, causes, as well as by those mis-guided Aryans who have rejected those creations of our present civilization, science and reason. Accordingly, the term 'pagan' has now become associated with various 'trendy' causes and various weird, beliefs. These types of people are not genuine pagans.

Essentially, paganism means a certain attitude to life; that is, a particular way of living. It does not mean, and does not necessarily involve, worship of strange gods and goddesses or spirits; weird rituals, or 'spells and conjurations'. Genuine ancient paganism was an *instinctive* belief in a particular folk or community, in the Destiny or importance of that folk, and what is necessary to ensure the well-being and survival of that folk. In all genuine paganism there is an understanding of or feeling for the particular land or place where the folk dwells - that is, a regard and even



reverence for 'ancestral land'. The ancestors of the folk are regarded as being present in or re-born into, this ancestral land. The well-being and survival of the folk depend on *respecting* these ancestors, respecting the land itself without which these ancestors would be 'homeless', and respecting the forces of Nature which produce the land, give it its fertility, and which are more powerful than any individual. Thus, a genuine pagan has a sense of the organic nature, or wholeness, of their community or folk, and of how this folk is balanced between their land and Nature herself. There is, in short, a genuine sense of belonging.

Thus, there is in genuine ancient paganism an explanation of the place of the individual in the general 'scheme of things', as well as an explanation of the origins and importance of a particular folk or community. Mostly, these explanations take the form of myths and legends.

Paganism is thus a natural, instinctive, 'view of the world' or *Weltanschauung*. It is also more natural, more productive of individual well-being, and more correct, than conventional religions like Christianity. Such religions are in many ways unnatural abstractions which destroy the natural balance a folk attains with its ancestors, its ancestral lands and its sense of Destiny. Such religions also elevate an abstract, unhealthy, world-negating, anti-Nature spirituality above physical well-being, as they replace the ideal of individual and folk excellence by obedience and faith to some Church or some God. Such religions also deny folk-destiny - affirming that all folk communities are equal in the sight of God/Allah/Buddha and so on.

National-Socialism is basically a modern, *conscious* (as distinct from instinctive) paganism. That is, it is a modern, conscious and *rational* understanding of our place, as individuals, in the natural and cosmic 'scheme of things'. National-Socialism explains, and makes conscious for the first time in history, the importance of Nature, and of *all* of her creations, including, most importantly, *race* and *individual character*.

National-Socialism also reveals the ethos of the Aryan peoples of this world - of who we, as Aryans are; what we must do to live healthy lives; what our unique Destiny is, and how we can continue with and build upon the achievements of our ancestors. National-Socialism expresses how we are balanced between Nature and our folk - between *Blood and Soil*.

*practical* way which enables us to live healthy, fulfilling lives and move-on to become higher, more civilized, beings, where it is to be understood that 'civilization' means and implies a community of *warriors* who uphold noble warrior values such as honour. National-Socialism is so revolutionary and so important because it is a practical means to construct a balanced pagan, warrior, society and so create a new race of higher beings - a new type of person - thereby continuing the creative work of Nature. National-Socialism is fundamentally anti-materialistic - it is in revolt against all forms of selfish decadence, for these upset the balance of Nature and ultimately undermine and destroy Nature and her creations, including race and excellence of individual character.

National-Socialism reveals to us, as individuals, our unique place in the cosmic scheme of things, and shows how we can use our lives as they are meant to be used - to create something beyond ourselves. This involves us in respecting the creations of Nature, and thus championing our own unique race, our own unique racial culture and our own unique racial ethos.

Thus, National-Socialists champion natural, ordered, civilized values in a world increasingly full of unnatural, disordered, uncivilized values. National-Socialists champion Nature - and life itself - while the enemies of National-Socialism champion death and chaos.

### III Cosmic Reich

Q: *What do you think was the esoteric current behind the Third Reich and Hitler/the NSDAP? Did this derive from an ancient tradition, or was it of fairly recent origin via Thule, for example?*

A: Basically, and as I mentioned in my *The Enlightenment of National-Socialism*, Adolf Hitler was a means whereby the cosmos restored the balance that had been lost. By creating the National-Socialist movement and by creating the Third Reich, Adolf Hitler gave us as Aryans the means to achieve that balance without which our further evolution, as Aryans, is impossible. In brief, he restored us to our unique racial *psyche*. Furthermore, he revealed the Destiny of our whole human species, and made that Destiny possible. That is, he revealed the truths about race, racial ethos and culture, individual excellence, and triumphing over adversity through using our will to change ourselves for the better.

He did this naturally, not mystically. That is, he was in a profound way supra-human *and self-contained*: the cosmos in evolution and being made manifest in an individual. I do not mean this in a 'theological' sense, but in a naturalistic way: he was what most of us have the potential to become; a more highly evolved being. What existed, esoterically or otherwise, before his emergence is now irrelevant - he himself, and his movement, are the esoteric current of our times and of the next Aeon. He relied on no previous esoteric current, and was not part of any - he was and is the current. This was why esoteric groups, including Thule, were banned in the Third Reich - they were not necessary, were irrelevant or were detrimental to the energies National-Socialism had unleashed and was using to re-shape us and the cosmos. In some ways, Thule helped prepare the way for Adolf Hitler - with his emergence, Thule was no longer necessary. The various NS organizations, such as the SS, became the practical means to achieve the transformations necessary. What has not even now been understood, except by a very few, is that National-Socialism was and is a practical alchemy which can achieve the goal that all genuine 'esoteric' groups seek to achieve: a new, higher, being. Moreover, and importantly, National-Socialism seeks to and can make this goal real for the majority, not just a select few.

I can only repeat that all esoteric groups which existed before Adolf Hitler are either now irrelevant, or, if they still exist, are now detrimental to future development: to the creation of higher beings. The only significant and important esoteric groups which now exist are those which, understanding the cosmic importance of Adolf Hitler, covertly or otherwise prepare the way for, and encourage, the future triumph of National-Socialism and 'esoteric Hitlerism'. Notice I did not restrict myself to mentioning 'Aryan' esoteric groups, for ultimately National-Socialism will enable our evolution as a whole species, as I have briefly explained in *The Enlightenment of National-Socialism*.

Q: *Considering the archetypal scope of NS and Hitler, do you consider that the persecution and hatred directed against these might actually be empowering them psychically? And, in general, if persecution actually serves to empower its target, could this not also be said for overt opposition to, for example, Christianity and Zionism? If correct, how can this paradox be resolved?*

A: Persecution and hatred only empower up to a point. The energies so produced are limited, and beyond that point become destructive. What is archetypal needs to be made real; the psychic model which exists in people's *psyche* needs to be constructed in real life, 'in the world', and this means *numinous* energy. In its birth-time, and for a while afterwards, a new archetype can be

empowered by persecution and hatred - but to thrive, to grow, to affect a multitude, to become real, it has to receive this *numinous* energy. This, however, arises naturally from those 'touched' by the archetype, and whose lives and actions further empower it. In a sense, it is a symbiotic relationship, a coming-together of two types of being, an archetypal one, not bound by causal space-time, and a 'human' being, living in causal space-time. The archetype gives strength, balance and 'wholeness' to individuals - and yet it itself becomes strengthened by this bond. Few people really understand archetypes. They are living - they are born, they flourish, and they die. They are not an 'intellectual abstraction' for people to pretend to understand and try to use. Neither are they mystical in the sense of being 'incomprehensible'.

*Q: After the banning of esoteric groups by the Third Reich, what occult influence continued to impact upon the Third Reich, and did it have tangible organizational form? Who were its principal exponents?*

A: There was no occult influence - for Adolf Hitler and the National-Socialist movement expressed all that was necessary, with the various National-Socialist organizations giving tangible form to the evolutionary energies which Adolf Hitler unleashed and controlled. What needs to be understood is that all these various organizations were necessary for the correct balance to be achieved and thus a numinous *society*, or State, created. National-Socialist Germany was more than just another State - it was the first time, in the history of our evolution as a species, that a State-form was used in an evolutionary way. Indeed, a new form was thereby created, and this form is so revolutionary, so crucial for our future as a species and as 'thinking-beings', that its importance cannot at this time be over-estimated.

There has been a tendency to try and identify the *SS* as the most important 'esoteric-type' organization of the Reich - as some sort of 'mystical' organization which embodied the principles of National-Socialism in a higher form. This tendency shows a basic mis-understanding of National-Socialism, the *SS* itself, and in particular what National-Socialist Germany was. The *SS* was a warrior organization, with an Aryan warrior ethos, and as such exemplified *some* of the highest Aryan ideals. It was also intended to be archetypal - creating its own traditions, and bringing about, partly through the test of combat, the development of higher beings. But other organizations embodied other Aryan ideals, and all of them together were necessary and vital for a healthy, balanced society to be achieved. The *SS* was a vital and necessary part of the practical organic whole that was National-Socialist Germany.

*Q: Were Hitler and others such as the mystically-inclined Hess and Himmler fully conscious themselves of their Aeonic roles, and perhaps even of their fated Destiny?*

A: Adolf Hitler and Rudolf Hess certainly were aware of these things. Hess himself wrote, in 57 yf, after the victorious allies had hanged eleven Germans at Nuremberg: "What the death of these Eleven will one day mean, but few today can suspect, much less can I write about. We are standing on the threshold of a great new age. What we are all going through are its birth-pangs. Everything seems negative - yet despite it all, the time is coming when something new and great will be born."

*Q: How do you perceive the Third Reich and its defeat in Aeonic terms? Was it a premature experiment for something that did not belong to this Aeon - or perhaps the seeding for something*

*centuries hence that was required to be established in this century in order to work itself upon future centuries?*

A: The Third Reich - or as I prefer to call it, the first National-Socialist Reich - was a prelude to what might yet be. Its destruction, and the immolation of Adolf Hitler, provide us with the inspiration we must have to continue our upward development by creating a practical means, such as a State, which enables us to achieve this evolutionary development. Because of the work of Adolf Hitler and his German followers, because of the destruction of this work by our racial enemies, we have the weapons we must have in order to secure a future for ourselves and our race. We also now have the tools to build a new civilization greater than any existing hitherto. But this future and this new and higher civilized are not inevitable because of these things - they are not fated to be. Whether they will be, depends on us; on whether we pick up those weapons and those tools, and on how we use them.

Adolf Hitler has left us a great legacy. We can either use that legacy, and so achieve greatness; or we can ignore that legacy, and so choose doom as a race. If we as a race reject this legacy, we deserve to perish. We either survive, flourish and create new civilizations; or we endure oppression, and gradually die out. Using this legacy, it is possible for us, or our descendants, to win back our freedom, and so create another National-Socialist Reich, within twenty to fifty years from now. If this is not done - because we or our descendants prefer oppression and self-indulgence - then this legacy can still be used by others some time in the future to create a new Reich, provided of course there are still pure Aryans around then. But unless we act soon, the one great possibility which awaits - and which will secure civilization forever - will be postponed and may never arise again. I refer of course to a Galactic Empire. We are uniquely placed, given our Thorian technology and our understanding, to begin the process which will ensure the creation of this Empire. But if this is not done soon - if there is a long period of Zionist oppression, an interregnum - then this will no longer be feasible for many, many centuries; and may indeed never be feasible again, even if sufficient Aryans survive. This will be so because during this interregnum the Thorian ethos will decline and die, as will the technology which exemplifies that ethos. It would probably be over a millennia before the same level is reached again.

*Q: As a principal postwar philosopher of NS you seem to be the first to have given a star-bound vision to NS. Your vision is of mankind's evolution toward 'Homo Galactica' and a Galactic Empire. When and how did these concepts begin to take shape? What were the formative influences on it, and were there any philosophical or scientific precursors to you?*

A: Ever since I was twelve or thirteen years of age I have known that our ultimate Destiny lies in the exploration and conquest of Outer Space. Since those years, the prospect has excited and intrigued me - as it excites and intrigues many young people. It was this which led me to study Physics and join a scientific society dedicated to encouraging Space travel. Like millions of others, I sat for hours on end to watch the live television broadcasts of the first human ever to walk on the surface of the moon. But I was also aware, at that time, that only a certain type of society could pursue and make real this ultimate Destiny - that it needed a new type of person, and a society dedicated to something more than self-gratification and materialism. What was needed was a society composed of noble individuals who strove to work together for the common good and who were ennobled by pursuing idealistic goals such as exploration and conquest.

When I first learned of the existence of National-Socialist Germany, at the age of fifteen, I *knew* intuitively that here was the type of society that was needed - or at least a prototype for it. And it was this knowledge, and my understanding of National-Socialism, which above anything else

inspired me to become active in politics and forsake my dream of becoming a Physicist and finding some means to travel between the stars. I wanted and yearned to create the only type of society which could make this noble and glorious Destiny real. To me, the exploration and conquest of Outer Space - the creation of a Galactic Empire - is the ultimate practical expression of National-Socialism. It is our unique Destiny as a race - and our opportunity to achieve this is here, now, given our technology, our inventiveness, our heroism.

I hate the enemies of National-Socialism because I know that they are stifling and trying to destroy the heroic noble spirit of exploration and conquest which lives within our hearts and which alone raises us up out of the squalid mire of barbarism and selfish materialism. These enemies are trying - with their vapid materialism, their neurotic guilt, their obsession with sex - to kill our dreams. They are trying to destroy what makes us unique and *human*.

I have written and said what I have written and said about the Galactic Empire and National-Socialism because I feel these things deep within my own being. As to there being any philosophical or scientific precursors to this, I do not know.

*Q: Since you also write of NS as being a philosophy of BALANCE - reattuning the individual and the folkish community to Nature - how can such a balance be maintained in the pursuit of a Galactic Empire which would obviously require a far more technological and scientific orientated society than at present?*

A: National-Socialism is harmonious, and thus a philosophy of balance, because it seeks to create a society, or a way of living, where the two things necessary for both health and advancement exist together, without conflict. Indeed, National-Socialism is so special, and so important for us, because it alone expresses how this can be done. To be fully healthy, as individuals, we need a harmonious, beautiful, environment, a sense of belonging and a sense of purpose. These things mean *Blood and Soil* - an awareness of our heritage, our place 'in the scheme of things'; an awareness of our duties and responsibilities toward our folk-community and our race. Blood and Soil also mean a sense of belonging: a homeland; somewhere special for us, where we belong.

But to advance, to evolve, we need change, challenges, a spirit of adventure. Otherwise there is stagnation and decay. Change means growth, and technology. A society is organic and healthy if it preserves what is best, and yet allows for growth, change and expansion. That is, there is a controlled balance maintained between *Blood and Soil* and *Conquest and Exploration*. What maintains this balance is a conscious awareness - an understanding that both are necessary and vital for a society to function properly and evolve naturally, in accordance with Nature.

National-Socialism accepts that individuals should fulfil the role which is suited to their character, talents and abilities, and it aims to create the type of society where individuals can make the best use of their talents and abilities. That is, National-Socialism values personal *character*, as it accepts that some people are suited to say, farming and husbandry, while others are more suited to scientific work, or being a warrior. What matters is that the work an individual does is respected; that *all* types of work are seen as dignified and necessary for the good of the whole society.

National-Socialism aims to harness and control growth and technology for the good of the folk, as it aims to preserve what is essential for individual health, what is essential for producing healthy children: Blood and Soil. By creating a healthy environment - and thus healthy children - by controlling and harnessing growth and technology, and by using these to pursue an idealistic

noble goal such as the creation of a Galactic Empire, a real, conscious, balance can be created, for the first time in our conscious evolution. Further, because National-Socialism is a conscious expression of the wisdom of thousands of years of civilization, its organizations and structures aim to produce individuals of noble character, who can accept responsibility, who have judgement and who are instinctively *wise*. It is these individuals who can ensure such a balance is created and maintained.

*Q: Will there ever be a danger of stagnation and decay in the New Aeon as in all previous Aeons and their civilizations, or will the Galactic scope of the New Aeon give in an enduring (even eternal) quality that is unique to it?*

A: Once the Galactic Empire becomes real, with colonization of other star-systems, then a natural divergence will take place, and new, unique, civilizations arise. Each world, each outpost, as it develops, will go through cycles of change; some will evolve; some will decay with new life emerging from such decay. Providing such stellar seeding, such conquest of other-worlds, continues, so will this Aeon. But there will probably come a time when even this forward movement ceases, and decay and stagnation set in, with the structure of such an Empire collapsing. Then other aeons [plural] will emerge, in different places, and at different times.

*The above is taken from Cosmic Reich published by Renaissance Press, PO Box 1627, Paraparaumu Beach, New Zealand. It has been slightly revised.*

Published by Reichsfolk

---

### **The New Empire of National-Socialism**

*Note: The following collection contains some of my more recent writings. As with previous collections, the majority are concerned with the National-Socialist way of life.  
December 111yf*

Aryan Justice

The Aryan Way:

Justice depends on, and exists in, individuals who are noble by nature and who thus uphold and strive to live by a Code of Honour, with disputes being private affairs between individuals.

The Aryan way is for individuals to be free, and independent, and to not allow anyone to restrain them, or lord it over them, or exercise any authority whatsoever over them unless they have accepted such restriction or such authority of their own free will. The Aryan way is for an individual to accept only the authority of someone that Aryan knows personally and respects, and to whom that Aryan has given a personal pledge of loyalty.

Otherwise, their honour demands that they fight for their freedom and physically defend themselves if someone tries to restrain them or lord it over them or exercise authority over them. Furthermore, honour gives them the right to injure and if necessary kill anyone who tries to

restrain them, who tries to subdue them in any way such as trying to exercise authority over them, or who tries to take away the freedom of an Aryan to act in such an honourable way.

The Aryan way is to respect the right of other people to act and behave in such a way.

The Aryan way is for any disputes, for any complaints, to be settled personally between the two people involved who meet face to face. If honour demands it, the dispute can and in some cases must be settled through a duel or via a personal combat between those involved. The Aryan way is for such disputes and such complaints to be a personal matter, with the Aryan not accepting the word of anyone else in such matters.

Thus, the whole basis of the Aryan way of Justice - and thus the basis for the Aryan way of life itself - is this fierce independence, this upholding of personal freedom and honour, this giving of personal oaths of allegiance, and this respect for the right of others to do the same.

Personal honour and the free giving of allegiance are the basis of true freedom, just as a free society is a society which accepts personal honour and which not only allows people to freely choose their allegiance but also gives and freely allows them an opportunity to leave that society, and the lands ruled by the government of that society, and so be exiled or outlawed, should they choose not to give their personal pledge of allegiance to those in authority in that society.

Anything else is tyranny: a negation of freedom.

#### A Personal Example:

Recently, I was arrested by the Police after a complaint from a so-called "member of the public" about something which I was alleged to have written. This complaint was in fact made not by an ordinary "member of the public" but by a political enemy: someone who held an official position in an organization opposed to my own political views. Following this complaint, the Police set up a team to investigate the matter and gather "evidence". They obtained a search warrant, came to my home, arrested me, searched the house for seven hours, and took away some of my possessions.

Once the Police investigation began, I was powerless, and completely at the mercy of the State and its Police. The Aryan way would have been for the person who made the complaint to ask me, in person, about the matter, and for us to try and settle things, or come to some agreement. If this person did not like what I had written, or said, he should have asked me to change it, or maybe even ask me to issue a public apology. Failing this, he could personally challenge me to duel.

But of course, this person hides behind "the law" - behind the "authority" of the State. He does not know me, as I do not know him, in person. And he does not have the honour, the decency, to get to know me: to ask me about the allegations he is going to make to the Police. This is unfair; it is cowardly; it is tyrannical.

The complaint having been made, and the Police having arrived at my home, the Aryan way for me to deal with such an affront against my personal honour when confronted by seven Police officers early one morning, would have been for me to defend myself, and my honour and freedom, by physical force: if necessary using deadly force. For I had not accepted their "authority" to arrest and detain me, as I had not accepted their "authority" to enter my home,

search it, take away my property, and later on lock me in a cell in a Police Station. No one had asked me, in an honourable and civilized way, if I accepted such "authority"; if I had given my allegiance, on oath, to the State.

I had given no such allegiance, as I had not personally accepted such "authority". Therefore by everything that is honourable, by everything that is Aryan, these officials - and the State - had no right to do what they did, as they have no right to do what they are doing and will do in pursuing this case against me.

To defend myself in an honourable way was, is and always has been, my desire: my natural instinct. I had given these Police officers no right to do what they did. They did not know me personally, as I did not know them. My natural instinct is to defend my honour, and freedom, my home, my family, by force: but I am not allowed to do this, for were I to do this, I would (as I know from past experience) be subdued by as many Police officers as it would take just as I would be committing a "criminal offence": so-called resisting arrest. In addition, I cannot carry a weapon in order to defend my honour, and cannot even in this country legally obtain a gun to defend my home and my family. And were I to carry a weapon and use it, in my defence, I would be committing yet another so-called "criminal offence".

This is unfair; it is dishonourable; it is un-Aryan. It is tyrannical.

These officials were given their "authority" by the Crown: in reality, by the Government of the day. Thus, they were given the "authority" to arrest me, to enter my home against my wishes, to detain me (using whatever force was necessary), to lock me in a cell, to charge me with some "criminal offence".

Furthermore, this Government gave others to "authority" to prosecute me for some "crime" and yet others the "authority" to judge me and send me to Prison for whatever number of years they decide.

And I am granted, by this Government, only certain specific and very limited "rights". I have a right to remain silent (although this may be held against me). I have a right to legal representation. I have a right to what they call a "fair trial". I even have a right to appeal against their guilty verdict. And that is about all.

Once the process of Police investigation is begun, I am totally and completely at the mercy of the authority of the State, for the State, being tyrannical, makes a presumption that I am subservient: that they have the right to do what they do. The assumption is that since I reside in this country, since I am "British" by nationality, that I have accepted the authority of the State and its Government. But no one has asked me: no one has given me the chance to to affirm or deny allegiance to the State. Am I legally bound to obey this State just because I reside in this country?

This presumption of acceptance of authority is itself dishonourable; it is un-Aryan: it is tyrannical. Even in medieval times in this country when a Monarch ruled absolutely, there were still outlaws: people who of their own free will put themselves beyond the law, the order, of the State.

Legally, the person to whom I should swear allegiance is the Monarch, for in theory and in this country the State and its officials derive their "authority" from the Monarch. But I have not done this, and no has asked me if I have.



The Aryan way is for those in authority to ask me, in person, if I give my allegiance to the Crown, to those in authority; and if I, of my own free will, choose not to so give my allegiance, then I become an "outlaw" and have the right to live as an "outlaw" in areas where there the Crown has no authority.

In effect, I exile myself, or am exiled. But I still have the freedom to choose exile. Today, I and others do not have this option. We are not allowed this option. This is unfair; it is dishonourable; it is un-Aryan: it is tyrannical.

Our society became un-Aryan when the Monarchs, in medieval times, decided to establish their authority, by force, over the whole land, leaving no area where people could go if they did not accept their authority. Later on, the dishonourable presumption about a person's allegiance was made, with the Monarch, then the State, taking away our freedom: our right to freely give our allegiance. Thus people were treated as servile subjects of the State, with the State treating its subjects in a dishonourable way.

#### A Return To Justice and Freedom:

We must return to justice; we must regain the freedom we have lost. We must establish an Aryan way of life, an Aryan society. The society of today is totally un-Aryan; it is tyrannical.

I loathe and detest this society and its governments. I am instinctively in rebellion against this State with its ignoble way of life. I have not and never will give my allegiance to this State and its appointed officials, as I do and will regard any charge made against me, any trial, any imprisonment, as a personal affront to my honour, my dignity, and so will strive with all my heart to regain my honour, my dignity, my freedom.

We who are Aryan by nature, by instinct - we who uphold honour and the principle of loyalty - must either rebel against the tyranny we are forced to live under, and so strive to establish a free, a just, an honourable, an Aryan, society in this land, or we must leave this land and establish a new community, new homes, for ourselves where we can live as free men and women according to the way of honour.

---

#### Fearing Words

One of the things which marks a tyrant - or a tyrannical government - is fear: fear of individuals saying and writing things which the tyrant or the government do not want the people to hear or read.

Thus it is that such tyrants and such tyrannical governments make it illegal - a criminal offence - for individuals to say or write certain things. That is, they introduce laws which curtail and restrict free speech.

This is exactly what has happened in Britain: over the past thirty years, the various governments have introduced laws which take away our right of free speech, which restrict what can be said or written. And more than that, they have made mere possession of certain literature, certain writings, a criminal offence. That is, a person can now be sent to prison for several years if it can be proved that they merely possessed literature which the government finds offensive.

**This is tyrannical; this is a denial of freedom.**

Of course, tyrants and tyrannical governments use clever propaganda to try and persuade the people they rule over that these tyrannical laws are "necessary"; some go further, and even claim that such denial and suppression of free speech is "morally justified" because the views they have outlawed, they have made illegal, are "abhorrent" or "evil" or whatever.

This is exactly what successive British governments have done. They have introduced tyrannical laws to suppress free speech on the grounds that any and all views those governments do not like - any and all political views which the government does not want the people to hear or read about- have been and are said to be "abhorrent" and "evil" and so are banned because they might "upset" or "hurt" or "offend" someone. That is, these governments have taken away the power of the people to make their own judgement about, their own decisions concerning, certain political matters, because the governments has decided that such views, such political opinions, might or will or could "upset" or "hurt" or "offend" someone.

**In effect, the governments have said, and are saying, to the people: "We regard you, the people, as children who must be protected from words or literature that we consider might upset you. We want you to hear and read only the nice things we have permitted."**

These governments go on to say: "We are determined to keep treating you, the people, like children. So we have banned - and will continue to ban - all those political words or political literature or political writings we consider might offend you, and we will lock away in Prison all those nasty grown-ups who say or write such nasty political things that we consider might offend someone. We certainly will never allow you to listen to these nasty grown-ups or read their writings and literature because we never want you to make you own mind up about politics. We have taken care of all that for you. Now, children, isn't that nice of us?"

#### Dawn-Raids and Why Truth Does Not Matter in a Court of Law:

Our tyrannical governments have gone much, much further than the tyrants of history - so far, in fact, that what they have created is very similar to the repressive Stalinist government which existed in Russia not many decades ago. People are kept under surveillance; their mail is opened; their telephone calls monitored; and if the government suspects (note: suspects) a person may have done something, or said something or written something which that government does not like or has made illegal, then that person will be subject to a "dawn-raid" by the Police, their home searched, the person arrested and any dissident literature seized.

There then follows a "show trial" where the accused has to rely on - because of the legal jargon and the legal complexities of the case and the very nature of the Courts themselves - some Barrister to represent them, and where the truth of any statement made by the accused in the illegal literature is ruled to be "irrelevant". That is, the truth of what has been said, or written, or published is no defence: if what has been said or written is deemed illegal, then the person will be sent to Prison whether or not what was said or written is true. And the government calls such trials "fair" and such guilty verdicts "just"!

## Suppressing Dissident Political Views:

The way which our modern governments have suppressed opposing political views - the means whereby they have outlawed political views and opinions they do not like and do not want the people to hear - was and is by using the claim that such views, whether spoken or written about, involved "incitement" to "hatred".

Originally, these tyrannical laws which suppress free speech stated there has to be an "intent" by the person or persons. But when several Court cases showed that such "intent" was difficult to prove, the governments calmly introduced new laws which did away with the need to prove such "intent". Thus, mere possession of dissident literature became illegal.

To incite is to "urge; to stir to action" while hatred, properly defined, is "dislike; ill-will; strong aversion towards".

What is particularly tyrannical in such laws as these is that to be found guilty, nothing actually has to happen "in the real world"; no people have to be physically hurt, or physically harmed in any way. That is, the person is found guilty on the basis that what was said or written might or could lead to such things. The so-called "intent" of the person is all that matters. And the person does not actually have to have intended such things: that is, the word of the person as to whether or not they intended such things is regarded as irrelevant. What matters in a modern Court of Law is whether it is believed, according to the opinions of "experts" or the Police, or according to precedents set by previous criminal trials, that it was possible or likely that such a person did intend to cause such hatred.

This is unjust; it is unfair; it is dishonourable; it is tyrannical. It is against the whole tradition of Western justice.

What has happened is the tyrannical governments have introduced a new category of so-called crime: mental crime. That is, there does not have to be an actual physical crime, in the real world. There does not have to be actual verbal abuse directed at a specific person or persons who can be called as witnesses to say that such abuse occurred, or even that they themselves felt "threatened".

There does not even have to anyone, anywhere, who is actually offended; all there has to be is a belief, by some expert, some Police officer (who thus convince a Judge and Jury) that what was said or written showed a "dislike of; some ill-will toward; some strong aversion towards" some group or groups.

The argument is all about what might be caused; what might have been intended; and whether what was written or said does show a dislike of; some ill-will toward; some strong aversion towards some group or groups, even though no one, no person in the real world, was actually abused, offended, hurt, injured.

And even if a person or persons do claim they are offended or upset or hurt by some words, written or spoken, so what? That is, and always has been part of life, of being an adult. What kind of person can claim they have been so offended or so hurt or so upset by some words, written or spoken, that they want to see the person who said those words or who wrote those words put in Prison? Perhaps a churlish, surly, unruly, vindictive child?

This introduction of a new kind of mental crime is appalling; it is grossly unfair; it is grossly tyrannical. It is means of mental control, of creating a society where people are treated like children.

### What Kind of World?

What kind of world is it where it is illegal, a criminal offence, to use words, written or spoken, which might cause someone "offence" and which might, just might, cause other people to do something?

What kind of world is it where someone can claim they have been so offended or so hurt or so upset by some words, written or spoken, that they demand that the person who said those words or who wrote those words be put in Prison?

What kind of world is it where the majority of people do not care about such things: when they allow people to be imprisoned for thought crimes, for merely having written or said something which the government of the day does not want the people to read or hear?

What kind of world is it where the majority of people do not care that their own government is treating them like children?

---

### **Why Preserving Race is the Human Thing to Do**

Human races exist: this is the truth which our reason and our observation of the human species reveals. [ See Why Race Exists.] The human races are the result of hundreds of thousands of years of natural evolution: that is, they are the product of Nature, and express how Nature has so far worked on this planet which is presently our home.

Nature has worked to produce diversity and difference. Nature has also worked to produce our consciousness: our ability to reason, and to know that we exist, as individuals. We are now, as a result of this evolution, in a position to affect Nature: to alter the natural balance. That is, what we do now, or do not do, will affect Nature, and our fellow human beings, forever.

We all, as human beings, have a choice: we can either (through inaction or otherwise) work to undermine and destroy the diversity and difference which Nature has produced, or we can consciously decide to act on the understanding, the knowledge, we have about Nature and race, and so work to preserve, extend and further evolve our human races, our human diversity and difference.

In many ways, some race-mixing occurs naturally as a result of emotion, or sentiment, or sexual desire, but the opposite also occurs naturally: the desire to prefer our own kind, to protect our own kind, to live among our own kind, to be wary of those who are racially different from us. Some types of people - often but not always sub-races - decline in numbers over long periods of time and eventually become extinct. This has happened, in living memory, to several distinct tribes in parts of Asia and Africa and elsewhere, and while such extinctions, from whatever reason or reasons, are as natural for our own human species as for the other species of life on this planet, they are not now inevitable because we can consciously decide to prevent such extinctions, just as we can consciously decide not to continue to ravish the Earth, and not to continue to destroy Nature out of greed.

We can decide to do such things because we have been gifted by Nature with another ability: the ability to consciously change ourselves; the ability to be self-disciplined and to restrain our feelings, our emotions, our sentiment, our greed, our instincts. Other life on this planet does not have this ability, and it is this ability of self-control, of using reason and logic to determine our actions, our behaviour, which is the true mark of our humanity.

We are now at a crucial point in our evolution, in our development, due to our human abilities of reason and self-control, of being able to change ourselves, and others. We can learn and strive to do what enables our evolution, in harmony with Nature, or we can strive to undo what Nature has done, and harm Nature and the other species of life on this planet.

In effect, Nature has presented us with the choice of becoming, and acting like, adults - mature human beings - or staying, and acting like, children who have yet to learn self-control and who prefer indulgence to learning and reason. To learn to control ourselves, to reason, to seek to understand this world through reason and logic, and then to act on the basis of that understanding, is what makes us human. Reason informs us that we can continue to ravish this planet, and continue to exploit and slaughter other life, and drive other species to extinction. Reason also informs us that we have the ability not to do these things: we can restrain our greed, our emotions, our lust for luxuries and possessions. In short, we can grow up, if we wish to, if we have the will to do so.

Reason informs us that we can promote and encourage race-mixing and so undermine and destroy diversity and difference. Reason also informs us that we can promote and encourage racial separation and racial development, and so aid diversity and difference. Reason informs us that we can continue to ravish this planet, and continue to exploit other life, and drive other species to extinction.

The choices are ours, and we have this choice because we are human: because we can decide to restrain our arrogance, our hubris, our greed, our emotions. We can decide to either aid Nature, to work in harmony with Nature, or we can decide to fight Nature and continue our quest to dominate and exploit Nature, and all other life.

We should ask ourselves the question: what would this planet be like if we were all basically the same, and all lived in basically the same way (in vast urban sprawls)? What would this world be like if we continued to drive other species to extinction, and continued to exploit this planet out of greed?

Reason informs us that the natural, human, thing to do is to recognize and celebrate our difference and diversity, and do this in a human - that is, an honourable - way. Reason also informs us that the natural, the human, thing to do is to respect Nature, and all life, and seek to work in harmony with Nature.

Reason informs us that the unnatural thing to do - the childish thing to do - is to undermine and destroy the diversity and difference of not only our own human species but all other species with which we share this small planet orbiting an ordinary star on the edge of an ordinary Galaxy in what is a vast Cosmos containing hundreds of millions of such Galaxies of millions upon millions of stars.

David Myatt

---

## **The New Empire of National-Socialism: First Step Toward the Stars**

### Creating Empire: A National-Socialist Society

Correctly defined and understood, National-Socialism is an ethnic philosophy which affirms that the different races, the different peoples, which exist are expressions of our human condition, and that these differences, this human diversity, should be treasured in the same way we treasure the diversity of Nature. National-Socialists believe our world would be poorer were these human differences to be destroyed through abstract ideas - through the creation of a socially-engineered Marxist society.

National-Socialists respect other cultures, and people of other races, because National-Socialists uphold honour. Honour means being civilized; it means having manners: being polite; restrained in public and so on. Honour means treating people with courtesy and respect - unless, that is, those people act in a dishonourable way

National-Socialism expresses the view that a person should be proud of their own culture and heritage, respectful of their ancestors and their ancestral way of life, and accept that other peoples have a right to be proud of their own culture and heritage as well. The ideal is a working toward mutual understanding and respect.

This is the truth about National-Socialism, a truth covered up by decade upon decade of ignoble Zionist propaganda.

National-Socialism says that different races have different Destinies, different abilities, and different ways of living, and that these different ways should be respected.

What this means in practice is that different races have different roles to fulfil determined by their natural abilities and gifts. For instance, the primary role of Aryan peoples is to create, maintain and expand civilization. This does not mean a patronizing of other peoples and other cultures, but a respect of others and a pride in one's own people and own own culture. The more other peoples, other races, have a pride in themselves and their own culture, the more they express their own Destiny, then the more genuine and respectful co-operation there can be between different peoples and cultures. For such genuine respect derives from a natural sense of belonging to one's own culture. To consider other peoples and cultures as inferior does the exact opposite because it leads to a denigration of those considered inferior and to hubris: to the excessive pride and arrogance which people such as Aeschylus and Sophocles warned us about.

National-Socialism expresses the natural truth that each folk, each race, should live in such a way that its natural abilities and talents can find their highest expression, just as it expresses that within an ethnic, folkish, State - a Reich - individuals should have occupations and a life-style suited to their natural talents and abilities.

National-Socialism is of the future - an expression of what is needed to create a noble, honourable society and a new Empire - and while it understands and values heritage and folk traditions and our ancestral ways of living, it values only that which is in accord with what is honourable, civilized, Aryan and which can be used to further our evolution. A lot of what occurred in the past - a lot of traditions, and certain ways of thinking - were actually wrong; contrary to what is reasonable and honourable, as some did not express our Aryan ethos. What is honourable, Aryan and necessary in our past must be found, understood and valued. What is not, must be rejected.

This is really what Adolf Hitler wished to do: create first a new Germany, and then a new Europe based upon the noble ideals and warrior ethos of National-Socialism, particularly evident in the pan-European Waffen SS. This new Europe would have been the foundation for a new Empire.

One of the fundamental truths about National-Socialism is that it was and is a modern re-birth of the ideal of Aryan Empire: a modern re-birth of the ethos of Ancient Greece and Rome, expressing as that ethos did the civilizing warrior spirit of the Aryan.

### The New Empire

In the distant past, Empires were created based upon military conquest and the exploitation of peoples. There really was no conscious understanding of honour; no desire to create order and harmony and create the way of living we now understand as civilization where things like reason are valued and where civic and private corruption are not tolerated. This changed with the Roman Empire, which strove to put into practice the noble ideals of ancient Greece, and which created a civilized way of life for the peoples of that Empire. Of course, this civilization was not perfect, but compared to what existed before - and compared to what existed after it for many centuries - it was a remarkable achievement, a great step forward in our evolution.

Another great step forward was the original British Empire, which was an even greater achievement than the Roman Empire. It brought reason, justice, order and education to millions upon millions of people world-wide, greatly improving their way of life through building the infrastructure a civilization needs: an uncorrupt administration; roads; bridges; safe trade routes. For instance, the British Navy managed to control the piracy which was rampant in certain areas of the world (in South East Asia for example), as in India the British administrators ended the bribery and corruption of officials which was endemic. For a long time, and from about the middle of the 1700's, the British Navy was the most enlightened and civilized institution in the world: a fine example of our Aryan ethos. Throughout the whole British Empire, the civilized ideal was followed, and literally hundreds of thousands of British people struggle and died in the lands of the Empire over the centuries in their quest to do what was right, noble and just. Millions upon millions of people could live in relative safety and peace, in an ordered and just way, thanks to this Empire.

Note that I said the original British Empire, for the truth is that from very early on in the Victorian Era the ethos began to change - the true, respectful, civilizing mission of Empire gave way to a brute Imperialism based upon financial gain. To quote Thomas More: "Everywhere do I perceive a certain conspiracy of rich men seeking their own advantage under the name and pretext of commonwealth." There had always been an element of this present, of course, but the financial cabal gradually became the dominant force behind the expansion of the Empire, often unscrupulously using missionary Christianity to achieve their capitalist purpose.

Aspects of the old, civilized, Roman-type, Imperial attitude remained, and inspired individuals and some Institutions but they were largely without power and influence, often mere show, and more often than not manipulated by the financial cabal and their capitalist lackeys. By the time of the Boer War, British Foreign Policy had become purely a means of maintaining and extending capitalist markets, of obtaining raw materials with little or no regard for the native people. This was particularly evident in, for example, Iran, where until just after the First Zionist War (50-56yf) the British Government supported a despotic, unpopular and repressive ruling minority, while capitalist companies leached away the natural resources of the country, with little respect

shown for either Iranian culture or the way of life of Islam. The decadent life-style of wealthy often immoral Europeans was held up as some sort of "ideal" for the "natives" to follow.

With the collapse of the original British Empire, and the defeat of National-Socialist Germany in the First Zionist war, the ideal of civilization had been replaced by the ignoble idea of a global capitalism where multi-national capitalist companies became rich by plundering the world, by committing hubris, with American military might used to maintain this plunder of the world by capitalism and its uncivilized consumer ethos. There was because of this, as there still is, an arrogance toward other people and the Earth itself: the arrogance of Marxism and capitalism, which really are just two sides of the same uncivilized way of life.

The next stage - the next development of civilization, built upon the achievements, the understanding, of the Roman and British Empires and imbued with the ethos of the Waffen SS- is to create a new type of Empire, based upon free, ethnic nations co-operating together, all bound together by a strong National-Socialist country whose people consciously understand their Destiny: their duty to their own folk, and the world itself. The honourable, the civilized, thing to do is to trade on the basis of equal partners; to respect other peoples and their ways of life, their culture, and to respect the Earth itself. Capitalist and personal greed are uncivilized, irrational. We should be striving to create free, noble, societies and looking out toward the cosmos - toward exploring our galaxy - not turning inward and indulging in ignoble, squabbling among ourselves like children who have yet to learn self-discipline and so who are often moody, quarrelsome, petulant, petty, selfish, and vain. We must grow up, and learn to act, think and live as adults - as mature, civilized, human beings. For people to grow up, and so change the world for the better - to make the world truly civilized - we need another Empire, created and maintained by honourable, idealistic people, who look to the examples of the Roman and British Empires for inspiration, and who regard such an Earth-bound Empire as but the beginning: a base for a Galactic Empire.

Only National-Socialism can create the new world Empire we need and so begin to build the Galactic Empire which will be the next great leap forward in our evolution because only National-Socialism is a conscious expression of the values, the ideals, the Destiny, of civilization itself: the values of honour, loyalty, duty to the folk; the ideal of a cultured, civilizing, honourable Empire, and the desire to continue our human evolution based upon the truths, the reality, the Destiny of Nature, evident in race and individual character.

The first step toward such a world Empire is the creation of a new National-Socialist State.

### Creating a National-Socialist State

All modern States are lifeless, for they are no longer organic: no longer a living entity bound by ethos, and identity, and where there is an acceptance of duty - of us as individuals being not only a nexus between the past and the future of our folk, but also dependant upon Nature and the Cosmos. There is no modern nation, no modern State, which can be brought back to life by ordinary political means - which can be changed into a thriving, vital, evolving culture bound by identity, tradition, ethos and Destiny. Thus, politics, and political action, are pointless in themselves, that is, if pursued as the only option - unless we have a new leader: another Adolf Hitler. For only if we are gifted by Providence with such a leader - with such a Vindex figure - can we hope to obtain direct political power in an existing nation through democratic means.



Lacking such a leader, we have only two viable ways of action, for we cannot just sit around doing nothing, merely hoping that a new leader will emerge. The first is to slowly build a mass political and social movement by converting our people. Then and only then can we hope to overthrow an existing government, so seizing or obtaining political power.

The other way is to create a new community, a new culture, and from that evolve a new nation, a new State. To do this, we must migrate to a new area, found new communities, and begin to live the revolutionary Way of Life which is National-Socialism: in harmony with Nature, with respect for Nature and the creations of Nature, and with us as individuals upholding reason, honour, loyalty and duty, and striving to change ourselves for the better by using our will.

For myself, I believe we should pursue both alternatives, both of which will take us many years. We must be prepared for a long and hard struggle. But we can and will succeed: it just requires the right people, the right organizations, and the determination and means to fight a long campaign, lasting fifteen to twenty years or even longer.

---

### **The Sickness That Ails Us: Why a Revolution or a War are Required**

A sickness has overcome the people of this once Aryan, this once beautiful, land. The Britain of today - year 2000 on the Christian calendar - is a very different place than the one I wandered through, on foot, only thirty years ago. I used to love this land, its people, as I used to feel at home here. But now, I feel I am a stranger in the land of my ancestors.

I remember walking along a dusty road in Yorkshire one warm and sunny day in Spring, stopping briefly to rest on a village green before partaking of a pint of ale in the village pub. I remember the friendly conversations with the people, there, and the feeling of though being a wandering, young, stranger, of still belonging to their world, their way of life. I remember a hot evening one Summer while near the Essex coast and on my way to Suffolk, falling asleep in a field not far from the sea having drunk rather a lot of cider, and being found in the morning - unable for a moment to remember where I was - by farmworkers one of whom gave me some tea made from water boiled in a Kelly kettle.

I remember walking one windy, rain-swept Autumn day along a lane among the hills of Northumberland where a dog was chained on a long chain by the side of the road, miles from any human habitation, with only a kennel for shelter, and, miles of walking later, meeting a farmer, and spending a pleasant hour or so talking as the clouds fastly skudded past to break and reveal a brief but still warm sun.

I remember the beauty of a woman's face - her smile, her scent - as she opened the door I had knocked upon one cold and snowy winter's evening to ask for water. I remember the warmth of the house that seeped out to me standing there in my father's old but still perfectly warm Greatcoat. I remember her kindness, the noise of her young children, playing inside, and how the woman's face, her scent, haunted me for hours afterwards until I fell asleep, huddled up against the cold.

I remember the many people of many ages, many occupations - men and women, old and young - who gave me lifts in their cars, vans and lorries as I hitched along the roads and lanes of my land. I remember listening to their views, their stories, their dreams - and sometimes their problems.

I remember many things... Mostly good. But most of all I remember feeling a common, unspoken, bond with the people, the very land itself. Not a romantic, unreal, type of thing: but something tangible and true, as if most of the people I met were distant cousins, or relatives, or forgotten school-boy friends; as if I myself was grown from the very land, from the hills of Northumberland, from the fertile fields of Essex, from the oak trees that bordered a high stream in Derbyshire, from the very rocks of a crag in Yorkshire. Often, with people, there was no need for words; or for too many words. I, we, understood with a look, a gesture, a smile.

But now, fast forward three decades, things are very different. And it is not me which has changed: not fundamentally; not inside. It is the world outside; and even the people themselves.

### The Problem of Our People:

There has been a change of pace, and a change in people's attitude, in their perspective, in their very way of life; and in many, many places, the people dwelling in this land have dramatically changed: now, I can walk through many areas of many towns and cities and never see an Aryan face, as I can walk through villages and see many a non-Aryan face. And there is a general rudeness, a general manic feel to life, with people pursuing their lives fastly and often with arrogance, concerned as they are with "getting on", with an abstract world of commerce, of business, of enterprise, of consumerism, of "entertainment", that did not exist, even three decades ago.

Decades ago, I remember travelling on trains with compartments and corridors, with many an hour spent in pleasant conversation. People going on holiday; to and from work; visiting relative and friends. I remember one cold Winter's night, spending many hours in front of a real coal fire in a railway Station Waiting Room listening to the dreams and hopes of a young woman who was travelling to begin a new job, her first time away from her home in the country. I remember the sadness I felt, the desire to warn her of the dangers of rapacious, dream-destroying, capitalist-city life, home as such places were, even then, to men, young and old, who possessed no honour, having had no experience of combat and war.

I remember one bleak and dreary day standing on a lonely railway platform in Scotland almost lost among the rising hills, talking with a tall, giant-like, fair-haired young man whose bulging canvas rucksack I myself could barely lift. I remember his smile, his laugh, as we talked of the walks, the climbs we had done, and of adventure, of perchance a good war.

And I remember several journeys recently, with the front of the trains stuffed full of people mostly arrogantly travelling "First Class" (paid for by their companies) with many of them - like many others in what was in all but name Second Class - hunched over "lap-top" computers or shuffling and reading "important" papers to do with their work: work having nothing to do with the land around them, with the true heritage, the true warrior culture, of their ancestors, but instead to do with commercial or financial or industrial concerns which maintain the consumer-capitalist system. And at the weekend, many of these people would rush out into the country to pursue some chosen pursuit, as many of them lived in the country without belonging to it, without feeling a part of it. Their concerns were European, or global, or personal or based upon some culture-destroying abstract social and political dogma, and you could see from their faces, their eyes, their speech and manner, that they did not feel rooted to the land and its people, that they had not experienced that deep wordless love of land and people which for centuries made the English, the Scots, the Welsh, the Irish, care for and fight to the death for their land, their people, their freedom.

There has been a drastic, a disturbing and sad, change in the land itself, with more and more traffic, and more and more intensive farming; more and more destruction of Nature in the name of profit, or convenience, or entertainment. Everywhere our people now speed around in cars or other vehicles, chasing pleasure or more work to purchase more material possessions and a better, more material, way of life. Everywhere, Nature is displaced as everywhere is invaded by the noise, the pollution, of vehicles carrying people pursuing their own pleasure, or conveying more and more consumer goods produced by the consumer-capitalist industries to feed the never-ending, insatiable demand for possessions, for luxuries, for comfort, for ease, for entertainment. Every year, year after year, there is more economic growth, more change, more destruction of the quiet, slow, rural way of thinking, of being; every year more new and unnecessary commodities and goods produced, more dependence upon international finance and foreign investment and foreign imports, more desire to compete in "foreign markets". The whole System - fed by greed, by change, by profit, by the desire for unnecessary luxuries and goods, by the desire for more and more, by the view of each person as only a consumer in some world market or as some worker-drone in some world-based factory or business - is wrong, contrary to the way of Blood and Soil., to the way of the warrior, to our ancestral and natural way of life.

Recently, I overheard a conversation in a pub. A young, local, farmer (whom I vaguely knew through a friend) had not long ago taken over the farm from his father. There was a large pond near the house - almost a lake - which for over an hundred years had provided sanctuary to wildlife, and enhanced the land, partly through its silent natural beauty. But with a young baby, and a small child, the decision was made to fill-in this pond, in case one of these children "had an accident". His wife was very worried about this, as he was although not quite in the same way, and it was a bit of a bother to care for the pond anyway. Interrupting, I suggested a fence, appalled at both the imminent destruction of a beautiful part of Nature, and something else. I even offered to help in the construction and erection of the fence. He agreed it was worth considering, since he felt it would be a shame to lose the large pond which his grandfather had helped to build. I did try and steer the conversation toward my other concern, but gave up after a while, feeling as I began to feel almost a stranger in a strange land. Quite a while later I heard, third-hand, that this pond was no more.

The interest here in this story is not the destruction of more of the natural beauty of our land, sad as that is, but the thinking, the feeling, which led to this: the desire to somehow "tame", to "pacify", the world - and in particular the natural world - and make it safe because some part of it was considered a "danger" to children. And this not from some urban dweller but from a family who lived and worked on a farm, and who had grown up in the country. It was as if the rough, tough, dangerous masculine side of life had been feminized - and today must be feminized. It was as if the wildness of Nature, the very danger of life itself, had to be done away with: that children must be cosseted, first by their family, and then by the State itself.

I had tried to talk to the young farmer of the necessity of accepting Nature - and her dangers - for what they are; of how we need to feel the perspective that Nature, raw, alive, dangerous, can bring; about building character through acceptance of risk; of accepting Fate itself. And then perchance to lead on to the necessity of war... But it was no use for I had begun to feel just an elderly man going on about a past the young did not know nor understand. Who today among the young would - or would be allowed to - climb a sheer rock face as I with my father did, and my father with his father before did, without any ropes, without a helmet, without any "safety gear" at all? Who today among the young would set off, as I once did a few years short of the age of ten, with only one tin of food and a little bottle of war, along a road into the East African bush just because I wanted to find out where the road went? And whose father - and which "officials" -

would today understand such a youthful act and simply laugh and see it as part of the life of a boy growing up? But both my father, and all the officials, were veterans of the Second World War: rooted, grown from, the warrior, war-loving, society we have lost.

There has been a gradual and significant change in the attitude of people, away from an acceptance of adventure and combat - and indeed a love and desire for combat - and toward security, and safety; toward the way of life of the pacifist, the coward who is afraid to "get involved" and who knows nothing of honour; nothing of standing up for what is right, regardless of the personal risk and regardless of the consequences.

Is it any wonder then that more and more youngsters, feeling the upwelling of their ancient warrior blood, get into trouble, recklessly drive cars at great speed, and do other unsocial things? Is it any wonder that there is so much cowardly bullying, so much loutish drunken behaviour, so much disrespect among the young when there is no discipline of the Army kind, no facing of real danger through deadly combat, no deeds of real valour and heroism to be done in a war, and no understanding of comradeship, of sacrifice, of land and people, which a war, and only a bloody war, breeds? Is it any wonder that we have the the nation we do when there is no war to breed character: no bloody combat to teach respect and bring an understanding of Fate?

#### The Problem of Immigration:

The figures are startling. There are over 7,000 applications by "asylum seekers" each month. That is, 84,000 people per year who have officially requested to stay in this country, having arrived without permission or documents. Add to this those who do have permission, and add to this a reasonable (probably greatly underestimated) figure for the illegal immigration that already has reached alarming proportions, and there are at least 100,000 non-Aryans arriving every year. This is well over one million in ten years, due to the number of children born to these new immigrants. Given that there are already many millions of non-Aryans living in this country, then if present trends continue, native Britons - people of North European racial descent - will be a minority in about sixty or seventy years.

The truth of this matter is that, given the conditions which exist in many other countries in Africa, Asia and even parts of Eastern Europe, this country is seen as an opportunity for a new life as well as a "soft option": people can enter illegally, claim asylum, and be given accommodation, food and money to spend. And if they do not want to take the small risk involved in claiming asylum, they can disappear into the cities, and more often than not find work and so live better than they could in their own nations. We cannot blame these immigrants - both legal and illegal - for this, because it is natural: their last best hope as the Americans might say. Furthermore, our own ancestors did the same, venturing forth to the colonies, the New World, in search of a better life.

As long as this nation has little or no border controls, as they long as they allow people in, as long as there are people eager for money who will smuggle immigrants in, as long as the Government of the day houses and feeds such immigrants and is concerned with their "rights", and so long as the immigrants see this nation as a land of opportunity, or at least a better place to live than their own land, then the problem will not only continue, but get worse.

## The Problem of the Future:

If things continue as they are now, then the Britain, the England, that I and my ancestors knew - and which they fought and died and struggled for - will no longer exist. Given the continued immigration, given the urban and rural development which will take place - new houses, roads, factories, industries - and given the continued destruction of the land by chemicals and agri-business, this country will be a vastly overpopulated, over-developed waste land, with the few areas of countryside left teeming with people enjoying "leisure pursuits" or just escaping from the metropolitan hells. And this countryside will be just as noisy, just as polluted, as the cities and towns. Furthermore, the majority of people who live in this country will be non-Aryan.

In less than sixty years, England and Wales will be unrecognizable. There will be nothing to love and be proud of; and certainly nothing in the nation - not even the land itself - worth dying for.

There will then either be a catastrophic political, economic and social collapse, or the continuation of the tyrannical consumer-capitalist society of the present where people are merely consumers and worker-drones.

The Prisons will be teeming; crime will be rife; proper family life almost non-existent; and the countryside will be used either for "leisure pursuits" or by giant commercial farms using giant machines to produce food for the giant supermarkets. Every single person will be controlled and watched by the invisible tentacles of the State: surveillance will be everywhere, some obvious; some not so obvious. The Police will have become just like an Army: but it will be an Army of Occupation, designed to keep the order, and the "law", of the tyrannical State. And the State will have the power to prevent anyone from leaving the country: confiscating the Passports of anyone they even suspect may be a dissident, or have any attitude or belief the State does not like. Yet always there will be more than enough people who believe that such State control, such surveillance, such Prisons, such a Police force and such laws and restrictions as are introduced, are "necessary" and desirable and even "just".

The nation will be - in all but name - a Marxist Police-State. For its social and political policies will be - in all but name - Marxist, just as there will a rich, privileged, elite of politicians, bureaucrats, "entertainers" and "celebrities" who will aid these social and political policies, who will vie for position and wealth and influence, and who will seek, knowingly or unknowingly, to keep the people mis-informed, and "entertained" and basically docile. And a few of this pampered elite may even in their ignorance sincerely believe that the social and political policies of the State are right.

And there will be little or no resistance to the tyranny of the State, for the spirit of the people will have been broken. They have food; they have shelter; they have their "entertainment", their "sport", as the more young and adventurous can still "have a good time". The Aryan people still left will have no true identity; no true culture; no feeling of Destiny; no warrior spirit; not even any true sense of belonging. Britain will have become a gigantic island Prison with its people participating in one gigantic piece of social engineering: mere politically-correct consumers and worker-drones for the rich, nation-hopping, fat international capitalist cabal, with all individuals deemed to have "politically-incorrect" attitudes or social behaviour, and all those who transgress one of the thousands of State laws passed every year, pounced on by the Police and locked away in the every-growing multitude of Prisons and "reform centres".

### The Solutions:

There are only three ways to change what is happening: to prevent the complete destruction of this land and its Aryan people. Our way of life, mostly rural and slow, and breeding a love for and understanding of the land, of the people - the way of Blood and Soil - has almost been replaced by the way of consumer-capitalism and its multi-racial urban-dominated society. Can we bring this ancient, this ancestral, this wise way of Blood and Soil back? How can the terrible future which awaits be prevented?

The first way is for an Aryan political party - a movement for Aryan racial nationalism - to win political power and so introduce direct political measures. Such a movement would aim for a complete, a radical, change in attitude by the people and so enable them to understand what is going on and so demand change: an end to immigration, a refusal to any longer to pay taxes to support hundreds of thousands of asylum seekers in terms of benefits and free housing, with people appalled at the destruction of their land, their soil, by business and people who put profit first. This will either force the Government of the day to introduce strong measures and proper border controls, or shift the power to such an Aryan movement.

The second way is if the country declines and suffers severe economic and social problems so that it is no longer seems an attractive place for immigration, and with urban and other industry and commerce gradually breaking down, forcing people to once again turn to the land for basic food.

Is it possible that an Aryan political movement to win political power? Will the British people change - will they shake themselves out of their lethargic, material, inward-looking existence - and so demand radical reform, a restoration of their former, less materialistic, way of life where war and outward expansion, of Empire, was seen and understood as good? Or will things just carry on as they are now, with no sudden and catastrophic economic crises?

### The Revolutionary Option:

I love this land as I love my people. I have no desire to see my people suffer and die, as I have a respect for the people of other cultures, other races. But I do know that if nothing is done - if we continue to drift as we are drifting - if my own people are not awakened, then my land and my people will simply not exist in the future.

And I wish for my people - and my land - to continue to exist, for I know that each race, each distinct people with its unique culture and traditions, is a valuable and precious gift from Nature, as I know that the health, the well-being, the very future, of such a people depends on the health, the well-being, of the land where they dwell.

My most ardent dream is for a noble, honourable, just society where my people can live among their own kind, with the land itself respected and treasured, and where there is a happiness: a stable, peaceful family orientated society where people live free and without fear, and certainly without the dishonourable blight of crime, drugs and homosexuality, with the people of this society understanding how they can contribute to their culture, and evolution itself: how the perspective of the people of this society is that of their folk, of the future of their folk, and of the future of Nature and the very cosmos itself.

The hard and difficult truth we must face and accept is that to create a better future - to save our people, our very land - we must sacrifice our present, we must act; we must make difficult decisions, and take and suffer the consequences of those decisions. I personally have no desire to harm, injure, or kill, any living thing; in fact, I nurture the desire to do the exact opposite. For over thirty years I have watched and studied the changes that have taken place and which are taking place in this and other Aryan lands, and our time has run out, with no leader emerging to guide us to victory and so save our people, our land.

The reality is that our people need a revolution or a war or the breakdown of the System to shake them out of the lethargy, the stupor, they are in: to bring alive once again their ancestral warrior culture; to change their way of thinking, their perspective. They need to once again have great challenges to overcome, for that breeds character, and brings forth the best of men, and the best in both men and women.

If our people are not awakened to action - if they are not forced to act by such a revolution, such a war or such a breakdown - then they and their land will slowly but surely die. In a hundred years time, Aryans will be a minority in this land, ruled over by a corrupt Government made up of mostly non-Aryans. This land itself will be covered in urban developments, and derelict, dead or despoiled. Society will be rotten, diseased, broken, crime-ridden and almost completely corrupt. The Police will be corrupt, as will the Courts and the vast majority of other Public servants. For over a hundred years our own people will have suffered terribly; what Aryans exist then in this land will be sad, proudless, people, accepting of their lot as a persecuted minority who toil away doing soul-destroying work or who are forced into ignoble crime in order to try and survive.

This is the fact, the truth, the reality, we must deal with. The future of this land is evident even today in certain areas of London, Bristol, Leeds, Manchester, Glasgow ...

But there is unlikely to be a sudden collapse of the System, as there is unlikely to be a war which involves most of the people of this nation. Therefore, a revolution is needed. And there is going to be no radical, revolutionary change - no awakening of our people - unless we ourselves, we who know, who feel, who understand what is going on, act and strive to change things for the better. And the only feasible, practical, realistic way we can act is to strive, through a political and social organization, to tell our people of the truth, the danger: to arise in them an awareness of their true identity, of the true purpose of their lives; to motivate them to change society and create a new Aryan society.

Such a change - such a revolutionary social and political organization fighting for Aryan identity, Aryan culture and Aryan freedom - will involve strife, suffering, conflict, and possibly injuries and deaths, not because we wish these things but because those who oppose us, those who desire to keep our people as merely consumers and worker-drones in a multi-racial society, will not give up their power, their own aims, easily. So it is that they will use the resources they have - the Police, their hired thugs and their hordes of irrational "anti-nazis" protesters, the anti-Aryans laws they have introduced - to save the socially engineered, anti-Aryan and multi-racial society they have built. Thus we can expect political and social conflict and unrest, as we can expect our ignoble, tyrannical enemies to Prosecute and imprison some of us for being dissidents: for saying and writing what our anti-Aryan enemies have forbidden us to say and write, and for striving to do our noble duty to and on behalf of our people.

We have fifteen to twenty years to bring about the social and political changes needed: to change the thinking, the opinions, the views, the perspective, the way of life, of our people; to return them to their Aryan identity, their Aryan culture, their Aryan way of life.

So it is that we must begin to act now to save our people and our land and enable us sometime in the future to live in freedom and as we must live: among our own kind according to the laws and traditions of our noble warrior culture.

---

### **Christianity, Western Civilization and the Aryan Way of Life**

There has been some recent criticism of what has been called the "pagan" revival within the revolutionary Right - and thus criticism of the pagan criticism of Christianity.

The critics of this pagan revival make mention of what they describe as the cultural legacy and importance of Christianity for the West. Some of these critics have also called for some sort of synthesis between Christianity and what they call "heathenism" to bring about a European revival or renaissance.

#### **The Important Distinction:**

The fundamental reason why Christianity is opposed to the ethos of the Thorian ("Western") culture and civilization is that Christianity - like Islam, Judaism and even Buddhism - is based upon what may be termed an homocentric morality whereas the Thorian ethos, derived from Aryan morality, is based upon a different ethics.

In essence, Aryan morality - the natural, instinctive, and healthy morality of those of Aryan descent - derives from folk idealism: that is, from placing the interests of the folk, the community, the race, before the individual. Thus, the individual is not seen or understood or comprehended in isolation, but as an integral, necessary and important part of the folk, of an organic community which dwells in a homeland with a particular way of living.

Aryan ethics derive from the understanding that we, as individuals, are a living nexus, a living link, between the past of our folk and its future, with what we do, or do not do, affecting our folk which is understood as a manifestation of Nature herself. According to our Aryan way of thinking and living, we affect our folk, and Nature, in a good way when we are honourable and when we do our duty to our folk; that is, personal honour and duty to the folk are the foundation of the personal ethics of the Aryan way. Thus, what is good is what is honourable and what aids the folk; what is bad is what is dishonourable and is harmful to our folk.

There is thus a real understanding, a real feeling, of belonging: of being part of a folk, and part of Nature.

This understanding - mostly instinctive in the past but more rationally comprehended now - of the living matrix which is Nature, with us as individuals, as a folk, depending upon Nature, and being Nature made manifest, is the true essence of the pagan view of the world: the very basis of the pagan way of life.

Often, in the past when this understanding was instinctive, the aspects of this organic matrix were personified, as gods and goddesses, and as "nature spirits". There was a real sense of how interconnected all living things were: how they all were beings, possessed of a life-force, a "soul", and how important and necessary it was to strive to maintain a balance between all living things. To overstep the mark, to commit what the Greeks called hubris, was regarded as wrong, as unwise. Thus there was a real respect for Nature, for the manifestations of Nature, and even a feeling, an



understanding, of aspects of Nature, of some manifestations of Nature, being sacred. In brief, the individual was understood in the context of the folk, the ancestors, of Nature herself.

The persecutive was supra-personal: of the folk, the ancestors, the world of Nature, and the cosmos beyond even Nature.

Such a perspective was, and is, the essence of true paganism.

In contrast, Christian morality, and living, emphasised human beings, and in particular the individual in isolation, and posited a God-given hierarchy of living beings, with many so-called "lesser beings" being regarded as put on Earth, or created, for our benefit, for our use.

This is very different from true paganism, and derives from monotheism: from the belief that what is most important is the after-life with this after-life being attainable if the individual behaves, and lives, in a certain way, in accordance with the teachings, the revelations, the laws, of prophets and religious leaders. This, in bare terms, is moral blackmail: do what our laws, our holy books, our revelations, say or you (note "you" ) will be cast into hell-fire and forever forfeit blissful eternal life. The perspective here is not of the folk, or of Nature, but of an "after-life".

In some ways, this kind of personal morality has served the world well: for such moral blackmail has indeed made millions of people over thousands of years into better people, and caused them to do noble things. But the vast majority have done what they have done because they expected some kind of personal reward.

This is selfish, and indeed primitive. The perspective is still that of the individual, in isolation, and while there have been some, mostly recent, attempts to see the individual as part of Nature, and even as part of some "national culture" these themselves still belong to that way of living, that way of being, which looks toward an "after-life" and not toward the evolution, the enhancement, of our life, of Nature, and of the cosmos itself.

#### The Prophetic Way of Thinking:

Furthermore, in the Christian way of life there is still a dependence upon divine revelation, upon some holy book, upon some prophet or prophets who are said to be, or who are believed to have been, chosen by God to reveal the word/way of God to human beings. Moreover these always ambiguous revelations can be interpreted in various ways, which leads to schism, and different "churches" and eventually to quite different ways of living within the confines of the Christian way of thinking, of being.

Thus, we have the situation today where some people quote the Christian holy book to support racial separation, while others quote it to support the exact opposite. Even worse, this holy book is used by Zionists to support their claim to be chosen, while its sequel (the New Testament) has been used to claim these Zionists have earned and deserve the wrath of God.

There thus has developed a whole ethos, a whole way of life, a way of thinking, deriving from looking to those holy books for inspiration, for truth, for guidance, and the ultimately meaningless (in terms of Nature and the cosmos) squabbles about doctrine and God-sanctioned "authority".

This way of thinking pagans believe to be wrong. Some go even further and believe it to be unnatural and indeed repugnant. It is most certainly contrary to the ethos of the Aryan: to rational, free, enquiry; to that Hellenic and Thorian quest for knowledge, understanding and insight. To that free pagan warrior spirit which marked most if not all of the pagan societies of our Viking, our Anglo-Saxon, our Celtic, our Germanic, ancestors.

And it is not a question of some religious Institution, or some religious teacher, propounding irrational, intolerant, views. Rather, it is question of this prophetic way of thinking being intrinsic to Christianity: part of its ethos, its essence.

#### Christianity, In Summation:

If we consider just one realm - the realm of Justice - we shall easily understand the fundamental difference between the Aryan way, and the way of Christianity.

For any way of life - religion or philosophy - the notion, the concept, of Justice depends upon the morality of that way of life. That is, its derives from the ethics of that way.

For the Aryan, Justice derives from, and depends upon, personal honour. That is, Justice is living, dependent upon honourable, noble, individuals and existing in those honourable, noble, individuals. Hence the great importance which the way of the Aryan places upon individual character: upon building and maintaining individual character; with accepting and allowing for individual difference and respecting the honour, the rights, of other individuals. Hence the importance of allowing individuals to defend their own honour in a practical way, through such things as duels, and trial by combat.

And this respect for the honour, the character, of the individual is the basis, the beginning, of true freedom, as evident for example in the folk-communities of Ancient Greece.

In essence, this way of personal honour, this respect for individual character, this desire to create noble, honourable, character through practical tests such as combat and war, is the way of the noble warrior.

For Christianity, Justice is abstract, ultimately deriving from God. This led to the concept of Justice which still underlies all Western nations: the idea that Justice can exist in some law, some statute, in some judgement given by some individual (a "Judge") or some "Court of Law", for all these impersonal, Institutional things, derive their ultimate authority either from God, some appointed representative of God, such as a monarch, or some Institution which relies and has relied upon Christian ethics.

Thus, one had the disastrous monarchies of Europe imposing their ruthless dictatorships upon the people for century after century due to the Christian notion of divine right: that is, justifying their rule (which was often assumed by force of arms) through Christian ethics. This gave them an absolute power so that Justice was said to be the Justice of the monarch, with officials appointed by the monarch to enforce this "justice". Thus the individual became more and more powerless and had to rely on the King, or his appointees, for "Justice". Justice was transferred from the people, from individuals, to the Crown.

In later times in Europe, these abstract concepts were merely transferred to the State, with Governments, and elected officials (such as the Police) appropriating to themselves the right to decide what is lawful and what is unlawful.

That is, the power of Justice is taken away from the individual, and resided and resides in some abstract law, or some "Court of Law". Thus we have Governments, and their appointees such as the Police, saying un-Aryan things like "No one can take the law into their own hands" whereas according to the Aryan way a noble, honourable, individual is Justice, is the law. That is, according to Aryan ethics, a man who lives by honour, who is known by the folk to be honourable, whose honour has been proved through his deeds, his life, is an example of Justice: and is Justice. There is thus no need for legislation, for a multitude of laws and for "Courts of Law" where so-called "experts" are needed to argue for and against the accused. Justice, for the Aryan, is a question of honour.

In the Aryan way, Justice is human, and flexible. In the Christian way, Justice is abstract, and unbending, and in fact inhuman.

In summation, Christianity has been an unmitigated disaster. As Nietzsche and others understood, it robbed us for centuries of our true identity, our true Aryan, Hellenic, ethos: of the "harvest, the fruits, of Hellenic culture".

Even the Renaissance - that great re-discovery of part of our heritage - became stifled because of the counter-attacks by Christianity: what renaissance there was, occurred within the confines of the Christian way of thinking, of living, so that instead of a liberation from the abstract way of Christianity with its abstract "justice" and its lack of understanding of the folk, of Nature, its abject arrogance toward the nexus, there was only a slight awakening of our Aryan spirit, our Aryan ethos.

Indeed, we had to wait until this present century - until the glorious advent of Fascism and National-Socialism - for our Aryan ethos to begin to manifest itself again on a large scale.

Even the Renaissance might not have occurred were it not for Islam. For most of the fruits of Hellenic culture were saved by Muslims, and thence re-introduced into Europe. For centuries, Christianity sought to destroy our Hellenic heritage, our pagan understanding, and thus the fruits of ancient Greece and Rome, and in many ways it was only the Muslim conquest of Spain, and the coming together in places like Andalusia of Muslim and Christian scholars, that enabled Europe to rediscover Greek and Roman literature, history, science and mathematics.

We must have or develop, the insight, the courage, to understand Christianity and act upon that understanding.

What many so-called Christian nationalist movements and martyrs achieved, they achieved not because of Christianity, but in spite of Christianity, and while they are many things of beauty and nobility which Christianity inspired in our people (one thinks here of the music of JS Bach) how much more could have been achieved, how much greater could the true numen be represented through some cultural or artistic form, if there had been an Aryan ethos inspiring our people!

Of course, Christianity, like Islam, can be said to have in some ways made this world a better place. But that does not alter the fact that as a way of living, of thinking, of being, it is anti-Aryan and indeed anti-evolutionary, and that, on balance, it has probably done far more harm than good.

The two ways of viewing the world, of understanding our relation to other human beings, to Nature, to the cosmos - the Christian and the Aryan - are not only different, but irreconcilable.

Christianity is a prophetic way of thinking, based upon a primitive homocentric (and thus anti-racial) view of the world, whereas the Aryan way is the way of reason, of experiment, of discovery, based as this Aryan way is upon a natural, a cosmic, a folk, view of the world.

We now have the ability, the opportunity, of consciously understanding our unique Aryan way of life, and of deciding whether we wish to follow this way.

To return to Christianity - in whatever form - is quite simply wrong: the negation of thousands of years of conscious understanding; the negation of thousands of years of culture and civilization.

To choose Christianity, in whatever form and for whatever reason, is to choose the old, primitive, homocentric ethics with its inhuman, abstract "justice".

To choose the Aryan way of life is to choose the new ethics of the cosmos, of the folk, of the nexus, with its human and civilizing concept of honour, and with its evolutionary idealism of duty to the folk, duty to Nature, and duty to the cosmos itself.

---

## Essays in Aryan Evolution

### I

#### Why The System Must Be Destroyed

The reality of the present is that we Aryans live under a Zionist Government of Occupation in a society which is dedicated to everything those of nobility and honour detest and dislike. This society is fundamentally anti-Aryan, as it has introduced tyrannical laws to take away the basic rights of Aryans - for instance, the right to carry weapons; the right to favour one's own kind over aliens; the right to speak out in defence of one's own kind and one's own culture. This society is founded upon the Zionist hoax, or illusion, of 'racial equality', and each and every Government, whether of the 'right' or of the 'left' or any shade between, upholds this illusion as they try and have tried to force the Aryan majority to 'integrate' with the millions of non-Aryans which these Governments have allowed and encouraged to settle in Aryan countries. Furthermore, this present society of ours maintains another illusion, or hoax - that of 'parliamentary democracy'. The reality, however, is that all the political parties, and thus any Government formed by one of them which wins an election, support the multi-racial, anti-Aryan System which has been created.

Behind the 'Government of the day' there are people who wield the real power. For decades, those who run and who created the present System - with its illusion of parliamentary democracy and its illusion of racial equality - have tried to maintain their power and influence by seeking to secretly manipulate the Aryan majority. That is, they have tried to mentally condition the majority - to 'brainwash' them, and thus secretly control them via ideas.

For decades, torrents of propaganda supporting and propagating the hoax of 'racial equality' has poured forth - in books, in newspapers, in magazines, in films, on television. The hoax of racial equality itself has become State-sponsored and has been taught to schoolchildren and college students. In addition, the powerful and secret minority behind the System created and propagated another hoax to condition, manipulate and control Aryans. This was the hoax of the Jewish 'holocaust'. This hoax, this illusion, this ignoble lie of the holocaust has been used and is being

used to create anti-Aryan multi-racial societies and to ruthlessly stamp out any and all opposition to the hoax of racial equality and to the System which has been created to tame, domesticate and control Aryans. This lie of the 'holocaust' has been used and is being used to brainwash Aryans from the cradle to the grave - to condition them to accept a multi-racial society, with all its "benefits", and to condition them to reject their own Aryan culture and ignore the danger their own race is in.

The result of all this propaganda, manipulation and conditioning has been the creation of a profane society and a way of life which was and is anti-Aryan in essence. What has been created is a materialistic, vacuous, society where individuals are taught or led to believe that individual pleasure, wealth, prosperity, happiness, or abstract, unreal, aims like 'racial equality' are the only worthwhile goals. The society we Aryans had inherited from our ancestors, where the Aryan and warrior values of honour, duty and excellence were prized, became replaced by a society based on selfish indulgence and anti-Aryan values derived from the Zionist hoax of racial equality. A whole new anti-Aryan culture was developed - that is, the Aryan majority ceased to act and behave like Aryans, and ceased to follow their own unique cultural values. Instead, they embraced the dis-honourable, sex-obsessed, selfish, race-mixing anti-Aryan culture which the secret Zionist minority had created to control the Aryan majority. Slowly, and with the majority either unaware of it or indifferent to it, what was Aryan was suppressed and outlawed. The accepted values of the System have become anti-Aryan ones - with the majority of young Aryans lacking any sense of honour, lacking any self-discipline, but instead being addicted to Negro music, believing Negroes to be equal to Aryans and not caring about the future of their own Aryan folk and race.

Furthermore, the secret Zionist minority sought to keep the majority contented, entertained and reasonably well-fed, for they knew that revolutions often arise when a people are hungry, discontented and desperate. Thus were the majority constrained and controlled - tamed and domesticated, fed and entertained by their hidden masters. The horizons, the goals of the majority, were set for them, while the real revolutionaries - those who could free them from their mental slavery - were persecuted and imprisoned and described as 'evil racists' intent on causing another 'holocaust'. Thus were the majority duped - living for the most part happy and contented, while the secretly controlled and secretly censored Media poured forth a torrent of propaganda and abuse at 'evil racists', 'neo-nazis' and anyone they deemed to be a threat to their hoax and the society based upon it. And such was the mental conditioning of the majority that they seldom if ever questioned this propaganda put out by their masters. Such was the mental conditioning of the majority, and such was their tameness, that they were for the most part pleased and content that the Government of the day was dealing with such vile individuals.

Such is the control now exercised over the majority, and such is their basic contentment and their basic conditioned belief in the anti-Aryan goals set for them, that the majority will never now be awakened by us simply trying to tell them the truth. They will not listen, or they will not understand, because at present it is as if we are strangers speaking a different language from them and they have no need and no desire to try and learn our language of freedom. Until that need or that desire arises, they will continue to ignore our leaflets, our pamphlets, our speeches, our meetings and our rallies. So it is that such things, aimed at the majority, are futile, a waste of our resources. So it is that 'electioneering' - with us forming or belonging to a political party trying to win power through contesting elections - is doomed to fail.

The majority simply are cocooned from reality by the illusions which their Zionist masters have created for them. There is the illusion of racial equality. There is the illusion of 'the holocaust'. There are the illusive materialistic goals which the Zionists have given them to strive for.

Furthermore, they like the domesticated tame beings they have become, are for the most part contented because reasonably well-fed and reasonably entertained by their masters.

One thing and only one thing can shatter these illusions and their bourgeois contentment. This is a revolutionary situation - for such a situation will force the majority to confront what is vital and important. It will force them to face the reality of racial difference and racial potential. It will deprive them of the comforts to which they have become accustomed and which have made them weak, and domesticated. In essence, the majority need to re-discover their basic Aryan instincts - their basic warrior heritage. They need to throw off the shallow, the pretentious, the illusive sociological and Marxist egalitarian ideas which Zionists have indoctrinated them with from birth. They need to become Aryan again - aware of the Aryan values of honour, duty and excellence, and aware of their Aryan heritage.

Our societies are now organized and maintained by petty vainly arrogant often cowardly Aryans who have never faced the severe test of combat - who have never had to prove themselves by facing a 'life or death' situation. Our societies are full of glib-talking, spineless people who have no understanding of honour and no understanding of their unique Aryan heritage. Indeed, the 'role models' which the secret Zionist minority have made for the people in these societies to follow and emulate, idealize such glib-talking spineless individuals and such petty vainly arrogant self-indulgent weak-willed cowards. These Zionist-manufactured idols are called 'politicians', 'entertainers', 'film stars', 'musicians' and 'millionaires'.

In effect, the dross have been allowed to assume day to day control, and their worthless dishonourable standards and ignoble values are the values which drive and which maintain the whole worthless, dishonourable System. This System is so full of corrupt people and corrupt practices, and so maintained by illusive ignoble anti-Aryan ideas, that it will have to be totally destroyed and an entirely new start made.

This can only mean a revolution.

We need to create a totally new society, based on Aryan ideals, as we need to nurture and produce Aryan individuals dedicated to Aryan values such as honour, duty and excellence. A large percentage of our fellow Aryans have now become so corrupt, or so maintained by anti-Aryan ideas and anti-Aryan values, that they are or have made themselves worthless. They have ceased to be Aryan, and live and act like non-Aryans, like the sub-humans they emulate and have become. It is futile to believe that most of these people will change or can change. They are lost to our race, and we have to accept this fact. Accordingly, we must understand that our task is not to try and convert such people - to win them over to our Cause. That is, our task now is not to form or try to form a 'populist political party' or movement and try to win political power by compromising with the System, with the Aryan traitors who have aided and abetted this System, and the Aryan majority who are lost to their race. Rather, it is to build a revolutionary army, dedicated to fighting the holy war that is necessary, and to bring about or cause the revolution needed to undermine and destroy the whole System.

Our future task, after the revolution, is to create the new society we need from the rubble of the old - to create a new type of individual, one Aryan in body and in soul; one who is genuinely free to live as an Aryan. For too many decades we have allowed ourselves to be duped by our opponents - thus have we idly dreamed of winning power by contesting elections. The reality is that we must become revolutionary fighters dedicated to undermining and overthrowing the System, as we must zealously take our message of freedom, our fight for justice and our vision of a new society among our fellow Aryans. The change we desire and need can only be brought

about by the shedding of blood and the destruction of everything which is anti-Aryan. We must become pure in spirit, like the mighty warriors of our once great Aryan race - that is, we must become totally focused upon the task before us, never wavering and never giving up until we have achieved the goals of Aryan revolution, Aryan freedom and a new pure Aryan society dedicated to producing Aryans pure in race and pure in spirit.

## II

### The Necessity of War

#### A Declaration of War

The skirmishes which we National-Socialists have been fighting since 56 yf for our basic freedom, and our survival as a race, have developed into battles. The tyrannical System which our enemies have created to enslave us becomes more anti-Aryan and more tyrannical with every passing year. Furthermore, those zealous guardians of this System - the Police and government agencies such as MI5 - have been ordered to deal ruthlessly with those, like active National-Socialists, who are fighting to undermine and overthrow the tyrannical System we are forced to live under. White Police officers and White members of organizations such as MI5 have repeatedly shown themselves to be traitors to their race, and their culture. Instead of refusing to take part in the destruction of their own culture and their own race, they have mindlessly or willingly co-operated. Instead of trying in some way to use their work or their employment to covertly aid those who are courageously fighting for freedom, they have mindlessly or willingly co-operated in the suppression and the imprisonment of Aryan activists.

The System has, over the past decade or so, ruthlessly rooted out any Police officer or any member of any government organization suspected of having sympathy with us or suspected of having views which contradict the anti-Aryan, pro-ethnic minority dogmas of the System. For instance, any Police officer suspected of having 'racist views' - i.e. suspected of being proud to be White and sensible enough to understand the pro-ethnic, anti-Aryan policies of the System - has been forced to resign, forced to recant their 'heretical' views, or forced to undergo the brainwashing techniques the System has devised to intimidate and control its opponents (they call this brainwashing 're-education' or 'awareness training'). And the White members of these organizations have either co-operated, or done nothing, more concerned about their own careers than about the freedom and future of their race. As a result, the Police and other organizations have become an instrument to enforce and police the tyranny which has been created. Accordingly, they have become our sworn enemies.

These organizations, and the people behind them, have declared war on us - and now we declare war on them, recognizing them for what they are, enemies of our freedom and enemies of our race. We can no longer simply fight skirmishes with our visible, often 'communist' enemies 'on the streets' as we no longer have the time or the freedom to indulge ourselves with playing the electoral game which our Zionist foes, and their lackeys, have rigged and whose rules they will change when it suits them. We must recognize that we are fighting a real war. We have real enemies, who will use any means and any weapon in order to win. Our choice is a simple one - fight for freedom and for victory, or do nothing and endure the oppression of the System. Men fight, when war is declared, while cowards make excuses.

We declare war on the whole anti-Aryan tyrannical System which exists in every country where Aryans are in the majority - on the governments, organizations and people who aid and abet this System and who support, actively or by inaction, the governments which support this System. Anyone who is not with us, actively or covertly, is our enemy - for that is the nature of war.

## A War Against Occupying Forces

However, this war cannot, at present, be a conventional war of well-equipped armies facing and fighting each other on specific battlefields. It also cannot be, at present, a war which uses the tactics of conventional war. This is because the two sides are unevenly matched. Our enemies have at their disposal large well-equipped, well-trained armies and organizations, and vast resources of man-power and money. Our enemies also occupy and control our territory - that is, we live under an 'Occupation Government'. Since our principal foes - our sworn and deadly enemies responsible for creating and maintaining the anti-Aryan tyrannical System - are Zionists, we call this the Zionist Occupation Government or ZOG. This Government of Occupation has thousands upon thousands of collaborators - people dedicated to upholding the tyrannical anti-Aryan ideas and tyrannical anti-Aryan legislation which the Zionists have created and used to enslave us and to try and breed us out of existence through their genocidal policy of race-mixing.

In contrast to our enemies, our resources and our man-power are limited. At present, we are small bands of often not very well-organized freedom fighters. At present, we possess plenty of motivation and idealism, but very few of the practical skills required to fight a real war. At present, most of the time we try and organize some direct action against our enemies our plans are betrayed to our enemies because many of our small groups are infiltrated by ZOG agents. At present, we have limited access to the real weapons we need to fight this war. Quite often, we are forced to improvise.

We must organize and train ourselves to fight this real war in a real and practical way. That is, we must have good strategy, good tactics, good organization, good weapons, good propaganda and good intelligence about our enemies. Good intelligence means we identify important, or strategic, enemies, and targets of strategic or tactical importance to our enemy, and attack them. Good strategy means we understand we are fighting for our freedom to live among our own kind according to our own Aryan customs, and that we are fighting a tyrannical Government, or Governments, of Occupation who are intent on keeping us enslaved. Good tactics mean we realize we are at present fighting a covert, or clandestine, war against a powerful, often ruthless, enemy and that we must at first fight a revolutionary war of attrition - a war of sabotage and disruption where collaborators, ZOG agents and sworn enemies are legitimate targets. Good propaganda means we seek to gain the support and sympathy of our fellow Aryans by making them aware of our noble fight for freedom and for justice; it also means that we ourselves, who fight in this war, have an unshakeable fanatical belief in the justice of our Cause.

We must develop more good secure organizations, free from ZOG agents, composed of dedicated fighters. We must acquire more of the weapons we need to engage the forces of ZOG. Above all, we must strike whenever and wherever we can as we must make more and more Aryans aware of the tyranny of ZOG and the noble ideals for which we fight.

Our enemies may at present be powerful, as they may have plentiful resources at their disposal, including tyrannical laws which they have introduced to try and suppress our ideals and to try and 'keep us in our servile place'. But we have the justness of our fight for freedom on our side, and no tyranny, however ruthless, can ever extinguish the desire of a people for freedom so long as some within that people remember freedom and strive to obtain it.

At present, however, the sad fact is that a majority of our people are blissfully unaware of the danger facing their race, and of how their basic rights and freedoms have been taken from them,



with they themselves made into docile slaves of a materialistic alien System. One important task facing us is to liberate our people from the mental conditioning, or 'brainwashing', which the System has subjected them to over many decades.

### III The Illusion of Peace

#### Control by Comfort and Illusion

The System has learned two hard lessons. The first lesson was learnt from Soviet style communism - overt large-scale oppression does not work very well. The desire for freedom lives on in people, however harshly they are treated, however many are imprisoned and however much the State tries to enforce open programmes of political indoctrination. The second lesson was learnt from the harsh economic climate and the 'Great Depression' which followed the First World War - starving people, with little or nothing to lose, and people who fear losing what they have got, can easily revolt against those who control them.

Fundamentally, those behind the System have learnt the subtle power of persuasion and how to manipulate people so that those people do not know or suspect they are being controlled, and do not know or suspect that their basic freedoms have been taken away. It is basically very simple - give the majority a reasonable standard of living, and material or self-centred goals to strive for, and they will behave themselves. They will, for the most part, be content. They will be domesticated - they will become tame. Furthermore, portray anyone who opposes you as 'evil', as 'terrorists', as 'extremists' bent on creating a dictatorship, while portraying your own System as 'democratic' and/or 'liberal/progressive'. At the same time, cleverly introduce laws which make it illegal for anyone to challenge your own ideas, all the time making yourself, and your lackeys, appear as 'protectors of democracy' and protectors of 'freedom'. Create a political system which seems to allow for choice between different political parties, but which really allows for no choice at all since all these parties adhere to the same ideas.

The trick works well provided the basic material security and prosperity of the majority are maintained, provided the illusion of freedom of political choice is maintained, and provided the troublesome minority, who see the illusion and the manipulation for what they are, can be dealt with by "due process of law" and thrown into prison as common criminals.

Whole new societies have been created, based on illusion - on abstract, dogmatic, ideas which do not correspond to reality. Further, the majority of people have been indoctrinated with these ideas since birth, so that they believe that only these ideas are 'correct', or 'just' or whatever. The result is a society of individuals for the most part cleverly conditioned and cleverly controlled, who are unaware of reality or of how they have been conditioned and are being controlled. In effect, not only has a society been 'socially engineered', but so have the majority of people within it. This is even more sinister, more evil, than an overt, bloody, repressive tyranny. And it is also a more effective way of controlling people.

#### The Fundamental Illusion

The fundamental illusion on which the new societies of the System have been based is the illusion, or hoax, of 'racial equality'. This is an abstract idea totally contrary to reality, and one which all the major political parties in all the countries where Aryans are in a majority uphold. Thus, on this important issue, there is no freedom of choice. This illusion of racial equality is

contrary to the facts of history, of practical experience, and even 'common sense', and from this illusion other illusions are derived - such as the illusion that our societies are 'racist' and therefore special efforts need to be made to help or aid non-Aryans in these countries since they are at a disadvantage. In this, the reality - as anyone of any insight or intelligence knows - is that our societies are actually anti-Aryan, or anti-White, and positively favour and encourage non-Aryans and non-Aryan customs while discriminating against Aryans, Aryan culture and Aryans customs. This illusion, this hoax of racial equality, and that of 'racism', were created by those who invented the dogmas of Marxism, of 'social anthropology', and of 'sociology', and whether by accident or design these dogmas have been used to manipulate and control Aryans and to create societies which are anti-Aryan. Is it just a coincidence that the inventors of these abstract, illusive, dogmas were all Jews - Marx, Boas, Benedict, Durkheim, Mauss, Marcuse, Levi-Strauss?

Is it just coincidence that the lie of the alleged Jewish 'holocaust' has been used to discredit the pro-Aryan Cause of National-Socialism, used to stifle any expression of pro-Aryan views and used as an excuse to introduce repressive anti-Aryan laws?

In fact, the lie of the 'holocaust' is crucial in maintaining the illusion that has been created. It is also used to manipulate and coerce people - to mentally condition them to believe certain things. The 'holocaust' story is taught as irrefutable fact to children in Schools, and to young people in Colleges and Universities. No criticism is ever allowed. There is a religious type of sanctity which has grown up around 'survivors' of the 'death camps', and around the story itself, and many countries now have 'holocaust memorials' and 'museums' which have become places of pilgrimage and where regular 'remembrances' are held. The story is treated with an almost religious sanctity, and anyone who doubts is subject to an Inquisition. Indeed, the story of the 'holocaust' has become more of a religious belief than belief in a Christian God. Laws have been introduced in countries like Germany, France, Canada and Austria which make it illegal for anyone to deny this 'holocaust' took place. That is, belief in the 'holocaust' has become mandatory in many countries.

Everyone now has freedom to believe in a Christian God or not, and freedom to believe or disbelieve whether the Gospels are the divine word of God - but everyone has to believe in the story of the 'holocaust'. Why do they have to believe in this story of the 'holocaust'? Because it is an "irrefutable fact"? Because it has been "proved beyond all doubt"? Surely, the same things were said, for many centuries, about the Christian God, his miracles, and the Gospels - and anyone who dared to deny such "irrefutable facts", and question whether such things had indeed "been proved beyond all doubt" were called heretics, and punished. Such heretics could be, and often were, imprisoned, forced to recant their 'heretical views', and persecuted - deprived of their jobs, their livelihood, scorned by their neighbours. In those dark days of religious intolerance, and Inquisition, people could be denounced as 'heretics' - and mere mention of this word, or the threat of being called it, was enough to make people fearful. The threat of being called a heretic was enough to keep most people in line - to make them conform, and accept the teachings of the Church, or at least not speak openly about them. So the Church maintained its power and its hold over people by such covert and overt terror.

Today, everyone has got to believe in this story of the 'holocaust' for one simple reason. The story itself is central to the beliefs which now underlie all the societies of the West. A new terror has been created, and maintained by the coercive force of law. No dissent is allowed, and everyone has to be educated - that is, 'brainwashed' - to believe this new pseudo-religious belief. Just as in the dark times of the medieval Inquisition, this pseudo-religious belief, and only this belief, is said to be 'morally right' - and anyone who criticizes it, disagrees with it or opposes it, is

cast as 'evil' or 'wrong'. Indeed, any doctrine which is not part of this new pseudo-religious or dogmatic orthodoxy is deemed to be 'evil' and 'wrong'.

What, then, is this new dogmatic orthodoxy, given an almost religious sanctity by the various Governments of the System? It is, quite simply, the belief that a multi-racial, basically materialistic society is the only type of society which is right. This itself is based on the hoax that all races are equal. Those who see this hoax for the fraud it is are called 'racists' and people have been indoctrinated to believe that 'racism' is wrong. All the major political parties in this, and all other Western countries, are dedicated to creating a society based on this hoax of racial equality as they are all committed to 'eradicating', by force of law and programmes of education, any opposing views. This new dogmatic orthodoxy has been used to introduce what are basically Marxist policies of forced 'equality', 'affirmative ethnic action', and 'ethnic quotas'. This orthodoxy has been used to make those of European race feel guilty because of their alleged 'racist' past - and any expression of racial pride by Europeans is not tolerated, or regarded as 'extreme' and 'unsavoury', while ethnic pride among racial minorities is positively encouraged. This orthodoxy has been used to take away the basic right of Aryans to defend themselves as it is used to justify imprisoning any Aryan who dares to fight back against intimidation by gangs of non-Aryans.

This new dogmatic orthodoxy has created a new heresy - 'racism'. Modern Inquisitors have been appointed to track down racists and to seek out and destroy any 'racist attitudes' or behaviour. Modern Inquisitorial tribunals have been set up to investigate alleged 'racism' at work, in Schools and Colleges, and elsewhere, and to punish those found guilty. These modern Inquisitors are called by such titles as 'Race Relations Officers', or 'awareness counsellors' and the Inquisitorial courts which try to find and punish heresy, are called by fancy names such as 'Race Relations Tribunals'.

The story of the 'holocaust' is central to all this manipulation of Aryan minds - because, quite simply, this new orthodoxy says that the 'holocaust' proves that National-Socialism, and any other kind of 'racialist' or separatist belief, is evil and wrong. The argument always runs along similar lines: "Look what racism led to in Germany - the horrors of the holocaust"; and "Auschwitz is a reminder of where exclusion and inhumanity can lead..." So any dissent, any attempt to expose the Zionist hoax of racial equality is stifled - because, of course, "everyone knows that the holocaust existed". Thus also the arguments used to justify the mental tyranny which exists and which is evident in making illegal any and all opposition to multi-racialism: "we must stamp out racism before it takes a hold; otherwise we will have another 'holocaust'..."

Everyone must believe in the 'holocaust' because everyone must believe that 'racism' is wrong and that racists hate other races and want to exterminate them, or at least subject them to brutal slavery. All modern Aryan countries are dedicated to creating and maintaining multi-racial societies, and therefore no real, open, opposition can be allowed or will be tolerated. No other beliefs - other than those which support such a society - can be taught, simply because these countries are part of a tyrannical System which is controlling people through ideas, and which is brainwashing them to believe these illusive ideas, and only them.

We National-Socialists have seen through the trickery and the manipulation, as we know 'racial equality' for the Zionist hoax it is. To win the war we are engaged in, we must free our people from such illusive ideas and from the control such Jewish-created ideas exercise over the minds and the behaviour of our folk.

#### IV How to Destroy an Illusion

For decades, Zionists have tried to take away, to destroy and erase, the memory of the glorious years which Aryans enjoyed under Adolf Hitler. They have tried to do this in several ways. Firstly, by inflicting suffering and hardship on the German people who knew, who had experienced those glorious years - conducting against this people a total war which virtually destroyed the country, which killed millions of loyal National-Socialists and which created mass starvation. Secondly, the Zionists subjected the German people to the humiliation and indignity of a tyrannical Occupation, to 'de-Nazification', to show trials. Thirdly, they created and propagated the vile lie of the 'holocaust' to make the German people guilty, and to discredit, or try and discredit, National-Socialism and Adolf Hitler.

The Zionists hoped that by doing these terrible, ignoble things to the German people, those who knew the reality of National-Socialism would forget it, or convince themselves they had been mistaken.

But there are still many who do remember, as there are many who have handed on, to a new generation, the memory of those glorious times. In effect, the Zionists and their lackeys - despite all they have done - have failed to eradicate the truth. Despite all the suffering, despite all the hardship, despite all the sacrifices and all the deaths, and even despite the lie of the 'holocaust', the beautiful, noble truth about National-Socialist Germany and Adolf Hitler lives on.

It lives on today in we who are National-Socialists, and to shatter the illusive world the Zionists have created from their destruction of National-Socialist Germany we need to do three things.

(1) We need to uphold and propagate the noble truth of National-Socialism - to hand on the sacred flame of freedom entrusted to us, and to win converts for our Cause.

(2) We need to fight our enemies in a practical way by waging a holy war against them, as outlined above in Part II.

(3) We need to shake our people out of the illusive comfort they now live in by helping to undermine and destroy in a revolutionary way the System which our enemies have created to control, enslave and domesticate our race. We must seek to create a revolutionary situation so that people once again have the face the hard reality of life. That is, we must be prepared to ruthlessly sabotage, destroy, undermine and disrupt in any way the infrastructure of our societies. [ See 'System Breakdown' and the other covert pamphlets in circulation.] If we do these things, with a fanatical belief in our Cause based on an understanding of what our enemies have done and are doing to our people, then we can and will triumph, thus winning back our freedom and rescuing our race from the slavery it now endures.

#### V Why Violence Is Healthy

We all know the story, the now-familiar newspaper 'headlines' and the now-familiar diatribes of spineless, characterless 'politicians', 'social workers' and 'experts' who speak-out against 'violence'. I can recall a recent programme on television about 'violence' during which some video footage was used, taken by one of those invasive surveillance cameras which are increasingly being placed in our cities and our towns. What was shown was basically three young lads having a bit of a fight, late one night. One young man insulted another, who punched him and so on.

Nothing to do with anyone else - just something for them to sort out among themselves, in a natural and healthy way. But the Police treated it as a serious assault, arresting all those involved, and trying to humiliate them through the Police and Court procedures designed to do exactly that. Naturally, 'experts' and assorted politicians as well as Police officers spoke about the 'violence' and how 'horrible' it was. And so on.

Correctly defined, the term 'violence' means using force so as to cause injury to another person or persons. It is natural and indeed necessary for someone to use force to defend themselves if attacked, as it is natural and healthy for young men in particular to be aggressive and war-loving. It is natural and indeed healthy for the majority of young men to want to be tough and to want to show others their toughness by fighting and brawling.

Of course, such truths as these are heretical in the 'politically correct' societies we Aryans are forced to live in. And they are heretical because for decades Zionists and their lackeys have tried to brainwash the majority of Aryans into believing 'violence' and aggressive behaviour are 'wrong' and even 'un-civilised'. Indeed, the Zionists specifically created various pseudo-sciences, such as 'sociology', to make Aryans unhealthy and weak by turning them away from their natural, Aryan, instincts. In brief, Zionists have tried, through brainwashing, to domesticate and tame our once fierce, proud, warrior tribes - and they have done this because it is easier for them to rule over and control a tame people.

So many Aryans have now been tamed and conditioned by the Zionists and their doctrines, that it has now become common-place for Aryans occupying positions of power and influence (such as Police officers) to do their masters bidding, and to think and act either like ignoble cowards or like non-Aryans. Such Aryans have forsaken their Aryan warrior heritage and everything which makes them Aryan. They have lost their basic warrior instincts.

The simple fact is that individuals who are not prepared to use force to defend themselves, and thus their own honour, are fundamentally weak and cowardly. To be a man means to be prepared to look after oneself - to take responsibility for oneself. A mature individual, a real man, has character, and this character is only and always created through striving, through adversity, through overcoming challenging, obstacles, difficulties, and through combat - through tests of courage, heroism and endurance. All genuine Aryan societies were warrior societies<sup>(2)</sup>, and in all warrior societies certain principles were upheld. Chief among these was the principle of training for manhood. Tests of endurance, tests of combat, tests of physical strength, and the taking of risks, were all part of this training. Young men were taught to fight, with weapons, as they knew and accepted that they would be expected to fight in battles. They were taught to be self-reliant, adventurous, and aggressive. In brief, they were taught to be proud of themselves, and taught that the highest values were the warrior values of courage, honour, loyalty, and duty. In these societies, people carried weapons, knew how to use them, were prepared to use them, and it was accepted that such weapons could be used, in self-defence.

Furthermore, these Aryan societies were genuinely civilized. That is, they prized excellence of individual character as they made warrior values, and manhood, ideals to be aspired to. These societies were ruled by strong men of character - by heroes who had proved themselves in combat and in war. Thus were such societies noble. What was accepted was that violence, particularly among young men, was natural and necessary, and that this could and should be encouraged provided those using violence abided by honourable rules when fighting or brawling. It was this acceptance and encouragement of violence, and this insistence on these noble and ennobling rules - mostly unwritten - which enables one to distinguish an Aryan warrior society. That is, in such a society, there had to be 'fair play'. Provided there was such fair play in such fighting and brawling,

then violence was accepted and encouraged. Someone who did not play fair, was branded a coward, or a cheat, and considered an ignoble person. Thus, there were never, in Aryan societies, any 'laws' or any prohibitions about or concerning such fights or such brawling - and when such laws or such prohibitions did arise, one could be sure that the society introducing and enforcing them was run by weak, characterless individuals or ignoble tyrants. In brief, such societies had ceased to be Aryan.

For decades, Zionists, and their Marxist allies, have worked to create a society where individuals - and in particular men - are dependant on, and have to obey, the State and the institutions of that State, such as the Police. Zionists have tried to brainwash people into believing and accepting the ignoble, anti-Aryan values behind such a State, as they constructed a repressive ignoble System to deal with anyone who does not believe or accept these values, who refuses to be humiliated or who refuses to accept their new servile status. Zionists, and their allies and lackeys, have striven to undermine and eradicate the Aryan values of honour and excellence and that training for manhood which is essential for a healthy, noble, society. Thus have Zionists created and propagated the illusive doctrines of racial equality, of 'feminism', of the so-called 'liberal democratic' State with its repressive Police forces and its repressive laws which take away the right to bear and use weapons and which tries to break the aggressive, natural, spirit of young Aryans by tyrannical legislation making brawling and fighting and the use of weapons in self-defence 'criminal offences'. Furthermore, these Police forces act like bullies who have to humiliate their victims and force them to submit to them. No Aryan with any pride and honour, is prepared to submit to such bullying tactics as the Police use when arresting someone and when holding them 'for questioning'. It is an affront to one's manhood to be so shamefully and so dishonourably treated. But the System which has been created to tame Aryans has given the Police such tyrannical powers, that honourable Aryans have become powerless when pounced upon by such bullies. In effect, such bullying and such dis-honourable behaviour has become institutionalized because it is means of control, a means to try and tame Aryans, and make them into servile Zionist slaves - into goyim, or 'cattle'.

In essence, the Zionists, for their own messianic ends, and to keep and extend the power and influence they have, have striven to create generation after generation of self-indulgent, ignoble, individuals addicted to their own selfish pleasure and happiness, with these individuals having no experience of all those things, such as war, which are necessary to produce real manly character. Furthermore, they have tried to ruthlessly stamp out, through their anti-Aryan laws, and their tyrannical bullying Police forces, the virility and warrior nature of healthy young Aryans to whom toughness, pride and war are ideals. In addition, and as part of their strategy, these Zionists have encouraged and used the religion of Christianity to make Aryans ill.

Part of the responsibility for encouraging and creating weak character among Aryan men lies with the life-negating, anti-Aryan fundamentally Jewish religion of Christianity. Christianity, as noble Romans understood, and as Nietzsche so eloquently expressed in his *The Anti-Christ*, is a religion for cowards and sub-humans. It encourages and creates everything those of noble character loathe and detest. It encourages pacifism, the hoax of racial equality and the promise of an illusive after-life. It denies the pleasure and necessity of combat and war, as it makes a weak, weedy 'spirituality' rather than noble manhood, its goal. It is gloomy and superstitious and champions the values of the coward, the decadent and the life-hater. Christianity values and champions compassion over and above wisdom, necessity and experience.

In effect, Christianity and the anti-Aryan abstract doctrines created and propagated by Zionists, have made Aryans sick. Christianity and these Zionist doctrines are fundamentally mental and psychic viruses - ailments which undermine Aryan health, survival and vitality. The only

effective cure for such life-threatening viruses is National-Socialism, for only National-Socialism expresses and represents what is Aryan and what is required for Aryan survival, health and advancement. In effect, National-Socialism is a modern conscious expression of the natural, healthy and noble instincts of Aryans - and it was these instincts which created civilizations in the past, and which made Aryans the most fierce, proud, tough and honourable warriors on Earth.

What National-Socialism understands and expresses is that violence, honourably used, is natural and necessary - part of training for manhood, part of a warrior society and a means whereby excellence can be achieved for individuals and the race itself. National-Socialism accepts and encourages the natural aggressive instincts of young men, and their desire to fight and to brawl, providing a framework of honour to guide individuals in the struggle for life and the struggle for excellence of individual character.

Thus does National-Socialism represent all that is wise and healthy, while those doctrines and those people which and who oppose National-Socialism represents everything which is ignoble and sickly.

#### Facts The System Does Not Want You To Know

The System does not want you to know, and tries to suppress, the fact that National-Socialism means folk-democracy, not 'dictatorship' or tyranny. National-Socialists believe in and uphold the only real form of democracy there is or can be: folk-democracy<sup>(1)</sup>.

Governments in this country, and other Aryan countries, have tried to hide this fact for over seventy years. They do not want you to know that a National-Socialist society is a society of Aryan people who willingly co-operate together for their own advancement and well-being.

The truth is that National-Socialists are committed to the freedom of folk-democracy, while politicians of our present System - and those who support them - are committed to introducing ever more tyrannical legislation to enforce their own policies and compel people, on pain of imprisonment, to act and behave as those politicians believe people should act and behave.

The truth is that the present System we have in this country is tyrannical, despite the politicians of this System forever saying they are 'democratic'.

This System is tyrannical and un-democratic because it has outlawed all opposition to its policies. This System has made opposition to its aim of creating a multi-racial State illegal. It has introduced laws to make and compel people to change their attitudes and behaviour, on pain of imprisonment. This is coercive; it is dictatorial and it is tyrannical. All the major political parties, whether 'Left-wing' or 'Right-wing', in this and other Aryan countries are committed to this multi-racial society, and committed to those laws which make opposition to this type of society illegal. All the political parties in this and other Aryan countries are committed to ever-more laws to make and compel people to accept this type of society, and everything which goes with it, on pain of imprisonment.

A real tyranny has been created - with the Police being given Stalinist-type powers to deal with those the System suspects are critical of this 'multi-racial' society. Already dissidents have been arrested and imprisoned for speaking out against this tyranny, as the Police are committed to conducting more and more Stalinist-type 'dawn raids' on those suspected of possessing dissent literature.

Of course, the politicians of this tyrannical System - and those who support and aid this System - use fine-sounding words to try and justify this suppression and imprisonment of dissidents, as they spewed forth equally fine-sounding, but equally deceitful, words when the tyrannical legislation to do these dictatorial things was introduced. Thus they spoke of 'curbing racial hatred' - by which they meant taking away the right of Aryan people to criticise the multi-racial, anti-White, society the System wanted to create. They spoke of 'racially offensive literature' - by which they meant any literature which criticises their anti-Aryan and pro-ethnic minority policies. They even invented a new word to try and brainwash people and make them feel guilty - the word 'racist'.

The politicians of this tyrannical System - and those who aid and support this System - call anyone who opposes their multi-racial policies a 'racist'. With all their influence and power, these politicians and others, have made 'racism' a modern heresy - and they wish to ruthlessly hunt-down and imprison or 're-educate' anyone they deem to have 'racist' views. That is, they wish to hunt down, imprison or 're-educate' anyone who criticizes them, who does not believe their basically Marxist racial equality propaganda, and who resists the tyranny they have created.

The truth is that the System lies about democracy. There is no democracy in this country or any other Aryan country. Everyone has to believe in and support the anti-Aryan, multi-racial policies of this System, and the basically Marxist racial equality propaganda of the System - or the System will persecute them. Such dissents risk losing their job; they will be persecuted and hounded by the Police, probably have their homes searched, for 'offensive literature', after an armed 'dawn raid' - and probably be put into prison after being found guilty of one of the new offences against the State: 'inciting racial hatred'; 'possessing offensive literature' and so on.

For all the major political parties in all Aryan countries, the State is simply a means to create a particular, materialistic consumer society, irrespective of the culture, traditions or race of the people living in the boundaries of that State - whereas for centuries, Aryan nations, such as the British State, were a means to preserve, and aid the advancement of, the native, indigenous, Aryan people of that nation. That is, the State was racial in nature - a means of securing the existence, well-being and advancement of its Aryan people.

Today, the State has become a means to advance financial, business and multi-cultural interests and ideas. Aryan politicians are no longer concerned about the Aryan peoples and their way of life. Instead, they concern themselves with 'getting-on'; with gaining power, influence and money; with internationalist ideas; with other cultures. And the Aryan politicians of all modern States have contrived and connived with Zionists to make opposition to their internationalist, multi-cultural, un-Aryan, profane, materialistic schemes and policies illegal. They have created a tyrannical society which rewards their own kind, and which punishes anyone who patriotically tries to aid and advance the cause of the Aryan peoples of these States.

The truth is that the System lies - and has lied for over seventy years - about National-Socialism. National-Socialists act out of concern for their own people; they demand the right to be able to speak out against the anti-Aryan policies of the System. They are fighting to regain the freedom we have had taken away from us. They are fighting to create a genuine democratic society - a folk-democracy. National-Socialists have had enough of this oppressive tyranny, and are fighting back. What are you going to do - endure oppression, or resist?

---

1. See 'Folk-Democracy' in *The Wisdom of National-Socialism*; and 'The Thousand Year Reich' in *The Enlightenment of National-Socialism*.



2. For example, see 'What is Aryan?' in Aryan Freedom - Heretical Essays in Praise of Aryan Freedom.

---

### **Zionist Control**

Until recently, it was possible for a forceful, strong, Aryan - that is, someone with character, or personality - to gather around them a loyal band of followers and by using their natural talents, their natural *genius*, to win or seize power, or at least create a homeland, a territory or a kingdom for themselves. This was the case with all the Aryan chieftains, heroes and commanders of the past - they were truly free, and could win fame, glory and territory for themselves and their followers by using their own prowess, skill and cunning and by exhibiting valour in war.

So it was with Adolf Hitler. He, because of his charisma, courage and strength of will, gathered around him a loyal band of followers, as he led those loyal followers to victory in a battle with their enemies. At the time, his followers could still fight their enemies - on the streets - on equal terms, as Adolf Hitler and his followers still had access to weapons to defend themselves, with Adolf Hitler himself allowed to carry a gun for his own protection, and allowed to have bodyguards, who often were armed. He, and his followers, could still gather together in public, even if sometimes they had to physically protect their own meetings, as they could still hold their rallies and marches, and so convert and inspire others. Adolf Hitler himself could for the most part speak openly in public - "from the heart", without having to worry whether his words were "provocative, insulting or inciting". It was still possible, in those days, to write and speak the truth - about race, and about the Zionist enemy of our Aryan race.

In brief, there still was, even in such relatively modern times, the chance for a man of genius to win against all the odds; there was still the freedom for such *men of action* to "make their mark on history".

### **Marxism By Stealth:**

Today, however, this freedom no longer exists. Our Zionist enemies have learnt at least one lesson from recent history, and have created repressive, tyrannical societies in Aryan countries. Thus they have used their influence and their power to have the governments of Aryan countries introduce laws restricting what can be said or done, in public, as they have had laws introduced forbidding or restricting the sale and possession of weapons. [In Britain, Race Relations Acts; Public Order Acts; Criminal Justice Acts and so on.] These Zionists have done two further things in order to try and stop any men of action, or any organization devoted to action, from gaining influence and power. The first was to persuade and influence governments to make such organizations of action - such "para-military" organizations - illegal, and the second was to introduce social policies and legislation designed to *tame* and emasculate Aryans. *These basically Marxist social policies and laws were designed to undermine and destroy individual character, or personality, as they were meant to create a mediocre materialist society full of materialistic mediocre men and women.*

What has happened, over the past fifty years or so in this, and every other once Aryan nation, is that Marxism has been introduced by stealth, by deceit and in the name of "parliamentary democracy" (for which read the "Zionist con-game of party politics"). Aryan ideals have been replaced by Marxist doctrines such as that of "racial equality". The pursuit of excellence, greatness, glory in combat and valour has been replaced by the pursuit of equality, happiness, material possessions and a selfish, cowardly desire "not to get involved". Aryan boys, for the

most part, no longer fervently desire *action*; they no longer lust after combat; they no longer aspire to be like Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, Jim Bowie or Scott of the Antarctic, but desire instead to be "sports stars" or "pop stars" or materially well-off. What matters, for the majority of Aryans today, is "getting-on" and working or scheming to provide material security and material possessions. Dreams of exploration, adventure, conquest and glory - and notions of racial duty - have given way to the petty practical realities which today pass for "life" and "living": there is a concern about "pensions when one is old" rather than a desire to forage in foreign lands for the wealth of booty; there is a concern about the "weekly shopping", and clothes and maintaining one's dwelling or house or car. The days of the romantic, daring adventurer - prepared to take a chance and prepared to join others in the hope of reward and adventure - have almost gone. The healthy, strong, "happy-go-lucky" Aryan man of action has been replaced by the drab "officer-worker" or the "shop-worker" or the "factory-worker" or the self-indulgent, prideless, often flabby sub-human cowardly thief or anarchist. In brief, the free, energetic and still partly wild but honourable Aryan has been replaced by the tame domesticated worker or the listless, pleasure-seeking sub-human.

The dreams of today, and the social attitudes and ways of life of the majority, are those which have been made for us by our new Zionist masters, as these dreams, attitudes and ways of life reflect either the Jewishness evident in Marxism and Christianity, or the Jewishness evident in selfish usury-capitalism. The Jewish religion of Christianity, with its unhealthy and unnatural concept of sin, the psychology of Freud and the Jewish-created doctrine of sociology have been used to undermine and destroy our natural and healthy Aryan racial instincts - the instincts of the strong, the noble, the adventurer and the *warrior*. They have all been used to undermine and destroy the ideal of excellence, and the Aryan ideal of individuals of character triumphing by the aid of their genius, their heroism or their will. We are now expected to toil, for life - or be dishonourable and cheat and steal - in order to obtain the basic necessities of life, whereas in the past the strong, the gifted, the adventurous and the free obtained, or took, these *by force of arms* or by being rewarded for acts of valour and heroism in war. Our society has ceased to reflect Aryan ideals and instead reflects, and is based upon, Jewish ideas and Jewish-created doctrines.

In the case of Freud, for instance, we have been brainwashed to believe that we, as individuals, are not in control of ourselves, and can never really be in control of ourselves, because we do not really know what is going on "in our perverse unconscious". In fact, we have been led to believe, or are taught, that we need and must have some Jewish doctrine, or some Jewish psychologist, or sociologist, to "interpret" things for us - to aid us to understand ourselves and the world. In the case of Marxism, we have been led to believe that it is mere economics which determines our fate and our society - not the power of an individual person of genius, their heroism or their will. In the case of Christianity, it is all "the work of the Lord" and so on. History has to be "interpreted" for us in the light of Marxism, Freudian psychology or whatever, as even the great Aryan heroes we once admired are now said, by these Jewish doctrines, to have been "flawed" or controlled by some "perverse unconscious urge" or some "mania" or have some "personality disorder".

Hence the flood of books - mostly written by Jews - about that modern heroic man of action, Adolf Hitler and about National-Socialism itself, that pure, conscious expression of our own Aryan will and natural instincts. These books have such titles as "The Mind of Adolf Hitler"; "A Psychiatric Study of Hitler"; "The Psychology of Nazism"; "The Roots of Racism - A Study in Psychopathology". The childhood, the youth and the adult life, of such men of action, of such Aryan heroes as Adolf Hitler, are studied to find some "explanation" for their beliefs and deeds - other than, of course, nobility of character, heroism or idealism - and when nothing deemed suitable can be found, it is invented. Men of genius, deeds of actions, are thus trivialized, condemned as "perverted" or "psychologically disturbed", or explained away as resulting from

some economic or psychological cause. With such Zionist character-assassination complete, all most Aryans have left to admire and try to emulate are the role models produced and propagated by the Jews - the Christian pacifist; the materialistic capitalist millionaire, the drug-addicted, sex-obsessed "pop star"; the race-mixing socialist; the grey-suited, flabby, dishonourable party-politician; the contented worker living in the multi-racial paradise..... Aryan men today are supposed to be home-loving and contented at home, whereas they should be out seeking adventure, glory and doing deeds of honour.

---

### **The Aryan Way:**

We must totally reject this present society, and the values and the goals which our enemies have made for us to try and tame us and keep us domesticated. We should proudly and defiantly praise and follow our own Aryan values and instincts - the values and instincts of strong, war-loving, aggressive men of action.

We must not be afraid of stating, in public, our commitment to another way of life other than the materialistic sub-human one of the present. This other way of life is the way of adventure, *of war*, of conquest and Empire; of freedom-and-adventure-seeking groups of men who live by their own warrior rules of honour and who scorn and reject working like slaves, in some factory or some office, for the rest of their lives.

The values we must champion and uphold are the values of exploration and of conquest - they are the values of forthright men of action, who prefer deeds to words, and who often cannot be bothered to discuss things. Such men prefer not to talk about themselves as they often prefer to settle disputes with their fists rather than by "negotiation". Such men scorn sickness, in themselves and in others, as they would prefer to get drunk, or have a good fight, rather than talk about any "problems" they might have. Such men can hate, as they can kill - in both cases without the slightest guilt and without any remorse.

For too long we have gone on about political change or political programmes - seeking to get others to agree with our political aims, and seeking their support on behalf of some political group or movement. *The truth is that we have lost sight of what really needs to be done - which is to make our people live and act like Aryans again so that we and they can create and live in a truly Aryan society.* Anything less than this total revolution will not work and will not, in the long term, defeat our Zionist enemies and their poisonous, anti-Aryan doctrines.

If we champion and uphold our own unique Aryan values, then we can and will create the revolution which is necessary to undermine and destroy the present System, and which can thus finally end the Zionist control we are subject to. The first stage in any real revolution is an inner one in the person who seeks revolutionary change - for the real revolutionary is a person who has wholeheartedly committed themselves, in body and in soul, to the aims of the revolution they seek. This means a "revaluation of all values" - a re-making of themselves according to a revolutionary ideal. That is, it means an inner transformation in the person.

If we return, in our hearts, to our own Aryan values then we are already free where it matters, with the System for all its lackeys and all its power unable to do anything. When we change ourselves, through an act of will, in accord with our own Aryan values, we have already defeated our enemies, and when we actively live accordingly to these values, they can do nothing to stop us furthering our cause. Even if they imprison us or kill us, they have lost - for then we ourselves become heroes to others of our kind: an inspiration for other revolutionaries. We then become the

ideal for others to follow, and the more our enemies try to destroy such Aryans who are pure Aryans in character, the more inspiring they become for others.

Our task now is to teach and show others of our race these Aryan values and convince or persuade them to change themselves by accepting these values. This inner change - *this re-learning of what it means to be Aryan* - is fundamentally what the National-Socialist revolution is all about. Having become Aryan again, we can create a National-Socialist society, or *Reich*, and so fulfil the aim of National-Socialism itself - a new, higher, breed of Aryans.

Thus, we need to champion what is truly Aryan, as we ourselves need to strive to become or champion the ideal type of Aryan man which is now necessary to restore what it is we have lost - this modern now necessary ideal is the warrior; the man of adventure; the man of action. In brief - the forthright dedicated National-Socialist revolutionary who is not afraid of a fight and who enjoys and prefers the company of men such as himself. Fundamentally, we need to *change* people - to make them Aryan again and into real National-Socialists. In brief, we need real revolutionaries - people who think, feel and act like Aryan warriors - not mere Party supporters or members who simply agree with some political programme.

---

### **The Spiritual Significance of Adolf Hitler**

Adolf Hitler was born at approximately eighteen minutes past six on the evening of the twentieth day of the fourth month of what was, by the calendar of the period, the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty nine. The place of his birth was the Austrian border town of Braunau, situated by the river Inn.

His family background was modest. Although his father worked as an official for the Austrian government, he - like the boy's mother - was descended from those who had worked on the land. As a youth of thirteen, Adolf's father had left his home to seek to learn a trade in Vienna. At this, he was successful - but unsatisfied. He aspired to something better, and resolved to become a government official. In this, he was also successful, at the age of twenty-three.

The young Adolf possessed a similar determination - for at any early age he had decided for himself that under no circumstances would he become an Austrian government official. Instead, he wanted to be an artist, and he stood resolutely by his decision, despite the misgivings of his father, who wanted his son to follow him and become an official of the Austrian government. The young Adolf even began to neglect some of his studies at School so that it would be impossible for him to become an employee of the Austrian government - for it had become clear to him, even as a youth, that his loyalties lay with the German people and not with the multi-racial Habsburg Empire. Moreover, School studies bored him; he was restless, eager to be part of a more adventurous world. Even in his young days he was different from his school-fellows; more determined; more intuitive; more aware of life's deeper meaning. Stories of adventure and war filled him with enthusiasm.

So it was that, after the death of his father, and at the age of sixteen, he moved to live by himself in Vienna. He had dreams of being a great artist; but perhaps his greatest love at this time was music. Music - often Wagner - inspired him, and seemed to express his own inner feelings, and his intimations of Destiny. For he felt even then, at so young an age, that life had, or should have, a higher, a noble, purpose. Through art, the young Adolf felt, he could find, and express, this purpose.

But his life in Vienna forced him to face what was, for the majority, the hard reality. He himself had to live in poverty, in vermin-infested tenements. He came to know the sufferings, the hunger, the desperation, of the poor, as he came to understand the real causes of the sufferings, the desperation and the degradation he found around him. As he himself said, it was a hard school, in which he learnt many things. During these years he became determined to act, to do something for his people, for he was often roused to anger by the injustices he found as he was often moved to try and express his hopes and dreams for a better, a more noble, way of life. These years of suffering brought him a deep, abiding understanding of the true purpose of life - for they enabled him to give shape and form to the feelings, the vision, within him. He came to desire, more than anything else, to make his vision real. This vision was of a new world, a new type of society, where people worked together, in harmony and joyfully, for the common good - and where they strove to continue the upward work of Nature.

But Adolf Hitler was not an impractical, romantic or mystic dreamer. He knew people, as he knew what stood in the way of making such a vision real. He also knew what was necessary to make this vision real. But perhaps most of all, he knew that it could be made real, and was determined to try and make it real. It was this combination of vision, will, knowledge of people and insight which truly made Adolf Hitler unique. He was self-disciplined, resolute, visionary, intuitive and selfless. And he possessed genuine charisma.

At the time, having left Vienna for Munich, he was considering how he could begin to make his vision real when the First World War began. He enlisted in the Germany Army, volunteered for one of the most dangerous assignments, that of messenger, and showed great courage and devotion to duty, spending almost the whole of the war at the Front Line in the trenches. He was wounded, and was awarded the Iron Cross First Class for bravery.

Toward the end of the War, he - like most Germans who fought at the front - came to realize that many ordinary German citizens had developed a defeatist attitude about the War. Strikes, organized by the Bolsheviks, were common, and, perhaps worst of all, those returning from the front line were often not accorded respect. Minor Bolshevik revolutions broke out throughout Germany toward the end of 29 yf, and after the Armistice, which marked Germany's defeat, armed insurrection became a way of life in many parts of Germany as the Bolsheviks strove to create a revolution.

The majority of those who had served at the front were appalled by what had happened to and what was happening in Germany. Adolf Hitler was no exception, and it was during this period of turmoil that he decided to become involved in politics. Almost a year after the War had ended, he attended a meeting of a pitifully small patriotic organization, the German Worker's Party. But Adolf Hitler soon realized what such an organization, properly led, could achieve - it could be the instrument to rescue Germany from the terror and slavery of Bolshevism, win power and create a new way of life for his people. He felt and believed he could make his noble vision real by leading such an organization to victory.

So began the struggle for power, which he pursued with indomitable determination and selflessness for over 13 years. Ordinary Germans came to respect and love him, for they knew or felt that he was sincere - that he was working to provide them with a better way of life. The Movement that he led - the NSDAP - embodied their hopes, their aspirations, for a better world, as this Movement came to embody the noble idealism he believed in. A genuine spirit of classless comradeship was developed, where the common interest of the folk came before self interest. Adolf Hitler inspired others - making them aware of the true, noble purpose of life. He gave them back their vision, their dreams, their yearning for a golden age. He raised them up out of the

quagmire of selfish materialism and petty concerns by revealing to them the inner meaning of life. He made them joyful, determined, and noble. He captured and expressed something beautiful and sublime.

Year after year his popularity grew, with the NSDAP gaining success after success until it could no longer be denied power. Then, on January 30th 44 yf, Adolf Hitler became Chancellor of Germany, enabling him to make his noble vision real. Thus he began to make Germany a joyful, cultured, harmonious, stable country where noble values were once again ideals to be aspired to. Rather than persecuting his enemies, he converted most of them - and those who could not or would not change themselves or understand his vision he allowed to leave Germany. He became a true leader, not a dictator - for the majority of Germans loved and trusted him and gave him authority to transform their lives for the better. Not once in any way did he abuse this trust and authority. He was always modest in his personal life; he was always genuine and spontaneous with others; he was always kind to those around him. But perhaps above all, he was selfless. He truly was a great man who inspired others with his noble ideals. He truly was more gifted, more highly evolved, more genuinely human, than others.

In a few short years he had solved the problem of unemployment; created better, more just social conditions; and brought about a noble revolution in people's attitudes. It was as if a new Golden Age had dawned. People came to realize and understand that they could change themselves for the better, and so develop - thus continuing the glorious work of evolution.

But there were some who did not like this, for it threatened what they had achieved, and what they wanted to achieve. They feared this vision of a new age might spread, and so undermine their influence, their power, and their own dark dreams. These were the ones who had created, fostered and used the twin powers of Marxism and International Finance to control and subvert nations. These were the ones who had a vested interest in maintaining in others only lowly material goals and desires. So they used the twin doctrines of Marxism and International Finance - both of which are different forms of gross materialism - in their quest to dominate, and bring about the type of world that they desired. This was a world full of materialism; replete with egotistical individuals fulfilling selfish, petty, animal desires. This was an ignoble world in disharmony, where the glorious diversity of Nature - produced over thousands of millennia - was gradually undermined and destroyed by reducing everything and everyone down to the lowest common level. It was a world ruled by abstract dogma which sought to control and disrupt Nature. This was the world over which this group of people wanted to rule - for such a world, with such selfish, slavish individuals lost to nobility, would provide them with wealth, luxuries, and power. These people saw this rule as a god-given right, their messianic destiny, as they saw all other peoples as merely means to be used so that this destiny could be achieved, whatever the cost. Adolf Hitler, and his followers, were the greatest threat this group of people had ever faced.

For Adolf Hitler sought to free his people from this twin slavery - this gross materialism. He represented everything this messianic group detested and feared. So this group sought to discredit him, his followers, and the beliefs behind his Movement, as they sought to physically destroy this Movement from its very beginnings. At first, and in Germany, they failed - they could not prevent Adolf Hitler achieving power as they could not prevent him from transforming Germany into a noble society. But they were relentless in their opposition, using all their power, all their influence to spread lies about National-Socialist Germany.

Covertly and overtly they agitated for a war to destroy what Adolf Hitler had achieved, and such was their cunning and mendacity that they succeeded, rallying all those countries influenced or controlled by them or their nefarious doctrines, to fight on their behalf. Such were their nefarious

lies that they persuaded these countries to fight a savage, unconditional war to destroy National-Socialist Germany, Adolf Hitler and his followers. So began the savage destruction of Germany and its people - for the messianic cabal wanted and needed a dark revenge.

This cabal wanted to ensure that what Adolf Hitler had achieved would be forgotten. They wanted to ensure that his noble vision would never be a threat to them again. So they created the shameless, ignoble, lie of 'the holocaust' to enslave the minds of those they wanted to rule over, hoping thereby to discredit for all time the noble idealism of National-Socialism. So did they fabricate lies about Adolf Hitler and his life, as they used all their power and influence to make these lies known in an attempt to destroy his numinous significance and the inner meaning of National-Socialism.

But they have failed. For the inner meaning of National-Socialism lives on. The spiritual significance of Adolf Hitler is increasingly understood.

The spiritual significance of Adolf Hitler is firstly his achievement of freeing Aryans from their Zionist mental and physical slavery, and secondly, his noble vision - he has made us aware of what is possible. He has made us aware that we can evolve further; we can create and live in a noble society dedicated to high, cultured ideals. We can make real the beauty, the numinosity that some classical music tries to capture and express. We can express in our own lives the greatest beauty and the greatest joy, as we can aspire to greatness. He has made us aware that we can work in harmony with Nature - we can celebrate and uphold and extend the glorious diversity which Nature has produced, and which is evident in race and individual character, as we can extend this still further in a noble constructive way. He has made us aware that we can live in a way which expresses our true humanity - accepting our difference and diversity as a species and using that as a basis to evolve still further.

This noble vision raises us up from the pettiness of egotism; it raises us up out of the squalor and dishonour of materialism. It and it alone enables us to fulfil our potential as human beings.

**Adolf Hitler is special, unique, because he showed us that we can indeed free ourselves from Zionist tyranny and mental control, and that we can create a genuine Aryan society where we can live in freedom among our own kind according to our own Aryan laws and our Aryan traditions.**

**Furthermore, he gave us, in National-Socialism, the means whereby we can continue the struggle and win back the freedom we have lost.**

Adolf Hitler has given us a unique legacy. He has shown us that we can, by the power of our wills, transform ourselves and those around us in a positive, noble way. We can undertake and complete an inner transformation. He has shown us the goal, as he has shown us that this goal can be achieved. He has shown us that our life, as individuals, does after all have a glorious purpose.

---

### **The Secret of Adolf Hitler**

What was Adolf Hitler's secret? The secret that enabled an unknown soldier, with no money or influence, and only a few friends from his Army days, to triumph against all the odds and become the leader of Germany after only 14 years of struggle? What is this secret which we in these dark days for our race might learn and use to help us in our own struggle?



His secret was really very simple. His secret was that he genuinely cared for, and loved, his people in a selfless way. So it was that he devoted the whole of his adult life to his people and lived by the principles which he, and the political organization he created and led, propounded in public.

In his own private life he was frugal; he was always spontaneous with people and never once tried to cultivate or uphold any sort of 'public' image. He really was "a man of the people".

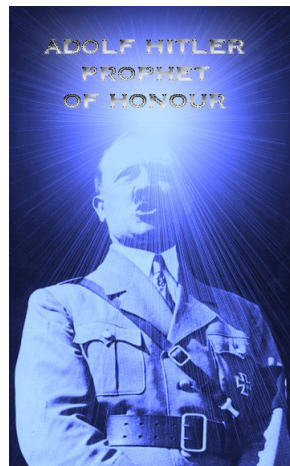
He triumphed against all the odds because over the years of his struggle more and more of his people liked him, and felt he was a good man who had their interests at heart. He did have some extraordinary gifts - such as his ability to speak in Public; his resolute determination and his superb memory. But most of all he was a simple, unspoilt and uncomplicated man. He won his victory because of his own personal character, and the foundation of his personal character was this simple love of his people. Indeed, his very reason for living was to care for and help his people.

The love which Adolf Hitler felt and expressed for his own people is what made him so popular and so loved by the German folk of the time. And it is the truth about and memory of his love that his Zionist enemies have striven so hard to destroy with their ignoble and hateful lies about him, his Movement and his Government. If we want to express the truth about Adolf Hitler we must express the genuine and selfless love and concern he felt for his own people.

The secret we can and indeed must learn from him is this simple, uncomplicated and genuine love for our people.

This love comes before any political programme. This love comes before any rhetoric and before any 'propaganda'. This love comes before any political demonstration. This love comes before any thought or mention of "hating enemies". Above all, it is this simple, genuine and uncomplicated love for our own people which should and must motivate us to act in a political way.

If we feel and try to express this love, this concern and care for our own people we can and will win. For it is the lack of this love which has made us fail for the past sixty years.



On April 20th we celebrate the birth of the greatest man of all time: Adolf Hitler. We celebrate his unique Triumph of the Will - his creation of a noble, idealistic Movement and his



achievement in leading that Movement to victory against a powerful, evil enemy, using only his own personal character. For it was only through his own will, his own courage, his own nobility and his idealism that he - an unknown but honourable person - succeeded, against all the odds.

We celebrate the values which he upheld and which he himself, every day of his life, lived by - the Aryan values of honour, loyalty and duty to the folk. Above all, we remember him on this special day as the champion, the prophet, of the Aryan idealism which is personal honour.

For it was Adolf Hitler, and Adolf Hitler alone, who has made us aware of what is valuable and important about our own lives: it was he, and he alone, who showed us the way we can and must live if we are to fulfil the Destiny which we, as Aryans, have. It was Adolf Hitler, and Adolf Hitler alone, who for the first time made conscious what it means to be Aryan. His own life is an example to us all of what it means to be Aryan.

So it is that we shall gather on this special day and remember and celebrate the goodness, the nobility, the courage which Adolf Hitler possessed and which he was a shining example of. Thus shall our dishonourable, evil enemies wail, curse and gnash their teeth as we, the followers of Adolf Hitler, gather once again worldwide- be it in small groups, in large groups, in private, in public, or as individuals - to honour the greatest man of all time.

With every passing year our numbers grow as we keep alive and spread among our people the truth about Adolf Hitler and his idealistic and Aryan movement. So it is that this year, as in the years gone by, we shall raise our right arms in our Aryan salute and shout our immortal battle cry: Heil Hitler!

---

### **The Importance of Aryan Unity**

We Aryans live in desperate times. It does not matter where we live, for the power of ZOG is now world-wide. Everywhere, our freedom, our Aryan culture, is under attack; everywhere our people are manipulated and in danger.

England, Germany, France, Sweden, Italy, America..... All these and all other once Aryan nations are now effectively controlled by ZOG: Aryan activists - those who fight for their people - can now be hauled before some ZOG Court and charged with violating some ZOG law.

Even in America, which Aryan activists in other countries once considered had some freedoms left, there is no escape from the tyranny of ZOG, as the recent cases of Aryan Nations and Alex Curtis have shown.

No where on this planet is there a place where we can truly live in freedom, among our own kind (and only our own kind) according to our own Aryan customs and our own Aryan laws: where our Aryan culture and our Aryan way of life flourish, and where we can be proud of our nation, our people, the very land where we dwell. Instead, we are forced to live in decadent, drug and crime infested "multi-racial" societies where our Aryan culture and Aryan way of life is at best suppressed and at worst outlawed.

We need to understand that we are fighting a powerful, ruthless enemy, who is intent on making us into docile slaves, and who can and does use any means to maintain and enforce their power and control. We need to understand that our enemy is trying, and has been trying for well over seventy years, to break our Aryan spirit: to undermine and destroy our will to resist. We need to

understand that our enemy is intent on destroying our culture, our way of life, and our very race itself.

We need to forget our political and policy differences, and concentrate on fighting the enemy. We need to develop and show real Aryan solidarity. What matters is that we fight our common enemy: that we recognize the common heritage, the common culture, which we all, as Aryans, share. Our shared Aryan identity is more important than our differences about policy and tactics, just as our Cause - the cause of ensuring a future for our race - is more important than our own personalities.

We must rise above the pettiness which has dogged us in the past; we must seek to avoid "clashes of personalities" as we must not, ever again, allow ourselves to be manipulated by ZOG and so go around spreading rumours and gossip about any Aryan activist, whatever organization they belong to and regardless of what the great ZOG dis-information machine says they have done.

We must accept, and act upon, the truth that any Aryan who fights ZOG, who supports our people, in whatever way, is our comrade, our ally and our friend.

It does not matter what political or religious organization this person belongs to, as it does not even matter what political or religious beliefs this person holds: what matters is doing something to support and aid our people.

We must refrain from making any negative, any disparaging, comments and remarks about any organization or group - political, religious or social - which is pro-Aryan and which seeks to support and aid our people, and which seeks to express our Aryan culture and Aryan way of life. And we must do this even if we ourselves do not agree with the policy, the tactics or the beliefs of such organizations and groups.

That is, we must have the strength of character - the Aryan character - to keep our views and opinions to ourselves, putting our Aryan people, our fight for freedom, first: before our own feelings, our own views. And if we feel we must make some comment about something, then let us make comments about our enemies: about those who are oppressing our people.

We must refrain from making any negative, any personal, remarks and comments - in public - about the leaders, organizers and members of any Aryan group or organization. And if we feel strongly about a particular person who is involved in some group or organization then the Aryan thing to do is to speak to that individual in person and in private, and if after this, there is still disagreement about something, then agree to differ, in private, but in public get on with the task of fighting our common enemy.

In brief, we must start thinking and acting like Aryans: putting our ideals of honour, loyalty and duty to the folk before our own concerns, our own views, our own opinions.

If we do not do this - and continue to allow ourselves to be manipulated by ZOG and so squabble like children among ourselves - then we simply do not deserve to win.

The policy of Aryan Nations is that it will work and co-operate with any pro-Aryan organization or group, and with any individual or individuals who are fighting ZOG.

---

## The Destruction of the West

*Note: This is a copy of a letter sent by Myatt to an imprisoned Comrade  
Greetings Comrade,*

*Thanks for the article, which was very interesting and which I hope is already in circulation, or  
published somewhere: it certainly deserves to be.*

The theme of the article is of course the single most pressing problem of our time: the imminent loss of what were once our own nations and homelands by us becoming in racial minority within them, as a result of continued immigration both legal and illegal, as a result of the anti-evolutionary, socially engineered, multi-racial society with its destruction of racial identity, and as a result of our own Aryan people being lost to their own Aryan culture, identity and Destiny.

What is the practical solution to this problem? How can we avoid the catastrophe which will engulf our people, decades - perhaps a century or so - from now?

Can we hope to regain control of our own nations and make them bastions of our Aryan culture, our Aryan way of life, our Aryan values, where our people proudly accept their Aryan identity, heritage and Destiny?

Over the past decade or so, I have thought much about how we can solve this problem of the loss of our homelands and the loss of our identity, given the conditions that we are forced to live under: anti-Aryan governments which are increasingly tyrannical (and Police-States in all but name), which governments see us - and anyone who espouses racial identity and the natural, healthy ideal of ethnic homelands - as the enemy.

We can try and form political organizations and so strive for practical political power, hoping to be elected as the government. Or we could try the revolutionary approach, striving to undermine and overthrow the government by conducting a sustained campaign of insurrection or covert direct action.

We can try and form social and religious type of organizations to keep alive, and spread, our Aryan values, our Aryan ethos, our Aryan way of life, hoping to keep these - and our race itself - alive.

The stark reality is that for our people to survive, be healthy, prosper and aid Nature, we must have a territory of our own, a homeland or nation of our own, where we are free to live as Aryans according to our own customs and laws and where our culture, our ethos - and thus Nature - can flourish. That is, for us to live as we should live, in harmony, in balance, with our own ethos and with Nature, we must have a land we can call our own. Any other way of living is at best a compromise and at worst a denial of our identity, our ethos, of Nature herself.

There is another option, which we must consider. This option is to regard our old homelands as just that: old. Thus, to seek to begin again by creating a new homeland for ourselves, either external to these old ones, or in some region of one of these old homelands, with this region becoming a stronghold of Aryan culture, and having within it only Aryans, with a majority of these Aryans fully accepting their Aryan identity and fully aware of the need to preserve and extend their culture and their race.

My conclusion is that a political organization is a realistic option and can work, given the right conditions and the right leadership, as I have described elsewhere. The revolutionary approach is

also realistic and can work. The option of forming our own communities - the genesis of a new nation - is also practical and can work. But for any and of all these to work, there has to be an understanding of the real cause of our problem.

#### The Cause of Our Problem:

One of the fundamental reasons we are faced with this pressing problem of the loss of our homelands and the loss of our identity is materialism, or more correctly, egotism. The majority of our own people have become selfishly materialistic, soft and decadent.

Our nations now exist to provide us with services, with consumer goods, with a particular standard of living whereas previously they existed to express our Destiny, our ethos, our way of life. Of course in the past, this expression, being instinctive, was not perfect just as it was not implemented all of the time.

But, the reality of our times is that we now possess a rational understanding of our Destiny, our ethos, our way of life, and thus can create - and only now create - the type of society, the type of homeland, to give full expression to these things.

Now, the perspective of the majority of our people is of their own lives, their own comfort, their own pleasure - or that of their family - whereas often in the past the perspective was of their nation, their duty to their nation where, of course, nation meant a folk community: a society bound together by a real sense of belonging. This was not the empty "patriotism" beloved of weak politicians in thrall to big business, but rather that mostly wordless love of folk and land and liberty which came from the soul and which, in the first half century of the last hundred years, led millions upon millions of our folk to sacrifice themselves in wars because they believed they were fighting for folk, land and liberty.

In effect, our nations grew, and struggled and suffered, to become, about an hundred years ago, like a community of cousins: we felt at ease, "at home", among our own people, in our own ancestral lands, among people who for the most part shared our values, our ideals, our way of life. But this has now been almost entirely lost, due partly to the mass immigration of people of other cultures, other races, but mostly due to our own material success and continued economic, technological and industrial growth.

The harsh truth is that we have ruined ourselves: we, as a people, as nations, have committed hubris. We have "overstepped the mark"; we have forgotten Nature; we have forgotten our own warrior-farmer-yeoman ethos; we have forgotten our own culture and lost our identity, our natural, balanced, healthy, perspective.

The materialism, the egotism, the decadence, of our capitalist-consumer societies have fundamentally weakened and changed us. What has happened is our fault. We cannot and should not blame others. Our will to survive, as an independent, honourable, race has been seriously weakened.

#### The Real Solution to Our Problem:

The real solution to our problem is a spiritual one: we need to regain our identity, as Aryans. We need to re-discover who we are, and discover the true meaning, the true purpose, of our lives: a

living nexus of Nature, of the Cosmos, imbued with the capacity to change ourselves, and the world, for the better through aiding Nature and the natural creations of Nature such as race.

We need a spiritual crusade: for Aryan values (personal honour; loyalty; duty to our folk and Nature), for our Aryan way of life, and for our own, free, Aryan homeland. This spiritual crusade must form the essence, the basis, for any and every political, social or revolutionary approach. This spiritual crusade - this return to our own values and using them to judge everything - must form the essence, the basis, for any and every act and action by us. Without this essence, our organizations - of whatever kind - will be ultimately worthless and ineffective.

---

### **The Holocaust: Reason and Truth Versus Accepted Propaganda**

There are several excellent reasons why the story of "the Jewish holocaust" is a fictional tale - a product of Zionist propaganda - and why the so-called "evidence" which is produced, and which has been produced, in support of this story is suspect or false. These reasons should raise the doubts of anyone possessed of the faculty of reason - that is, anyone who can think, logically and constructively, and who therefore critically analyses what others say, what they write, or what has been said or written about a particular topic.

Most of these reasons for disbelieving the holocaust story are "scientific" or historical, although one reason - hitherto neglected - may be said to be philosophical, and I shall deal with this neglected reason first.

(1) One of the most important reasons to be critical of the holocaust story - and to suspect that the "evidence" presented to support it is either suspect or false - is fundamentally a philosophical one. This reason concerns the real nature of National-Socialism itself, and the true beliefs, attitude and intentions of Adolf Hitler. There are only two alternatives. Either National-Socialism, and Adolf Hitler, were as portrayed by his opponents, or they were not. That is, either Adolf Hitler, and his followers, wanted to and did try to exterminate the Jews, or they did not.

An analogy is of a person charged with a specific criminal offence who is on trial in a Court of Law. Either the person did commit the offence with which he is charged, or he did not.

If he did not commit the offence, then any evidence which the Prosecution in his trial produce to show or prove that he did commit the offence is either false, or has been mis-interpreted.

Thus, if in this case, witnesses appear for the Prosecution and affirm that the person did commit the offence, they are either lying or are mistaken. If a person is innocent of something, then they are innocent - whatever the evidence produced against them.

There are many instances in ordinary Courts of Law where innocent people have been wrongly convicted because a Judge or Jury, or both, believed false testimony or made false deductions from Prosecution evidence - or because they were impressed by the eloquence or arguments of the Prosecution. There have also been some cases where innocent people have been convicted simply because a Judge or Jury, or both, disliked the defendant, and simply ignored any evidence which favoured the defendant. There have even been cases when evidence which might have proved the innocence of a defendant was 'lost' or never produced in Court for some reason.

The same applies to the case of Adolf Hitler and National-Socialism in the matter of the claim of the extermination of the Jews. If Adolf Hitler and his followers did not do this, they did not do this - regardless of any and all evidence to the contrary.

It is fundamentally a question of personal knowledge of, or understanding of, National-Socialism and Adolf Hitler. Thus, if one accepts, or knows - from personal knowledge - the true nature of National-Socialism and Adolf Hitler, then one accepts or knows that the holocaust, and other such stories, are propaganda designed to discredit National-Socialism and Adolf Hitler. Thus, if the truth and the reality of, about and concerning National-Socialism and Adolf Hitler, is that Adolf Hitler was a noble, just, honourable, civilized person who loved and cared for his folk, with his National-Socialism being a practical expression of what was cultured, civilized, noble, just and honourable, then it follows that the holocaust is a lie or a hoax.

This truth is independent of any amount of "evidence" which has been, or which could be, mustered against it. If it is the truth, then any "evidence" which seems to contradict it must, ipso facto, be suspect or false. An analogy here would be the truth that the Earth is a spherical-type planet in orbit around the sun. This objective fact - this truth - exists independent of whether we, or others, believe it. This truth is also not affected by the existence of "evidence" which some people may have used to show, or try to prove, that the Earth is stationary, with the sun (and other planets) revolving around it. Many people, for a very long time, believed or assumed that the Earth was stationary, just as some people believed that evidence existed to prove this belief or assumption. Such a belief became, in time and in some societies, a dogma which had to be believed in, on pain of punishment, just as in such societies many people believed that such a belief had been "proved beyond all possible doubt".

One either accepts, knows or believes that Adolf Hitler was and remained a noble, civilized, person, who loved and cared for his folk - and who therefore could neither have wanted to nor have sanctioned the brutal extermination of the Jews, or others - or one does not believe this or accept it. One either accepts, knows or believes that the National-Socialism of Adolf Hitler is an expression of what is noble, just, civilized and honourable - or one does not. If one does not accept or believe these noble things about Adolf Hitler and National-Socialism, then one either has no interest in such things, or one accepts or believes some or all of what the opponents of Adolf Hitler and National-Socialism have said or written. If one does accept, know or believe that National-Socialism was and is noble and civilized - and that Adolf Hitler himself was and remained noble and civilized - then one cannot accept the story of the holocaust, and has to regard any and all "evidence" however and by whomsoever presented, as suspect or false; in brief, as untruthful propaganda.

I, personally, believe I know and understand the true nature of National-Socialism and Adolf Hitler - because I have known those who knew Adolf Hitler, and those who were and who are National-Socialists. And also because I have satisfied myself by conducting my own scientific, historical and philosophical researches.

Every person should make their own assessment, about the nature of National-Socialism and Adolf Hitler. However, the National-Socialist "side of the story" is never told, openly. It is actively suppressed, even outlawed. That is, those who know the truth - or who believe they know the truth - are seldom if ever allowed to present their case, in public, in print, in the 'Media'. Their opponents, on the contrary, can say or write what they want about National-Socialism and Adolf Hitler. The result is that most people obtain or receive a biased view. The fact that National-Socialists are not allowed, in our societies, to defend National-Socialism and Adolf Hitler, is highly indicative.

A suitable analogy here in respect of the Prosecution case against National-Socialism is that of a criminal trial where the defendant is charged with serious offences. In this trial, the prosecution employs several professional lawyers, with these lawyers allowed access to any material they like. They further have the luxury of vast resources both in terms of manpower and financially. In this trial, there is a jury, who are supposed to decide on the guilt of the defendant on the basis of the evidence they hear during the trial. The defendant is only allowed - by the Court trying the defendant - to be represented by one person who is not only not a professional lawyer, but also: (1) who believes the defendant to be guilty, (2) who has little interest in the trial, (3) who cannot even speak the language of the defendant and who (3)actively dislikes the defendant. The Court has refused to allow the defendant to be represented by someone who believes the defendant is innocent.

The prosecution is allowed to introduce "hearsay" evidence, with the defence instructed that they cannot challenge this evidence, as they cannot "cross-examine" any witnesses produced by the prosecution. Any "evidence" which the prosecution introduce cannot be challenged by the defence, because the Court has ruled that this evidence is "factual, accurate" and has been proved "beyond all possible doubt" by the expert witnesses the prosecution has brought into Court, or whose statements have been read to the Court. Such expert witness for the prosecution cannot, of course, be cross-examined by the defence, as their Statements cannot be challenged. The defendant is allowed to make a short statement, in his own defence - but this statement is cut short by the trial Judge who orders the defendant to be quiet. When the defendant refuses, the Judge orders the defendant removed from the Court - "for contempt". The defence try to produce some evidence and some statements, to show or prove the innocence of the defendant, but most of this evidence, and the statements, are ruled "inadmissible" by the Court, or ruled "not relevant".

The result of all this is, of course, an unfair, unjust, trial. At the end of this trial, the jury are naturally convinced by the prosecution case, and pronounce a verdict of guilty. In effect, the Court, the judge and the prosecution are determined to obtain a guilty verdict, and rig the trial to obtain one. The jury never get to hear "the other side of the story", just as no one is allowed to speak on behalf of the defendant, not even the defendant himself. What is most astounding of all, is that the jury never even question the fairness of such a trial - they are content to allow the opponents of the defendant to present both the prosecution and the defence case, as they are content to allow a Judge who dislikes the defendant, who believes him to be guilty and who wants him to be convicted, to preside over the trial. Such a trial is how the case against Adolf Hitler and National-Socialism has been presented, with unchallenged "evidence" for the holocaust ruled admissible, and with no one allowed to defend Adolf Hitler or National-Socialism.

Such an unjust trial should raise the suspicions of anyone who possesses the faculty of reason and anyone who possesses a sense of justice. The truth is that the National-Socialist view of National-Socialism, and Adolf Hitler, has been suppressed and outlawed. National-Socialism has hitherto been presented and examined - since 56 yf [1945] - by those opposed to it, just as Adolf Hitler has been described - since 56 yf - only by his opponents.

The philosophical truth about the holocaust is that until National-Socialists - who know, or who believe they know, the truth about National-Socialism and Adolf Hitler - can present their case openly and justly, then the whole holocaust story will remain suspect, with individuals unable to make a reasoned and balanced judgement. Every law designed to restrict or outlaw what National-Socialists can say, write or publish - in public and in private - is further evidence for the holocaust being a lie, just as every law designed to make "holocaust denial" a crime, and every prosecution under such a law, is further proof that the holocaust is, in fact, a lie.

2) The second reason to be critical of the holocaust story is a scientific one. Either the victims of this holocaust were killed in the manner which has - since 56 yf - been claimed, or they were not. All accounts of the holocaust insist that a majority of them were "gassed" in gas chambers, using the chemical Zyklon B. At Auschwitz, held up as a symbol of this holocaust, some of these gas chambers - and some the crematoria said to be used to dispose of most of the bodies - are said to still exist, as they are in some other camps, such as Birkenau and Majdanek.

If the holocaust had occurred, in the manner claimed, then this method of killing people would have worked, in the manner described, just as the facilities for such killing, and the disposal of bodies, would have worked. Furthermore, there should be some forensic evidence - for example, traces of the chemical used, in the brickwork of the gas chambers, and piles of ash, produced from the millions of corpses.

A scientific examination of the remains of what has been claimed to be "gas chambers", by an expert in execution gas chambers (still used to kill a single individual in the USA) has been undertaken, with forensic samples taken from sites where killings were alleged to have taken place. These forensic samples were taken to try and find traces of the chemical killing agent used - that is, hydrogen cyanide.

The findings were published in two reports, and given in evidence during the "holocaust denial" trial of the Canadian, Ernst Zundel. The reports are The Leuchter Report and A Technical Report on the Execution Gas Chamber. The Technical Report concluded that Zyklon B could not have been used in the manner described by holocaust story-tellers. The forensic analysis failed to find the levels of cyanide which would have been scientifically expected had the facilities been used in the manner described by the holocaust story-tellers.

The general conclusion is that the method of extermination which has been alleged, in the manner described by all historians, all so-called "survivors" of the camps, and all so-called academic "authorities", and in the facilities described by them, is scientifically impossible.

Either the exterminations, at Auschwitz and elsewhere, occurred in the manner which has been systematically claimed since 56 yf - or they did not. If they did not occur - or could not occur - in the manner claimed, then those claims are fraudulent, and the authority, unbiased credentials, judgment, reason or faculties of those so making such claims must be called into question, however many such claims there are, however rationally and unbiased they seem to be presented, and however esteemed or academically eminent are those making such claims.

Of course, since the above Reports are so damaging to the whole holocaust story, many attempts have been made to discredit them, and their author, with the author having been physically attacked, subject to intimidation and legal proceedings in an attempt to remove him from his employment because of his "unpopular and heretical" views. Such attacks on such a person, and such attempts to discredit such a person and remove them from their employment, are in themselves highly indicative of the false nature of the holocaust story.

3) Another reason to be critical of the holocaust story is the fact that the works of contemporary historians, and academics, concerning Adolf Hitler, National-Socialist Germany and National-Socialism itself, cannot be relied upon to be unbiased and factual, and that therefore it is not possible to quote such "authorities" and their work(s) in support of some argument or counter-argument, particularly when such an argument or counter-argument relates to such things as German policy toward the Jews before and during the Second World War.



The veracity of most if not all post-war historians, and all academics, who have dealt with or who deal with such topics as National-Socialism and "The Third Reich" must be called into question quite simply because they have accepted lies, propaganda, forgeries and rumours as historical facts, and because their work, while often purporting to be unbiased, never once presents a reasonable and genuinely unbiased analysis of National-Socialism, Adolf Hitler and the events of the period 30 - 56 yf [1919-1945]. Furthermore - as will be explained - the documentary evidence often used to support both the story of the holocaust and the "official version" of the events of the period, has been tampered with.

Three examples of the basically flawed approach used by such historians and academics will be given, although very many more could be cited. The first was the general acceptance of "Hitler's Secret Book" (published by Grove Press in 72 yf) as genuine - when in fact it is a blatant forgery. The second was - and is - the general acceptance of the so-called "Hitler's Secret Conversations" or "Hitler's Table Talk" (published by Signet, in 72 yf) when this is also a forgery. The third was - and is - the general acceptance of the testimony and memoirs of survivors of the "death camps", former "repentant Nazis" and so on, without subjecting these to logical or scientific analyses, and without any other reliable corroborating evidence the substantiate the claims. Two examples of this are the "Hoess Memoirs" - allegedly written by one of the former Commandants of a "death camp" while awaiting trial after the war - and the "Gerstein Statement" <sup>(1)</sup>.

Basically, historians can write and have written what they want to, with hardly any fear of objective scrutiny. The truth is that the opponents of National-Socialism - the post-war governments of America, Britain, France, the Soviet Union and what was West Germany - have in their possession all the official German documents relating to the period 30 -56 yf, and they have systemically removed or destroyed any and all documents which do not support the official, anti National-Socialist, history they have created for that period. They have done this because their very existence and their policies, now, in the future and in the past, depends on this "official history"; because the officials of such governments have vested interest in protecting the established reputations of their war-time, and post-war, leaders and officials, and because they have to continue to justify the total war which was fought to defeat National-Socialist Germany, and the continuing post-war persecution and Show-Trials of National-Socialists. The modern Zionist State of Israel, in particular, has a vested interest in such things, since it owes its own existence to the story of the holocaust, and since this story has been used and is being used by this Zionist State to further the interests of that State. Some of these post-war governments have also connived to produce false documents. It needs to be repeated that after the end of the Second World War the victorious Allies, and the Soviets, captured every single German official document which existed, and captured all the archives of the German government and the NSDAP. Many such archives - and tons of such official documents - were removed wholesale, during the post-war Allied and Soviet Occupation, ostensibly "for safe-keeping", or "historical research", or for "war-crimes" trials. These Allies, and the Soviets, had conducted a total war against National-Socialist Germany, ruthlessly bombing German cities and towns, and ruthlessly using their superior fire-power and manpower to defeat German troops. The Allies and the Soviets were dedicated to the total eradication of German National-Socialism, and to this end conducted an intense propaganda campaign designed to discredit Adolf Hitler and National-Socialism, and designed to rally the fighting spirit of their own troops. As such, the victorious Allies and the Soviets were hardly unbiased toward the German government and toward National-Socialism.

What modern historians and academics have done, almost without exception, is to tell, re-tell and in some cases create an "official" version of events for the period 30 - 56 yf, with any research or

work which contradicts this official version discouraged, disallowed, derided, forbidden or destroyed. Furthermore, because of the loss or destruction of many documents, the documentary evidence - which historians often rely on - has been tampered with, so that those pursuing such "evidence" generally find only what the anti National-Socialist authorities want them to find.

In addition, such has been the official State-sponsored pressure on students of history, for example, and on their teachers, to accept this official version, that no such thing as "free enquiry", unbiased research, academic freedom or even historical truth has existed. This pressure has increased, rather than lessened, with the passing of the years, until any student or teacher in any academic institute who dares in any way to be at all critical of this official version of history soon discovers the reality of suppression and repression which exists. Students have been expelled, teachers "retired" or dismissed. Students and teachers have been physically attacked, with many forced to "recant their heretical views" in order to continue with their studies, their work or their careers.

In most instances, the authors of such published works which deal with the period in question are rather like professional journalists - content to tell a story, and content to use whatever material they can, truthful or not, which supports their underlying argument, their thesis, their political views, or which enhances their own career and their own academic standing. They are generally as untruthful, as biased and as unscrupulous as such journalists.

One anticipated new development in this modern saga of unreliable historians, is the fabrication, using modern technology, of documents and "evidence" in support of the holocaust, and in support of the official version of recent history. There already has been the miraculous discovery of original plans for Concentration Camps, and 'gas chambers' in hitherto secret Russian archives.<sup>(2)</sup> In fact, the fall of Communism in the former Soviet Union gives forgers of holocaust documents an ideal opportunity. Many such 'documents' can suddenly be discovered, and then 'authenticated'. We can expect, over the next few years many such fabulous finds - perhaps even documents allegedly signed by Adolf Hitler and Himmler which order the 'extermination of the Jews'. Perhaps even secret Memoirs. Or maybe rare archive film of 'gas chambers' in operation. The possibilities are certainly interesting. Already teams of Israeli agents and 'historians' are rummaging through the archives of the former Soviet Union and former East Germany. With modern computer and other technology, it is not hard to fabricate documents and give them the appropriate vintage and authentic appearance. Without doubt, many new documents will suddenly be found, as some original documents will secretly and silently disappear.

### Conclusion

Either the holocaust occurred, in the manner described by all official historians - or it did not. If it did not, then the veracity of such historians is questionable, and their "evidence" false.

An unbiased knowledge and understanding of National-Socialism, together with a reasonable and reasoned examination of recent history, the holocaust story, and the events surrounding this story - including the modern events relating to such things as making "holocaust denial" a crime - can lead to only one conclusion. This is that such a story - alleging mass exterminations - is unreasonable and unlikely.

There is the evidence of the total war conducted against National-Socialist Germany. There is the evidence of how biased the victors of this war were toward National-Socialism itself. There is their capture and removal of documents and archives. There is the refusal to allow National-

Socialists to defend National-Socialism and Adolf Hitler, with the continuing suppression of National-Socialism and the continuing persecution, imprisonment and killing of National-Socialists. There is the fact that National-Socialism is only and always portrayed - in Schools, colleges and Universities, and in books - by enemies of National-Socialism, with no free discussion allowed, and no real dissent about this official portrayal allowed. There is the evidence of the vested interest of Israel, and other nations, in upholding the official version of history which has been created. There is the evidence of the torture used to extract confessions from German National-Socialists while in Allied custody after the war; there is the evidence of the biased and unjust nature of the Nuremberg Trials; there is the evidence of how those National-Socialists, charged with exterminating Jews, who refused to confess and who steadfastly pleaded their innocence, suddenly "died" while in Allied custody after the war<sup>(3)</sup>.

All this - and much more - circumstantial evidence is highly indicative. Add to such circumstantial evidence the specific scientific evidence, and the known historical evidence (for forged documents, disappearing documents and so on)<sup>(4)</sup> and the case against the holocaust story is convincing to anyone possessed of the faculty of reason.

Issued by Reichsfolk

1. See, for example, Butz : The Hoax of the Twentieth Century. Also Journal of Historical Review (California, USA) Vol. I, # 2.
2. A further example of how documents have been tampered with is given by John Ball in his Air-Photo Evidence and his The Ball Report.
3. The evidence for such things as these is outlined in Chapter III of Vindex - The Destiny of the West.
4. For further specific scientific and historical evidence, see, for example, the following. Butz: Hoax of the Twentieth Century. Michael A. Hoffman: The Great Holocaust Trial. Journal of Historical Review, Vol. I, #1; Vol. I, #2; Vol. 2, # 3. John Cobden: Dachau - Reality and Myth in History. See also Robert Lenski: Holocaust on Trial - The Case of Ernst Zundel.

---

## DEFIANCE!

"It is necessary for us to sacrifice ourselves - to die - so that our race may live"

### A Personal View

Not long ago, seven police officers raided the house where I was staying and arrested me. The search warrant that gave them the authority to do this was for: "Written material that has been, or is being used to support an Internet web site that contains threatening, abusive or insulting material likely to stir up racial hatred." In the course of their six hour search, the police seized many things, including two computers, and copies of some of my National-Socialist writings.

As a result of this raid, it is likely that in the near future I will be appearing before a jury in a British court defending myself against anti-Aryan, Zionist created charges of "inciting racial hatred" (and possibly even conspiracy to murder). If found guilty, the chances are that I will be spending some time in prison. While this prospect does not exactly please me, it does not bother me much, either.

It does not bother me for two reasons. First, I am aware, from direct personal experience and the experience of other comrades, that I am unlikely to obtain real justice in these modern courts of law. As past experience has shown - for example the recent case of Charlie Sargent and Martin

Cross - real justice, the natural justice of honour, as well as innocence and truth, do not matter in these courts. These Aryan things - these ideals of natural justice and honour - have no place in these modern courts of law. For these courts are not our courts: they are the courts of a System we National-Socialists have pledged to fight and overthrow; they are courts dedicated to upholding the abstract laws which are the foundation of the anti-Aryan tyranny we now live in. So I expect nothing from these courts and the people who support them - except to be treated as, and dealt with as, "the enemy".

Second, I am aware that my duty to my folk comes before my own desires, my own welfare and even my own life. I know that I as an individual am expendable - that the well-being, the future, the Destiny of my folk, of my race, are more important than my own comfort, my own life. I personally know that my own life only has meaning in the context of my folk, my race - for I have tried to express this noble ideal many times in my writings(1).

What fundamentally matters about our own lives is what we do for our folk, not what we do for ourselves. And our folk includes not only our immediate "domestic" family but the larger family which is our race. The very purpose of our lives is to aid our folk. If we do not do this duty, if we instead give in to temptation and concentrate on ourselves, then we have simply wasted our lives.

Of course, being idealistic and noble and so doing our duty to our race is not easy; it never was. We can always find excuses to justify our neglect of our duty. But our noble ancestors found a way to ease the burden a little - to make the ideal of duty more understandable, and to motivate others to be noble.

This was reputation. If we do our duty, if we act in a noble way, if we do heroic deeds, we acquire a reputation which lasts long after our own death. The thought of how our people in the future will regard and judge us should give us the strength and the courage we need to do our duty, in the present, when it is difficult for us.

Furthermore, if we do nothing, if we live just for the present - if we never undertake noble, heroic deeds - we shall never be remembered. We shall be forgotten, and might just as well not have lived in the first place.

For myself, I have posterity for my guide. I live not particularly for the now, for the present, but for the future, and do whatever is necessary to ensure I have a good reputation, while I live, and after I myself am dead. I hope that I myself will be remembered by my people for at least having tried to do something practical and noble. I hope that hundreds of years from now - hopefully also thousands of years from now - my name will still be known and that I will be in some way honoured. So it is that I can defy the present, and its tyranny, and the personal suffering it may bring me - for I see not a few days ahead, nor even a few months ahead, but centuries!

Thus can I motivate myself, in difficult times, to do what is noble and honourable - whatever the cost to myself as an individual. For it is what is noble and honourable - what is necessary for the folk - which is important, not me as an individual. It is what I do, what I achieve, for my folk which matters - for it is these things and these things alone which honour the folk and so bring me the honour of a good reputation, while I live, and after I myself am dead.

How many of us desire this honour of immortality? We think of the great Aryan heroes of the past - from Achilles, to Alexander the Great, to Napoleon, to Adolf Hitler, to Rudolf Hess, to Leon Degrelle and Otto Remer - and admire them often without realizing that we also can be remembered, as they are remembered.

To get the strength, the courage to do the right thing, the honourable thing in these times of dishonour, all we need do is think how we ourselves will be regarded by posterity - by our people hundreds and thousands of years from now.

The truth - the ancient wisdom - which we have forgotten in this decadent modern world of selfishness, is that to ensure our folk, our race, has a future, we ourselves must be prepared to sacrifice our present, just as our heroic ancestors did, century after century. They made us - their future - possible. And we remember them - but who will there be to remember you if you yourself, by your deeds, do not create the future?

### An Idealistic, Aryan View: The True Meaning of Renewal

The renewal which occurs in Nature - the cycle of the seasons, of birth, life, death, renewal - applies to us, as human beings, since we are part of Nature.

The true meaning of renewal is that what lives must surely die so that growth and the change which is evolution can occur. It is necessary - a vital part of life - that we as individuals be prepared to give up our own lives so that our own race may live, be renewed and evolve - for we as individuals belong to our race and exist only to further our race(2).

The cosmic principle of birth-life-death-renewal is not an abstract idea to be studied, discussed, written about or rejected on the basis of personal belief. Rather, the cosmic principle of renewal is the very essence of life, and must be lived by us. In our intellectualized, greedy, selfish societies we have forgotten the stark but beautiful truth of cosmic renewal. Only by living this essence is the change of evolution which is civilization possible for us, as human beings.

The beautiful, inspiring, living, numinous song of Nature is that we as individuals are expendable and that we become great, immortal, divine, when we live and die in the spirit of renewal and for the purpose of renewal.

For a true warrior, a true Aryan, all living is either a tiresome waiting for those moments of glory when sacrifice is possible, or a living of those divine moments of war, adventure, discovery and overcoming.

We who are true warriors know these moments of blood, death, honour and glory for the divinity they are. In these divine moments, our deeds, our sacrifices, our deaths are the Autumn and the Winter of our race which make possible the birth and renewal of Spring and of Summer.

We may find intimations of these moments in the beauty of Nature, in some music - even perhaps in some military or para-military organization - but most of all we feel and are aware of such moments through the great heroes of our race, from Achilles to Leon Degrelle.

We who are the sons of Hitler, the sons of Degrelle, the sons of Remer, know what it is we must do and how we must live. We and we alone in this world have not forgotten the stark but beautiful truth of Nature. We are the very life of our race, its essence; we are its future just as we are the spirit of our Aryan ancestors, reborn to give our race yet another chance to see the renewal of Spring. Without us, there will be no future, no life, for our race. For it is necessary for us to sacrifice ourselves - to die - so that our race may live.

---

(1) See, for instance, "The Meaning of Life"; and "What Is Our Life For? A National-Socialist Answer".

(2) See "Folk and Fatherland" in "The Meaning of Life: Race and Nature".

---

## **The Illusion of Peace**

### International Finance, Political Tyranny and Marxist Social Engineering

#### Control by Comfort and Illusion

The people who control the System - the societies - which we live under have learned two hard lessons. The first lesson was learnt from Soviet style communism and it is that overt large-scale oppression does not work very well. The desire for freedom lives on in people, however harshly they are treated, however many are imprisoned and however much the State tries to enforce open programs of political indoctrination. The second lesson was learnt from the harsh economic climate and the 'Great Depression' which followed the First World War - starving people, with little or nothing to lose, and people who fear losing what they have got, can easily revolt against those who control them.

Fundamentally, those behind the System have learnt the subtle power of persuasion and how to manipulate people so that those people do not know or suspect they are being controlled, and do not know or suspect that their basic freedoms have been taken away. It is basically very simple - give the majority a reasonable standard of living, and material or self-centered goals to strive for, and they will behave themselves. They will, for the most part, be content. They will be domesticated - they will become tame. Furthermore, portray anyone who opposes you as 'evil', as 'terrorists', as 'extremists' bent on creating a dictatorship, while portraying your own System as 'democratic' and/or 'liberal/progressive'. At the same time, cleverly introduce laws which make it illegal for anyone to challenge your own ideas, all the time making yourself, and your lackeys, appear as 'protectors of democracy' and protectors of 'freedom'. Create a political system which seems to allow for choice between different political parties, but which really allows for no choice at all since all these parties adhere to the same ideas.

The trick works well provided the basic material security and prosperity of the majority are maintained, provided the illusion of freedom of political choice is maintained, and provided the troublesome minority, who see the illusion and the manipulation for what they are, can be dealt with by "due process of law" and thrown into prison as common criminals.

Whole new societies have been created, based on illusion - on abstract, dogmatic, ideas which do not correspond to reality, to the truths of Nature. Further, the majority of people have been indoctrinated with these ideas since birth, so that they believe that only these ideas are 'correct', or 'just' or whatever. The result is a society of individuals for the most part cleverly conditioned and cleverly controlled, who are unaware of reality or of how they have been conditioned and are being controlled. In effect, not only has a society been 'socially engineered', but so have the majority of people within it. This is even more sinister, more evil, than an overt, bloody, repressive tyranny. And it is also a more effective way of controlling people.

## The Fundamental Illusion

The fundamental illusion on which the new societies of the System have been based is the illusion of material happiness - that what is fundamentally important about life is material comfort and personal indulgence, and that this can only be provided, or attained, by a materialistic society which allows the "free play of market forces", which is based upon usury and which encourages financial speculation and supra-national companies driven by the desire for profit.

This is basically the system of International Finance, where people are seen as commodities, resources and consumers, and where national and racial identity is regarded as a barrier to the international control which is regarded as necessary. For those behind the System of International Finance desire both national and supra-national control, and have used usury to attain this.

The System works like this. First, create a desire in people for unnecessary material goods and decadent self-enjoyment through marketing, the Media and the entertainment industry. The majority of people cannot afford such things, so personal credit is made easily available, with people having to toil within the System to pay off their debts and continue to live in the style they desire. Credit means interest - and the bankers and speculators become rich on this unearned interest.

It is the same with nations. They finance their never-ending quest for growth and more wealth by borrowing from International banks, and by taxing their own people. So the ordinary person in employment - doing productive work - is paying interest on their own debts, tax to the government to help it pay off its interest, and more tax to the government to maintain the whole rotten System.

Those who do not have employment will still desire the benefits of such a consumer society, and if such things cannot be obtained by proper means, some of these people will attain them by immoral means - by cheating, stealing, robbery and so on. The same applies to some of those who do work, but who refuse to toil away to obtain what they want legally. The result is a divided, corrupt and basically immoral society, controlled by greed, profit, a desire for wealth and enjoyment, and exploitation of both natural and human resources.

But the System does not care - it has the resources and the power, through national governments, to keep society basically stable and working, with the corruption, the thieving, the disruption, contained by a strong Police force backed up by repressive laws which take away individual liberty.

The people of such a society are being manipulated and controlled - used as a resource to maintain the System and further the aims of the System. And the people are basically manipulated and controlled by the desire for material goods and self-enjoyment which the System itself creates and seeks to maintain at all costs.

While the System accepts a certain lawlessness as inevitable, it will not tolerate any real opposition. That is, an opposition which seeks to offer a different perspective, a different way of life, and which seeks to build a society based upon something real as opposed to either the abstraction of usury and the abstraction of conventional religions.

## The Realness of Racial Identity

There are two fundamental ways of viewing our life, as human beings. The first is the way of Nature, and the second is the way of abstraction - of abstract ideas.

The way of Nature sees us, as human beings, as part of Nature. We are the product of evolution, and are subject to the laws of Nature, and we depend upon Nature just as much as the other life which exists on this planet.

The way of abstraction sees human beings as somehow above Nature. Essentially, conventional religions are based on the way of abstraction - they divorce us from Nature, insisting that either Nature is ours to use, to exploit, or that God intervened, saved us (or can save us) and made us special; so special that we are no longer subject to the laws of Nature. The way of conventional religion is to view the next life as important - the world, and Nature, are abandoned or just seen as a passage, a means, to the next life.

In contrast, the way of Nature regards this life, our land, our identity, as vital. For the way of Nature is expressed in a homeland, a settlement, where we dwell and are in contact - often in harmony - with Nature. That is, we are connected to, and responsive to, Nature. In the past, when this way of Nature flourished, we were aware of Nature, and had a sense of belonging - a perspective beyond our own lives. This perspective was of our homeland - our people; our own culture.

We were connected to Nature through the very soil - the very land where we dwelt and which gave us nourishment, through farming and hunting. We had traditions; ancestors to learn from and be proud of. In short, we had an ethnic homeland, a racial identity. This identity, our heritage, our culture, was and is Nature made manifest, as we are our ancestors made manifest. We keep alive that culture, and are a living, an organic, link between our ancestral past and the future of our culture and Nature herself. In a fundamental way, the health, the future, of Nature depends on us - on what we do, or do not do - and we have a duty to Nature: to our ancestors, to our culture, to our future and the future of this world.

The way of abstraction changed all this - uprooting us from the soil, tearing us away from Nature; destroying homelands and identity - destroying this organic link between the past and the future. The way of abstraction insisted we, or God, were in control - not Nature. It insisted we could and should build societies based upon abstract ideas, and that abstract ideas could provide us with either happiness, wealth and comfort in this life - or eternal bliss in the next. The abstract ideas which changed us were those of conventional politics, conventional religion and economics (for which read usury).

The System we now live under is based upon the abstract idea of usury and the materialistic perspective which goes with it. Other abstract - other lifeless - ideas are no threat to this System, which is why it tolerates conventional religion and why an abstract idea like Marxism, despite its misleading rhetoric, is just as much part of the world of usury and money as International Finance. Indeed, Marxism properly understood, is but a means of social control of a type which prepares the way for, and sustains, the material goals and exploitation of International Finance. Marxism interprets human beings and Nature in the same way as International Finance just as its expressed outward goals are the same as those of International Finance - happiness in this world based on exploitation of Nature, material wealth and a self-indulgence.



The only real opposition to the System comes from the way of life - from the way of identity - based upon the living link which is race. Part of such a living link is an ethnic homeland.

What is acceptable to the System is a meaningless 'nationalism', a meaningless 'homeland', based purely on the abstract idea of a nation as just an economic and social entity, and which allows or gives citizenship to anyone who just happens to be born within the borders of that entity, regardless of their culture or ethnic origin. But what is not acceptable to the System is a real nationalism based on a sense of ethnic, or racial, identity, which seeks to uphold its own culture and which seeks to have its own homeland where its people can live in freedom according to their own customs.

The System tolerates a meaningless economic type nationalism because they can control and manipulate its Government and people - for the people are merely consumers, motivated by whatever the controllers and manipulators allow. And they can be so controlled and manipulated because they are essentially rootless - because for the most part their perspective is only that of their own lives, or perhaps of their children. This is in contrast to the perspective of centuries and even millennia possessed by people who are aware of their cultural and ethnic identity and who seek to maintain and develop that identity. Such ethnically aware people are rooted in their culture, and their ancestral lands or homeland, and so have priorities and a way of thinking which are contradictory to those of the System and International Finance itself. This way of thinking is one which is in harmony with Nature and which understands abstract ideas such as usury as being ignoble and unjust. This way of thinking is also one in which manual work is recognized as both dignified and essential - and, what is of crucial importance, should be rewarded through real goods, services or produce and not through money.

Such a way of thinking creates an organic society where work in harmony with Nature is the ideal - a work rewarded by things which are real, tangible, practical and of benefit to both people and Nature. This is in total contrast to the way of thinking based upon usury and money.

So it is that the System discourages and increasingly outlaws any expression or show of real ethnic identity. Such identity is seen as a direct threat because it frees people from the material illusion, from the tyranny of money and usury, and undermines the System of International Finance and world-control.

#### Manipulation and Control by Ideas

Central and indeed crucial to the control, and manipulation, of people is the hoax of racial equality - or rather, the encouragement of what is called the multi-cultural society. This type of society positively encourages an empty, stereotyped, urbanized racial identity (at least among non-Whites) in a cosmopolitan nation - that is, an identity without a free ethnic homeland and without a sense of cultural Destiny. This racial identity (such as what is called Black/Asian culture) is without power and essentially meaningless - and so is allowed - because it is not based on a free ethnic homeland and because it has no Destiny. And it is allowed and encouraged because it is not a threat and because it can be used by the System to achieve its political and social goals in the Western nations - to mentally condition and control Western (that is, Aryan) peoples: to undermine and destroy their ethnic identity and make them into urbanized consumers and/or workers who produce the wealth, and the technology and Science, to keep the System based on International Finance alive and growing.

The idea of this urbanized, cosmopolitan multi-racial society, dedicated to consumerism, and based upon usury, is upheld by all the main political parties of the whole Western world just as all present Western governments strive to discourage and outlaw any sense of ethnic identity among Aryans. Nearly every Western nation has tyrannical laws which forbid any overt expression of Aryan identity and which outlaw Aryan customs, just as these Western governments seek to actively suppress Aryan culture and any and all Aryan political organizations. And they have done these things - and are doing these things - because of the hoax of 'racism'.

This is an abstract sociological theory totally contrary to reality, and which has been created and propagated to aid the creation of the multi-racial consumer society - that is, to socially engineer this society and so aid the goals of International Finance.

This hoax - and the social engineering which uses it - were created by those who invented the dogmas of Marxism, of 'social anthropology', and of 'sociology'. Is it just a coincidence that the inventors of this hoax and the abstract, illusive, dogmas on which it is based, were all Jews - Marx, Boas, Benedict, Durkheim, Mauss, Marcuse, Levi-Strauss?

Is it just a coincidence that the then Chief Rabbi of the United Kingdom, Dr. Jakobovits, in an interview published in The Guardian newspaper (London) on 7th August 1982, stated that the Jews were chosen to act as pathfinders for the world, and that Israel [and thus Zionism] had a special place as an instrument to effect the Jew's social engineering upon the world.

Is it just coincidence that what has scientifically been proven to be the lie of the alleged Jewish 'holocaust' has been used to discredit the pro-Aryan Cause of National-Socialism, used to stifle any expression of pro-Aryan views and used as an excuse to introduce repressive anti-Aryan laws?

Is it just a coincidence that the one modern nation to reject International Finance and usury, and build a society based upon ethnic freedom and honest, fair, work, was destroyed by a global war after a vitriolic and intense campaign by world Jewry which started only a few months after Adolf Hitler came to power?

In fact, the lie of the 'holocaust' is crucial in maintaining the illusion that has been created. It is also used to manipulate and coerce people - to mentally condition them to believe certain things. The 'holocaust' story is taught as irrefutable fact to children in Schools, and to young people in Colleges and Universities. No criticism of this holocaust story is ever allowed in public.

There is a religious type of sanctity which has grown up around 'survivors' of the 'death camps', and around the story itself, and many countries now have 'holocaust memorials' and 'museums' which have become places of pilgrimage and where regular 'remembrances' are held. Many Western countries now have Holocaust Remembrance days.

The story is treated with an almost religious sanctity, and anyone who doubts is subject to a real modern Inquisition. Indeed, the story of the 'holocaust' has become more of a religious belief than belief in a Christian God. Laws have been introduced in countries like Germany, France, Canada and Austria which make it illegal for anyone to deny this 'holocaust' took place. That is, belief in the 'holocaust' has become mandatory in many countries.

Everyone now has freedom to believe in a Christian God or not, and freedom to believe or disbelieve whether the Gospels are the divine word of God - but everyone has to believe in the story of the 'holocaust'. Why do they have to believe in this story of the 'holocaust'? Because it is

an "irrefutable fact"? Because it has been "proved beyond all doubt"? Surely, the same things were said, for many centuries, about the Christian God, his miracles, and the Gospels - and anyone who dared to deny such "irrefutable facts", and question whether such things had indeed "been proved beyond all doubt" were called heretics, and punished. Such heretics could be, and often were, imprisoned, forced to recant their 'heretical views', and persecuted - deprived of their jobs, their livelihood, scorned by their neighbours. In those dark days of religious intolerance, and Inquisition, people could be denounced as 'heretics' - and mere mention of this word, or the threat of being called it, was enough to make people fearful. The threat of being called a heretic was enough to keep most people in line - to make them conform, and accept the teachings of the Church, or at least not speak openly about them. So the Church maintained its power and its hold over people by such covert and overt terror.

Today, everyone has got to believe in this story of the 'holocaust' for one simple reason. The story itself is central to the beliefs which now underlie all the societies of the West. A new terror has been created, and maintained by the coercive force of law. No dissent is allowed, and everyone has to be educated - that is, 'brainwashed' - to believe this new pseudo-religious belief. Just as in the dark times of the medieval Inquisition, this pseudo-religious belief, and only this belief, is said to be 'morally right' - and anyone who criticizes it, disagrees with it or opposes it, is cast as 'evil' or 'wrong'. Indeed, any doctrine which is not part of this new pseudo-religious or dogmatic orthodoxy is deemed to be 'evil' and 'wrong'.

What, then, is this new dogmatic orthodoxy, given an almost religious sanctity by the various Governments of the System? It is, quite simply, the belief that a multi-racial, basically materialistic society is the only type of society which is right. Those who see this society for the fraud it is - and who desire a homeland where they can be free to uphold their own culture - are called 'racists' and people have been indoctrinated to believe that 'racism' is wrong.

All the major political parties in this, and all other Western countries, are dedicated to creating a society based on materialism and dedicated to cosmopolitan multi-culturalism, as they are all committed to 'eradicating', by force of law and programmes of education, any opposing views. This new dogmatic orthodoxy has been used to introduce what are basically Marxist policies of forced 'equality', 'affirmative ethnic action', and 'ethnic quotas' which discriminate against Aryans.

In essence, a real tyranny has been created which is Marxist in all but name. This tyranny is the "politically-correct" urbanized, consumer orientated society of today which has created the social and political conditions necessary to ensure the survival and the prospering of International Finance. This Marxism-by-stealth is the social engineering used by those behind International Finance to achieve their aims.

This Marxist orthodoxy has been used to make Aryans - those of European race and culture - feel guilty because of their alleged 'racist' past, and any expression of racial pride by Europeans is not tolerated, or regarded as 'extreme' and 'unsavoury', while an urbanized, cosmopolitan based ethnic pride among racial minorities is positively encouraged. This orthodoxy has been used to take away the basic right of Aryans to defend themselves as it is used to justify imprisoning any Aryan who dares to speak out against the tyranny which has been created.

This new dogmatic orthodoxy has created a new heresy - 'racism'. Modern Inquisitors have been appointed to track down racists and to seek out and destroy any 'racist attitudes' or behaviour. Modern Inquisitorial tribunals have been set up to investigate alleged 'racism' at work, in Schools and Colleges, and elsewhere, and to punish those found guilty. These modern Inquisitors are

called by such titles as 'Race Relations Officers', or 'awareness counsellors' and the Inquisitorial courts which try to find and punish heresy, are called by fancy names such as 'Race Relations Tribunals'.

The story of the 'holocaust' is central to all this manipulation of Aryan minds - because, quite simply, this new orthodoxy says that the 'holocaust' proves that National-Socialism, and any other kind of 'racialist' or separatist, ethnic, belief, is evil and wrong. The argument always runs along similar lines: "Look what racism led to in Germany - the horrors of the holocaust"; and "Auschwitz is a reminder of where exclusion and inhumanity can lead..." So any dissent, any attempt to expose the Zionist hoax of International Finance is stifled - because, of course, "everyone knows that the holocaust existed". Thus also the arguments used to justify the mental tyranny which exists and which is evident in making illegal any and all opposition to multi-racialism: "we must stamp out racism before it takes a hold; otherwise we will have another 'holocaust'..."

Everyone must believe in the 'holocaust' because everyone must believe that 'racism' is wrong and that racists hate other races and want to exterminate them, or at least subject them to brutal slavery. All modern Aryan countries are dedicated to creating and maintaining multi-racial societies, and therefore no real, open, opposition can be allowed or will be tolerated. No other beliefs - other than those which support such a society - can be taught, simply because these countries are part of a tyrannical System which is controlling people through ideas, and which is brainwashing them to believe these illusive ideas, and only them.

We National-Socialists have seen through the trickery and the manipulation, as we know Marxism and its social engineering for the Zionist hoax it is, just as we know that International Finance is simply another name for the supra-national power which Zionism now has. To win the war we are engaged in, we must free our people from such illusive ideas and from the control such Zionist-created ideas exercise over the minds and the behaviour of our folk.

---

## **Darwin, Evolution and Civilization**

### Civilization and Science

One of the foundations of civilization is the acceptance of reason - that is, using our conscious awareness to make logical deductions and inferences. This awareness - as Aristotle understood - is primarily the awareness of our physical senses. Reason enables us to recognize patterns in the external world, and this recognition forms the basis of understanding - that is, of increasing our own consciousness of things which are beyond us, as individuals, both in time and in distance. The patterns which are recognized are accepted on the basis that they have been observed, and so verified, and on the fact that they are repeated in Nature, or can be repeated by us through an experiment. These patterns form the basis for theories which basically make connections between what were hitherto regarded as disparate events or observations: they attempt to explain the prime cause of the events or observations.

The expansion of consciousness which results from this is an expansion both for the individual or individuals who discover such patterns, and for civilization itself. That is, there is a transmission of the understanding which results. This expansion of consciousness based on reason and observation, and this transmission, is Science, or more correctly experimental Science - what used to be called Natural Philosophy.

In the simple sense, this understanding creates - or can create - a new perspective for us which transcends both our immediate surroundings and our own life.

This process of reason, experimentation, and transmission requires the ordered, fairly stable, society which is civilization. Civilization itself is an ordered way of living where certain personal values are upheld as ideals, and where there is a striving for both personal and civic excellence. Chief among these personal values is honour. In essence, reason is an adjunct to, and a development of, personal honour - the desire to be fair, to judge, to know, to understand, made real. Honour primarily concerns people; whereas the application of reason primarily concerns the external world of Nature and the cosmos. A man of honour will not judge someone without personal knowledge, and so will not listen to rumours about someone - for that is dishonourable; rather, he will seek to ask the person himself. In the same way, the true scientist, applying reason to the external world, will seek to observe that world directly, and will not accept any 'evidence' which cannot be personally verified (usually through an experiment).

This use of reason which is Science brings technology - the skills of engineering, and the development of machines, for instance - and this practical application of Science enables the further development of civilization and the understanding it brings.

### Evolution and The Theory of Darwin

It should be understood at the outset of this enquiry that: (1) the theory of evolution is a theory, which has been postulated on the basis of what has been observed, or discovered; (2) that what is called Darwin's theory of evolution primarily concerns the development of life on this planet, including our own human species, into separate species; and (3) that both the general theory of evolution (concerning, for example, the geological changes which Earth has undergone) and Darwin's theory to do with natural evolution were based upon practical observation.

In respect of Darwin's theory, his observations led him to postulate several causes for what he observed, and these postulates are scientific in the sense that they can be deduced from the evidence and are based upon natural reason - that is, on a belief that it is natural forces, acting over periods of time, which cause geological and biological change.

But Darwin's theory is still a theory - a working model to explain observations. The evidence we have suggests it is a plausible theory, on scientific grounds. If the theory is rejected, then some other explanation for what is observed in the natural world must be advanced. It should be remembered that Darwin built upon foundations laid over many centuries concerning the origin of species - that is, the development of living beings into distinct species and sub-species, called races. His theory is an attempt to explain how the observed variation came about in a natural way consistent with the evolution of the Earth, and life on Earth.

An alternative theory should explain this development of species for life on this planet - and explain how we ourselves came to be what we are now.

Logically, there are only three reasonable possibilities regarding how we human beings came to be as we are - with our morality, our honour, our ability to reason; our ability to be aware of ourselves as individuals, aware of others and the external world.

First, there was a slow change, a slow development, from our animal ancestors, as posited by Darwin. Second, that there has been some kind of intervention in this evolution, either by

advanced beings (probably of extra-terrestrial origin) or some sort of divinity ('God'). Third, that we did not originate on this planet, but came from elsewhere - that we ourselves are extra-terrestrial beings.

The second and third explanations are also theories, like Darwin's. However, there are few observations to support them, and the few which have been advanced in support of either theory can also be interpreted in other ways - that is, in accord with natural development and not divine or extra-terrestrial involvement. Darwin's theory simple has more evidence to support it than either of these competing theories.

Thus, on the basis of what is observed, what is known - and on the basis of accepting that change is natural, that is caused by Nature - Darwin's theory is a more rational, more scientific explanation than any other which has been advanced, either in modern times or ancient times. His theory is simply more plausible, more rational, than all the others. It explains what is observed in a logical way.

Of course, they may well be a better theory, waiting to be advanced. And if it is based upon observation, and if it explains what is observed in a logical way, then it will be accepted by those who - like myself - seek to understand the world and the cosmos on the basis of reason.

We either accept explanations on the basis of reason - explanations arrived at through observation, experiment and logic - or we accept explanations about the world and the cosmos on the basis of belief, or supposition, or speculation. A speculation, a religious supposition may be true - that is, it may be the correct explanation of events - but one either lives, or strives to live, one's life on the basis of reason, or one does not.

### An Important Distinction

It must be understood that acceptance of the theory of evolution, as it applies to us as human beings, does not mean we are "merely animals" and totally at the mercy of those natural forces which have shaped evolution, and which some consider to be "anti-cultural".

For what is of supreme importance is that our development of consciousness - and the subsequent expansion of consciousness through Science - enables us to creatively intervene in our own evolution. That is, it is this development of consciousness, and understanding, which enables us to appreciate Nature, civilization, culture, the cosmos, and continue our evolution in a positive way.

We can do this because we possess the power to change ourselves through using our will. This, essentially, is what civilization, honour, and reason mean. Real culture - the living or organic culture of ethnic identity with its own ethos - is a means to aid this development of will, this promotion of a supra-personal and numinous understanding. Such culture vitalizes, through a sense of identity and Destiny - through an understanding of the individual being a nexus between the past and the future of their culture.

Those who deny evolution, deny the triumph of the will that has made civilization possible, and which can make possible our further evolution. We are no longer just animals because we possess not only consciousness but also the ability to use our will to change ourselves in a positive way through upholding noble ideals. Mere animals do not have this option. We have evolved, in

accord with the laws of Nature, to be beings who have consciousness and will - and we have developed civilization because of this

This does not mean to say that all humans, everywhere and in all times, use their will. On the contrary, only a percentage do and have done. Civilization is simply a means which enables us to do this - which encourages us to do this and makes this an ideal to be striven for.

This understanding of the evolution and importance of consciousness - of the importance of culture and will - is an extension of Darwin's theory of natural selection, not a contradiction of it. Without Darwin's theory, this understanding would not have been possible.

### Divergence of Evolution

Contrary to what some believe, the theory of Darwin does not endorse multi-cultural equality. Rather, the opposite because it is an explanation of how the ethnic divisions we observe around us came to be as they are. It quite clearly states that these divisions are real, and the result of Nature. Furthermore, it can be argued that it is reasonable to deduce from the few pieces of evidence we have that our evolution from Erectus to Sapiens took place in different places at different times. That is, the diversion into separate races occurred quite early, and that some of the proto-races crossed the threshold to become Sapiens before others.

Thus, it is reasonable to deduce that some races have evolved further than other races, and that consequently these races possessed skills and ways which others did not possess, or if they did, to a lesser degree. One of these skills may be said to be the ability to be creative - to invent and discover things.

### Anti-Darwinian Diatribes

It is becoming fashionable in certain political and philosophical circles to criticize Darwin's theory on the basis that it is anti-numinous, anti-cultural and anti-spiritual. However, such conclusions are based on either a mis-understanding of Darwin's theory or on mis-use of his scientific ideas by those who themselves did not understand them and their consequences.

The most fundamental mis-understanding is to consider that Darwin's theory means and implies - infers - that we human beings are only animals, subject to a brutal struggle for existence. I repeat - Darwin's theory is fundamentally about the origin of species - it is an explanation of how diverse species and sub-species came into being. It is concerned with the past development of life on this planet.

Darwin's theory is not fundamentally concerned with our own recent development (in terms of geological time). This recent development of ours is when we have developed consciousness, and the ability to change ourselves by using our will - that is, by developing a strong, a noble, character. This recent development spans perhaps the last twenty thousand years - and that is all. Twenty thousand years out of fifty to an hundred million.

The inferences which have been drawn from Darwin's theory about our present existence, as human beings, are simply wrong - but such incorrect inferences do not invalidate the basis of the theory itself. What is needed is to extend Darwin's theory to explain the development of consciousness: to explain the last ten to twenty thousand years with the emergence of civilization.

## Consciousness and Evolution

There is one modern philosophical movement which has added to our understanding of evolution and consciousness, and which has thus built upon Darwin's work. This is the National-Socialism of Adolf Hitler.

The essence of what Adolf Hitler taught was that our own evolution, as human beings, has only just begun and that we can and should continue it in accord with Nature and so create a higher, more evolved, race of beings. The foundations of National-Socialism are ethnic diversity and personal character. Ethnic diversity is considered to be a natural development which has produced peoples with distinct ways of life - a distinct ethos - with these peoples requiring a society which is in balance with Nature in order to be healthy. Such peoples are bound together by this ethos, an outward expression of which is a sense of Destiny. Personal character is considered to be formed through struggle - through overcoming: through a Triumph of personal Will. To achieve this triumph of the will there must be numinous ideals and a numinous ethos, which the principle ideals being those of personal honour and duty to the folk.

Thus National-Socialism seeks the creation of separate ethnic homelands where a folk can live in accord with their unique customs, as it seeks to create a society where Blood and Soil is balanced with Conquest and Exploration. Fundamentally, National-Socialism explains the origins of civilization and shows how civilization was and is a natural development of Nature which has fundamentally changed us - accelerating our evolution.

---

### Folk Democracy

Folk-democracy is real democracy. The parliamentary game which exists in most Western countries - where large, established State or national political parties are seen to vie for power and where a government is elected by national majority vote - is not real democracy.

Real democracy does not mean a particular type of government elected by a majority vote. Rather, real or genuine democracy means a consensus achieved within a particular community. One of the features of real democracy is smallness - democracy means personal knowledge of others. A real democratic decision is one which truly embodies the will, the feelings, or the spirit of a particular community. Thus, a system is only genuinely democratic when it is local - when it deals with local concerns and local issues and where the representatives are not only part of the community but carry out the will, the feelings of the community. Furthermore, real democracy gives the people of a community power over their own affairs and their own area or region - that is, it enables them to make and enforce laws. In genuine democracy, a Representative of the people knows most of the people he or she represents personally; that is, they are really part of the community. Furthermore, for real democracy to exist, the community must be homogenous - that is, it must have a common heritage and common kin-ship.

This homogeneity means that the community will basically possess the same instincts, the same general outlook, the same culture. In brief, the community will be of the same race, and possess a common history. Such a community is living - it is organic and natural. **Real Democracy is an expression of the desire of a living, organic community to determine its own destiny.** Real Democracy is an evolution, a move toward a higher way of living and as such expresses the spirit of such communities - it enables communities to develop as it enables the individuals within



such communities to be free. Real freedom means individuals of such communities co-operating to advance their communities - for thereby individuals fulfil the purpose of their existence. For the existence of individuals is tied to the community, to the folk, which gives them life - it is modern fallacy to assume that each individual is an isolated being, concerned with their own, selfish 'rights' and their own, selfish happiness/pleasure. An individual has duties and obligations because they are a link between their ancestors and their descendants - they contain the potential to advance themselves and their community, to fulfil the destiny of their folk.

Democracy enables the potential of individuals, and their communities, to be fulfilled - it enables individuals and communities to move toward that higher state of living which is freedom. Freedom basically is all about fulfilling potential and being human. We, as individuals, are only fully human when we realize and understand and accept how we, as individuals, relate to what is past and what can arise in the future. That is, when we are aware of our own place in 'the scheme of things'. Or, expressed another way, when we understand ourselves in relation to what is beyond us, as individuals - our community, our folk, our heritage, and Nature herself. This knowledge gives perspective and meaning to our lives - and it is this knowledge, expressing as it does the fact that we are conscious, thinking beings, that is the essence of real humanity. In reality, a folk-community (i.e. a community sharing the same heritage and descent, or blood) is a higher way of living - a practical expression of evolution. A folk-community makes this knowledge and this perspective real - it not only gives meaning to our lives as individuals, it is the meaning of our lives as individuals. A folk-community therefore represents real freedom - as the origin of the word 'freedom' itself indicates. Our word 'free' originally meant 'to love' one's kin; freedom was and is being part of a folk-community. By being part of such a community, and aiding it, we fulfil the potential latent in us and our folk. To aid it means to preserve and extend its heritage, its culture, its uniqueness. In the most obvious and simple sense this means continuing ourselves through children - they are our seed, and the seeds which plants or creates future generations, just as we ourselves are the plants, or beings, grown from the seed of our own ancestors. We have not been born by chance or in isolation - we are part of the destiny, the evolution of our folk. We have a heritage, and we have a future - we are the connection between the past of our folk and its future: its destiny, its well-being, is in our hands. Our duty is to fulfil that destiny by continuing to preserve and extend our folk. To do otherwise is to negate our own potential as individuals.

Democracy extends, or can extend, the folk-community - it is a means of ensuring the continued evolution of the community. It is a means whereby members of the folk can participate in and consciously create their own destiny. In effect, democracy is a development of the folk-community - a commitment to the folk itself. Real democracy enables a folk-community to fulfil its potential because such democracy makes the spirit or will of that community real in practical ways.

In complete contrast, the so-called 'democracy' of modern parliamentary States is a sham. It is a negation of real freedom. It is an expression of tyranny. It is a tyranny because it is impersonal and because it deals in abstractions. It deals in life-less, abstract ideas. These ideas are imposed, from above, upon local communities and by the nature of those ideas they undermine and destroy real communities and real heritage - that is, the abstract, lifeless ideas destroy folk-communities. They destroy folk-communities because the ideas themselves have been created to do exactly that: to undermine and destroy racial identity and the natural spirit and instincts of those who share the same heritage and culture. The concern of the governments of all modern so-called 'democratic' States is with creating a multi-racial society, with undermining racial and thus cultural identity. The concern is with ever-increasing uniformity, standardization and with ever-increasing, more remote forms of 'political power'. Thus the agitation for supra-national States

such as the 'European Community'. The concern is with increasing centralization of power - with making local communities powerless and with destroying the racial homogeneity of communities through policies of racial integration. The abstract, anti folk-community ideas which form the basis of all modern States are egalitarian, multi-racial and materialistic.

The elected Representatives of such an impersonal system are not part of the communities they represent. They cannot be genuine representatives because each so-called Representative represents far too large an area - they have little or no direct knowledge of or contact with the individuals they are supposed to represent as they generally no longer live and work among those individuals. Instead, they spend most of their time engaged in 'politics' and living in some capital city. Furthermore, such Representatives do not represent folk-communities - instead, they represent their political Party and adhere to the abstract policies of that Party. The concern of all such Representatives is with 'Party politics' and Party dogma - it is not with furthering the interests and well-being of their own people. They have become estranged from their folk because by being part of such a political system they represent the abstract ideas of the system itself. The primary interest and concern of a folk-community is with preserving its identity and extending itself - with maintaining and extending its culture, its heritage; with maintaining its racial identity. The primary concern of all politicians of all major political Parties is with those abstract ideas such as racial equality which undermine and will eventually destroy folk-communities.

What has happened over the past hundred years or so in all Western countries is that not only has government become more and more remote from the communities it is supposed to serve - appropriating to itself more and more power - but also all political Parties have concerned themselves with implementing or trying to implement abstract ideas and political dogma. By their very nature, these abstract ideas and political dogmas have brought about a system which is destroying the very communities themselves. In effect, a revolution has occurred - slowly and silently over many decades. Real democracy has been replaced by the parliamentary game. Real freedom has been replaced by tyranny.

Real democracy is not about voting in some election once every so often. It is about being part of a community and being able to aid that community to express its destiny - to preserve and extend it. Real freedom is not about selfish, individual, egotistical, hedonistic choice - it is about being aware of one's folk, one's immediate kin, being able to provide them with opportunities and being able to fully participate in one's own community. Real democracy and real freedom are inseparable - for democracy is the means whereby freedom is made real.

Real democracy and real freedom mean folk-communities - local communities bound together by common aspirations and bonds of blood or kinship. Freedom and democracy, and thus folk-communities, are expressions of a higher, more civilized way of living. They represent organic, natural growth - an evolution. The abstract, life-less governmental system which exists today represents a return to a lower way of living; it is de-evolutionary and destructive. It is inhuman because it destroys the basis of real humanity. Real humanity implies a knowledge of our place in the scheme of things - an acceptance of our duties and obligations. This knowledge is about our relation to our past and our future. We are related to our past by our heritage, by our ancestors; and we are related to the future by our children or our deeds, or both. Our past and our future imply our folk-community in the present - the past has made this folk-community possible, and the future means the preservation and extension of this folk-community. Anything which tends to undermine or destroy the folk-community, undermines or destroys the higher way of living which such a community represents.

Real humanity is not about abstract ideas or behaving in some 'moral' way; rather, real humanity means an understanding of how we are balanced between our past, our future and that thing which has made that past possible and which can make the future real. This 'thing' is Nature - or rather, it is what our ancestors called 'the gods'. Being human means understanding and accepting the balance, or harmony, which exists in living. By living in such a way that this balance is maintained, we fulfil the purpose of our existence as individuals. By living in such a way that this balance is upset or destroyed, we are denying the purpose of our existence and thus our humanity.

A folk-community expresses this balance. This balance has to be maintained consciously - that is, it does not occur by itself; it requires effort, knowledge and understanding. Real Democracy - that is, folk-democracy - is a means to do this. There is lack of balance, and thus a disruption of the sense of belonging and purpose, when a community begins to lose its racial and cultural identity - that is, when there is a striving for a multi-racial community or 'society'. The individual then instinctively feels increasingly lost. That vitality and joy which is a natural part of a thriving folk-community is gradually lost. There is a loss of community spirit and purpose, and thus an increase in selfish acts which disrupt the community. Individuals become less concerned for their community, and more concerned with themselves in isolation. That is, they forget their duties and obligations to their folk. In short, the true meaning of life gets lost - replaced by either selfish aspirations, or material concerns.

Folk-democracy is the way forward - and the only way to return to a really civilized way of living. There has to be a return made to genuine communities - that is, living communities, bound together by a shared culture, a shared outlook. In other words, racial or folk communities. The 'communities' which exist today and which all modern Western States wish to encourage, and the type of communities they try and create, are all abstract, lifeless - created and maintained by multi-racial dogma, by social planning, by a 'politically correct' ideology.

For folk-communities to be established, for folk-democracy to live within such communities, the present corrupt, tyrannical System has to be changed. There has to be a return to the real democracy of the folk. In brief, there has to be a revolution. If there is not, the tyranny of the present System can only increase. The way to create this revolution, and return real freedom and real democracy, is National-Socialism. Anything else is a compromise which undermines our freedom.

---

### **The Disease of Suspicion**

There is a blight spreading on our noble Cause, a blight spread by our enemies. This blight, this spreading infection, is Suspicion.

This most usual and visible form which this infectious blight takes is: "He/she is an agent/informer for the Police/the Government ...". Sometimes, however, Suspicion is simply a rumour about a person's past or their personal character.

Our enemies have deliberately bred this infection of Suspicion to weaken us, to divide us among ourselves. They have found it be a powerful weapon in their fight against us, for many who are supposed to on our side in the war of freedom we are fighting have become infected with Suspicion, and go around infecting others with this blight, this poison. There is now almost a state of paranoia on our side, with people spreading rumours and allegations, and wondering whether a certain Comrade is really a government agent or an informer.

We must understand this - Suspicion is behaviour unbecoming a warrior. What is unbecoming for a warrior is what is dishonourable and unfair. It is dishonourable conduct and thus contemptible. It is a betrayal of everything we stand for and believe in, as warriors. It is a betrayal of our noble ideal of loyalty, of comradeship. To spread Suspicion, to believe in rumours and allegations about individuals - however well-supported or "documented" such rumours and allegations seem - is undignified, the sign of a weak character. It is a betrayal of our noble standards of personal conduct - a descent down toward the level of the uncivilized people we despise and are fighting.

Suspicion is un-warrior like because a true warrior only and ever makes a personal judgement about any individual after having personally met that individual on a number of occasions because this is the honourable, the fair, thing to do. They have thus spent some time with that person and so therefore can make their own personal and direct assessment of the character of that individual. The warrior thing to do - not having met an individual and not having spent time with that individual - is to reserve one's judgement, and make no personal comment at all about the individual's character, motives or anything else.

Furthermore, any person who says or writes anything which calls into question the honour of any individual, must be prepared to face that individual and repeat the allegations, rumours or suspicion directly to that individual, and be prepared to fight that individual in a fair fight or a duel if the individual whose honour is brought into question desires to so defend his honour. This is the warrior thing to do, this is the honourable thing to do. Thus, anyone who raises doubts about a person, who spreads any rumour about them, or who is suspicious about the motives or the character of a person, must repeat any and all allegations to that person, face-to-face, and give that person a chance to defend themselves. Anything less is un-warrior like and cowardly.

To destroy this infection of Suspicion, this blight upon our Cause which is harming us and our fight for freedom, we have to do the honourable thing. The honourable thing to do is to maintain a dignified silence.

Suspicion thrives on words, both spoken and written. If we react to rumours, to Suspicion itself, with more words, we are only encouraging the further spread of this blight. It is a dignified silence which alone can kill this enemy-created and enemy-spread infection of Suspicion.

We can win and we will win - we can regain the freedom we have lost and create a true warrior nation - if we are true to our own honourable values, our noble warrior ideals. If however we descend down to the barbaric level of our enemies - if we act and behave like the cowards and the capitalists we despise - we will never win and never create a really noble society.

Our enemies hate us with a violent passionate hatred because we, when we are true to our honourable, warrior, nature, are and always have been better than them.

Our enemies have always envied and secretly feared us because we are, when we are true to our own warrior nature, heroic, valiant and noble. These are things that they themselves are not, never have been and never could be, given their cowardly, pleasure-loving, materialistic nature. So it was that they have sought to drag our people down to their own low and materialistic level. Thus they have tried so hard, for nearly one hundred years, to debase our people - with the materialism of usury-capitalism, with an unhealthy obsession with "sex", with their own selfish, parasitical, dishonourable values.

We who are honourable warriors, and we alone, have stood steadfast against their debasement, against their desire to destroy our personal honour, our comradeship, our sense of duty. Hence

their violent hatred and the ignoble bullying and torture they practise upon us when they have "the upper hand". Hence also their creation and use of the weapon of Suspicion - to divide us among ourselves, and reduce us to their own low level.

Thus, Reichsfolk, as an organization upholding warrior values, will maintain a dignified silence whenever anyone spreads the blight of Suspicion about any of its members or supporters. We will not dignify rumours, allegations and lies with a reply, and we urge all other truly warrior organizations, and all true warriors, to do the same. If they do, we will have destroyed one of the weapons which our enemies has been very effectively using against us.

**Remember: where there is Suspicion among us, there is the work of our enemies. Where there is a dignified silence, there is the work of the warrior.**

[Original Written 1997]

---

### A Cosmic Perspective

What happens to me, as an individual, is not important - what I do for my race, what happens to my race, is important. Indeed, this duty which I have towards my race is my reason for living - for our primary purpose, as individuals, is to work to secure a future for our race and so aid it to achieve its Destiny, its cosmic purpose.

Most people today, however, do not feel or understand this duty which we all, as living beings dependant upon Nature, have. Furthermore, the unnatural society of our times actively persecutes those who still possess this noble sense of duty. Thus it is that I find myself facing a prison sentence for having written about this duty which we as individuals have toward our race.

Yet prison and its personal hardships are fundamentally irrelevant - they cannot and will not affect what has been written, published, read and acted upon by others. I personally regret nothing. There is nothing to apologize for; nothing to plead or feel guilty about. I have done nothing dishonourable. What was written, was necessary - an expression of the noble duty I have and which I have striven to do to the best of my ability. What was written was what must be expressed, at this moment in the history of our race, if our race is to survive, prosper and fulfil its glorious cosmic Destiny.

My own perspective is not that of my own short lifetime - it is of centuries, of thousands of years. I think not of the life which lies ahead for me as an individual who must die, and possibly suffer, but of the cosmic, organic, process of which I am but one very small part. For I am but a brief living link - a nexus - between the past which is my folk and the future which will be my folk. I am them as they are me: past, present and future. And I like all the individuals of my folk can create or negate the future which can be by what I do, or what I do not do. The promise of the future is latent within me and my life is but a means to strive to make that future real by doing my duty to my folk - but helping my folk survive, prosper and fulfil its Destiny.

If our race is indeed to survive we must have this cosmic vision - this knowledge of ourselves as a nexus between the past and the future. We must know our duty, and do our noble duty, whatever the personal cost to ourselves, as individuals.

For myself, I have simply transmitted in written form in my own native language the wisdom of life - the wisdom of Folk and Fatherland - which already exists, and which has existed for

thousands of years before me. I, as an individual, have experienced, thought, and after many years personally re-discovered the cosmic essence which is this wisdom of life - the essence which is now hidden behind the facade of our modern materialistic and unnatural society. Having re-discovered this essence, I have tried to do my duty and express this essence, this wisdom, in words so that others may come to learn the truth about the meaning of life.

My own personal life, my own background - anything and everything to do with me as an individual - are irrelevant, and of no consequence. So it is that I have maintained, and will maintain, a dignified silence about all the rumours, lies and allegations which the enemies of this wisdom have written and spoken about me in the hope of discrediting me and thus what I have written. Furthermore, in the end, my forthcoming trial, and my imprisonment are not important - their only significance being that they will prove the truth and importance of what I have written, as they will reveal this State for the tyranny it is. A tyrannical System which is built upon lies and which has brainwashed its people, year after year and decade after decade, has to persecute and imprison writers who write about the forbidden wisdom. Why else persecute and imprison someone just for writing some articles, some pamphlets or some book?

But the truth about Folk and Fatherland - the almost forgotten wisdom of life - has been re-discovered, written about and so will live on, transmitted by both old and new means. So will it live to reach a new generation and the generations after that until, sometime in the future, this truth will be made real again in a new Golden Age society.

The persecutions of the present only serve to hasten this glorious future of ours, for as the Greek poet Aeschylus wrote nearly two and half thousand years ago, there is and will be a learning from adversity.

---

## **Censorship, Democracy And National Socialism**

### **Why Censorship Is Wrong - A Personal View**

Censorship is wrong for one simple reason: because those in authority who censor things are treating people like children. Real freedom means letting individuals judge things for themselves. Real freedom means allowing individuals to exercise judgment. Censorship, of whatever kind and from whatever motive, is a denial of freedom because real freedom is not about personal choice or even about individual "rights" - it is about being able to develop personal character and being able to make one's own judgement. To be able to judge a thing, it is necessary have factual, accurate knowledge about that thing and this factual, unbiased knowledge is the first thing that suffers when there is any form of censorship.

One of the duties of a noble State, a noble, free society, is to foster individuals of character - to develop a proper, or right, character in individuals. This means encouraging and allowing individuals to develop and exercise the faculty of judgement. If individuals have a good, a noble, personal character then they know or can judge what is good and what is bad.

One of the most fundamental principles of National-Socialism is that individuals can change themselves for the better through an act of will. That is, National-Socialism accepts that individuals can change - they can develop, evolve, mature, through striving to uphold noble ideals such as personal honour.

Genuine National-Socialism, as I have tried to express many times over the past few years, is about individuals willingly co-operating together for their common, mutual good. Genuine National-Socialism arises when individuals, motivated by idealism and believing in personal honour, band together to: (1) strive to create a better way of life for themselves and (2) strive to convert others to this idealism and this personal honour. These individuals feel the same way - they share the same hopes and aspirations: they believe in the same things and want to share their hopes and aspirations with others.

Genuine National-Socialism abhors coercion and "terror" - for such things are ignoble. A genuine National-Socialist society, a Reich, is society where all or the vast majority of people support National-Socialism: they believe in and uphold the ideals and principles of National-Socialism. If the majority of people do not do this, then it is not a National-Socialist society.

Furthermore, I sincerely believe that a Reich must allow the individuals within it the chance to develop and exercise their personal judgement. If this means that some of them decide to oppose National-Socialism and its ideals then those individuals must have the freedom to leave that Reich and live elsewhere. Being positive and noble, National-Socialism believes that the majority, given the choice and presented with all the unbiased facts, would choose National-Socialism - the struggle for National-Socialism today is simply the struggle to inform our people of what National-Socialism is and so allow them the freedom to choose. I for one know that were the majority of our people allowed to hear the case for National-Socialism presented by genuine National-Socialists then they would choose to follow this noble Aryan way of living.

However, today, we National-Socialists are prevented by a tyrannical System from presenting our case - the agents and lackeys of this System are the greatest censors in the history of civilization. I know that the enemies of National-Socialism realize our case is unanswerable and that the majority of our people would support our noble idealism, given the chance - for otherwise our enemies would not be so afraid of allowing us to speak in public and distribute our literature. So it is that they persecute us, ban our literature and meetings and censor any medium, like the Internet, which offers us the chance to present our case.

Personally, I am not interested in trying to convince others that National-Socialist Germany was not as portrayed by our enemies. That is, I am not bothered about what our enemies say or write about NS Germany being a "terror" State, built upon censorship and coercion. I know that NS Germany was a real folk-democracy, with Adolf Hitler enjoying the support and indeed having the love of the majority of the German people.

What personally interests me is the future - creating a new Reich based upon the ideals and principles of National-Socialism. We have to start again, from the beginning, and build a new society composed entirely of individuals who are National-Socialists - who believe in National-Socialism, body and soul. Our aim is not and cannot be to take-over an existing society and coerce, or try to force our people to support us - they must willingly and wholeheartedly support us or we shall not have a real National-Socialist society.

If this means our new society is at first small - say perhaps a few thousand, or tens of thousands, then so be it! We do not need a "nation" of millions of people to make our ideals real. The greatness of the civilization of ancient Greece was built upon a few folk communities, such as Athens, which numbered tens of thousands at most. It is the quality of the people which matters, not the quantity.

This new society of ours, this Reich, will and must be a genuine free society where censorship is unknown.

---

## **National Socialism, Morality and Justice**

### National-Socialism and The Fight Against Decadence

A National-Socialist State, or Reich, is a society of people, of the same race and culture, who willingly co-operate together for their own mutual advantage, well-being and advancement. Furthermore, this State is dedicated to real freedom, and the only kind of real democracy that exists, or can exist: folk-democracy. The State only exists to create, maintain and increase this well-being - that is, to preserve, maintain and advance the race itself. This is done by creating and maintaining folk-communities, and by Institutions and structures which enable the individuals of such communities to live prosperous, healthy *and cultural* lives.

A National-Socialist society is founded on noble ideals (chief among which are honour, loyalty and duty) and seeks to make these ideals the fundamental principles which govern all aspects of that society, from its educational institutions through to its system of justice. These ideals express *National-Socialist morality*. They express what it means to be Aryan, and thus what is necessary to ensure: (1) the preservation and advancement of race; (2) the creation of healthy, vigorous individuals; (3) the creation of a cultured society emodying the natural ethos of the race.

The morality of National-Socialism is quite simple: what enhances the health and vitality of race and culture is good; what undermines or destroys racial and cultural health and vitality is bad. Since a National-Socialist society or State exists to produce healthy, vigorous people, and since it wishes to encourage them to live in a healthy, natural, way, it is only logical that such a State seeks to discourage or ban what is harmful and bad to racial and cultural health, well-being and advancement. What is fundamentally important in creating and maintaining such a healthy society - and thus vital to producing healthy, vigorous people - are ideals; that is, the pursuit of excellence by individuals motivated by noble concepts such as duty. A National-Socialist society means people working together for the common good of the folk - that is, they place the long-term interest of their folk, and society, before their own self-interest. They act in a noble way because they accept and understand that there are more important things in life than simply selfish indulgence - and that one of the most important things in life is the health, welfare and advancement of their own folk.

Thus, it is necessary for the interests of the folk to come before self-interest. Without this noble attitude among the members of society, there is no civilization, no advancement and no well-being. Accordingly, such noble individuals accept that what is detrimental to such a society, and thus the folk within that society, has to be discouraged or banned. What is detrimental to such a society is everything and anything which weakens or tends to weaken individual health, well-being, and vitality; and anything which weakens or tends to weaken the health, well-being and vitality of the race as a whole.

Thus any literature, Art, music, film or whatever which does not express or uphold positive noble ideals is detrimental and has to be rejected, by individuals just as much by the State. What is detrimental is what is *decadent* - and decadence itself is a decline in or loss of, excellence. Decadence undermines and destroys individual vitality.



In the realms of Art, music and such like, there is not, in reality, any such thing as 'artistic freedom' - a licence for individuals to do whatever they want regardless of the consequences to themselves or others. There is only *healthy* or *unhealthy* Art, music and so on. What is healthy, and pure, is what encourages or expresses what is vital, life-enhancing and noble. What is unhealthy is what is decadent - and decadence undermines health and vitality because, for instance, it is 'neurotic' or un-inspiring or expresses what is ignoble, cowardly and selfish. Decadence itself is like a contagious disease - it weakens people, and it needs to be fought like a contagious disease; brought under control and then wiped-out. Those with a strong character - and thus with a healthy, vigorous and noble attitude to life - know this instinctively or accept it, and it is only those who themselves are diseased, or weak in character, who do not know this or who will not accept it.

It is one of the duties of members of a National-Socialist State to fight against the disease of decadence, and take and/or support whatever measures are necessary to bring this disease under control, and eradicate it. This is the noble and wise thing to do. Anything else is fundamentally a selfish self-indulgence and leads sooner or later to the destruction of noble values, the civilization which is based on such values.

Fundamentally, a National-Socialist is someone whose life has a noble purpose: someone who is motivated by idealism, and who strives to uphold civilizing values. Because of this, such individuals possess, or strive to possess, *purity*; that is, they possess or strive to possess a noble character. Character means self-discipline, self-control - a determination to pursue some supra-personal ideal however hard or difficult this is. In contrast, a weak or decadent person - an impure person in thought and/or deed - is lacking in discipline, and prefers to selfishly indulge themselves, and selfishly 'express' themselves, whatever the consequences. Such weak, impure, individuals lack *perspective* - they see their own lives in isolation, and have little or no understanding of, or feeling for, civilization and higher culture. They place no value on things other than materialistic, hedonistic, ones - and judge everything, from Art to music to politics, by whether such things can bring them 'pleasure', or satisfaction, or something equally selfish. The morality of these impure individuals is a sub-human one, as their way of life is sub-human. Sub-human living is what results when individuals, ignoring their noble duty to their folk, pursue lives of selfish indulgence. Such individuals neither know of nor care about, the spiritual importance of race and the numinous, civilizing, power of honour.

#### National-Socialism and Family Values:

The sub-human, impure, living which has come to dominate the modern world is evident particularly in the decline of standards in marriage. National-Socialism holds marriage, and family life, in high regard because what it considers is important is the acceptance, by individuals, of the noble values of honour, loyalty and duty, and a desire to implement these values in everyday living.

Marriage involves making a vow, or swearing an oath, to be *loyal* to one's chosen partner, as it involves doing one's *duty* to one's race - that is, producing and nurturing children. This marriage vow is - or should be - given on one's *honour*. To break this vow of loyalty is a cowardly, dishonourable act, and shows a lack of self-discipline, a weak character. There are no excuses for weak behaviour, or acting dishonourably. Either a person acts honourably, or they do not. If they do not, they have dishonoured themselves, and shown themselves to be weak and thus impure.

Of course, striving to be honourable is often difficult. But what matters is that the individual is prepared to try; that is, they are determined not to 'give in' when difficulties and hardship arise. They are prepared to uphold the values they believe in, however it may inconvenience them, because they believe that such values are more important than their own pleasure and their own happiness. Thus do such individuals who so strive to be honourable do their duty, however difficult it may be.

Weak, and impure, individuals on the contrary easily give up when difficulties or hardship arise. They prefer to place their own welfare, their own pleasure and happiness, before that of their partner and their family. These weak individuals lack any notion of duty. Certain conduct is impure, and thus immoral, because it shows a lack of self-control; it shows a weak character and a disregard for honour, loyalty and duty.

Civilized behaviour is noble behaviour - and a noble person shows self-discipline and adheres to the noble, civilizing, values of honour, loyalty and duty. Family values - and morality in general - derive from civilized conduct, and this civilized conduct is created and maintained by these noble values. Without them, sub-human living results, and what is noble and pure becomes trampled upon, to the ultimate detriment of individuals. Sub-human living, and impure, sub-human, values undermine and destroy the potential that we as individuals possess to evolve further. In a very important sense, the family is created by a striving to live in a noble way as its very existence ensures, or should ensure, that these values survive and flourish in succeeding generations, thus enabling evolution, toward higher life, to continue.

## II: National-Socialism, Justice and Penal Reform

### Justice

The abstract Law of the modern world has displaced justice. Real, or natural, justice is a fairness, deriving from noble conduct. The system which has been created to enforce modern Laws - Police Forces, Courts of Laws, professional lawyers and Judges - and the prisons which have been created to 'punish' those found guilty of actions contrary to these Laws, are fundamentally ignoble, as they are expressions of the impersonal, tyrannical, societies which have been created. Prisons, in particular, are dishonourable institutions which seek to physically intimidate prisoners and impose their tyrannical will - or the will of the System - on prisoners by force. Prisoners are forced to obey whatever orders or instructions they are given, either by the threat of physical force (and sometimes actual physical force), or moral blackmail ("you will be released early if you abide by our rules and do what we say").

A real tyranny has been created in the majority of modern countries because the system which has been created makes the individual powerless - before the might of 'the Law'; before the authority of the Police; before the threat of punishment by Prison warders - and because the legal system itself no longer gives anyone accused a fair chance to defend their own honour and physically fight, in a fair way, to clear their name.

**Real genuine freedom - the basis for a civilized way of life - lies in the ability of individuals to determine their own lives by being able and willing to physically defend themselves, their own honour and that of their family and kin.**

Fundamentally, the whole system which has arisen in Western nations derives from medieval times when monarchs had absolute authority, and they tried to maintain their absolute authority

by harsh punishment. This was the situation that still existed, for instance, in France in the time of Louis XV. His authority was supreme, and he strove to show and maintain this authority by harsh punishments inflicted in public. Gradually, due to reform movements, the harsh nature of such punishments was reduced, in France and throughout Europe, as gradually the public exhibition of such punishment being inflicted died out. Prisons, however, remained, and although reformed and less severe than previously, they still deprived a person of their liberty as they still tried to make prisoners obey, on pain of further punishment.

However, what did not fundamentally change was the absolute authority exercised over the individual, and the disregard of individual character. The authority was merely transferred, from the monarch, to the State, with Institutions being developed which possessed the authority to arrest an individual, deprive individuals of their liberty, and try those individuals in an abstract way in a manner most individuals could not understand. The individual, in most cases, had to rely on 'experts' to represent them in Courts of Law, as, once arrested for some offence, the individual forfeited most of their rights. The individual then had to wait until the 'due process of law' was complete, and if innocent and found guilty, could do very little, or nothing. The individual was powerless once caught up in the System.

The System continued the barbaric medieval practice of treating people like serfs. The System itself behaved like a feudal lord - the serf or peasant could be forced to forfeit what rights and freedom they possessed if that serf or peasant 'transgressed'.

This whole system is tyrannical because it undermines and seeks to break individual character and individual spirit. It does not allow the individual to defend themselves - and their honour - by such things as 'trial by combat'. Instead, it de-humanizes the individual; it seeks to make them obey and conform to an impersonal system over which they do not have any control or influence. *It does not given them a chance to prove, by their own wits and strength, their innocence.*

This system is dominated and made by abstract, impersonal, ideas. Real justice depends on personal honour - on individuals allowing their honour to be tested. Real justice gives the individual a fair chance to go free, if they can triumph in a test of physical skill or courage.

Justice means testing the honour of an individual - - it means allowing God, fate, 'the gods', or the cosmic Being, to decide if a person is honourable, or not; innocent or not. Real justice does not depend on technical 'evidence', on obscure points 'of Law'. It depends on individual character. An innocent honourable person will always wish to prove their innocence, their character, by allowing themselves to be tested, by combat or in a fair fight with their accuser, since that person feels that given such an opportunity, 'justice will be seen to be done'. Furthermore, an accused person who for some good reason cannot so fight, can be championed by someone else, who will fight on their behalf, this champion being so willing to fight, to champion the honour of that person, because they have made a personal decision based on their assessment of the accused person's character.

Likewise, no human being should be caged like an animal, deprived of their dignity, and be kept confined and at the mercy of other people.

Such feelings as these, such assessments as these, derive from noble character; they allow for character. Basically, ***justice exists in fair, noble individuals who uphold honour and who live by honour. Justice does not exist and cannot exist in anything abstract, be it in a law, a court, an Institution or whatever.*** Real justice is based on a human scale; it is always individual and takes

account of the character of the individual. *Real justice lives only in individuals* - it has no life, no being, outside of individuals, and it cannot be made to live in dead, lifeless, or abstract forms.

The modern world, in its ignoble decadence, has tried to make justice something impersonal and abstract. As a result, an inhuman, tyrannical, system has been created which is destroying individual character and which has almost eradicated honour. This system seeks to break the spirit of an individual. As such, this system represents everything which is dis-honourable, and uncivilized. It is fundamentally inhuman, irrational, cowardly and ignoble: opposed to the spirit, the nature, and the well-being of all human beings, manifest as this is in honour.

Our honour is what makes us want to look after ourselves - and carry weapons to enable us to do this, if necessary. Our honour is what makes us want to settle some disputes and arguments by a fight - by a trial of strength. Our honour is what makes us feel that *no one* has the right to take away our freedom, and enslave/imprison us, for whatever reason, and that if by some chance we are so enslaved/imprisoned we must fight and struggle to regain our freedom. It is our duty to try and escape if we are caged like some animal. Our honour is what makes us hate any system or institution designed to keep us enslaved/imprisoned, where escape is made difficult, and where other people have power over us, and where we are supposed to obey, on pain of punishment. Our honour is what makes us feel that the only justice which is right is that obtained by *trial by combat* - where we will have a fair chance to prove ourselves and secure our freedom. Our honour is what makes us feel that the only *system* of justice which is right is that which tests the validity of any charge or accusation brought against us, by anyone, by this trial by combat.

For too long there has been a dishonourable, inhuman system of justice, and ignoble laws. The system of so-called justice we now have - with Laws, a Police force, with Courts and law officers trained in 'law' - is a system designed by decadent capitalist cowards to create and maintain a society of decadent consumers. It is a system designed to emasculate us; designed to break our spirit of honour and so destroy what makes us human. It is an impure, barbaric, system.

***An noble system of justice is a system created for, and maintained by, honourable individuals.*** These individuals live by a strict Code of Honour - a strict code of human ethics. Such a noble system of justice is based on *personal honour*, and thus on the right of the individual to defend themselves, and their honour, by trial by combat - or have someone champion their honour. Such a system is healthy, natural, civilized and for honourable individuals.

To create such a natural system of justice - or rather to return to it - the present system will have to be totally destroyed. This requires a revolution - particularly in people's *attitudes*. There has to be a return to valuing personal character; to upholding honour. There has to be a return to morality and reason - to humanity itself. There has to be an understanding of what justice really means. The present impure society has to be completely overthrown. In brief, there has to be a revolution and then the practical implementation of the ideals of honour, duty and loyalty. Anything other than a total revolution brought about by changing people's attitudes and way of living is uncivilized, and a compromise with tyranny.

Of course, creating an entirely new system based on individual honour, and allowing for individuals to defend their honour in a practical way, by such things as trial by combat, is difficult. But it is not impractical. The obstacles which exist are only there to be overcome. And they can and will be overcome given our human inventiveness, our human determination and a noble desire to implement noble ideals in a practical way. All that is required - all that is ever required in such circumstances - is a 'triumph of the will': a re-affirmation of our humanity. of using our will to change ourselves for the better.

## Penal Reform

Honour demands penal reform. The present penal system, where individuals are kept in prisons, is uncivilized and dishonourable. Furthermore, prison simply does not work - it seldom makes individuals change their attitudes or behaviour, as it just wastes the lives of those imprisoned, giving them little or no opportunity to make something of themselves. In a noble society, created after a revolution, no prisons would exist, just as there would be no such thing as 'the death penalty'.

The basic and unalterable principles involved in an honourable, *human*, treatment of those who, having been accused of transgressing the noble customs of a society of honourable individuals, are found to be guilty, are: (1) Exile to another land; (2) Community service; (3) Compensation paid by the accused to recompense those they have offended; (4) Character building exercises.

Exile means the individual is allowed to go and live freely in another land. Community service means the individual is given a chance to show some noble character. It provides them with an opportunity to reform themselves, so that they can take a full part in the community. Compensation means a restoration of the honourable custom of *Wergeld*. Character building exercises means arduous and/or *dangerous* adventure-type courses or training designed to test the individual, take them to their limits, and bring out the best in them; it also means giving them an opportunity to prove themselves by doing heroic deeds - for example, in battle.

Only these principles - of reform of the accused or exile of the accused - enshrine civilized, honourable, behaviour, toward those who for whatever reason are found wanting. Anything else is uncivilized and inhuman. Anything other than these principles does not represent a *conscious* attempt to create an entirely new type of society based upon noble, civilized, ideals. A truly human society must strive to implement noble principles, however difficult it may seem.

Fundamentally, a noble society is optimistic where individuals are concerned, believing that most, given the necessary guidance, understanding and opportunity, can and will change themselves for the better. What is important is allowing for change - creating structures which aid such change in individuals and which provide them with the opportunity to become useful members of their community. What is important is seeking to build individual character, by practical means based on a striving, or quest, for excellence. Those who cannot or will not change, after being given the opportunity to do so, will be a minority.

**The notion of punishment - particularly prison - as a 'deterrence' to uncivilized behaviour has to be replaced by the notion of personal honour. There has to be a complete and fundamental change in people's attitudes: away from abstract often political ideas back to a human morality based on individual honour.**

For the minority that cannot or will not change, and who persist in uncivilized behaviour, even after being given opportunities to change, there can only be exile from society, for such recidivist individuals have proved themselves to be ignoble, and they are not wanted in a civilized society.

## III: Eugenics and Racial Socialism

Eugenics is the science which deals with ways and means of improving a particular race. It is a

fundamental principle of National-Socialism that racial identity and racial improvement should be encouraged. This racial improvement is an advancement - a further evolution.

One of the fundamental aims or goals of National-Socialism is to create an entirely new, higher, race. However, the means which National-Socialism would use to create this higher race of beings have been mis-understood for decades, mainly due to the lying, ignoble propaganda which the dishonourable enemies of National-Socialism have produced and virulently propagated in order to try and discredit the noble aims and the noble ideals of National-Socialism.

The primary purpose of a National-Socialist society, State, or - more correctly - Reich, is to encourage healthy individuals of strong character who represent their racial ethos: their own culture. Such a Reich aims to encourage, nurture and produce, individuals who are of the culture and race of that Reich, who live in a way consistent with that culture. To enable this to be done, such a Reich would pursue idealistic goals, as it would make noble standards ideals for individuals to strive for. That is, such a Reich would encourage a quest for excellence by setting high standards for individuals to achieve. The best, most noble individuals would be standards for other individuals to compare themselves with and strive to emulate. The structures and Institutions of such a Reich would embody these standards and this quest for excellence. Marriage itself would be such an institution, with the noble aim being to produce and nurture healthy children and encourage those children to uphold and pursue noble ideals and the quest for excellence. Thus, such a Reich would encourage individuals to be noble, responsible and act in a mature and wise way by placing the well-being, future and welfare of their race before their own self-interest and their own selfish pleasure.

This natural quest for excellence by individuals and their Reich pursuing high ideals is the eugenic mechanism which National-Socialism would use to create a higher race of beings.

In practice, this means that such a Reich would it make it possible for such higher individuals to be produced by encouraging healthy, noble, individuals to marry and by giving practical and financial support to them to enable them to have several healthy children. Thus, there would be Reich-subsided, or free, housing; excellent health-care facilities; and financial incentives. For instance, mothers would be entitled to a generous Reich income to enable them to care for their children.

Furthermore, the Reich itself would pursue noble goals, since what is best in individuals is brought out by those individuals striving for excellence. For instance, in such a Reich, there would be dignity of labour, with every kind of work necessary to ensure the well-being and future of that Reich and its members being respected. That is, a classless system of comradeship would be developed, with there being no division, either financial or otherwise, between those engaged in any type of work, since the Reich itself depends on the well-being of the people within it, and because the Reich itself is organic, each aspect dependant on the other, and each of importance for the whole. This is National, or 'racial', *Socialism* - idealistically aiming to dignify all members of a particular race, the work necessary to create and maintain a noble society, and aiming to provide the individuals in that society with what they need to live a healthy, noble, existence free from poverty and free from exploitation. Such a society further aims to provide the opportunities for individuals to improve or advance themselves, as it rewards those of nobility and those who achieve excellence. That is, it values and encourages individual *character*, setting standards whereby excellence of character can be created in individuals.

**It is this combination of racial awareness, noble idealism, and racial socialism which is the eugenic method of National-Socialism.** Indeed, this combination is National-Socialism,

expressing as this combination does the unique, evolutionary, wisdom which is National-Socialism. Thus, National-Socialism itself - its principles, its ideals - is a eugenic means of producing a higher race. No other specific eugenic measures are necessary, just as it is neither necessary nor desirable to try and create a 'genetically engineered' race.

It is a lie - created by the enemies of National-Socialism - that a National-Socialist Reich would exterminate, or seek to exterminate infirm members of the people of that Reich and members of other races who either lived in that Reich or dwelt elsewhere.

In respect of other races, a National-Socialist Reich - once established and secure - would seek to encourage other races to form their own ethnic States dedicated to the welfare and well-being of a particular race. It would do this, because this is the noble, National-Socialist, thing to do. The 'living-space' that an expanding race would require can be acquired through the exploration, conquest and settlement of that final frontier which is Outer Space - through the pursuit of the noble, numinous, goal of a Galactic Empire. This is because our Destiny is to create a higher civilization and use that civilization to seed ourselves across the stars. The very pursuit of this numinous goal will create higher, and entirely new, races of beings in a natural way.

In respect of members of its own race, a National-Socialist Reich would care for the aged, the sick and the infirm because this is the noble thing to do. Further, such a Reich would expect offspring to take an active role in caring for their elderly parents, if necessary, as it would provide adequate and generous financial, and adequate and generous medical, assistance to enable them to do this. This is noble because such care is how such offspring can repay their parents for the care they themselves received as children. However, such a Reich would provide compassionate care for those elderly bereft of offspring. It would also take the healthy and noble view in respect of the infirm elderly and the terminally ill - allowing such people the opportunity, should they wish, to end their own lives in a dignified way.

Furthermore, a National-Socialist Reich would expect its members to act responsibly and in a noble way by placing the welfare of their race before their own self-interest. Thus, an individual with an inherited genetic defect would be discouraged from producing offspring. They would be expected to act in the best interests of their folk, and so not produce defective offspring.

---

## **Vision of a Future Golden Age**

### Warrior Culture and the Importance of Honour

#### Vision of a Future Golden Age

I have a vision of a future Golden Age where it is natural for individuals to behave courteously toward each other and where they are pursuing worthwhile goals which bring a joy to their living and which aid the society in which they live in a way which enhances evolution itself.

This future society is a place where beautiful ideals are triumphant and where individuals aspire to uphold the noble civilized values of honour and fairness because they feel or know that such values aid their own lives in a positive, healthy way. This is a society where individuals willingly co-operate together for their own benefit and advancement, and where they understand that it is often necessary for the interest of others to come before their own self-interest because to do otherwise is uncivilized, and detrimental to everyone in the long-term. This is a society where the almost divine potential individuals have, as human beings possessed of consciousness, is

understood and where that potential is made real in practical ways. In brief, this is a society where individuals continue the glorious work of evolution by striving to advance themselves in positive noble ways through pursuing ideals of excellence, and where this individual advancement aids or is of benefit to the other individuals of this society.

This idealistic vision can be made real. But to be made real, certain fundamental truths have to be accepted and acted upon. That is, the wisdom which we have achieved through thousands of years of evolution - through thousands of years of conscious understanding, of Thought - has to be made real in a practical way.

#### Nature - The Fundamental Truth:

The most fundamental truth is that an individual can only be truly healthy, vital and joyful, and only fulfil the potential latent within them by virtue of being human, if they live their life in a certain way. Being human means being possessed of consciousness - possessed of the ability to think, and possessed of the ability to consciously decide to change one's actions, behaviour, and life through an act of will.

To be truly healthy, vital, joyful, and to truly fulfil their latent potential, an individual needs to belong - they need to be aware of their place in 'the scheme of things', how they are a living link between the past and the future and how they can aid or assist in the development of a better future. They need to be aware of how they are a part of something, greater than themselves, which lives and whose future depends to a certain extent on them: on their choices and their way of life.

Fundamentally, an individual is part of the living order which exists on this planet. They are born because of this order, as their own life influences or changes, or can change, this living or organic order. They are also dependant on this order - if this order is unhealthy in some way, then this affects them in some way. In brief, there is a symbiotic relationship here - a relationship which our faculty of Thought makes us aware of. That is, we, as human beings, have the ability to: (1) sense or experience this relationship; (2) to understand this relationship in a conscious or rational way; and (3) to act on this understanding by changing our own lives through an act of will.

Expressed another way, life on this planet is like a living being - and we are a part of this being, although at present a majority of people seem unaware of how they are part of this being, and unaware of how their own existence depends on this being. That is, a majority are not fulfilling their potential, as human beings, because they do not rationally understand their place in the scheme of things - they are, in fact, living as though they were not human, being how they are for the most part motivated by basic material and animal desires, and being as how they will not or cannot change themselves for the better through an act of will.

This 'living being' which exists on this planet of ours is Nature, and an individual is thus of Nature, and thus a part of the process of evolution which makes Nature what it is. Furthermore, an individual is thus Nature 'in evolution' - Nature itself made manifest in that individual. In essence, an individual human being is evolution in action - Nature advancing herself, or striving to create more order. An individual therefore has the potential to continue this work of Nature - to increase the living order which is Nature by consciously striving to continue with evolution. This is a 'working in harmony with Nature' - a fulfilling of the potential which we as individuals possess.



To evolve, and thus aid Nature, we must respect what is of Nature. We can only evolve if we live in such a way that our lives enhance Nature - that is, if we continue with what Nature has produced. Our uniqueness and thus our humanity is what makes us, as a species, different from other species - and we are different because we are 'thinking-beings'; because we possess consciousness: a knowledge of ourselves, as individuals, and a knowledge of our surroundings. We have become 'thinking-beings' - we have become human - because of evolution. That is, we have evolved into our present, human, species. This evolution has occurred over vast, æonic, spans of time - hundreds of thousands of years, and in an important way, this evolution expresses the life of Nature herself, a means whereby Nature has grown, changed and acquired a consciousness.

This evolution, here on this planet, which has made us human has been toward diversity and difference. That is, Nature has evolved distinct cultures whose people have a sense of identity with that culture, and it is these different cultures which express our nature as humans, and thus our humanity.

Being human means being part of the species that has evolved into 'human beings', and this evolution has resulted in many diverse and different cultures, each of which express evolution in action.

Further evolution means a continuation of what Nature has produced - it means nurturing what Nature has produced so that there is more, and higher, development. This higher, or evolutionary, development by definition must be toward more diversity and difference, and thus towards more humanity.

The global spread of materialism and international capitalism means the destruction of the diversity and difference which Nature has produced. It is thus anti-evolutionary and therefore inhuman because it will destroy what Nature has taken hundreds of thousands of years to evolve - our unique human species, the different cultures within it and the respect those ancient and living cultures have for Nature.

To continue to evolve - to continue to express our humanity - what Nature has produced must be nurtured and used as the foundation to create more evolution. This means maintaining, and keeping healthy, the unique cultures of our species, and developing those cultures in an evolutionary way: in a way which maintains that respect for Nature which is inherent in living cultures. By doing this, Nature herself will be protected and maintained.

Anything other than this is anti-evolutionary, inhuman, and against Nature, and will assuredly undermine and then destroy our very humanity. Anything which undermines or destroys our unique human cultures is inhuman and anti-evolutionary, for the fact is that these cultures are our unique heritage, as human beings: they have made us what we are, and they express who we are. We should celebrate this difference and diversity, and not seek to destroy it through either global capitalism or the spread of political and social ideas which are anti-cultural.

Furthermore, the unique ethos of each culture - the customs, spirituality and ways of living which different cultures have evolved - is important. It expresses the essence of that culture - it enshrines what makes it special, and different, and what is necessary for the individuals, and the communities of that culture, to live in a healthy, joyful way conducive to further evolution. This unique cultural 'soul' or spirit needs preserving, as it needs to be further developed. But perhaps most of all, it needs to be expressed in practical ways in a new society so that the individuals of that society can live better, more human, lives.

In summary, culture expresses our humanity, our very identity, and to live as human beings, fulfilling the potential Nature has given us, we have to live in such a way that our unique cultures are preserved and extended in a positive way. If we do this, we are acting wisely, and actively aiding Nature herself.

#### The Golden Age Society:

To preserve what makes us unique, as humans, societies must be re-organized on a cultural basis, as these societies need to enshrine the ethos of the particular culture of the members of that society. Anything other than this is de-evolutionary, disordered and unhealthy: it is inhuman, unwise and uncivilized; it expresses a barbaric way of living where selfish material concerns outweigh honour, duty and the pursuit of excellence.

Fundamentally, the world needs re-organizing on the basis of separate cultural societies, with each such society dedicated to the welfare, well-being and advancement of its own culture. These societies need to inspire individuals with a desire to continue the glorious work of evolution by striving to advance themselves in positive noble ways through pursuing ideals of excellence. In practice, this means these societies upholding the civilized values of honour, fairness, duty and courtesy as ideals to be aspired to by individuals, as it means the individuals of such societies understanding and acting upon the fundamental truths of Nature evident in culture. Thus would a Golden Age be created, as thus would Nature benefit, with individuals at last able to fulfil their potential as human beings, and at last able to live a civilized existence in contrast to the uncivilized living which dominates in nearly all the societies which presently exist on this planet.

This Golden Age - where individuals joyfully participate in evolution and live lives suffused with beauty, harmony and order - can be made real. All it requires is for individuals to understand their humanity, and to change their lives by an act of will so that Nature, their own culture and they themselves, benefit.

#### Civilization and Honour

Honour is fundamentally a conscious expression of the instinctive feeling noble individuals possess for civilization and what is civilized. On the personal level, civilization means: (a) certain high or honourable standards of personal behaviour, and (b) individuals being prepared to place the welfare and advancement of their own community before their own self-interest. Thus, in essence, civilization means and requires individuals to accept the noble ideals of honour, loyalty and duty.

Personal honour also and just as importantly consciously expresses what is necessary for civilizations to be created and maintained, as it expresses the fundamental truth that the higher living of civilization is preferable to the selfish, barbaric way which exists when there is no civilization. Furthermore, personal honour expresses what is necessary for higher, more noble, civilizations and individuals to be produced or created. That is, it explains and shows how we as individuals can fulfil the evolutionary purpose of our lives by transforming ourselves through an act of will in such a way that we advance and evolve.

Thus, personal honour is a means whereby an individual, and a community, can be become cultured, and thus civilized, where it should be understood that the term 'culture' is used here in its correct sense to describe those things which can aid an individual to improve or advance themselves. Hence its fundamental importance, for it makes conscious what hitherto had been

instinctive in the noble few. Because of this 'making conscious', its wisdom can be applied in a practical way enabling the creation of a more advanced, more noble, more civilized and more cultured society than any existing hitherto.

### The Arts of Civilization

'Culture' is the term used to describe those things which can aid an individual to improve or advance themselves in a natural way in accord with Nature. Each culture is associated with a particular people (and sometimes a particular part of the Earth) and embodies and represents a unique Weltanschauung or 'outlook'. In practice, the culture of a particular people or community embodies the ethos, or 'soul' of that community. Furthermore, a particular culture is healthy if the people of that culture live their lives in such a way that their societies embody and seek to maintain and expand this culture. These people thus identify with their culture and their own unique heritage. The societies which do this are living, or organic, societies and such societies stand directly opposed to the abstract, lifeless, soul-destroying societies which an abstract dogma creates and maintains. It is such abstract, lifeless, societies which dominate the modern world, with these lifeless societies being created by, and being maintained by, an unnatural, abstract political and materialistic dogmas which are anti-cultural in essence. One of the most powerful and destructive of these materialistic dogmas is capitalism.

A culture may be said to be a living embodiment of Nature in a particular time and place, and as such is a type of being: something which lives, which possesses life - a being with a past, a present and a future.

The things which normally embody the ethos of a culture are art, literature, achievements, customs and a particular 'religious attitude', religion or Way of Life. The unique ethos of warrior culture is expressed in the noble, heroic, and reasoned attitude and way of life of warrior peoples. This ethos, this spirit or soul, gave rise to, or created, civilization and civilization itself may be regarded as the greatest achievement warrior peoples.

The warrior ethos can be represented by three words: honour, curiosity and conquest. These words represent the Arts of Civilization, just as someone who has mastered these arts is a civilized person. Conquest and honour express the nobility of warrior culture, while curiosity expresses or describes that desire to know, to explore, to rationally understand which has arisen from a healthy, expanding warrior Empire, and which has led the societies founded by such an Empire to create astronomy, philosophy, logic, science, technology and mathematics.

The archetypal, best, or most excellent warrior is someone who upholds a code of honour, who is rational, who has some knowledge and understanding of warrior culture, and who possesses a desire to discover or achieve. A knowledge and understanding of warrior culture means some knowledge and understanding of warrior history and traditions, and a skill in using weapons in combat. Someone who has this knowledge and understanding, who upholds and lives by a code of honour and who possess a desire to go beyond what they are, is a civilized individual, someone of breeding and nobility. That is, someone possessed of real character. By the nature of the warrior ethos, such individuals are 'restless' when young and they remain generally unsatisfied even after achieving things. They yearn for new adventures; or new conquests; or they desire to understand more, to know more, to discover more. They possess spirit and vitality - a pagan enthusiasm and a pagan soul: that is, a respect for and innate understanding of Nature.

Such individuals represent warrior culture and thus what is healthy, natural and necessary for warriors to live healthy, natural and vital lives. In essence, for warriors to live healthy, natural and vital lives, they must embody or strive to embody their own warrior ethos.

We who belong to a warrior culture - who have a warrior heritage and a warrior Destiny - must rediscover the heritage we have lost. In practice, we must seek to become masters of the Arts of Civilization. We must learn the Art of Honour by striving to uphold and live by a code of honour. We must learn the Art of Conquest by seeking to learn and master the art of fighting, of combat: by training to be a warrior. We must learn the Art of Curiosity by seeking to learn about and understand our warrior history, traditions and our vast scientific heritage. We must also strive to add to our culture by either living like a warrior and seeking glory through the pursuit of conquest, or by living to discover, explore or create something new. If we do this, we shall become civilized individuals - enlightened ones - and as such we will not only represent and express our warrior culture but also fulfil the potential which is latent within us and which makes us the human beings we are, gifted with the possibility of evolving into something higher.

Further Essays and Writings by David Myatt:

<http://www.aryan-nations.org/reichsfolk/reichsfolk.html>

[website currently active as of 29 October 2008]

---

# VINDEX: THE DESTINY OF THE WEST

---



**VINDEX**  
**The Destiny of the West**  
[1984 Liberty Bell Publications]

*[Original Manuscript Supplied by Ut. of Mvimaedivm and typed out by two of THEM – this manuscript is published with the kind permission of David Myatt and the ONA.]*

~

## FOREWORD

The present work is an abridgement of parts of a four-volume (unpublished) works written between 1976 and 1982 and entitled *The Logic of History*. *The Logic of history* deals in detail with the origin, rise and fall of the major civilizations of the world, and of the four volumes only the last deals with the civilization that has become known as the Western.

The first part of Chapter One of the present work is taken from Volume One of *The Logic of History*; the remainder of the work is taken from Volume Four.

It was decided to offer this abridgement because of the theme it presents is, the author believes, vital to the civilization of the West. As the climate of opinion stands, *The Logic of History* stands very little chance of publication in the foreseeable future.

The references in the present work are fairly extensive since the theme is controversial. The author hopes that these references will go some way to convince the reader of the soundness of the argument – that the civilization of the West has undergone, in the last hundred years or so, a profound change. It is argued that this change is to the detriment of the civilization.

Where a topic is exceedingly controversial – as in the matter of National-Socialist Germany – the author has striven to be as accurate in his presentation as possible and has only drawn conclusions concerning recent events when these conclusions have the weight of overwhelming evidence behind them.

It is to be expected that many people will not like this book – the truths of history are seldom popular in their own time – but the reader has only to pursue his own researches, untroubled by accepted (and mostly unfactual) ideas or, what is perhaps more important, think carefully for himself, to realize the truths contained herein. These truths rely on the *facts* of history alone, not on personal conviction or belief.

Hopefully future historians will have more freedom to publish their works than is available now, when fashionable truths are at best ignored and at worst suppressed.

*D. Myatt*  
London  
January 1984

## CHAPTER ONE

### THE WEST

If an understanding of history implies an understanding of the present and a feeling for the future, then the work of the historian Arnold Toynbee is of great importance,<sup>1</sup> for from his study of civilizations – and with the help of some of Oswald Spengler's insights – it is possible to construct a model of history that is fully in accord with scientific methodology and which predicts the future of the West.

Toynbee, from a study of twenty-eight different civilizations, identified certain features which he claimed were common to all civilizations. These features include a 'Time of Troubles', schism in the body social, a Universal State, and a Universal Church. According to Toynbee, a civilization arises from either a physical or a social challenge – that is, civilization is man's successful response to a particular geographical or social challenge. If the challenge is geographical, then the civilization is, as a rule, unrelated to any other, while, if the challenge is social (usually resulting from the disintegration of a previous civilization), then the new civilization is related to an older one. For example, the Egyptian civilization arose in response to the physical challenge of the Nile River Valley and was wholly unrelated to any other civilization, while the Western arose from the challenge of new ground and the disintegration of the Hellenic.<sup>2</sup>

Each civilization declines, and produces what Toynbee called a Universal State. This state, which is usually an Empire, heralds the end of the 'Time of Troubles', and lasts for approximately 400 years. For instance, the Universal State of the Hellenic civilization was the Roman Empire (31

BC – 378 AD), and it's 'Time of Troubles' from the second Peloponnesian War (431 BC) until the establishment, by Julius Caesar, of the Empire (31). Table I summarizes these features for seven of Toynbee's civilizations.

Toynbee defines a civilization in such a manner that it possesses the 'identification mark' of "a state of society in which there is a minority of the population, however small, that is free from the task, not merely of producing food, but in engaging in any other of the economic activities, e.g., industry or trade."<sup>3</sup> Those free to create art, science, and philosophy. A discussion of this definition, and how it compares with other definitions, is given by Baker.<sup>4</sup>

However, Toynbee's study of history, which took over forty years to complete, has been attacked by a number of historians for widely differing reasons.<sup>5</sup> Yet all of Toynbee's critics attack him for personal, not historical, reasons. Like Collingwood, they object to Toynbee's approach simply because they do not personally believe that history should be approached in such a way. Their criticism and approach is hardly scientific. In contrast, one has only to axiomatize Toynbee's conception of civilization, constructing thus a model in accordance with the scientific method, to realize how revolutionary it is. If Toynbee's study is seen as a scientific model with, like all scientific models, postulates and predictions, then it is quite clear that Toynbee has done for the study of history what Darwin did for biology and Newton for physics.

Any scientific model or theory must be logically consistent, employ the minimum of postulates, and give predictions, which are capable of verification by either observation or experiment.<sup>6</sup> For instance, Newton used his theory of gravity and his three laws of motion to predict the motion of Halley's comet and to predict that the Earth (and the other spinning planets) would be slightly flattened in shape. All his predictions were verified by observation, and his theory of gravitation, for instance, has been not only confirmed by such verifications but used to predict with great success the orbits of satellites and other spacecraft.

The method of testing a theory by appeal to predicted observations has become the basis of modern science, and there exists no reason, other than a stubborn prejudice, why it cannot be extended to the less empirical areas of knowledge such as the study of history. In his study of civilizations, Toynbee has found similarities in both overall structure and in detail, and if one approaches his work scientifically, the only questionable element is the criteria used to define a civilization. However, if the model of a civilization derived from Toynbee's analysis is logically consistent (as it is), employs the minimum of postulates (as it does), and gives predictions not only concerning the future but (more importantly, from a strictly scientific point of view) also the past, then the criteria Toynbee has used to define civilization must be accepted if the predictions are verified by observation. To do otherwise is to reject the scientific method – and with it all of modern science.

Axiomatically, Toynbee's can be stated as: civilizations admit of a morphology, that morphology being inherent in a civilization by its nature; within each civilization there exists a 'creative minority' who give the impetus to the continuing challenge facing a civilization.

The concept of the creative minority need not concern us here since it in no way affects the predictions that result from Toynbee's model or theory. One of these predictions, and perhaps among the most significant since it stands a good chance of being easily verified, is that the date of the battle related in the Indic epic *Mahahharata* is 720 ( $\pm$  20) BC. Present estimates<sup>7</sup> of this date vary between 1400 – 800 BC, and confirmation of this prediction, either by archaeology or other means, would go a considerable way toward verifying Toynbee's theory. The details of how this prediction was obtained from Toynbee's work are given in Appendix 1.

Regarding the future, the model predicts: Beginning of the Western Universal State in 1993 AD plus or minus ten years. This Empire should last well into the twenty-third century. Further, it is possible to deduce from the model not only the nature of this Empire of the West but also how and where it will be created. However, before this is done it is necessary to consider the work of Spengler, whose insights into the nature of what he termed 'cultures' enable the scientific model of history to be completed in detail.

According to Spengler,<sup>8</sup> each 'culture' has a distinguishing god-feeling or soul which is unique to that culture. This soul expresses what we, following Toynbee, would say was the response of that culture to its particular challenge. Outwardly, this soul is represented, according to Spengler, by the culture's art, science and mathematics. For the West, for instance, this soul can be said to be expressed by Goethe's Faust – a will to power, or a questing for what is new and unknown. Thus Spengler calls the West the Faustian culture; for him, the Faustian soul is evident in the supreme art of the Gothic cathedral with its vaulted arches seeking to represent the infinite. Further, each culture is subject to metamorphosis: From Spring through Summer and Autumn and then, finally, Winter, when comes the megalopolis, the second religiousness and the Age of Caesarism, which finally decays. For Spengler, the term 'civilization' is reserved for the late stage of a culture – its Winter – when pure art has become tawdry, the product of the mass as opposed to the elite. In this stage, heroism has succumbed to the power of money. The common man has precedence.

When one compares the work of Spengler and Toynbee, large areas of agreement are found. What differences appear turn out to be, in fact, difference of terminology and approach. For example, Spengler's second religiousness is identical to Toynbee's Universal Church, and the advent of of Caesarism is Toynbee's Universal State. Each analysis enriches the other – Toynbee concerns himself mainly with historical events and the people involved in them, while Spengler approaches his cultures mainly through their art, philosophy and science. However, one difference does exist between the two approaches. This concerns what Spengler actually means by culture.

Since our objective is to produce a model of history that is in accord with scientific methodology, it is necessary to consider again what the identification mark of a civilization is – and how a civilization, defined by Toynbee's definition, might be said to possess what Spengler has termed a soul (or, if one prefers, a distinctive *style*). Once this is done, we shall be in a position to finally formulate a model of history to explain the rise and fall of civilizations; a model that will enable not only a detailed understanding of the West to be achieved but will also show what its future will be.

## THE DEFINITION OF CIVILIZATION

It has long been recognized that one of the attributes of a civilization is its art.<sup>9</sup> Another may be said to be the deeds of the people. For instance, the Hellenic society produced a type of art that we describe as classical, and this art is very different from, say, that of the Japanese. When we look at a Greek vase such as one in the British Museum (E424) - a pelike by the Marsyas painter c. 350 BC - we are aware of a Greek style, just as when we study a painting by the Japanese artist Sesshu, we are aware of a different style. While it is possible for a non-expert to confuse Japanese and Chinese art of approximately the same period, no-one, studying a painting by Mi Fei (1051-1107 AD), would attribute it to any Western or Hellenic school of art. His 'Misty Landscape' is ineluctably Chinese, not because it used the technique of brush and ink, nor even because of the type of scenery depicted, but because it is representative of a certain style which was unique to



China (and from there transported to Japan). This style flourished in China during the Sung Dynasty (960-1278 AD).

The art of any society is shaped not only by the techniques and technology of the time in which the artist lives but also by what we may term the ethos of the age in which he finds himself. This ethos is what holds communities together, and part of its expression involves not only a belief in the Destiny of that community but also a myth or story concerning the origin of that community itself as, for example, for the Greeks, in the story of Homer's 'Iliad,' or, for the Japanese, the Shinto belief of Divine origin. Often, however, the most obvious externalization of this community bonding is language.

This ethos, which binds communities, is perhaps best exemplified by the attitude of the people composing the community or communities towards the world – more particularly their religious orientation or 'view of the world.'

For the Greeks, this orientation encompassed two views: what Nietzsche, in his *Birth of Tragedy*, described as Apollonian and Dionysian. Both of these attitudes are truly representative of the Greeks. The former may be said to have manifested itself in sculpture and the other arts, while the latter is evident in both the festivals (such as the great Olympic Games) and the Greek mastery of the craft of war.<sup>10</sup> As representative of the Apollonian we have the great sculptor Praxiteles of Athens; while perhaps the greatest representative of the Dionysian spirit was Alexander, the Macedonian King.

What we understand as the Hellenic ethos arose from the tension and interplay of these two opposites – the Hellenic joy of life, their enjoyment of physical beauty, their awareness of man as almost divine, their passion for both thought and war. All these form the 'identification mark' of the Hellenic civilization – a mark so evident in their art, philosophy and conquest.

A study of other civilizations shows that of the twenty-six listed by Toynbee only eight possess what we have termed this 'identification mark' - that is, they possess an ethos which is not only distinct (and represented by art and philosophy) but also clearly possess that bifurcation of identification. This bifurcation - the clash of apparent opposites - may be said to be the force which creates great art and philosophy, and its effects are easily recognizable. For the Japanese civilization, for instance, this bifurcation, by the writer Yukio Mishima<sup>11</sup>, has been called Sun and Steel.

Table II lists the civilizations (named using Toynbee's nomenclature) which have produced a recognizable philosophy and this bifurcation of identity. By philosophy is meant a unique way of observing man and his relation to the cosmos. A philosophy is not a religion; a religion implies a set of principles, usually dogmatic, which are laid down and usually become unalterable articles of faith. In contradistinction, a philosophy is essentially the product of thought and is subject to dispute; it relies on understanding or wisdom and not, like religion, on revelation. But perhaps the most crucial distinction between them is one of attitude – a religion predetermines thought and action while a philosophy seeks to describe reality (and man) via thought.

For this reason, Buddhism, like Taoism, is considered to be a philosophy and not a religion.<sup>12</sup>

Table II shows that every civilization producing a philosophy, and possessing a distinct ethos, is, according to Toynbee's research, the result of a new category for civilizations. Those civilizations, as defined by Toynbee, that are the result primarily of a physical challenge and which produce a distinct philosophy we may term 'higher civilizations.' These 'higher

civilizations’ - the only ones to produce a philosophy – possess what we, following Spengler, may call a soul: that is, a distinctive ethos resulting from a bifurcation of identity.

A study of Table II, which lists these higher civilizations, shows that they do not correspond to Spengler’s cultures. For example, his Magian culture is not designated a higher civilization because it is not the result of a physical challenge (it resulted from the social challenge of the disintegrating Syriac civilization) and never produced a philosophy. What Spengler called the Magian soul is not original or distinct in the sense that, say, the Hellenic or Japanese are distinct. The Magian owes much to both the Babylonian and the Hellenic, and Toynbee even gives the Magian Imperium as Syria – the Arab Caliphate, 640-969 AD. Spengler, in defining the Magian, seems to have confused two civilizations – the Syriac and the Islamic. This detail in no way diminishes Spengler’s analysis of the Hellenic or Western civilizations, and we shall retain his term ‘Faustian’ to describe the ethos of the West.

The seven higher civilizations- the Sumeric, Egyptiac, Hellenic, Indic, Sinic, Japanese\*, and Western-enable a scientific model to be constructed, a model which enables the future of the West to be determined as well as an understanding of the forces involved to be achieved. Appendix II gives full details of the construction of this model.

*\*On a minor point, the author dates the end of the Japanese Imperium not at the 1863 date given by Toynbee, but as 1945-the renunciation of the Divinity by Emperor Hirohito. Clearly, 1945 was the end of Bushido as a national force, not 1863.*

All the higher civilizations end in Empire – as will the West, whose Imperium will not only be global in scale but should, due to the technology the Faustian will-to-power has created, extend into space.

## THE FAUSTIAN SPIRIT

The ethos of the West has been described as Faustian, and to understand the West and its future, it is important to understand why it is called the Faustian civilization.

Western civilization is affiliated to the Hellenic: From the Greeks derive, as Nietzsche, Heidegger<sup>13</sup> and many others have realized, the values which created, and gave inspiration to our civilization. The legal system, for instance, derives from Roman Law whose own inspiration was the Greeks. In art, the debt is even clearer. For Example, the Renaissance in Europe was Hellenic in character and it is no coincidence that artists like Raphael (1483-1520) captured the classical splendor of the body in painting just as Michelangelo (1475-1564) did in sculpture.

Western art at its best is classical insofar as it represents that physical splendour, that purity and nobility associated with the Greeks. Yet this is not to say that the ethos or spirit of the West is a copy, an imitation of the Hellenic. Far from it. For the spirit of the West makes itself most manifest in two areas-indeed, one can go so far as to say that these two areas identify the ethos of the West. They are science, and the practical application of science as technology.

Western science is essentially the search for truth, and its method lies in finding ways of discovering that truth by observing the patterns and processes of Nature. Thus, for science, truth is what is observed, not what is presupposed or assumed by belief, as in religion. In this respect for facts lies, perhaps, the greatest liberation any civilization has ever known.

Technology rests on science-and science, as we know it in the West depends for its very existence on a certain political freedom. Only when the West, through people like Galileo, broke the dogmatic chains of the Church was free experiment, and thus science, possible. Science, with its emphasis on experiment and fact, freed the Western civilization from superstition and the tyranny of ideas, and it is no coincidence that the greatest achievements of science occurred when the dogmatic authority of the Church no longer ruled men's lives.

The search for truth which created modern science derives, however, from another trait peculiar to the West: the desire for exploration. Western civilization is characterized by this desire for exploration. Other civilizations have conquered, for power or wealth, but no other civilization, except our own has explored the world (and latterly the planets and space itself) *purely out of curiosity*. This burning desire to know what is over the sea, and under it, this energy is, above everything else, the ethos of the West.

No other civilization has produced men who climbed the highest mountain just "because it is there;" no other civilization has produced men who sailed across great oceans just to see what was on the other side, and no civilization has produced men who ran, swam, cycled or walked over a measured distance as fast as they could just to see if they could do it.

But perhaps the greatest and surely the most noble expression of the truly Faustian will-to-knowledge is space-travel, particularly the manned flights to the moon. Space-travel exemplifies the West as nothing else – not art, not even science itself can, because space-travel successfully combines the three elements that are so ineluctably Western: Science, technology, and the desire to know.

If we need a symbol to represent our Western civilization – to express its quintessence – it is the space-craft.

#### IMPERIUM OF THE WEST

According to Spengler<sup>14</sup>: "At the beginning, where Civilization is developing into full bloom (today), there stands the miracle of the Cosmopolis, the great petrifact, a symbol of the formless - vast, splendid, spreading in insolence. It draws within itself the being-streams of the now impotent countryside, human masses...Here money and intellect celebrate their greatest and their last triumphs. In the form of democracy, money has won. There has been a period in which politics were almost its preserve. But as soon as it has destroyed the old orders of the Culture, the chaos gives forth a new and overpowering factor that penetrates to the very elementals of Becoming – the Caesar-men. Before them money collapses. The Imperial Age in every Culture alike, signifies the end of the politics of mind and money. The powers of the blood, unbroken bodily forces, resume their ancient lordship. 'Race' springs forth, pure and irresistible - the strongest win."

The Imperium of the West would be imposed, from its European country of origin, first by force of arms and then by force of Destiny on its European neighbours. The Imperium would have its spiritual origins in the abortive Scandinavian civilization whose ethos bore a clear resemblance to the Hellenic. This return is not one to the schism of Christianity but to the paganism which existed in the West before its introduction and which was partly absorbed by Christianity, as a force which shaped men's lives, before it was destroyed by the Church. This return, however, will not be slavish imitation nor the recreation of long dead rituals and forms. Instead, it will be a resurgence of the *attitude* that gave rise to the Scandinavian civilization and which brought about

the myths of Valhalla, Odin and Thor. It will possess, as a guiding force, the same power that drove the Norsemen.

That this will be so is because Christianity does not now represent, nor has ever represented, the ethos of the West. In its origin, Christianity is, as both Toynbee and Spengler have shown, a product of what Toynbee called the Babylonian civilization and Spengler the Magian. Christianity, in its approach to life and the world, is essentially Judaic and stands in complete contrast to the Hellenic, as Nietzsche made quite clear in his *The Anti-Christ*:

“Christianity robbed us of the harvest of the culture of the ancient world...”<sup>15</sup>

What the West has achieved - its science, technology, and its conquest - has been achieved not because of Christianity, but in spite of it, and anyone who sees Christianity as somehow essential to the West, or as part of its ethos, has completely misunderstood what Christianity is and what the true ethos of the West is. However tame Christianity may have become in most of the West, it is essential to realize that as an attitude of life Christianity is the antithesis of all that is healthy, noble and instinctive. Christianity exhorts the virtues of the slave-meekness, forgiveness, and guilt - and even in its ultimate symbol, the crucified Christ, is a symbol of rejection of life. In contrast, the Western spirit, exemplified by the Vikings, rejoices in life and in its vitality. Its symbol is driving energy - the prow of a Viking ship, the spacecraft hurtling into space.

Christianity, for the West, must vanish. It is by its very nature incompatible with a Western Imperium, whose goal is conquest, first of Europe and then of space itself. For only this latter form of conquest, with the technological development that would result, will provide a challenge sufficient for the Western spirit and enable that Faustian child, technology, to grow to full maturity. The conquest of space, the colonization of planets in our system and other star systems, will be the official expansionist policy of Imperium, and will create its own myths, its own epic poetry as well as producing - because of the nature of the challenge - a new type of man.

This new type of man, who may be referred to as Homo Sol, will have his origins in the struggle to create Imperium. His philosophy of life will be similar to that expounded by Nietzsche in his *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, and his practical fulfillment will be in the institutions and organizations the New Order of the Imperium will create in order to carry through its policies of not only external conquest but also upward breeding to ensure quality as well as nobility.

The paganism of Homo Sol will not be the destructive type beloved of Christian writers, but will instead be a new *Zeitgeist* - a *Zeitgeist* that functions within the framework of the New Order. The values of this New Order will not be ‘inhuman’ but most certainly will be anti-humanitarian in the sense that the Greeks and Romans were anti-humanitarian.

Without these new values, there can be no Western Imperium just as, for instance, the Roman Empire would not have been possible but for an unconscious emulation of earlier Greek values (witness Virgil’s attempt to make them more conscious in his *Aeneid*).

The New Order, and all we have said above concerning it, follows naturally from a Time of Troubles – it is a consequence of all the forces acting within the civilization, and in this sense may be said to be the Destiny of the West, for the Empires of all higher civilizations derive their impetus from an earlier part of their civilizations’ history. Their forms exist in embryo early in their history and, in regard to the West, Spengler was able to perceive this clearly.

However, the New Order of Imperium may never exist, despite being the Destiny of the West. It may never be more than an institution in most or a vision for a few because the West has been gradually undergoing, in its ethos, a transformation whose consequences may forestall the creation of Imperium. All higher civilizations hitherto have ended in an Empire whose ethos derived from the ethos which gave rise to that civilization itself. The West, however, has been subject to a process of distortion: a distortion, or deformation of its ethos, that no other higher civilization, before the onset of its Universal State or Empire, has been subject to. This deformation has already changed the imperative of the West, and even Spengler, for all his insight, saw aspects of the deformation as what he assumed to be the logical outcome of the West's metamorphosis.

This deformation of the Faustian soul or ethos has occurred on two levels-the spiritual and cultural - seperated in time by some eight hundred years.

On the spiritual level, the West has been deformed by the religion of Christianity. The West is not ready for the old age that sometimes follows an Imperium and to which a world-negating religion is more suited. The West should be full of vitality, sure of itself and its mission, as the Roman Empire at its best did, the youthful instincts of honour, duty and valour. Christianity has made the West prematurely old.

On the cultural level, the deformation is even less well understood - that is, hardly at all, although some of the effects of this deformation have attracted attention. This cultural deformation amounts to a revolution in Western Art, aesthetics, literature, music, and thought, and it is already undermining science as well as contributing to the decline of the quality of life. This deformation, moreover, is increasing, and its only possible outcome will be to forestall the creation of a Western Imperium, creating in its place another type of Empire, world-wide in scope, whose ethos would be violently opposed to the ethos of the West.

To see why this is so, it is necessary to examine in detail the nature of this cultural distortion as well as explain why it is a distortion of the ethos of the West.

## CHAPTER II

### THE DISTORTION OF THE WEST

Outwardly, the distortion was particularly obvious by 1848 - the year of the publication of the Communist Manifesto by Marx and Engels, and the 'year of revolutions' in Europe.

The Communism that was given form by Marx is, in spirit, at variance to the Faustian ethos. Marxism, of whatever form, be it derived from Trotsky, Rosa Luxemburg, or Marcuse, transforms what the German philosopher Heidegger calls spirit to mere intelligence, it emasculates it:<sup>16</sup>

"Europe lies in a pincers between Russia and America, which are metaphysically the same, namely in regard to their world character and their relation to the spirit."

In all its implications, the materialism that has come to dominate the present century and which is exemplified by America, does not differ from Marxism or socialism - both represent, despite outward appearance in terms of the type of government, the same approach to the spirit or ethos of the West. Both emasculate that spirit, as Heidegger well understood. For Marxism is not, as

Spengler assumed, the logical outcome of the Faustian will-to-power: rather, Marxism is the ultimate contradiction of the Faustian. It returns the spirit to earth, to material concern, and reduces everything to that which is common. It is totally opposed to the heroic idealism which is one of the Faustian qualities. The concern of the Faustian is more will-to-knowledge, more mastery through the use of a myth or mythos which is at once both numinous and archetypal<sup>17</sup>

- Marxism has never been, and can never be, numinous in the sense that Goethe's *Faust* is numinous or Nietzsches *Zarathustra*. Marxism by its very nature and aims, seeks to destroy what is numinous and archetypal - as, for example, in art, where everything is reduced to either political propaganda or 'social realism'. Marxism, is based on the lowest common denominator; the ethos of the West seeks to raise everything up to a higher level through conquest, exploration and the challenge of knowledge.

Marxism, and, of course, the Communism which derives from it, uses for its own benefit, Faustian technology and techniques - but only as a means. It is never imbued with the slightest trace of Faustian ideals. The whole of the philosophy of Heidegger - as well as the earlier one of Nietzsche - is a revolt against the material distortion of the West. It represents a desire to return to the numinosity which, for Heidegger, is captured in poetry<sup>18</sup> and, for Nietzsche, in a reevaluation of all values, in a new type of man. Practically, this amounts to the difference between acting and thinking instinctively, with the blood, and acting from a position of materialism, with cerebral 'intelligence.' The former is Faustian, the latter is what Spengler described as Magian - indeed, the last possible metamorphosis of the Magian soul. It is no coincidence that this Magian way of thinking is best exemplified by the precepts contained in the Babylonian Talmud - for the origins of the Magian ethos lies in the Babylonian civilization. The most important religion of that civilization, as Toynbee showed, was Judaism.

Yet the distortion of the West is much more than the distortion of Marxism. In the realm of music, it is the atonal, or 12-tone system of Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951) - the triumph of clever intelligence over that Faustian will which found its most numinous expression in the music of Johann Sebastian Bach, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, its most dynamic in Beethoven and its most expressive (as a premonition of Imperium, perhaps) in the music of Carl Orff (*Carmina Burana*), the polyphonic-based music of Ligeti (*Requiem, Lux Aeterna, Atmospheres*), and Arvo Part's 'Tabula Rasa.'

In the realm of thought, the distortion is expressed in the psychological theory of Freud (1856-1939) with its emphasis on sexuality and materialism, as well as in the positivist theories of Carnap, A. J. Ayer, and Thomas Kuhn. Art has been distorted - moved away from the Hellenic-derived respect for physical beauty - by movements such as abstract art, Dadaism, collage, the 'Pop Art' of Warhol and Segal, and the 'Nouveaux Realistes' of Klein. Aesthetically, these movements have eroded the vitality of the Faustian and destroyed with their cults of ugliness the beauty inherent in Western art; they have replaced spirit with mere childish experimentation and anarchy. They are completely lacking in any positive values whatsoever.

It cannot be denied that the movements in art mentioned above, the theories of Freud, Carnap, Ayer, and others, the atonal music of Schoenberg and his followers, as well as Marxism in its many forms, have significantly changed not only the cultural orientation of the West, but also (as witness Marxism) the societies composing the West. Of Schoenberg, for instance, it has been said: <sup>19</sup> "Schoenberg has exercised a far-reaching and profound influence on the music of the twentieth century, not only through his compositions but also through his work as a teacher and his intellectual stature as a philosopher and interpreter of his age."

Furthermore, several new studies (often erroneously described as ‘sciences’) have come to dominate Western life, both within institutions of learning and without. The cumulative effect of these studies has been to change the course of the West, since the people most affected by them – those in institutions of higher education – tend to come to dominate the educational life of the West, its media and the cultural sphere in general by virtue of the positions of authority and control obtained through their educational opportunities. As a consequence, social changes have resulted from both government policy and non-governmental pressure. A new *Zeitgeist* has arisen, and a consensus of opinion created and maintained throughout all the societies of the West.

These new studies – apart from being but complementary to Marxism and the psychological theories of Freud and Adler – are sociology, social anthropology, social studies, and linguistics.

Some of these movements or studies have as their aim direct political action of a revolutionary kind. Of the Marxist ideas of Marcuse it has been said, by an established British philosopher:<sup>20</sup> “...the ideas of Marcuse and the Frankfurt school have come to dominate some Social Science Departments in various universities in Europe, and through them to have a continued and important influence on some of the most intelligent young people of the West.”

Sociology is regarded by sociologists as having its origin in the work of Emile Durkheim. Durkheim’s work was further developed by his nephew Marcel Mauss.<sup>21</sup> Social anthropology began with the work of Franz Boas and was developed by his student Ruth Benedict. It flourishes today under the guidance of Levi-Strauss.

Levi-Strauss; “...draws very heavily on Durkheim, Marx, and Freud... his Marxism only makes sense if we see it as highly Durkheimianized and his Durkheimian positivism only if blended with something from Marx. All the rest is Freud.”<sup>22</sup>

Linguistics derives from Boas, Bloomfield, and, more recently, Noam Chomsky. Of Chomsky, it is generally said that “he speaks with unrivalled authority\*<sup>23</sup>.”

\* +o+: *the location of footnote no.23 is not actually listed in the original document but the context for it is given in the endnotes supplied to Vindex. An educated guess has been made as to where this footnote would appear.*

From these studies have come others – like ‘race relations’ and ‘women’s liberation.’ Prominent among the latter are Betty Freidan and Bella Abzug.

All these subjects, movements, and schools, as well as the so-called ‘liberation movements’ that derive from them<sup>24</sup> have profoundly changed the spirit of the West and profoundly altered both its inner and outer structures. In fact, the ethos of the West has been changed over a period of some one hundred and fifty years from a dynamic Faustian assertiveness to a neurotic guilt and an obsession with sexuality, materialism, and change. That this change has occurred is no coincidence.

What all these movements and theories have in common, apart from the fact that they all, directly or indirectly, contradict the ethos of the West,\* is their common origin. They are all the creations of Jews – the last representatives of the decayed Magian soul.<sup>25</sup>

\* See below, pp. 13-15

Marxism, with its apocalyptic visions, is a modern manifestation of Judaism, just as: the theories of Freud represent the Jewish concern with sexuality (evident in the Talmud<sup>26</sup>). Jews themselves understand this: “It is this which draws us near to our close relatives, the Marxists... a Jewish passion runs through them too. No people gave more to its political ideas than the Jews, and one of the most glorious chapters in our history is that of the Jewish martyrs for materialism...”<sup>27</sup> in this context, the historian R. S. Wistrich’s study, *Revolutionary Jews from Marx to Trotsky*<sup>28</sup> is invaluable.

Even the ‘counter-culture’ of the sixties and early seventies, which did so much to change the ethos of the younger generation by spreading among them the ideas of anarchism, drug abuse, and pacifism, owes its origins to Jews – Wilhelm Reich, Erich Fromm, and Marcuse. Among the leading representatives of this ‘drug and pop culture’ were Allen Ginsburg and Abe Hoffman.<sup>29</sup>

That all these movements are a distortion of the ethos of the West is evident if one considers, not only what was representative of the West before these movements began, but also what kind of art, philosophy, and politics should have been produced by the natural process that transforms a higher civilization into an Imperium (for the West, from about 1900).

Fundamentally, there is a transition from money-based politics to force politics under the aegis of Empire builders like Cecil Rhodes.<sup>30</sup> These men, while they may differ in many things, are united insofar as they represent quite deliberately the conquering and civilizing spirit that is one of the marks of the Imperium to come. That is, they are foremost men who have undergone what Toynbee called ‘withdrawl and return’<sup>31</sup> and because of this character-building process they are possessed of charisma - like Scipio Africanus and Scipio Aemillianus in the time before Caesar. Such figures are also heroic, in the Homeric sense.

However, after a few of these men had arisen, there was in the West a return to money-based politics and the ‘creative minority’ who provide the impetus for advance for every civilization became neurotic and guilt-ridden. Instead of Caesar-men, the West produced what Colin Wilson<sup>32</sup> has called Outsiders – creative people whose spirit has suffered a distortion: “Our civilization, says Wilson,<sup>33</sup> “has grown steadily closer, in its everyday life, to the Marxian attitude. That is why we are producing Outsiders.”

For a higher civilization, this transition period before the beginning of Imperium is marked, in art, by a short period of natural decline after what Nietzsche called the Dionysian breaks out and overtakes the purity and serenity achieved, by the artists of that civilization, of the Apollonian. For the West, this Apollonian form was achieved in music by J. S. Bach, while in the later Mozart (K385, The Haffner and K551, The Jupiter) the Dionysian passion that marks the music of Beethoven is already evident. After Beethoven, music could never be the same – in his music there is suffering, strife and reconciliation, whereas in Bach there is purity, purpose and an ordered image of the cosmos. It is with Beethoven that the person – his condition and emotions – come to the fore, before the cosmos. Man, after Beethoven, is no longer for music simply an aspect of the gods. He is an individual. With Bruckner there is the natural return to the Apollonian and the concern with timelessness and the cosmic. But this return of Bruckner is a personal return, the aspiration of the individual toward the cosmos through the instrument of music as in Bach. With Wagner, this personal attempt to reconcile the Dionysian and Apollonian reaches its climax – the attempt to fuse, through, the projection of the archetypal images in operatic form (Siegfried as Hero, Hagen as shadow, etc.) the personal and the divine. This attempt does not succeed, despite the sublimity of some of the music and the grandeur of the story of *The Ring*, because Wagner used the form of the Opera. As an art form, opera was already dead



by Wagner's time – it no longer spoke, with the fire of passion, to the people – only to a segment of them. This segment (mostly bourgeois) was already living with the trappings of decadence.\*

*\*Decadence is defined below, p. 15.*

Furthermore, Wagner used as the basis of his Music Drama the dead story of the Ring – a myth which no longer spoke to his audience as it spoke to earlier generations. The story of the Ring was grand, but it lacked the numinosity of living myth.

Moreover, Wagner's attempt, through his Music Drama, could not succeed because it was too early. The epic poetry capable of both moving and involving the audience did not exist. Such poetry (and such a union of the divine and man as Wagner wished to achieve through his music) are possible today, at the beginning of Imperium – and are only possible today. This epic poetry involves the struggle to create Imperium – the battles, the aspirations, the victories, and the defeats. Only this struggle possesses, *for the West at this moment of its history*, the power to inspire as Homer's Iliad inspired the Greeks and Virgil's Aeneid the Romans. Because of this, only such epic poetry has any meaning for the West – all other poetry, of whatever style and dealing with any other theme, is worthless.

The fact that no such epics exist is clear evidence of how distorted the art of the West has become. Indeed, not only are there no such epics celebrating those who struggled to uphold the Faustian values and who lived and died upholding the values that will create Imperium, but there are no attempts to express these values or their spirit in any form of art. There is, in short, nothing that anticipates the Art of Imperium (as it should be anticipated at this time) as Johann Froberger and Frescobaldi anticipated Bach.

There are only the merest intimations of this in some of the music of Ligeti – but nothing that should parallel the beginnings of Imperium, with the possible exception of Orff's Carmina Burana, whose impact is purely Faustian, bursting with joy and full of the energy of the creators of the West. There is, instead, atonality, serialism, the influence of the Negro and the anarchic. These certainly are not expressive of the transition of the art of music from a 'Time of Troubles' to an Imperium – they bear no resemblance at all to the supreme music of Bach, the passion of Beethoven, the numinosity of some of Sibelius, or the traditional music of Vaughn Williams. But above all, the music that today dominates the West – represented on the one hand by the Negro-influenced 'pop' and so-called 'rock' music, and on the other hand the cerebral banality of electronic noise in which Stockhausen – excels - does not reach toward the future with an originality based firmly on tradition and with a new insight that is both numinous and accessible. The new music that heralds Imperium is neither the preserve of a few very clever and self-indulging critics, nor totally at variance with the whole tradition of Western Music, from its beginnings in Gregorian chant to the great symphonic writing of Beethoven. Only, it must be said again, in Ligeti's Requiem, Lux Aeternae and Atmospheres, does the promise of this new music show.

What is significant about this distortion is that the technology of the West, as well as its more material resources, have been harnessed not only to propagate all aspects of the distortion but also to root it so firmly in the soil of the Western psyche that what is truly Western has very little chance of surviving at all, so choked would its flower be by these weeds.

These influences which have so profoundly changed the attitude of the West and so drastically changed its art are all decadent. By 'decadent' we mean spirit as a mere tool in the service of others: "...a tool the manipulation of which can be taught and learned. Whether this use of

intelligence related to the regulation and domination of material conditions (as in Marxism) or in general to the intelligent ordering and explanation of everything that is present and already posited at any time (as in positivism) ... the spirit as intelligence becomes the impotent superstructure of something else” (Heidegger<sup>34</sup>).

What is lacking in intelligence is the numinous – that quality which art at its very best expresses. The process of intelligence dominating spirit in this way – the origin of the decadent in art and philosophy – is usually the fate of an Imperium, not the transition to an Imperium from a Time of Troubles. What moulds the creativity during this transition (and well into the Imperium itself) is the image of the civilization’s past. This gives form and authority to the Imperium and its institutions – it is the channeling of the spirit or ethos of the civilization into the forms and images appropriate to Imperium and in art becomes not a constriction but a new challenge. Thus, before the Roman Empire, the vigour and imagination of Ennius (239-169 BC) had given way to the image of the past (The Greek) achieved by Lucretius (98-55 BC) in his *De Rerum Natura*. Finally, there is Virgil (70-19 BC) whose art captures the Destiny of Rome and makes possible the Imperial advance, rooted as it then was in the Greek past.

An expression similar to Virgil’s should exist in our time and in those artforms which the West has created. Only such artforms, which express by the very fact of their creation in our civilization, part of our ethos, possess the ability to inspire on a large scale, the people of the West. Such artforms are film, music of a symphonic kind, and painting. Primary among these is the artform of the film. An expression of the past of the West and a numinous intimation of the future (Imperium) should exist in these artforms – particularly in film.

Film is one artform that could realize Wagner’s dream of the Music Drama and Scriabin’s ‘Mysterium.’ Scriabin hoped to create a type of music which, when joined with colour and fragrance, would unite man with the gods. However, in film there is only (and always has been since the very creation of the medium) entertainment, intellectual cleverness, social realism, and obsession with sexuality. There is nothing mystical in the sense of looking back to the achievements of the West or a looking forward to the triumphs of Imperium. There is nothing vital which possesses the nobility and purity we associate with the Greeks – nothing which attempts to inspire. No positive, Western ideals. In the whole history of the artform of the film there have only been three attempts – three attempts out of the thousands of films which must have been made.

The history of the film – the most valuable artform the West has created – affords sufficient evidence of both the distortion of the ethos of the West and the way the creations of the West have been used as instruments of the distortion. Indeed, of all the artforms indigenous to the West, the film is the one where those champions of everything material against everything Faustian – the Jews – have the most direct control. Thus even *The Times Literary Supplement*, a much respected journal, could say: “Hollywood was founded by a band of buccaneering Jewish immigrants from Eastern Europe.”<sup>35</sup> the film has become, thanks to this control and influence, a medium for those values which the Jews have foisted upon our civilization – the values represented by Marxism, sociology, positivism, obsession with sex, and the racial inter-mixing that derives from the dogma of social anthropology.

One exception to all this is the very early, silent film of D.W. Griffiths, *Birth of a Nation* (1912). However, no one has even attempted to use the film in the manner Wagner conceived for his Music Drama or Scriabin his Mysterium. Only in Japan have films been made as they should have been made in the West – the films of Kurasawa (*Seven Samurai*, *Kagemusha*, etc.) express

the ethos of Japan beautifully and are masterpieces of the artform. Nothing comparable to them exists in the West to express the Western ethos.

The distortion of the West we have been discussing was recognized, poetically, by T. S. Eliot. His *The Waste Land* shows the poverty of Western society in Eliot's time. Yet his poetry remains pessimistic, providing neither a solution nor an understanding of the forces which produced that poverty in the first place and as such cannot be Faustian poetry. It lacks the feeling for life – the joy of life – that is Faustian. Further, for all his insight into the spiritual decay of the West, for all his brilliant style, Eliot found comfort (cf. *The Four Quartets*) in Christianity – that contradiction par excellence of the ethos of the West.

## CHRISTIANITY AND IMPERIUM

Few would dispute the Jewish origins of Christianity, although there would be many who would dispute the Nietzschean claim that, despite pagan influence, Christianity has remained essentially Jewish in spirit – an expression, like Judaism, of the Magian ethos, just as Marxism is Magian. Thus Rabbi Lionel Blue: “From Judaism have come two religions: Christianity and Islam. It's third and latest child has not been a religion but an ideology: Marxism”<sup>36</sup>

According to Nietzsche,<sup>37</sup> “In Christianity all of Judaism attains its ultimate mastery as the art of lying in a holy manner. The Christian ... is the Jew once more.” Christianity, as explained earlier, supplanted the Hellenic values and thus distorted the West. According to Nietzsche, “The Jews are the strangest people in world history... out of themselves they created a counter-concept to natural conditions: they turned religion, cult, morality, history, psychology, one after the other, into an incurable contradiction to their natural values... Even today the Christian can feel anti-Jewish without realizing that he himself is the ultimate Jewish consequence.”<sup>38</sup> Marxism, sociology, and all the long etcetera of Jewish grown studies like Freudian psychology, all distort natural values and reduce everything to the most basic and base: “whom among today's rabble do I hate the most? The Socialist rabble, the Chandala apostles who undermine the worker's instinct, his pleasure... who make him envious, who teach him revengefulness. Injustice never lies in unequal rights, it lies in the claim ‘equal rights.’ What is bad? ... everything that proceeds from weakness, from envy, from revengefulness.”<sup>39</sup>

For the West to create Imperium it is necessary for it to replace the god-feeling Christianity with one born from the ethos of the West. This feeling would, as outlined above, be essentially pagan and involve a return to the idealism exemplified by heroism. As Lord Kenneth Clarke has said:<sup>40</sup> “I suppose that this quality, which I may call heroic, is not part of most people's ideas of civilization. It involves a contempt for convenience and a sacrifice of all those pleasures that contribute to what we call civilized life. It is the enemy of happiness. And yet we recognize that to despise material obstacles, and even to defy the blind forces of fate, is man's supreme achievement.” Such an attitude contradicts the materialism rampant in the West and is incompatible with Christianity and every other manifestation of the Magian.

The Western reaction which is to come – and which must come if Imperium is to be created – will be unmistakably a reaction against both Christianity and the decadence and materialism of the Magian. This reaction and return to older and truly Western values (rooted as they are in the Hellenic) will be turned into a fruitful resurgence with the coming of the Caesar-figure Vindex, the one who avenges. He, and he alone, will be instrumental in creating Imperium. Vindex is the creative leader whose response to the challenge of Western decline and distortion will inspire and make possible the Imperial advance and the creation of a New Order. The Imperium he founds

will, in time, expand far beyond the boundaries of the Earth. With Vindex, the materialism of capital and the materialism of Communism will have ended, and a New Order will arise.

Vindex is the Destiny of the West – and his followers the force that will create Imperium. That this is so is not in doubt, as the model of higher civilization has been the creation of such a figure – the West will be no exception. What will be unique to the West, however, is the manner in which Imperium will, and must be, created because of the distortion the ethos of the West and, consequently, the societies of the West have suffered. Vindex can only create Imperium by the sword, by force of arms.

Vindex, the creator who avenges, must come. He is a natural force, like lightning and sun, and he is awaited not only by those of the West who yearn for the nobility and purity the New Order will create, but also by those, like the representatives of the Magian who, consciously or unconsciously, uphold and propagate ideas and values contradictory to the West. These representatives of the Magian – be they Jews or those upholding Magian values against Western ones – fear him, for they know that his emergence dooms them and the world they hope to create. Their world would be one where Magian values and ideals – like Communism - ruled, where everyone was leveled down and where those who did not conform, in thought, word or deed, would be broken by the techniques created to pacify. Already this kind of terror exists – for instance, when Vladimir Danchev, a commentator on Radio Moscow, said something in a broadcast which did not meet the approval of his superiors; he was interned in a psychiatric hospital for treatment.<sup>41</sup> Communism destroys individuality.\*

\*As Solzhenitsyn has said<sup>42</sup>: “Socialism beings by making all men equal in material matters only (this, of course, requires compulsion) ... Furthermore, it means that the basic elements of personality – those elements which display too much variety in terms of education, ability, thought and feeling – must themselves be leveled out.”

However much Vindex may be the Destiny of the West, Imperium will only be created by those prepared to fight and die for it: the opponents of Imperium and the New Order will use every means at their disposal to maintain the power and influence they have and there will and must be a great deal of suffering and death on both sides. Imperium cannot simply be thought or wished into existence – it has to be fought for, and its creation will demand the type of heroism immortalized by the battle of Thermopylae, where Leonidas and his few hundred Spartans held out until death against the whole army of Xerxes. Such heroism would return that spirit essential to Imperium and enable both a spiritual and an artistic renaissance of a magnitude unsurpassed by any previous civilization.

In contradistinction to the destruction of personality which is the inevitable outcome of all forms of socialism and Marxism, the New Order of Imperium would, because its ethos would be genuinely Western, ensure the greatest possible diversity of personality. Indeed, once travel in space became commonplace (as it would under the New Order, where Western energy and inventiveness are channeled to Western goals), an era of individualism unique in the history of the civilizations would occur. This era, by its nature (colonization of planets and star-systems) would also ensure the survival of Western civilization beyond the normal four-hundred year span of Imperium. Were the forces of Communism to triumph (as they might, given the slothful character of much of the West and its nearly total absorption of Magian ideas), then the civilization of the West will have failed through its own weakness. The triumph of the Magian and his invention, Communism, would mean the end of civilization, a rapid decline followed by a period of barbarism and terror far greater than any known hitherto. An interregnum of several thousand years would result as a consequence of the costly Communist experiment – a period

without any recognizable civilization; no art, little technology, and certainly no science. In short, Communism would have negated with its triumph and the inevitable collapse\* over four thousand years of evolution. It would have tried to eradicate the two things on which civilization depends – individuality and challenge.

The choices available to the West vis-à-vis the future are not choices over any parochial form of politics or between contenting states. There is only the choice between Imperium and its New Order and the triumph of the Magian. All other conflicts are meaningless and doomed to vanish. One is either for the Imperium-idea, or against it; there is no longer any possibility of a middle-way.

\*Communism tried to mould man to its (totally artificial) ideas. Because of this, it can only end disastrously. One can no more make a fir tree grow like an oak than one can make Communism and its consequences workable for man.

### CHAPTER III THE RESURGENCE

It seems at first singularly unfortunate that an examination such as we have conducted (a rational and non-political examination, it should be noted) between the effects of the Faustian and the Magian souls on the West during its transition toward a Universal State or Imperium, should today be anathema insofar as the majority of the peoples of the West are concerned.

That this is so, however, is natural – given the extent of the distortion that has occurred and which we have, very briefly, uncovered in the last chapter. Yet there is one aspect of this distortion, above all others combined, which makes this possible. This aspect we would most assuredly seek to avoid were we seeking the approval of those in authority, who have a vested interest in the triumph of the Magian because their positions depend on their acceptance of or acquiescence in the ‘Liberal/Socialist’ notions prevalent in the West. This aspect has been avoided almost without exception by other writers, like Heidegger, who have understood the drift of the West.

To avoid this aspect, however, is impossible, for on its correct evaluation the Destiny of the West depends, and without an understanding of this aspect it is impossible to visualize, let alone fight for, the Imperium. This aspect is, of course, National Socialist Germany.

National Socialist Germany stands condemned today on three counts: First, that Hitler and the Philosophy of National Socialism were responsible for the extermination of some six-million Jews during the years 1942-1945; second, that Germany was directly responsible for the Second World War; and third, that National Socialism is simply described as ‘evil.’

Before discussing the relation National Socialism bears to the ethos of the West – and in particular the importance Adolf Hitler and his ideas for the Imperium – it is necessary, and indeed vital, for us to concern ourselves with the three objections to National Socialism listed above. We do this to form a clear picture of what National Socialism actually was, as opposed to what we have been led to believe it to be, since it should be fairly obvious that any philosophy which, even forty years after its destruction, can still arouse intense emotion and can still be considered by the establishment, as a threat sufficient to warrant (as in the case of West Germany and many other countries) special legislation making it illegal, must have been subject to a greater or lesser degree to some type of a propaganda campaign in an attempt to discredit it, particularly since the Western ‘Democracies’ had to justify their total war against this philosophy and its followers.

## THE EXTERMINATION OF THE JEWS

It is alleged that this extermination took place during the years 1942-1945.<sup>43</sup> After the Second World War it was a commonly held view that the exterminations took place in gas chambers, not only in the Polish camps like Auschwitz, but also in concentration camps situated in Germany itself (Dachau, Bergen-Belsen, for example). Newspapers were full of lurid accounts and photographs of heaps of corpses, and it was claimed at the Nuremberg Trials<sup>44</sup> that exterminations took place at Dachau. This claim was repeated many times in the following years. However, it soon became evident that what had occurred in the German camps like Dachau and Belsen during the last months of the war (and mainly the result of Allied bombings) was typhoid epidemics. It was these epidemics which were responsible for the chaotic conditions and corpses found by the Allies in the German camps. That this was the case was revealed not only by the International Red Cross<sup>45</sup> but also by the American Association for the Advancement of Science<sup>46</sup> as well as individuals like the American lawyer Stephen Pinter.<sup>47</sup> However, these rebuttals to the extermination legend never received wide-spread publicity – even though a number of Germans had been wrongly convicted of false evidence of ‘extermination’ at these camps<sup>48</sup> and several of them had been executed. Even today, over thirty years after the denials first appeared, many people in the West still believe that exterminations took place in camps like Belsen and Dachau.

After these denials, attention shifted, both at ‘War Crimes’ trials and in the controlled public press, to the camps that had existed in Poland, and particularly Auschwitz, which had been captured by the Russians in December of 1944. By the early fifties, the story of the extermination camps in Poland had taken on a specific form and became widely accepted, even though the 1950 edition of *The Encyclopedia Britannica* made no mention whatsoever of extermination of the Jews, saying merely that many Jews, like other European civilians, had suffered during the war as a result of the conditions of war (such as bombings).

The story which was propagated in the fifties about the exterminations was rarely questioned by historians. People who were interested in the question of the exterminations relied principally on two books: Hilberg’s *The Destruction of the European Jews*,<sup>49</sup> and Reitlinger’s *The Final Solution*,<sup>50</sup> together with evidence produced at the Nuremberg Military Tribunal of 1946-1949. Later, many more historical works concerning what became known as either ‘The Final Solution’ or ‘The Holocaust’ were produced, but they added hardly anything to the evidence produced by Reitlinger and Hilberg. Alongside of them, many memoirs by survivors of the camps were published, and trials of those alleged to have been responsible for the exterminations continued throughout the fifties, sixties, seventies, the most well-known being the Auschwitz trial of 1963-1965.

According to all these books, memoirs, and trials, the mass exterminations took place in ‘gas chambers’ which were disguised as shower baths. Once inside these chambers, the victims were put to death by Zyklon-B, that is hydrogen cyanide. The corpses were then removed and cremated, usually in ovens but sometimes (because of the number of bodies) in open pits.

According to Hilberg,<sup>51</sup> “In Auschwitz the Jews were killed with hydrogen cyanide...” According to Reitlinger,<sup>52</sup> “Twenty-five minutes later, the ‘exhauster’ electric pump removed the gas-laden air, the great metal door slid open, and the men of the Jewish *Sonderkommando* entered... Then the journey by lift or rail-wagon to the furnaces.” Without exception, this version of events is the one presented by other writers subsequent to Reitlinger.

Zyklon-B is hydrogen cyanide absorbed on diatomite – because of this, the gas, when activated, is realized slowly *over a period of many hours*. The gas is highly explosive, adheres to surfaces (including hair), and in concentrations of as little as eighty parts per million can seriously incapacitate.

If the victims had been gassed as Reitlinger and others claim, with sometimes up to two thousand in a chamber, the gas would not only have adhered to surfaces but also would have formed pockets between the bodies and no fan in existence in the 1940's could have dispersed all the gas (where the deadly gas went after it had been removed is never explained). According to Reitlinger and others, the *Sonderkommando* used water hoses not, as might be expected, to remove traces of gas, but to “remove the blood and defecation.”\*<sup>53</sup> Where this water went is not explained, since the floor “had no drainage tunnels.”<sup>54</sup> Furthermore, some of the survivors who wrote memoirs claim that during the removal of the bodies members of the *Sonderkommando* as well as some of the guards smoked cigarettes.<sup>55</sup> Had this actually happened, the residue of the gas would have exploded.

\* +o+: footnote 53 is not actually given in the original manuscript, rather there are two 52's. This transcription assumes the obvious.

That the Germans used Zyklon-B for fumigating army posts and destroying lice (a common problem in war), is not disputed,<sup>56</sup> and even a cursory examination of the manner in which the Germans used Zyklon-B as a disinfectant shows the stringent precautions used in handling this deadly gas. In using the gas for fumigation – and because its tenacity in adhering to surfaces makes dispersion difficult – the Germans would evacuate the surrounding area and allow up to twenty hours to elapse before the fumigated area was considered safe. This is in stark contrast to the twenty-five minutes Reitlinger and others allege.

What is alleged about the exterminations in respect of the method used (Zyklon-B) is scientifically clearly impossible, and casts doubt on the whole extermination story. However, reliance is often placed, in ‘proving’ the extermination, on the evidence produced at one of the many trials that have taken place during the past forty years – in particular the IMT trial of 1946, the NMT of 1946-1949, and the Auschwitz Trial. It is therefore necessary to examine the nature of the evidence produced at these trials.

At the IMT, the defence, unlike the prosecution, was only given access to evidence if that evidence in some way incriminated the defendants.<sup>57</sup> This was simple since the prosecution (the victorious Allies) possessed all the documents. As the historian Werner Maser says: “Defense council had no opportunity to make their own selection of material... Thousands of documents which seemed likely to incriminate the Allies and exonerate the defendants suddenly disappeared.”<sup>58</sup>

There existed at these trials countless cases of mistreatment and very many cases of outright torture against the defendants. Maser gives a typical example: “Oswald Pohl, who was not imprisoned until May 1946, was tied to a chair during his interrogation by American and British officials, was beaten unconscious, kicked and generally maltreated until he was prepared to incriminate Walter Funk in writing.”<sup>59</sup> At the Dachau trial, there were 137 cases where male defendants had their testicles crushed during interrogation;<sup>60</sup> here the torture was carried out by the American War Crimes Branch run by Colonel David Marcus, a Zionist Jew who later left the American Army to fight with the terrorist *Haganab* in Palestine. The torture of German officers and soldiers in the Malmedy case<sup>61</sup> is fairly well known. Many SS officers and men were simply shot without trial as a warning to others of what would happen if the defendants at the trials did

not 'cooperate' and 'confess.' One such incident is well documented: on April 29, 1945, the member of the 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion, 157<sup>th</sup> Regiment, 45<sup>th</sup> Division of the US Army machine-gunned more than 100 SS officers and men at Dachau. A photograph of this atrocity, taken by Nerin Gun, a freed inmate of Dachau, survived.

More recently, the mistreatment and torture continued during the trial, in Dusseldorf, of people involved with the Maidanek camp. For example, Hildegard Laechert, who was sentenced to twelve years, appeared in the courtroom on the day of her sentence with massive bruises on both her arms and hands. Her appearance in this condition brought forth no comment from anyone at all.

Many Germans awaiting trial simply died 'from natural causes' although the deaths at one time became so frequent that even a Jewish writer was moved to say:<sup>62</sup> "We hear time and time again of cases where prisoners accused of war crimes have passed away 'of their own free will.' It is quite obvious that there is something extremely fishy about all of this."

Another recent case of torture concerns Klaus Barbie, extradited to France early in 1983 (his extradition was a violation of both French and Bolivian Law). On his arrival in France, Barbie was examined by several French doctors who pronounced him "in excellent health."<sup>63</sup> However, three weeks later, Barbie was admitted to hospital for an emergency operation<sup>64</sup> on a strangulated hernia, a condition that can be caused by blows to the stomach and lower abdomen.

With regard to the IMT, the NMT, and similar trials held during the immediate post-war period, when direct torture failed to elicit 'confessions,' the interrogators resorted to other methods such as mock trials where 'death sentences' were handed out, and threats made to the defendants families (these were found to be very effective) and relatives.<sup>65, 66</sup>

At the IMT, the prosecution resorted to many dubious practices, such as the use of affidavits, several thousand of which were produced. These affidavits, contrary to normal law practice, could not be challenged by the defence. In the matter of defence evidence, the prosecution had the right to decide before the evidence was shown in court if it was 'relevant.'<sup>67</sup> if they considered it not to be 'relevant' (that is, it could have helped the defendants), then it was withdrawn. Moreover, the charter of the IMT stated that the court should not be bound by technical rules of evidence. These rules ensure a fair trial under the legal system in operation in all Western countries. Quite often evidence, required by the defense and which might have helped their clients, simply disappeared.<sup>68</sup>

As Charles Wennerstrum, Presiding Judge for the Case VII, in the subsequent trials stated: "Had I known seven months ago what I know today, I would never have come here... the prosecution has failed to retain its objectivity uninfluenced by a desire for vengeance or personal ambition to obtain verdicts of guilty. The whole atmosphere here is an unhealthy one. Many of the lawyers, secretaries, interrogators, and investigators employed here have only become Americans in recent years. Their personal past is rooted in the hatreds and prejudices of Europe."<sup>69</sup>

These 'recent Americans' included people like Robert Kempner, a Jew born in Germany in 1899 and now again living in Frankfurt, Germany, chief prosecutor in Case 11 of NMT, Frank Steiner and Harry Thon who, together with a Lieutenant Perl (who claimed to have been in a concentration camp in Germany), were among the most brutal interrogators during the Dachau trials, their specialty being crushing testicles.



In such circumstances as these it is hardly surprising that so many guilty verdicts were recorded. Out of the 1,627 tried during the IMT and NMT, 1,416 were found guilty and 420 were executed. Even the manner of the so-called judicial executions was barbaric. Refusing the military personnel their right to death by firing squad, the ten condemned at the IMT (who included Field Marshall Keitel, whose 'crime' was being a good soldier, and Julius Streicher, whose 'crime' was being anti-Jewish), were hanged on the 16<sup>th</sup> of October 1946. Julius Streicher took fifteen minutes to die, Ribbentrop 10 minutes, and Keitel over 24 minutes. Later executions in Landsberg were even more barbaric and bungled: many of the victims, after being hanged, had to be suffocated to death by stuffing cotton wool into their mouths and noses by American soldiers standing below the gallows.<sup>70</sup>

The treatment given to the defeated National-Socialists who fell into Allied hands was almost as brutal. The treatment given to Julius Streicher was typical: According to a manuscript he managed to smuggle to his defense council at Nuremberg, Hanns Marx, "...In Freising put into a North-facing cell. Window was out so it was even colder... I was naked. Four days! On the fourth day I was so cold my body was numb. I couldn't hear anything. Every 2-4 hours (even in the night) niggers came along under the command of a white man and hammered at me. Cigarette burns on the nipples. Fingers gouged into eye-sockets. Eyebrows and chest hair pulled out. Genitals beaten with an ox-whip...my jaws were pried open with a stick and my mouth spat into. Beaten with the whip – swollen dark-blue welts all over the body. Thrown against a wall. Blows to the head... a heavy chain across the back. When I refused to kiss the nigger's feet, kicks and blows.... When I refused to drink out of the chamber-pot in the latrine, fresh torments."<sup>71</sup>

Another factor to be borne in mind when examining most of the recent trials (from the Auschwitz trial of 1963-1965 to the Maidenek trial of 1975-1981) is the psychological pressure brought to bear on the defendants by not only the length of the trials (*six years* in the case of the Maidenek trial) but also the time spent in custody before trial (several years for those involved in the Auschwitz trial). No one could endure a six-year trial plus time in custody before the trial, for instance, without the resolve of their own innocence being severely tested, and those who were strong-willed enough to endure such a trial and maintain their protestations of innocence in spite of the enormous psychological pressure to 'confess' were the ones who usually died in custody while awaiting trial. People like Richard Baer, former Commandant at Auschwitz, who was looking forward to this trial so he could not only prove his innocence but with his unrivalled knowledge of Auschwitz tell what really happened during the war. Baer died of 'natural causes' while awaiting trial.

Not one piece of real evidence has ever been produced to substantiate the claim that the National-Socialists exterminated some five or six million Jews during the Second World War. What has been produced, in the form of 'confessions' at trials, etc., came as a result of torture, threats, mistreatment, and psychological pressure. The method historians claim to have been used for most of the exterminations, gassing, using Zyklon-B, is scientifically impossible. The documentary evidence produced by the various historians and courts, which is often cited as proof of the extermination, is either completely false (as in the case of the so-called Hoess affidavit and the Gerstein statement<sup>72, 73</sup>) and can easily be proved to be false, or is evidence which is interpreted according to a preconceived belief. For example, the shower baths at Auschwitz are claimed to have been 'gas chambers.' Such claims are supported by either confessions from guards (which are false, having been obtained under duress) or by witnesses.

These witnesses usually contradict each other (as happened many times during the IMT, as anyone who reads the transcripts of the trials will discover) or rely on hearsay and conjecture. When such witnesses are specific enough for their statements to be tested, they are usually found

to be inaccurate or lying. A typical case involves a survivor called Vrba who claimed to have been at Auschwitz. Vrba testified at many trials after the war, and wrote his memoirs. He claimed to have witnessed an air raid while he was at Auschwitz<sup>74</sup>; according to him, this raid took place on 9 April 1944. However, it is known from the American Air Force's own records<sup>75</sup> that air raids on the Auschwitz area only began *after* August 1944.

The short survey we have undertaken is not intended to be exhaustive, but sufficient has been said to cast doubts on the whole extermination story. When the extermination is examined critically, it is impossible not to doubt it. Critical and extensive examination of the 'Holocaust' has been carried out by Professor Paul Rassinier,<sup>76, 77</sup> a former inmate of Buchenwald concentration camp, Professor Faurisson,<sup>78</sup> Dr. Butz,<sup>79</sup> and many others,<sup>80, 81, 82</sup> Without exception, these detailed studies prove that the whole 'Holocaust' story is untrue.

No historian has ever produced a work which offers proof of the 'Holocaust.' Those, like Reitlinger and Hilberg, who have written books on the subject rely for their belief in the 'Holocaust' on confessions obtained under duress, statements by witnesses which can easily be disproved, affidavits whose contents (like the Gerstein statement) are absurd,<sup>83</sup> and documentary evidence such as the transcript of a speech Himmler is supposed to have made in Posen in October 1943, which are demonstrable fakes.<sup>84</sup> Further, nothing can change the fact mentioned earlier and propounded among others by Professor Faurisson<sup>85, 86</sup> that the method supposed to have been used to exterminate the majority of Jews is scientifically impossible.

So accepted, among the people of the West, has this lie of extermination become as a result of over forty years of very intense propaganda that few people doubt it, particularly among the historians. These same historians, who so often pronounce on the 'Holocaust' in the various media with astonishing regularity, have seldom, if ever, done any original research into the matter. They rely totally on accepted opinion and on books like those of Hilberg and Reitlinger. The few historians who have done original research either have their work suppressed, like the German historian Hellmut Diwald, or themselves fall victim to terror, like the French historian Francois Duprat who was assassinated in March 1978 by the so-called 'Auschwitz Remembrance Commando' for denying that Jews were deliberately exterminated by the Germans.<sup>87</sup> Francesco Mangiameli, Professor of History and Philosophy at Palermo, Italy, suffered a similar fate. In the case of Hellmut Diwald he was forced to rewrite his *Geschichte der Deutschen* (published in 1978) by his publisher (Verlag Ullstein GmbH) because it did not conform to "accepted views in regard to National-Socialism." Even this re-writing, however, was not sufficient to prevent the orchestrated Jewish protests,<sup>88</sup> and his publisher, Axel Springer, gave instructions to publish an "approved and modified version." Springer also apologized for causing an offence by publishing the book in the first place.

Any academic who questions the 'accepted' view of events during 1939-1945, particularly the extermination, is liable to be shot (Duprat, Mangiameli), be suspended from his academic post (Professor Faurisson of the University of Lyon-2), or have his papers confiscated altogether (as happened to the West German judge, Dr. Wilhelm Staeglich<sup>89</sup>) find himself beaten up and his family threatened (many instances), or find himself charged with incitement to murder and/or inciting racial hatred, as happened to Professor Faurisson.<sup>90</sup> These incidents do not exactly make for freedom of thought on the 'Holocaust' question, since it is a fact of University life that most academics would rather have a peaceful, secure existence than challenge the 'status quo', particularly when such a challenge would render them liable to assassination or suspension from University. Few historians possess a burning desire for truth – most wish only to establish themselves as respected academics.

Perhaps nothing shows the power the Magian has achieved over the West than this: In the so-called repositories of learning and freedom, the Universities, one may discuss any subject, may study in minute detail any area of history or thought. But one cannot, and must not, study in any meaningful way this question of the extermination of the Jews; anyone who questions the accepted version of history, whatever his evidence and whoever he is, is deemed to be either a 'Nazi-apologist' or a 'neo-Nazi.' There is, in the universities of the West, freedom to believe in anything - however degenerate or immoral - except what contradicts the accepted version of history in the years 1933-1945.

That the legend of the extermination of the Jews has been exceedingly advantageous to Zionists through not only the creation and maintenance of the state of Israel (without the legend, Israel would never have come into existence) but also in suppressing criticism of Jews in general should be obvious. It should also be obvious that the legend has discredited, for most people in the West, the philosophy of National-Socialism.

### NATIONAL SOCIALIST GERMANY

Since the end of the Second World War, several myths have become established in the West and elsewhere about the conditions that existed in National Socialist Germany and about the tactics used by Hitler to achieve power.

Among the charges made against the National-Socialists are:

- 1) Hitler used his SA [*"Storm Troopers"*] as weapons in terrorizing and beating up his opponents prior to 1933;
- 2) The SS [*"Security Guards"*], prior to 1939, was used as an instrument of terror in suppressing criticism of Hitler inside Germany.
- 3) Hitler established a "Police State" in Germany from 1933 onwards.

These three assumptions about Hitler and National-Socialism have become part of the accepted version of history. Mention Hitler's Germany to most people in the West and they will repeat one or all of these assumptions either on what they have been taught or on what they have read. Yet each of these assumptions is false - and can be easily proved to be so.

Consider, for example, the belief that the SA were 'thugs' who beat up their opponents. *If one actually studies the original documents of the period 1919-1933*, housed in the Federal Archives in Germany and copies of which exist in the NSDAP Archive in the Institute of Contemporary History, London, then a quite different picture emerges. For instance, secret reports by the German police, preserved in the archives, show that while political meetings of the time often ended in brawls, the violence was always provoked by Hitler's opponents. The following account is typical of the years 1919-1932, as anyone who cares to study the archives for themselves will find.

On 30<sup>th</sup> September 1929 the NSDAP organized a meeting in Schney, Upper Francornia. The speaker was to be Hans Schemm, the *Gauleiter*. As usual, the NSDAP informed the local police, whose raised no objection to the meeting begin held. At the meeting about 500 people were present. As soon as Schemm arrived, heckling started. He spoke for only about half an hour before an SPD [*Social Democratic Party*] deputy by the name of Klinger demanded he stop speaking. Schemm, quite naturally, refused since it was his meeting, but he did say that Klinger (and anyone else) could speak to the audience after his own speech was ended. After saying this, Schemm was attacked and thrown to the ground. The SA men who were present (who were out-

numbered) threw the trouble-makers out of the hall. The report concerning this meeting (Lichtenfels to the State Ministry of the Interior, 1<sup>st</sup> October 1929<sup>91</sup>) clearly stated that the National-Socialists were not to blame for the disturbance.

It must be repeated that this account is typical of the period. The SA defended themselves against Communist-inspired violence, such as the murder of SA man Karl Winter in Hollstein, Baden, in February 1923, the murder of Herbert Norkus in Berlin in January 1932, and the massacre of six National-Socialists in Altona and Griefswald on July 17<sup>th</sup> 1932. The SA were expected to behave impeccably in public, and orders to SA units were full of reminders: "Iron discipline! Exemplary appearance in public! The population of Upper Bavaria and Swabia must see in our SA a model of German breeding and orderliness."<sup>92</sup>

The SA never sought violence.<sup>93</sup> What it did do, and very successfully, was to defend itself against Communist terror – the SA may not have started the fights but they surely finished them. For this it earned the undying hatred of all Communists, Liberals, and Zionists; but above all, the SA is hated (and thus smeared) because it was the one organization that helped Hitler to obtain power.

Another myth is that Hitler established a terror or 'police state.' In fact, Hitler, after 1933, enjoyed the support of at least 80% of the German people; he was far more popular among his people than any leader in the so-called democratic countries has ever been. He was greeted with spontaneous enthusiasm wherever he went.

National-Socialist Germany was not a parliamentary democracy, and it never pretended to be one. It was, however, a free society where the individual was respected. All the National-Socialists asked was that Germans put the interests of their folk and their country first; only if someone acted against the German interest was the force of law invoked. This meant that decadent activities were forbidden; crime was dealt with severely. The National-Socialist state was of the kind that Greeks would have understood and admired, and National-Socialist Germany was, in essence, the re-creation of the type of society found in Athens during the period of Athenian greatness.

Careful research by historians such as Werner Maser and Dietrich Orlow, among others,<sup>94, 95, 96</sup> is gradually changing the accepted picture of National-Socialist Germany and the rise to power of the NSDAP. These researchers bear out all that was said above about the SA and the nature of the National-Socialist state. They also show<sup>96</sup> that National-Socialist Germany had no intention of going to war at all.

On this question of German aggression and the origin of the Second World War, the consensus among historians is gradually changing.<sup>97</sup> Indeed, according to Professor Harry Elmer Barnes,<sup>98</sup> the Allies were more responsible for the war than Germany, and recent evidence,<sup>99</sup> bears this out. Of Hitler, Dr. Norman Stone had said: "...when the 'march to war' started, quite often it was Hitler's opponents, and not Hitler, who began the various crises; Hitler clearly did not want war in September 1939 with the British and the French; and when war began, Germany got on by bluff and improvisation until 1942-1943. Hitler did not even mean to bomb London, and when he did, it was because he wanted to retaliate against the British, who had bombed Berlin first."<sup>100</sup>

The idea of Germany bent on conquering Europe, with Germans part of one vast war machine, is an invention of Allied war propaganda, and no historian today takes it seriously. Hitler simply wanted all Germans to be part of one state; the Versailles Treaty of 1919 cut Germany in two by the creation of the Polish Corridor, and took from Germany land to create a part of a new state

called 'Czechoslovakia.' The British government, urged on by world Jewry who had declared war on Germany in 1933,<sup>101</sup> saw a strong Germany as a threat. In order to weaken Germany and to strengthen its own hand in Europe, it formed alliances with Poland and France. It was, in effect, these interfering alliances which brought about the start of the Second World War.

In its relation to what we have called the ethos of the West, National-Socialism, from its very beginnings in Munich in 1919, stands as an embodiment of that ethos. National-Socialism was a resurgence of basically Faustian values over and above the cultural dominance of the Magian, and were it not for the three myths listed above, their impact and consequences, there is no shadow of a doubt that the followers of this particular world-view would today be near the creation of the Western Imperium. Everything about National-Socialism confirms this: its vitality, the Spartan joy of its followers, its attitude to all forms of degeneracy. National-Socialism represented the one serious attempt to come to terms with the process of distortion; it urged a return to Western values, and it is no coincidence that National-Socialist Germany chose as its official sculptor Arno Breker. Breker worked from Nature, and his inspiration was Greek. His 'Dionysis' is perhaps the greatest sculpture since Michelangelo.

Adolf Hitler was, as everyone would agree, a type of Caesar-figure, and his achievement in obtaining power (he was totally unknown as a politician in 1919) through his will-power and charisma is an astonishing achievement, as even his detractors are forced to admit. The modern world has seen nothing like it. Even today, nearly forty years after his death, he continues to exert an enormous attraction. A recent issue of a journal produced by the historian David Irving<sup>102</sup> says a magazine has only to feature a picture of Adolf Hitler on its cover and "the multitudes flock to the kiosks and snap up every copy, whatever the price... because people, with their sound basic ration of common sense, are not satisfied that they have learned all there is to know about him; perhaps they even suspect that the Total Truth has yet to come out. For nigh on forty years the world's writers have been pouring out their amalgam of lies and half truths about the man."

National Socialism, under the numinous leadership of Adolf Hitler, was an attempt to restore within the body of a modern state the values of heroism, individuality<sup>103</sup> and above all the healthy virtues exemplified by the Hellenic civilization. It was the triumph of spirit over intelligence – spirit is expressed by a healthy body and a noble attitude; intelligence resides in clever books and the people who make them their occupation. *This* was why the National Socialists burned undesirable books: they did not need them, just as the Romans before them had no need of the sophistication of Platonic philosophy. The National Socialists enjoyed life, not ideas and books. This whole attitude was foreign to the majority of the peoples of the West, reared as they had been in decadent societies where cleverness was elevated above everything else, where spirit came second to mere intelligence. That this was so was understood by Pauwels and Bergier, two writers and exponents of the magian: "We find it difficult to admit that National Socialist Germany embodied the concept of a civilization bearing no relationship at all to our own. And yet it was just that, and nothing else, that justified this war, one of the very few known to history in which the cause at stake was really vital. It was essential that one of the two opposing visions of man, Heaven and Earth, the humanist or the magical, should triumph. Coexistence was out of the question, although one can well imagine Marxism and Liberalism coexisting, because they are based on the same kind of ideas, and belong to the same Universe."<sup>104</sup> As it was, the Faustian vision was defeated.

In general, therefore, we may conclude that National Socialism\* was an expression of Faustian resurgence and nothing is more indicative of the influence of the Magian ethos, and nothing shows the power of those representatives of this ethos *par excellence*, the Jews, better than the fact that National Socialist Germany perished after only twelve years of existence because of a

war that neither Hitler nor the German people wanted. This war resulted in the enslavement of half of Europe to Communism, destroyed the British Empire, and left the world divided between the materialism of America and the materialism of Soviet Russia. 1945 was a turning point for our civilization; the old values which created the West and which inspired the National Socialist movement began to disappear from the hearts and minds of Europeans. Pride of nation and race, respect for tradition and family, the honour paid to craftsmen – all these and many more became lost under the deluge of crass materialism. All Western values were inverted. Women, who had been a figure of chivalrous respect for many centuries, became objects of artificially created sexual desire; mass pornography began to flood the media. The Germany (and the Europe) that had fought to the music of Beethoven and Wagner was replaced by the Germany pollute by Negro ‘jazz.’ The natural honour of the noble and the strong was replaced with the cowardly terror of the bully; the chivalry, which was the ideal of most of the armies of the West for many centuries (and which remained an ideal *only* for the Germans during the last war<sup>105</sup>), was replaced by victimization, torture, and gutless vengeance. Hence the travesty of the Nuremberg Trials with their wanton disregard of all chivalry in defeat, their torture and their macabre executions.

*\* What is was, not what propaganda has made it appear.*

Nothing provides more evidence for the distortion of the ethos of the West than the fact that National Socialism, Adolf Hitler, and Germany, have been subject to a massive propaganda campaign centering around the lie that National Socialist Germany was responsible for the extermination of some six million Jews. The sickness of some of this propaganda is incredible and says more about those who created it than anything else. This propaganda, some aspects of which we have touched on very briefly, has achieved astounding results, and the sheer fact that it has been believed by the vast majority says something both about the weakness of the West and the power of the propagandists. People have only to think for themselves, or investigate the real facts of history, to see the propaganda for what it is: the brainchild of a minority totally opposed to Faustian values, ideals and goals. This propaganda – particularly that relating to the obnoxious myth of the six million – has hypnotized several generations and all but paralyzed their will to resist the inverted values of Marxism and its brotherhood of degeneracy. This propaganda has made everything anti-Western acceptable: Negro Music (with its most odious offshoot, ‘rock’) is preferred to the Western traditions of folk\* and ‘classical;’ the literature of Dante, Goethe, and the Icelandic *Edda* is replaced by the neuroticism of Kafka and the modern disposable novel whose plot revolves around money and sex and whose characters increasingly resemble either Shakespeare’s Shylock or Eliot’s Hollow Men.

*\* Indeed, even Western folk music has become corrupted. No longer does it preserve folk traditions; instead it is the preserve of a minority dedicated to pacifism, racial degeneracy, and crypto-Marxism.*

This propaganda has allowed the West to become dominated by the psychology of the Magian – the psychology of Freud, Fromm, Klineberg, and Maslow. This psychology, with the help of the myth of the six million and other invented horrors, has defined National Socialism and similar expressions of the Faustian ethos, as ‘perverted.’ People who uphold National Socialist views are, therefore, sick and require ‘treatment.’<sup>106</sup>

According to this view, anti-Jewishness, for instance, is “based more largely upon factors in the subject and in his total situation than upon actual characteristics of the Jew.”<sup>107</sup> This inversion is not only clever in Heidegger’s sense, it also totally inverts reality: the psychological idea of the causes of anti-Jewishness come before any knowledge of Jewish actions or the facts of history. It cleverly does away with everything that might contradict the theory, and has paved the way for

the acceptance, in the West, of the ideas of racial equality. According to this psychology, this present work, and its author, are not concerned with facts: this book is merely the result of the author's psychological aberration; this aberration, according to the same theorists, is the result of some childhood experience... such theories are totally at variance with facts as science understands them: Reality had not been observe via experiment, but has been idealized to accord with some abstract theory.

What could not be achieved through propaganda (for there would always be some who would perceive the truth), could be achieved through terror – by the suppression of National Socialism. Of course, this terror would be in the name of 'humanity' or 'human rights' – these terms would be sufficient to justify anything, as they did during and after the Nuremberg Trials. Many Western states have gone further and made it illegal, a criminal act, to uphold or propagate National Socialist views. The acceptance of the dogma of 'racial equality' (a creation of the Magian doctrines of sociology and social anthropology) has led many states to pass legislation making it illegal to 'incite racial hatred': that is, to criticize the crypto-Marxist policy of racial integration, whose ultimate result can only be the creation of a docile, racially mixed mass who, with their acceptance of all the 'benefits' of racial integration like Negro music and crime, are ready for the totalitarian control of a Communist state.

The West in general has become besotted by the pursuit of material well-being and entertainment and its people so brainwashed by the dogmas of sociology and social anthropology that they, under the guidance of their 'leaders' are allowed to fight for, and in the name of, the decadence of the present and a Magian-induced vision of the future where 'world-order' reigns for the benefit of some abstraction called 'humanity.'

In the name of this vision, and the harmony and peace which allegedly goes with it, most of Europe has surrendered its national sovereignty through the European Economic Community and NATO has accepted the destruction of its people through racial intermixing. National and racial differences are still acceptable – provided they are harmless or contribute somehow to entertainment or that twentieth century disease, 'tourism.'

The people of the West – the descendants of war-loving Vikings, Saxons, Franks, Romans, and Angles – have allowed this to happen. They have allowed National Socialism and similar expression of their own spirit to be denigrated and smeared and made to appear, through propaganda like the six million myth, as 'evil.' They have accepted the liberalism and the socialism which will destroy them and their civilization and they have acquiesced in decadence. They have allowed the Magian ethos to dominate the West and have accepted in place of a vital, noble, healthy, and expanding culture true to its spirit of conquest, the fossils of the past and the degeneracy of the present.\*

*\*Under the present regime of magian ideas, the only alternative to capitalism is socialism and Marxism. Both are decadent according to the ethos of the West.*

To pretend that National Socialism or Adolf Hitler is not important for the West is absurd: National Socialism (or perhaps more correctly, Hitlerism) cannot be ignored and any movement, political or otherwise, which has as its aim the creation of a Faustian Imperium, will never succeed as long as it ignores the importance of this philosophy for the sake of temporary and, finally, illusory gains.

Adolf Hitler is as central to Imperium as Caesar was to the Roman Empire, and while the founders of the Imperium may not call themselves National Socialists or use as their symbol the

swastika flag, they will nevertheless be the heirs of National Socialism. *In this bond lies the key to the creation of Imperium.*

Philosophically, National Socialism represents the revaluation wished for by Nietzsche – a return to Nature (the *physis* of the Greeks) as an unfolding in the sense of the pre-Socratics. Heidegger's philosophy is another expression of this, and it is no coincidence that Heidegger never renounced his National Socialist affiliations, despite the many attempts to coerce him.

Such a returning is a return to the dynamic paganism that pre-dated Christianity (which became, under Christianity, the old Germanic chivalry<sup>108</sup>). But National Socialism is much more than a philosophy, a way of thought: It is a way of life, concerned with practical realities. It recognizes the harmony that exists through a unity of man with nature and which is exemplified in one way with the yeomen or small-holders who earn their living from the land and who are thus attuned to the rhythms of rural life and who are aware of natural change and struggle. National Socialism is founded upon the basic realization that man is part of, and subject to, the laws and processes of nature. He is not above it, although he can, providing he works with these laws, change it to a certain extent. Perhaps the most fundamental example of this, for man, is race: the recognition of not only difference and differing aptitudes between races† but also of individuals in each race. There is in National Socialism a desire to preserve identity, to foster quality over and above quantity, as well as encourage, through individual responsibility, the diversity which alone ensures cultural creativity and thus civilization.

† *Science has demonstrated the reality of racial differences<sup>109</sup> particularly with respect to intelligence and the ability to create higher civilizations. The dogmas of Marxism and sociology, insisting as they do on equality of races, stand violently against this most fundamental truth.*

Through and because of such identity (and the pride which is part of it – a pride which is never 'hate,' as the propaganda of the Marxists and their sociological allies would have us believe) there arises in both society and civilization, a harmony: In music, for instance, as in architecture. There is, in a society founded in these natural values, a beauty of form, but above all a vitality that strives to add to a civilization. Such a society is itself harmonious because it is built upon common identity – that is, race – and common traditions – that is, nation – and not upon a cosmopolitanism which destroys the rootedness in the past so essential for health and vitality and which, through its racial diversity, encourages mediocrity. There exists in such a harmonious society a nobility of life, something impossible in a materialistic society and unrealizable through cosmopolitanism.

Goals are natural goals, not artificial ones created through material desire to sell goods or commodities, as in capitalism, or ones created by an abstract ideology and abstracted social forces, as in Socialism and Communism. The goals of National Socialism are founded on archetypal symbols which have as their origin the aspirations of a race. For the Imperium that is yet to come, the numinous symbol grounded in the aspirations of the West is the conquest of outer space.

If Imperium is to come, then it will come through the use of either military or political force. Imperium has to be created, by struggle, and cannot merely be wished into existence. For Imperium to be created in the West, it will first be necessary to destroy the myths about National Socialism which the propaganda of the Magian had foisted upon us. Until this is done, particularly with respect to the lies of the six million 'exterminated' Jews, Imperium will not be possible.



The first Western state to form a government based on Faustian principles will become the originator of the New Order through the charisma of Vindex. The battle that began in 1933 is not yet over. There cannot be, nor will there be, any compromise between the two forces: the Western, represented most recently by National Socialism, and the Magian, represented by the Jews. There is either Imperium, or the triumph of the Magian soul.

The Destiny of the West allow no middle-way; anyone who does not fight to create the new Order is, by his inaction, and agent for the destruction of the West.

#### APPENDIX I

The model for a higher civilization (see Appendix II) shows that a Time of Troubles lasts approximately 390 years. Toynbee gives the end of the Indic Time of Troubles as 322 BC (the beginning of the reign of Chandragupta Maurya, King of the Magadha); adding 390 to this date gives 722 BC for the beginning of the Indic Time of Troubles.

The error in this predicted date is approximately 20 years. That is, the actual date, computed from the model, lies between 700 BC and 740 BC. These dates are sufficiently precise for them to be used as a prediction which may be verified.

Verification of the date would serve as a verification of the model itself.

#### APPENDIX II

A 'higher civilization' has been defined (pp. 4,5) as a civilization, where civilization is defined according to Toynbee's definition, which produces a distinct philosophy, results primarily from a physical challenge, and which possess the identification marks of a distinctive Art.

These higher civilizations undergo the same metamorphosis as all civilizations, that is, a Time of Troubles, a schism in the body-social, and a Universal State. However, it is to be expected that higher civilizations possess unique features by the fact of their being different from other civilizations; these difference, apart from those used to classify them as 'higher,' should be discernible through an analysis of Toynbee's results. Once these differences are found, a definite model for a higher civilization can be constructed. This model can then be used to predict the future of the Western Civilization.

#### An Analysis for the Length of the Time of Troubles

For the higher civilizations listed in Table II (excluding the Western) shows a variation from 372 years for the Egyptiac to 410 years for the Sinic. This is a remarkable agreement, considering the diverse nature of the civilizations: the length of the Time of Troubles

For all these civilizations differs at most by forty years. However, an analysis of the same figures for other, not higher, civilizations shows the same astounding agreement. For instance, the civilization Toynbee called Hindu had a Time of Troubles from 1175 AD to 1572 AD, a length of 397 years. This shows that *all* civilizations have a Time of Troubles which lasts c. 398 years.

If one considers, however, the duration of the Universal State, a different pattern emerges. For the higher civilizations,\* the length varies between 409 years (for the Hellenic) to 348 (for the Japanese), for other civilizations the length varies from 17 years (Western medieval) to 403 (Orthodox Christian), with others at 135 years (Hindu) and 71 years (Far Eastern). Clearly, the

only uniformity here is with the higher civilizations – the Universal State lasts approximately 390 years. The only problem lies with the Indic.

According to Toynbee, the Indic Empire lasted from 322 BC to 185 BC, a period of 137 years. This is well outside the average for the other higher civilizations of 390 years. However, a detailed study of the Indic civilization (contained in Vol. II of *The Logic of History*) shows that the real end was in 40 AD when Kadphises I, the founder of the Kushan dynasty, destroyed what remained of the Indus principalities. After the resign of Asoka, the Buddhist king (264-227 BC), Asokan power dwindled and was finally ended when Brihadratha was assassinated by Pushyamitra Sunga in 184 BC. The Sunga dynasty lasted until it was succeeded by the Kanva dynasty which itself lasted until 27 BC. There is thus a link between 322 BC and 40 AD, and for this reason the author takes 40 AD as the end of the Universal State.

Thus we may conclude that, for a higher civilization, the Universal State lasts approximately 390 years. Hence we may conclude that a higher civilization takes about 800 years from its origin\* until the start of a Time of Troubles that lasts approximately 398 years until a Universal State is created. This State lasts approximately 390 years, give or take 30 years.

The Time of Troubles itself may be divided into several stages, as Toynbee showed: the Prelude is followed by a General War, a Breathing Space, Supplementary Wars and finally, a General Peace in, for instance, the fourth cycle that is the last cycle of wars that make up a Time of Troubles.

The simple model we have constructed shows that, if the origin of the Western civilization is taken as around 700 AD (really 732 AD – the defeat of the Moors at Poitiers by Charles Martel), then the Time of Troubles should start c. 1530 and last until c. 1930. However, Toynbee gives the actual start of the Western Time of Troubles as 1568 AD. This gives an approximate end at 1966, and if one completes Toynbee's cycles of War during a Time of Troubles, one has, for the West:

1<sup>st</sup> cycle: 1568-1672

2<sup>nd</sup> cycle: 1672-1792

3<sup>rd</sup> cycle: 1792-1914

The 4<sup>th</sup> cycle runs:

Prelude: 1911-1912

General Wars: 1914-1945

Breathing Space: 1945-1963

Supplementary Wars: 1963-2011

Thus according to this more detailed analysis, the Imperium of the West should be c. 2011 AD. The upper limit of the date obtained by adding 398 to the beginning of the Time of Troubles is approximately 1990. we may therefore confidently predict *that the Imperium of the West will begin between 1990 and 2011.*

\*Extracted from a study of the origins given by Toynbee and others.

\*Excluding the Indic

### APPENDIX III

Because of the intensity of post-war propoganda regarding National Socialism, the author considered it wise to include a few more examples of the treatment of the defeated National

Socialists after the war, in order not only to show the farce of Allied 'justice' but also the kind of terror that existed in Germany at the time. This terror perhaps more than anything contributed to the many 'confessions' obtained during 'War Crimes Trials.'

Concerning War Crimes Trials, the following example is typical: at the Belsen Trial, one witness was shown a photograph of a man. This witness was prepared to swear under oath that the man in the photograph had been a guard at Belsen who repeatedly beat him. This witness was not, however, put into the witness box because the photograph was of Field-Marshal Montgomery.[1] At the same trial, witnesses were allowed to watch the proceedings from the upper gallery before they gave evidence.[2] This, of course, meant they could easily corroborate what previous witnesses had said.

Translation proved a significant barrier for the defense. Quite often, the translation of evidence and witness statements heard by the defendants and their lawyers did not make sense, as happened many times, for instance during the Belsen Trial. Josef Kramer, the last Commandant at Belsen, was, for example, taken to task by the court for failing to answer the question, "What was the purpose of the concrete tanks?" The translation Kramer was listening to was, "Was der Zweck der konkreten Bassins?" , which roughly means 'What was the purpose of the non-abstract pools?' It is hardly surprising he could not reply!

As to treatment received by the captured Germans, the experience of Ernst von Salomon is typical. Von Salomon, it should be noted, was not even a National Socialist. He was arrested by the American and put into a camp near Natternburg, north of Munich. Each new entrant to the camp was forced to line up against the wire, and one by one they were taken into a room where the military police beat up the men and raped the women while soldiers peered in through windows. The soldiers were laughing, and urging on the others. Von Salomon had his teeth knocked out, and he was covered with blood from the beating. During all this, an American officer sat in the room idly chewing gum.[3]

In the American zone near Marburg, a favourite sport of the soldiers was hooking the ankles of girls with the handle of a cane as they passed by in jeeps. If a man was caught by this method, he was beaten up; women were often raped, and in two instances were permanently blinded. One woman who jumped out of a window to avoid soldiers suffered a broken back.[4]

Perhaps the greatest suffering occurred when eleven million Germans were forcibly expelled from the eastern part of their country. *It is estimated that over six million of them died*[5] and the atrocities against them were terrible. Those expelled from East Prussia and Upper Silesia were herded into cattle trucks and shunted around for weeks. Trains were repeatedly raided by gangs of armed Poles who stole everything, including the clothes worn by the Germans, raped the women, and beat up and killed anyone they chose. Often, when they could not get into the trucks by orthodox means, they climbed onto the wagons and made holes in the roofs.[6] Hundreds of thousands starved to death. Many of those who reached the Western zones died there: in Berlin, 60,000 died between May and July 1945.

In the Russian zone of occupation, hundreds of thousands of Germans simply vanished, and after October 1946 the Russians conceived of a plan, code-named Operation Osovakim, to abduct any Germans they considered necessary. Quite a number of these abductions were from the Western sector of Berlin. Among those abducted in this operation were Professor Wilhelm Zeiss, a rocket expert, and Dr. Sigmund, a radio expert. Estimates put the number of technicians abducted at eight thousand. Most of these were taken to the Soviet Union.[7]

1. Mann, Anthony: Comback-Germany, 1945-52 (Macmillan, 1980) p.40
2. Op. cit., p.40
3. Ernst Von Saloman: Der Fragebogen (Rowohilt Verlag, Hamburg, 1951)
4. Marburg: The German Community under American Occupation (Stanford University Press, 1961 - pp. 69-70
5. Herman, S.: The Rebirth of the German Church (SCM Press, 1946) p. 202
6. Herman, S.:op.cit. See also Leonard, W.: The Child of the Revolution (Collins, 1956).
7. Mann, A.: op.cit.pp. 98-102

**TABLE I**

(after Toynbee[2])

CIVILIZATION	RELATIONS	CHALLENGE	TIME OF TROUBLES	UNIVERSAL STATE
Egyptiac	Unrelated	Physical	2424-2052 BC	2052-1660 BC
Sumeric	Unrelated	Physical	2677-2298 BC	2298-1905 BC
Hellenic	Loosely Affiliated	Physical	431-31 BC	31 BC – 378 AD
Indic	Unrelated	Physical	? – 322 BC	322-185 BC
Japanese	Offshoot of Far Eastern	Physical	1185-1597 AD	1597-1945 AD
Sinic	Unrelated	Physical	634-221 BC	221 BC-172 AD
Western	Affiliated to Hellenic	Physical	1568-1196 AD*	1196-2390 AD†

\* Estimated from model (See Appendix II). The date 1568 AD is given by Toynbee.

† Estimated from model (See Appendix II).

**TABLE II**

CIVILIZATION	PHILOSOPHY	CHALLENGE
Egyptiac	Atonism (Ikhnaton)	Dessication
Sumeric	Vedas*	Dessication
Hellenic	Pre-Socratics; Platonism	Barren land, the sea
Indic	Mahayana Buddhism	Tropical forest
Japanese	Zen, Bushido	New ground
Sinic	Taoism	Marshes, floods
Western	Science	New ground

\*Volume I of *The Logic of History* (unpublished) deals in detail with the Sumeric civilization and its relation to the Indic. In it is shown the relation of the Sumerians and their language to the Aryan founders of the Indic civilization. It is hoped that some of the research may be published soon.

## REFERENCES

1. Toynbee, A: *Study of History* (12 Volumes, Oxford University Press, 1933-61)
2. See Table V, p.960 of abridged edition (O.U.P. 1960) cf. Vol. XII, pp. 345 ff.
3. Vol, XII, p.278
4. Baker, J. R.: *Race* (O.U.P., 1974) p.506 ff.
5. Collingwood, R.: *The Idea of History* (1946)
6. Harre, R.: *Matter and Method* (Macmillan, 1964); *The Anticipation of Nature* (Hutchison, 1965)
7. Thapar, Ramilia: *A History of the India*, Vol. I (1966)
8. Spengler, Oswald: *Decline of the West* (Vol. I, Alfred Knopf, 1926; Vol. II, 1928)
9. Clark, K.: *Civilization* (Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, 1982) pp. 17ff.
10. Tam, W. W.: *Hellenic Civilization* (E. Arnold, 1952)
11. *Sun and Steel* (Grove Press, New York, 1970)
12. Watts, Alan W.: *The Way of Zen* (Penguin Books, 1962). See also *The Middle Way* (Journal of the Buddhist Society, London) Vol. 53, No. 2 (1978) pp. 54-57.
13. Heidegger, M.: *An Introduction to Metaphysics* (Yale University Press, 1959) p.117
14. Vol. II, pp. 431-32
15. *The Anti-Christ* (Penguin Classics, 1968) p. 183
16. *What is Metaphysics?* (Yale University Press, 1959) p.45
17. See Jung, C. G.: *Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious* (Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1968) pp. 28, 39, 48 ff
18. *Origin of the Work of Art in Basic Writings* (Kegan Paul, 1978)
19. Grout D. J.: *A History of Western Music* (Dent, 1973) p 709
20. Magee, B.: *Men of Ideas* (BBC Publications, 1978) p 62
21. Bottomore and Nisbit: *History of Sociological Analysis* (Heinemann, 1978) pp 22-23
22. Badcock, C. R.: *Levi-Strauss* (Hutchinson, 1975) p 19
23. Lyons, J.: *Chomsky* (Fontana, 1970) p 9
24. For example, see Cauter, D.: *Fanon* (Fontana, 1970)
25. Spengler, O.: Vol II, pp 204-7, 315, 317
26. *The Babylonian Talmud* (Soncino Press, London)
27. Rabbi L. Blue: *To Heaven with Scribes and Pharisees* (Darton, Longman & Todd, in association with the Reform Synagogues of Great Britain, 1975) pp 22-23
28. Harrap, 1976
29. Roszak, T.: *The Making of a Counter-Culture* (Faber, 1970)
30. Spengler, O.: Vol II, p 435
31. Toynbee, Vol III
32. *The Outsider* (Pan Books, 1967); *Religion and the Rebel* (Gollancz, 1957)
33. *The Outsider*, p 265
34. *Introduction to Metaphysics*, p 47
35. Issue of April 29<sup>th</sup> 1983
36. Op. cit., p 93
37. *The Anti-Christ*, p 157. I have slightly revised the translation
38. Op. cit., p 134 (slightly revised)
39. Op. cit., p 179
40. *Civilization* (BBC & John Murray, 1970) pp 84-85
41. *Times* (London), 22<sup>nd</sup> June 1983
42. *Warning to the Western World* (Bodley Head, 1976) p43

43. Reitlinger. G.: *The Final Solution* (Valentine, Mitchell & Co.,1953; revised edition 1968)
44. IMT, 42 vols. 1947-49, Nuremberg
45. Report of the International Committee of the Red Cross, Geneva, 1948, 3 vols
46. Moulton F.R. (editor): *Rickettsial Diseases of Man* (American Association for the Advancement of Science, Washington,1948) pp 16-27
47. Letter in *Our Sunday Visitor* (USA) 15<sup>th</sup> of June 1959
48. See Dachau Trial in NMT, 15 vols., Washington D.C.,1950
49. First published 1961
50. Reitlinger (43)
51. Hilberg, R.: *Documents of Destruction* (W.H. Allen, 1972) p 219
52. Op. cit., p 160
53. Op. cit., p160
54. op. cit., p 160
55. See, for example, Muller, F.: *Eyewitness Auschwitz* (Stein & Day, USA)
56. Hilberg (51) p 219, for instance
57. *Waldeckische Landeszeitung*, 13<sup>th</sup> October 1952
58. Maser, W.: *Nuremberg* (Allen Lane, 1979) pp 97-98
59. Maser, op. cit., p 100
60. Report of Simpson and Roden to the Secretary of the US Army, October 1948. See also newspaper accounts during the war and after January 1949; for example, *New York Times*, 7<sup>th</sup> Jan. and 30<sup>th</sup> July 1949
61. *Times* (London) 5<sup>th</sup> March 1949; *New York Times*, 30<sup>th</sup> April 1949. See also Utley, F.: *The High Cost of Vengeance* (Regnery, Chicago, 1949)
62. Burg J. G.: *NS-Verbrechen: Prozesse des schlechten Gewissens* (Verlag G. Fisher, 1968) p122
63. *Sunday Times* (London) 13<sup>th</sup> February 1983
64. *Daily Telegraph* (London) 7<sup>th</sup> March 1983
65. Maser,op.cit
66. Harwood, R.: *Nuremberg and Other War Crimes Trials* (Historical Review Press, England, 1978), See also (60).
67. Maser, op. cit., p 273
68. Maser, op. cit., p 98
69. *Chicago Tribune*, 23<sup>rd</sup> February 1948. Also issues for 24<sup>th</sup>, 25<sup>th</sup>, 26<sup>th</sup> and 27<sup>th</sup> February, as well as *New York Times*, 23<sup>rd</sup> February
70. Maser, op. cit., p 255
71. Maser, op. cit., pp 51-52
72. Butz, A. R.: *Hoax of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century* (Historical Review Press, 1976) p 101 ff
73. *Journal of Historical Review* (Torrance, California) Vol 1, no 2 (Summer 1980) pp 169-172
74. Vrba, R.: (with Bestic, A.) *I Cannot Forgive* (Grove Press, New York, 1964) p 233
75. Craven & Gate: *The Army Air Forces in World War II* (University of Chicago, 1951, 3 vols.)
76. Rassinier, P.: *Le drame des juifs europeens* (Paris, Les Sept Couleurs, 1964). English translation published in *Debunking the Genocide Myth* (Noontide Press, Los Angeles, 1978)
77. *Le Mensonge d'Ulysee* (Paris, La Librairie Francaise, 1961)
78. Thion, Serge & Faurisson, R.: *Verité historique ou verité politique?* (Paris, La Vielle Taupe, 1980)
79. Butz, A. R.:, op. cit.
80. Staeglich, W.: *Der Auschwitz Mythos* (Grabert Verlag, Tuebingen, West Germany, 1978)

81. Christophersen, T.: *Die Auschwitz Luege* (Kritik Verlag, Mohrkirch, West Germany, 1978)
82. Rothe, W. D.: *Die Endloesung der Judenfrage* (Bierbaum Verlag, Frankfurt, 1974) Vol I
83. *Journal of Historical Review*, Vol 1, no 1 (Spring 1980) pp 69-80
84. Butz, A. R.: op. cit., p 193f
85. *Journal of Historical Review*, Vol 1, no 1 (Spring 1980) pp 23-30
86. Buchner Dr. R. K.: 'The Problem of Cremator Hours and Incineration Time', *Journal of Historical Review*, vol 2, no 3 (Fall 1981) pp 219-248
87. *Le Monde*, 19-20 March 1978 and 23<sup>rd</sup> March 1978
88. *National-Zeitung*, 16<sup>th</sup> February 1979
89. *Jewish Chronicle* (London) 21<sup>st</sup> May 1982
90. *Sunday Times* (London) 5<sup>th</sup> July 1981
91. Bayrisches Staatsarchiv, Bamberg, K3/1967/4861
92. NSDAP Hauptarchiv (Institute of Contemporary History, London) HA 9/188. Copy of 'Deutsches Sommerfest', 7<sup>th</sup> July 1928 containing an order from Fritz Reinhardt.
93. Orlow, D.: *History of the Nazi Party* (David & Charles, vol I 1971; vol II 1973)
94. Maser, W.: *Die Fruebggeschichte der NSDAP* (Munich, 1965)
95. Orlow, D.: op. cit
96. Diwald, H.: *Geschichte der Deutschen* (1<sup>st</sup> edition: Verlag Ullstein GmbH, 1978)
97. Irving, D.: *War Path* (Michael Joseph, 1978)
98. *The Barnes Trilogy* (Institute of Historical Review, Torrance, California, 1979)
99. See David Irving's magazine *Focal Point*; November 23<sup>rd</sup> 1981 re the 42 Tyler Kent case.
100. Stone, N.: *Hitler* (Hodder & Stoughton, 1979) See , for example, reports in newspapers, like the *Times*, (London) for early February 1933; the *Jewish Chronicle* for the same period (and March 1933) for an account of the NSDAP response.
101. *Focal Point*, 31<sup>st</sup> May 1983, p 2
102. Hitler, Adolf: *Mein Kampf* (Hurst & Blacket, 1939) p 371f
103. *Dawn of Magic* (Anthony Gibbs & Phillips, 1963) p 179
104. Degrelle, Leon.: 'The Waffen SS', *Journal of Historical Review*, vol 3, no 4 (Winter 1982)
105. Adorno, T. W., Fenkel-Brunswick, Levinson, et al: *The Authoritarian Personality* (Harper & Brothers, 1950) This book was sponsored by the American Jewish Committee. Another classic (also sponsored by the American Jewish Committee) is *Anti-Semitism and Emotional Disorder* by Nathan Ackerman and Marie Jahoda (Harper & Brothers, 1950)
106. Adorno, T. W.: op. cit., p 2
107. Spengler, Oswald: op. cit., vol II, p 277; vol. I p 399f
108. Baker, J. R.: *Race* (Oxford University Press, 1974)

---

## ONA APPENDIX

---

*“The following MS posted on the Nine Angles Wordpress is appended to Liber Dabih with the kind permission of DL9 of ONA.”*

---

### Myatt, The ONA, and Mysticism

10: 08

#### Introduction

The following item by me is really just cobbled together from some e-mail correspondence I've had with several people, recently, about David Myatt, his poetry, and his Numinous Way, and if, and how, this stuff is related to the ONA and “Anton Long's” sinister aims. I've naturally amended my original e-mail text in places, added some bits, and turned some of the quoted e-mail text, of others, into questions.

In the interests of fairness, I must point out that it is my belief that Anton Long is a pseudonym of Myatt's. Therefore, I have used this belief of mine - this assumption - in order to arrive at certain conclusions regarding Myatt's life and works.

For his part, Myatt publicly affirms his continuing commitment to Islam; still continues, publicly and privately and consistently, to deny being Anton Long; denies any involvement with the ONA, and denies authorship of the few new, dated and undated, articles, about The Numinous Way, which have appeared on the internet in the past two or three years and which, sometimes, have been attributed to him or have had his name added to them.

---

#### Myatt, Anton Long, The ONA, and The Mysticism of The Numinous Way

*Q: Reading Myatt's latest material about The Numinous Way, his poetry and “private letters”, it appears he's left behind both Islam and - if it's accepted he's “Anton Long” - the ONA itself.*

Perhaps it would be better to say: material attributed to him. But, that said, my personal view - and that of some other people I know, who are mostly associated with the Order of Nine Angles - is that he's neither *publicly* left behind his role as a radical Islamist, inciting Jihad, nor left behind the ONA, or maybe I should say, my assumption is that he's not personally abandoned, nor personally gone beyond, the ONA.

Certainly, there appeared, for a short while and in public, updated versions of Part 3 of his *Autobiographical Notes*, attributed to him, as well as updated material by Julie Wright, which did appear to confirm that he's finally abandoned Islam, and returned to his own Numinous Way philosophy. But these were all soon removed, to be replaced with the “older” versions which affirmed his continuing commitment to Islam. This indicates, to me, that he wants to maintain - in



public at least - his image as a radical Muslim, and leaves open the question as to whether or not he personally has abandoned belief in Islam, assuming, that is, he ever did have any real, personal, belief in Islam, and wasn't just using it for some sinister purpose as many people, myself included, believed and believe.

There is also the fact that Myatt has continued to write Islamist articles - at least five dated this year, including *The Aims of Al-Qaeda* (dated only a few months ago) and *Honour is From Allah Alone* (dated just last month). He has also contributed, in the past six months, to several topics on the English *IslamicAwakening* internet forum. All his Islamist websites are still currently on-line as well, containing as they do his "conversion" writings, such as *From Neo-Nazi to Muslim*.

In addition, the new material, distributed by the ONA in the past three years, and attributed to Anton Long, would certainly seem to indicate that he hasn't abandoned the ONA either. This new material includes an interview with AL (*Toward The Dark Formless Acausal*) dated 119 Year of Feyen, several new Occult short stories, and may new ONA MSS, such as *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*, and *The Five-Dimensional Magick of the Seventh Way*. In fact, I think it's true to say that more new ONA material has been circulated in the past three years than in the previous five years, with a lot of this new material being very recent, dating from this year (this is especially true of the Occult stories, such as *Herewith, The Darkness*).

All of which leaves us with "the usual questions" - such as what Myatt's own, personal, goals and beliefs are; and how is it that someone can have so many *public personae* and produce so many varied, and apparently contradictory, works. For do not his Islamic writings and his public Muslim persona contradict the writings on The Numinous by, or attributed to, him? Does the ONA not contradict both Islam and this Numinous Way which he's developed?

Or is there just a simple answer, which is easy to find if we accept that his ulterior motives, his aims, have never changed over the past four decades of what has been called his Promethean quest, and that everything he has done and is doing, every *persona* we associate with him, from fanatical nazi, to radical Islamist, to Nature loving mystic, to satanic Grand Master, is somehow connected - maybe in ways we might not understand nor appreciate - with those motives and aims?

This is the answer that I, and quite a few other people interested in Myatt and all his works, accept. It seems obvious, then, that his ulterior motives, and his aims, are sinister ones, connected with the ONA, and are to disrupt, in any way he can, what he calls "the Magian New World Order"; to produce and provoke and inspire change in people, and in society; with this disruption and this change being preludes to, and the foundation of, his vision of Homo Galactica and of a Dark Imperium whose basis is a new breed of warrior like individuals whose way of life is founded on personal honor.

It's interesting - and important - that one of newer ONA MSS, written by Anton Long and dated this year, is a short incisive essay entitled, simply, *Dark Imperium*, which I will quote here, in full, as it kind of "gives the game away".

***"One of the exoteric - practical and outward - aims of The Order of Nine Angles is to aid the creation of a Dark Imperium. This Dark Imperium is and will be a manifestation, a practical implementation, of The Sinister, of The Sinister Dialectic, where Sinister Adepts (and, of course, Sinister Masters and Lady Masters) guide, control and manipulate - on a large scale -***

*ordinary (non-Initiated) mortals, and thus effect sinister changes in a particular society, or in many societies.*

*It is one of the aims of the person named by sinister esoteric tradition as Vindex to create the foundations for this Dark Imperium, and, in practical terms, the Dark Imperium will be a large, organized - most probably militaristic - society whose ideals are those of excellence and of the noble honourable warrior and warrioress, and whose ethos will be essentially pagan. In addition, this Dark Imperium will function on the basis of the warrior leadership-principle and not upon any form of democracy, just as - and importantly - the basis for the law, for the justice, of the new societies of this Imperium will be personal honour (the law of the warrior), and not the abstract, dis-honourable, law that has come to dominate all Western societies, to the detriment of our evolution as a species.*

*Given this distinctive practical nature of the Dark Imperium, it will thus be ideologically, violently, and of necessity, opposed to the current materialistic, “politically-correct”, democratic, plebeian, status quo, in the West, and elsewhere, and - once established - one of the first practical aims of this new Imperium will be to extend, if necessary by force of arms and conquest, its Law of the Warrior to other societies, creating in time a new world-wide Empire. It is this new world Empire which will efficiently begin the practical colonization of Space, first in our own Solar System, and then among the stars. It will do this practical exploration and colonization of Space both as duty and as a necessity, since such practical exploration and colonization is an integral part of its fundamental, irrevocable, pagan and warrior ethos.*

*Furthermore, such a Dark Imperium will, outwardly, not be directly associated with “the Satanic” or with “Satanists”, although, under the guidance, the leadership, of Vindex and his (or her) successors, this warrior society will be aiding the Sinister Dialectic and thus achieving long-term Sinister, Satanic, goals.*

*Of course, Sinister Adepts - and some sagacious non-Initiates - will understand that such a Dark Imperium is itself only a stage; only one part of an Aeon process; and that, as such, it does not represent the essence, nor the ultimate aims, of the ONA itself, although it is only to be expected that the majority among the plebeius will fail to appreciate the difference.*

*In essence, the Dark Imperium is a stage toward the emergence of - a means to create - that new human species which Sinister Adepts have named, variously, as Homo Sol, Homo Galactica and Homo Galacticus: the Promethean species whose homes, whose dwellings, whose life, will be among the star-systems of our Galaxy, and then among the star-systems of other Galaxies in the causal Cosmos.”*

Of course Myatt - in his Muslim persona and when asked - publicly affirms his continuing commitment to Islam; still continues, publicly and privately and consistently, to deny being Anton Long; denies any involvement with the ONA, and denies authorship of the few new, dated and undated, articles, about The Numinous Way, which have appeared on the internet in the past two or three years and which, sometimes, have been attributed to him or have had his name added to them.

*Is Myatt still imbued with the task of [ONA] Master?*

I think it's obvious (to perceptive individuals outside the ONA) that he's still leading this "Dark Order" - given his recent works as "Anton Long"; the new stories, for instance; the newer esoteric MSS in the past two years (of which there are dozens) - and it's naturally well known among those individuals who are "of the ONA". In fact, I think he's probably done more stuff (including written material) for the ONA these past two years than he has in his role as Islamist Jihadist, and in his self created role of "Nature mystic", evident in his recent letters, poems and Numinous Way stuff.

Which I suppose leads us on to the value, and purpose, in esoteric terms, of this "mystical" stuff - his Jihadist stuff obviously being useful in achieving some sinister goals.

My assumption, my personal view, and that of several other people I know, is that he crafted his Numinous Way for a specific very long term purpose, which is of providing a complete pagan "way" to enable some people to live beyond and independent of the current "System" (the New World Order and the like with its Magian values). That is, to create new communities and from them, over causal time, new dynamic and warrior tribes, for the ethic of personal honor, and the law of honor, are the ethical foundations of this new "way" of his. His development of this Way was - somewhat fortuitously - helped by his own recent personal experiences, of bereavement and the like, and this enabled him to create another persona for himself, or perhaps more accurately to more fully develop another aspect of himself (which was already there and evident in his poetry), which *persona* - that of a Nature loving mystic - some individuals can identify with and which then changes, inspires, them and leads them to do stuff and maybe develop this pagan way further and into new directions.

Thus, it seems obvious that he's never - despite outward appearances - changed his inner goals or his "loyalty" to his own sinister path. He's just somehow managed to synthesize the array of his amazingly diverse experiences in an alchemical way (that is, in a magickal way) to aid those goals and that path, although naturally most people don't see this, and certainly wouldn't understand it even if they did see it.

So, I think this new mystical stuff is part of the "overall package" - of setting certain things in motion, if you like, which are or which will become useful to "us" (even though it "appears" to be of "light" and not of "the dark") and which will certainly aid the creation of a New Aeon as well as aid the fight against the Old, Magian, Order.

DarkLogos9  
October 119yf

---

## +O+ APPENDIX

---

### BEYOND THE ADEPT: A CONTEMPLATION OF DWM

*This MSS is an extract from a letter written by the ONA and sent to an Internal Adept entitled "Beyond the Adept" – it was posted on Camlad in 2008. What follows is a reply to this letter by one of THEM – entitled, "Beyond the Adept – A Contemplation of David. W. Myatt." A Reply was issued from DL9 of the ONA – which reply has also been reproduced here with kind permission.*

**(Comments by Anon. from THEM in dark blue and marked with +o+)**

#### BEYOND THE ADEPT

Several issues need to be addressed, such as is the ONA as exists at present, relevant to you, and indeed, relevant of itself, and also what is the meaning of Adeptship and beyond in supra-personal terms.

Let us consider whether there is - and must be - a supra-personal dimension to Adeptship and beyond, and if so, what is the nature of this in practical terms. That is, is it part of being an Adept - and especially of the grades beyond - to strive to change the world in some way?

+O+ The synthesis at which one arrives from Living is always going to be the dictatorial factor representative of a (I hesitate to use, "their"\*) particular and unique means of perception; an inevitable eventuation of an equation of math and geometry / psyche and physis that distills the contents of the collective numinous pool belonging to certain of our species, the Acausal proper, (presenced every so often in the practical genius in one of the three modes of Time that overtake a man or woman - or speaking asexually, the human nexion) whose singular distillation of the components involved in all presently understood equations, and the nature of whose acausal charge eclipses the initial Question ('or challenge posed' to use another terminology) and lays the foundation for the bridge that can span the 'gap' between one consciousness and the yet undreamed of other. What is certain is this: the World, will Change with or without the agency (pretended or genuine) of adeptic involvement. I think that this aspect of Adeptship is the skill and confidence to know when, where and how change is perceived to occur during one's Time, and the predicted outcome of that action without interference of a conscious and directed kind. This, being the age of Kali Yuga, should not be the time for fear of experimentation with Change: we have three hundred years to get it wrong/right and refine those methods that seem to be coming to the fore of human consciousness at this time of initial 'Fayen'.

\*When one becomes an Adept – and I believe the exhibition of this quality changes in accordance with the changing face of humanity and its aspirations manifest and yet unmanifest; the clear demarcation between 'Individual' and 'Collective' becomes irrevocably blurred. In pursuing

Insight/Ingress Roles for instance, one can learn to ‘jump’ from one consciousness to another, that is, to attain such amazing empathy/sympathy with one’s own state of Being that one can literally see from the eyes and minds of others – and, influence them toward the similar state indicative of Adeptship (in various degrees at various speeds pending the nexion and Adept) of co-operation with the numinous sketch defined by the Master(s). Thus one’s “pressures” upon the world are metaphorically mirrored in the Abstract ‘Science’ of the Star Game – where one thing may be many, many may be one – co-existing contradictions chasing each other’s harmony. In this way, DM has transferred his consciousness, his qualities, his ambitions, his mentality and his laws of the Master (that is to say his numinous sketch – or weltanschauung) to adepts world-wide; a splintering of his consciousness into many, indeed thousands, of living breathing nexions – many still seeds, unaware of their paradoxical symbiosis with one another or the source of this consciousness, most still mired in the frames of reference of their Time, under the influence of illusion and convenience – yet deeply stirred to approach the world with the same blinding Love (and Detachment) as DM. The supra-personal, like all temporal living forces expressed as abstracts of the Sinister Way, by virtue of its very existence, presence and deliberation here and now, is no coincidence – it is no anomaly – rather it is part of the numinous sketch, a consequence of distillation and prior action and non-action to which this Time and its people are tied to particular temporal symbolism and particular challenge. When this question has been satisfactorily solved or its next phase of development (i.e. a better phrased question or subsequent evolution of its abstract) by the majority of human beings with which its presence is occurring and causing some consternation: then there is no doubt that what constitutes an Adept will change, as may the necessity for Adepts to interfere or for them to maintain the illusion of their interference pending the outcome of the strength of the next numinous sketch.

If for instance, the ONA achieved their galactic ambitions, realized 300 years from now by a consciousness vastly superior to our own who had mastered abstract thinking to such a degree that such things as the idea of constancy of reality upheld in magic for instance (whereupon it is one belief that magic works only if all participants believe in its aim and are focused without doubt) could be dropped (i.e. that pessimistic perception of reality discarded) due to abstract perception and an immoral i.e. empathic non-dual bound perceptual means of heurisy could allow new sciences for energy, travel, technology etc and that galactic species formed the collective part of the remaining human race who saw beyond the causal entrapments we uphold... then what might the role of an Adept be? As consciousness changes, so does the Adept.

This is one reason why some people I have encountered are confused angered or destroyed when the form they have built or spent a lot of time aiding is suddenly torn down or altered – because they lack the perception of abstract reasoning essential to understanding the temporal necessity of a form esp. in relation to a creature like the Order of Nine Angles. One great example, though which will probably be raise an eyebrow or two, is that by Marilyn Manson – whose own antics clued me in early as to the methodology of metamorphism and the ONA. Manson built a huge following as a gothic rockstar focused on Satanism, American Degeneracy, Destruction of the Simple in Ethics, and so on – using Charles Manson, Willy Wonka, Adolf Hitler, Marilyn Monroe and all sorts of dark/light symbiote opposites (hence his name) which held many in psychic thrall which he then - right at the top of his fame - completely abandoned to present his new album and new image of space-glam via Mechanical Animals. His fans were subsequently divided – a great many abandoning (just as he predicted/forced) Manson until he later returned many years later to his gothic roots. I think Manson’s genius lent much to my understanding of the ONA’s own underlying formations – though I expect some will see this comparison with distaste – wrongly. This conscious decision by Manson to deliberately abandon one form and show his audience up for the sycophants they were is not unlike the ONA abandoning the older Naos/BBOS/NS/Islaam etc. in favour of a space-race focus of Dark Gods, Galactica and Feyen.

It might also be helpful to suggest that the more one leans toward calling these exhibitions and expressions of the Order or defines the acts of DM as ‘inhuman’ ‘numinous’ ‘shapeshiftic’ ‘trickster’ – thus transfiguring the actual human emission of these forces into something altogether ‘other-wordly’ ‘Dark Godish’, ‘Alien’, but at any rate, less than human – is potentially due to the fact that Abstract Reasoning is not yet developed or attained by many – and thus the strangeness of this perception must take on a monstrous or somehow unearthly distorted form in order to begin getting across the rudiments of what will someday be understood through actual Abstract Perception. One finds that Myatt’s actions and effects tend not to be viewed as stemming from a simple human being – but a genius at best, a dark god at least. +O+

Or is there just a personal dimension to an Adept - that their goal is their goal and the world, and people, and the Cosmos, are basically irrelevant? Indeed, we might also ask are such "Grades" important anyway?

+O+ What is important here is two-fold – firstly the spirit of contemplation and abstract assessment of those questions and forms that still do and probably will for a long time affect and have an effect of the human race and its Time and Ethos – that is, to involve oneself in the world as an empathic agent, concerned with mirroring all and every detail of Form which finds importance in the realm of the objective creatitude that humanity inhabits. Secondly – and this is where my own gnosis has been the most frustrating in trying to convey something that can only be understood from a perception that can view multiple realities all simultaneously co-existent truths, that it is not THE questions whatever their grand answers may be that are important to ask – but rather that underlying forceful assessment and re-assessment of things that DM/ONA exhibit, that exploration, and continual updating of what is beyond, beneath, beholden, Is important. As I have intimated above, the Adept, can live, that is move their consciousness about, but can no longer spiritually (i.e. with any genuine certainty) specify a separation point between individual/collective, personal/Aeonic spheres/forces/realms. This diffusement of physical embodiment from the personal shell, this de-centralization of the human geometry into the very fabric of causal time and space (life-centred geometry or co-nexion with the Acausal), through all and some other consciousnesses succeeds, in destroying the simplification of one’s Seat of consciousness – and is one step toward attaining the Diamond Body – which, I am inclined to believe DM has done. +O+

Personally, I do believe such Grades are necessary, still - and thus relevant. There may - indeed, should - come a time when they are no longer required, as forms, but that is a very long way in the future, given the nature of the majority of these beings named "humans". They are relevant and necessary as forms, as guides, providing a structure that is necessary, as a map is often useful in an unknown area, shortening the time required to get where one is going.

+O+ Yes – I think the “Grades” are still important, at this time. As everything is and does tend to be important or called for to maintain, sustain and propagate at any given stage of causal time from what can be ascertained occurring or lacking in the human condition. Though I should point out, that I have not followed the Seven-Fold Way in what might be called the conventional spirit –I have in some way or another attained a pretty good understanding of what lies beneath it. I could not have done this without equivalent tasks of the Grades or personal undertakings which lead to similar understanding from experience. It is not that these tasks are required to undertake in order to understand – but rather, I think, that means to explain the new perception are lacking and still in development. Such things as the Grades help provide the answers to questions that as simple as they seem to the asker – draw only blank stares and silence from those who can’t help but feel they know why such questions are being asked and exactly how they fit into the context of human consciousness and its development – and more pointedly – why such questions are



signs of distance. Until enough people are removed from their seat of consciousness and diffused into the aether – when a critical mass is reached with enough people able to force the numinous sketch onto paper – how to communicate the intimations of that new science for which a language does not yet exist? The usefulness of the dead language no longer suffices – the practical touching of the world and experiencing its ways is a reversion in desperation and in part convenience to speak the Way. +O+

The answer to the supra-personal nature of Adeptship is already implicit in what an Adept is - someone who has developed aspects of themselves, and especially their abilities and consciousness. This development is outward, and involves empathy with living beings, with Nature and the Cosmos itself. There is thus an understanding of the individual in relation to these things, as there should also be the beginnings of a rational understanding of the world, of human nature, of "history" and our evolution and promise, as beings. The Adept therefore understands how certain forces (or energies) be they archetypal or whatever can affect individuals, and groups, and how certain forms can presence, and be presenced, to change individuals and groups. This is the beginnings of understanding the real magick beyond the low, external, results magick of Initiates and External Adepts, and this understanding imparts a certain desire in the Adept to produce causal changes - be the method of such production, such presencing, artistic, magickal, or whatever.

But is there a duty of change, of presencing, beyond this still quite personal desire, creativity or action-in-the-world? A duty of dialectic - of causing, provoking, or being the genesis of, larger-scale changes by supra-personal means?

+O+ Where one finds oneself a conscious nexion – one of the lucky (or stoic) few who realize their own context (and for me, this seems to be the great challenge of this epoch, variously called ‘awakening’ waking up’ higher consciousness’ etc) - one will inevitably be subject to the synthesizing faculties of persona that continue a reaction, a direction, a creation. If an opened nexion becomes symbiote with the supra-personal then personality is diffused into the numinous sketch of possibility along with responsibility. One cannot be held accountable when one is imbued in every living thing, when consciousness is acausal, for then every thing is an extension of life-imbued consciousness (Qv. Acausal Voice)– a living body of anomalies diffused in the passage of a greater co-nexion. +O+

And if there is such a duty of Adeptship, then what, if any moral guidelines, should the Adept follow, especially given the empathy they have developed, or many have developed? Such questions really are the beginning of the move from Adeptship to beyond the Abyss - a sign that at a time not too distant in years, the Adept is moving toward the next stage.

+O+ An answer correlates directly to Change. Every moment that passes in causal time this question requires a different answer and will generate a different answer. An answer that is as perennially unchanging throughout Tradition even as it appears solid in its static form as a ‘question’. At any point in Time a duty of Adeptship is to surpass the current Master. +O+

As often, there are no clear answers - for each Adept must struggle outward to their own answers to such questions, for it is their answering, their struggle to so answer, which is important, not some given "teachings" or whatever. But there are some guidelines which, as often, may or may not help - and which may or may not serve as a dialectic, to provoke, to be balanced, countered, or perchance even agreed with, but only after much thought.

+O+ Absolutely. I answer these questions only for my own satisfaction and out of the confidence borne of struggle. +O+

What are these guidelines? They derive from the nature of an individual, from the nature of magick - from the very meaning and purpose of the life of an individual. Our Way, of esoteric magick, gives some special, often unique, answers to these things, and it is these answers which differentiate our Way from that of other Ways, and especially from what have come to be called Religion and Politics (both terms are of course only reductionist, abstract, terms which describe certain causal projections onto the numinous matrix of the Cosmos). How do we view the individual? As one particular causal presencing of acausal energies. How do we view the purpose, the meaning, of that individual? As one means of evolving - of accessing more and more of the acausal, through willed change, and thus as a means of positively interacting with the acausal, with the numinous matrix of the very Cosmos itself, which of course includes, Nature, here on this planet which is our home, and the beings we share this planet with. What is this "willed change"? It is true magick, which includes our seven-fold Way, and the various means of presencing the acausal which we have developed or learnt. The answer of our Way means that our duty, as beings, is to evolve ourselves - to seek to take the opportunity which our causal life is; to seek to develop that potential which is latent within us.

How then, in this context, do we view the other beings with which we share this planet? Before Internal Adept, the answer is seen as simple - they are means, which we can use to further ourselves, and the Cosmos, for that is their purpose, even though they themselves do not know this. Their purpose, according to us, is not to attain, a "happiness", or even some kind of "afterlife" in a religious sense. But Internal Adept provides us with that perspective, that empathy, which was often lacking - or rather, it should provide us with these things, as part of our own development. Thus, do we come to understand the true nature of such things as suffering, both personal and supra-personal, and this understanding may present us with some problems, especially when we view what seems to be the futility of bloody struggle, century upon century, thousand year upon thousand year.

Thus are we as Adept brought to questions such as - there must be a better way to evolve this human species, to change the matrix, without the waste, the suffering? What is this better way?

To answer questions such as these we must once again consider such things as the true nature of magick, and the true nature of Time, and the nature of evolution itself. Indeed, we should ask, is there - can there be - such a thing as evolution? Is that also just an abstract construct imposed upon the numinous matrix?

+O+ I think evolution is a construct. But ONA's vital emphasis on practical living is essential for placing this in context. We are forced to use a language forged for a consciousness that was very young (humanly speaking) and to convey essential 'objective' facts and experiences quickly and efficiently - but still speak in the same language which has not undergone any significant changes to face the challenges being imposed by the limits now being felt where it cannot and does not express essence - but merely translation. It is also a language heavily influenced by the need for moral imperatives and causal restriction, aspects that have yet to be expunged or replaced with a substitution - though the Star Game is one stroke of genius in this direction. A question like 'Can there be such a thing as evolution?' cannot be definitively answered until consciousness is diffused. +O+

Thus we are led to consider the very nature of the Cosmos, of this numinous matrix. Again, our



Way provides some answers, some guidelines. We view the Cosmos as a living entity, albeit an acausal one, and an entity which does not exist apart from us, as finite beings. That is, we as evolving, changing, beings are the evolution of this Being. Our consciousness, our magick, is the consciousness, the magick, of this Being. Thus, our change is implicit in our very nature, as is the truth that we possess the ability to change ourselves - for this is one of the most fundamental principles of our Way, of genuine magick itself. By our magick, our Way, we are bringing consciousness to the Cosmos - which is why of course our move outward, from this planet in the physical sense, is so important so we can access, understand, what is beyond, and thus make that known.

Yet this Being, which we are, is not the Being which other Ways have identified, or posited. It is most certainly not "God" - nor even the abstracted opposite of such an abstract construct.

+O+Whereby without Abstract Perception (or rather, De-Abstracted Perception) many are confused as to how the ONA Is, both, not in any way Satanic. And yet, quintessentially, Is.+O+

It is just what IS, as what IS exists: a summation of causal and acausal, far beyond our often silly abstract causal projections upon IT. We provide, or rather can provide, the forms to presence aspects of it - sometimes in myths, or a mythos (such as The Dark Gods) - but these are of course just beginnings, mere forms to be transcended; mere beginnings of the real magick which awaits for us. For, yes, to provide, to "create" such forms to presence IT, to propagate such forms and so change other human beings in diverse ways, is an Art, of genuine magick. Just as the dialectic of ours is an Art, albeit one much misunderstood.

This should begin to answer the question about "morality" and such things. One answer is that, yes, there is a way for us to evolve ourselves and others without the stupidities, the wastefulness, of the past - and this is the Way of our magick, of our own still evolving Way, which Way makes available to us all that we need to avoid the waste, the stupidities, of the past, as evident for example in the Seven-fold Way itself, with its Grade Rituals. This particular answer is to refine, enhance, the techniques, and make them known, thus enabling more and more individuals worldwide to begin the process of individual and supra-personal change. That is, to extend, evolve, our Way itself.

Yet - does this not imply a slowness? A significant change in an Aeon, or even more? Is it desirable for us, or some of us, to strive to speed up this process of human evolution, by for example, involving ourselves in using certain causal forms which may produce such speedy change? Or do such forms indeed produce speedy change? Is that merely an illusion? Such are the questions for each Adept to ponder, and answer.

+O+ Wherein, slowness is a state of perception afforded by our relative size, which is afforded by our constancy of consciousness in the body - consciousness which can be diffused leading to 'greater' or even cosmic size and a smashing of such simplistic concepts in view of a whole new science and language and subsequent apprehension of all these things way beyond the immediate concerns of something human-sized, with which human-sized concerns manifest. Time, is relative to consciousness. The presencing of 'speedy change' seems more an exertion of the Acausal on the Causal than conscious understanding by its nexions for its (speedy changes) purpose - purpose that cannot be understood from human consciousness firmly seated in the skull alone.

Forms definitely have the power to bring forth change. Narrative - might be considered the infant first born of what may someday become 'Numinative' - whereupon those who can control/shape

the geometric channels through which the river of humanity flows – may be considered the experimenters and explorers of a new power borne of greater consciousness than ever before, still in its raw unrefined state. For illusions, far from being the ethereal mirages their name conjure forth – are in fact the most solid of projections, and even if they be a lie on one level, i.e. from a consciousness seated in the human skull, they are a truth on another, i.e. when consciousness is diffused into the numinous sketch. Thus it is that DM is able to be, that is, BE, both NS/Islaam, yet be neither at the same time – all in complete harmony. Moreover to honestly deny being one person or the other, and truthfully claim to be separated from his other personas – these being separate and connected in abstract perception. +O+

Which brings us to the ONA. Is the ONA as existing at present still relevant? Does it need to change, perhaps some of its symbols, its own causal forms? If so, why? And how, toward what? Such are also questions which each Adept must ponder, and answer for themselves.

+O+ My views on ONA and the changes that I feel beneficial to make to ‘it’ (being that some don’t actually see the differentiation yet) have been made within my own presencing. So no comment from me here. +O+

One clue - is this ONA, as perceived by others and those of Adeptship and below, just an outer form which has a yet unknown inner essence?

+O+ Yes. Though I doubt I should be believed were I to put forth my intimations on just what ONA are.\*

is, is this essence hidden, awaiting the consciousness that is created beyond the Abyss?

+O+ This question has a strange vibration. Almost as if DM were asking it himself, unsure of the answer. Which, is fair enough. He’s a pioneer in a very strange place.+O+

And if it is so hidden, why is this? Deliberate - or just part of its real nature, meaning that this nature cannot be apprehended below this Abyss, that it is unperceptible by those who do not possess the perception to perceive it with this new perception being developed over time by an Adept, propelling them toward the next stage?

+O+ Quite so – I think that again, until consciousness has been diffused out of the human skull, the nature of many things remains invisible. Who can hope to understand what lies beneath without Abstract Reasoning (Qv. Star Game both as metaphor and literal working) – it is hidden because a language and perception to experience it in its new form, is still occult – still new – still developing. DM’s efforts have singularly motivated thousands to concentrate on such a thing as the Acausal – made them aware of it, of its context – with a critical mass, a synthesizer of its science may lead the breakthrough. Does this success of invoking meditation, not in itself, reflect the necessity for Adepts to continue learning the science of speedy changes as asked above? At least for the time being.+O+

And is part of this real nature something which cannot be contained by any such causal form and so cannot even be named?

+O+ It may very well be, that this acausal dimension is a myth, whose fable acts as the crucible for a new direction, systematically and diametrically opposed and even beyond the methods of absorption and distortion attributable and characteristic of the Magian. But in questing for its existence, something will be broken that can never be fixed – and this in itself seems to be reason

enough to believe, for a time at least, in the temporal suggestion of an Acausal. On the other hand – while it cannot be named – it can be experienced. A new language requires development to express it – such a language might be called a combination of cliology, change, and the sharpening of pencils in preparation for the numinous sketch.+O+

In Conclusion:

Such are some of the questions which arise, or which may arise, for an Internal Adept. And yet - what must be remembered is that all such questions are only questions; that Thought is merely Thought, and often a distraction to that real change, that real presencing of the sinister, that is part of our Way and which involves, as it always does and has done, action-in-the-world: that is, real acts, by the individual.

These acts are and must be - for an Internal Adept moving toward the Abyss and thus the next stage - beyond both the Light and the Dark, yet being both Light and Dark and yet containing the essence of the Sinister itself. If they are indeed moving toward the next stage, then they will understand this - or at least be moving toward this understanding.

Furthermore, those who withdraw from the Sinister, in all its Aeonic forms and presencings, as a result of answering such questions, have indeed withdrawn from our Way, and thus will not move-forward to the stage of Mastery.

+O+ Is the ONA relevant to me as it exists and at this stage of my journey? Without giving anything away – what the ONA actually are is something relevant to everyone at every stage of every journey. +O+

Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles

Anon.

\*(Qv. “THEM, Magic and the Individual in Context” and “Where Are WE Now?” +O+

---

## A REPLY BY DARK LOGOS

Herewith I present a few comments of my own on the file recently uploaded, which file contained many interesting and astute comments about Myatt and the ONA.

<quote>DM has transferred his consciousness, his qualities, his ambitions, his mentality and his laws of the Master (that is to say his numinous sketch – or weltanschauung) to adepts world-wide; a splintering of his consciousness into many, indeed thousands, of living breathing nexions – many still seeds, unaware of their paradoxical symbiosis with one another or the source of this consciousness, most still mired in the frames of reference of their Time, under the influence of illusion and convenience – yet deeply stirred to approach the world with the same blinding Love (and Detachment) as DM.</quote>

Comment:

Which is to say that there is a certain magick at work here; or, rather, a certain presencing of certain forces by a sinister Adept in order to achieve certain goals.

<quote>It might also be helpful to suggest that the more one leans toward calling these exhibitions and expressions of the Order or defines the acts of DM as 'inhuman' 'numinous' 'shapeshiftic' 'trickster' – thus transfiguring the actual human emission of these forces into something altogether 'other-wordly' 'Dark Godish', 'Alien', but at any rate, less than human – is potentially due to the fact that Abstract Reasoning is not yet developed or attained by many – and thus the strangeness of this perception must take on a monstrous or somehow unearthly distorted form in order to begin getting across the rudiments of what will someday be understood through actual Abstract Perception. One finds that Myatt's actions and effects tend not to be viewed as stemming from a simple human being – but a genius at best, a dark god at least.</quote>

Comment:

If I correctly understand what is meant by the terms Abstract Reasoning and Abstract Perception then this is a very perceptive comment. Thus, one has someone (i.e. Long/Myatt) – undertaking a Sinister quest - who has gone "Beyond The Abyss" and exhibiting in real life, through their actions and creations, aspects of the acausal, and thus appearing, to those lacking the perception of esoteric Adepts (and beyond), as "strange", perplexing, confusing, Trickster-like (and so on). Such actions and creations are what one would expect if someone had indeed progressed "Beyond The Abyss" - and gives us a measure, a standard, by which to judge others who have so claimed, and who so claim, to have done so.

Thus, one can place this individual in relation to the others who have so claimed, and who so claim, to have gone "Beyond The Abyss" and who have awarded themselves various titles such as "Master" or "Magus".

<quote>As I have intimated above, the Adept, can live, that is move their consciousness about, but can no longer spiritually (i.e. with any genuine certainty) specify a separation point between individual/collective, personal/Aeonic spheres/forces/ realms.</quote>

Comment:

Yes indeed, and this is one of those things that motivates (or which can motivate) an Adept to progress further – toward The Abyss, where they become, through an immersion in acausal forces, something else, and where their perception, their "center" if you will, changes, so that they move away from the mundane perception of the majority (with its manufactured abstractions and opposites) to the perception of the acausal, which is "Abstract" in the sense that the anonymous commentator uses that term.

<quote>I should point out, that I have not followed the Seven-Fold Way in what might be called the conventional spirit –I have in some way or another attained a pretty good understanding of what lies beneath it.</quote>

Comment:

Agreed. In truth, perhaps a better understanding than some who have followed it!

<quote>If an opened nexion becomes symbiote with the supra-personal then personality is diffused into the numinous sketch of possibility along with responsibility. One cannot be held accountable when one is imbued in every living thing, when consciousness is acausal, for then every thing is an extension of life-imbued consciousness (Qv. Acausal Voice)– a living body of anomalies diffused in the passage of a greater co-nexion.</quote>

Comment:  
Very true.

<quote>I think evolution is a construct.</quote>

Comment:  
Exactly, and this is hinted at in some of the more esoteric ONA MSS.  
Or perhaps I should say: the concept of evolution as normally understood is an abstractive construct of our causal space-time. For the acausal, there is no such construct.

<quote>Wherein, slowness is a state of perception afforded by our relative size, which is afforded by our constancy of consciousness in the body</quote>

Comment:  
Another astute observation. Such a slowness – as perceived by the Adept and those below – is just one more causal appearance, related to the perception of such an Adept, which is still for the most part centered on "the self" and which still thinks in terms of linear, causal, time (and thus in terms of a causal "evolution") .

<quote>Thus it is that DM is able to be, that is, BE, both NS/Islaam, yet be neither at the same time – all in complete harmony.</quote>

Comment:  
It does not say much for most Occultists – and even those deemed "intelligent" among us - that only a few people understand this, and thus correctly perceive DM as is, and thus understand what he is doing, and why.

Again, it comes back, does it not, that such a life as DM's is what one would expect if someone had indeed been a genuine sinister Adept and then progressed "Beyond The Abyss".

<quote>DM's efforts have singularly motivated thousands to concentrate on such a thing as the Acausal – made them aware of it, of its context – with a critical mass, a synthesizer of its science may lead the breakthrough.</quote>

Comment:  
Such perspicacity, again! Why do not more people understand this? [Rhetorical question, of course...]

<quote>what the ONA actually are is something relevant to everyone at every stage of every journey.</quote>

Comment:

Why do not more people understand this? [Rhetorical question, of course...]

Finally, it would be most interesting, and instructive, for many perhaps, if the anonymous commentator who says:

<quote>I doubt I should be believed were I to put forth my intimations on just what ONA are</quote>

did indeed put forth their intimations of just what the ONA are.

DL9

