

The Device

Tyranny and the Birth of Aryana

A publication of the *Gambanreidi Statement*

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The Device

Really, by 1995, I didn't know what to do. Tim McVeigh shows up in the June edition of Soldier of Fortune magazine on his way to court two years previous in the role of an ATF man. Now he is charged with a terror bombing. I remember the charts, the files, all of it that we had to study back at Fort Meade, Maryland, the Puzzle Palace, home of the NSA. In a way, it stood to reason. SOF represents the Rothschild faction and they put George Bush up for re-election. What a great way to embarrass Bill Clinton- show this bombing for what it was- work of an agency in the Rockefeller faction's government

I know that SOF is a Mossad/CIA front operation and any ad for "survival" gear or special devices identifies the would-be survivalist or subversive to the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai Brith, the ADL being the secret government behind the U.S. Yeah, I remember it now, they even put one of their operatives, a guy who set up a sterile "Odinist" network and recruited as many borderline Whites to play Nordic and usurp our religion, culture, women, etc. Then they needed him on foreign assignments and sent him around with some of that good ole' ADL payola to report on the world's trouble spots back to Uncle Saul. He even fires off an article to his "faithful", as if he's right in the trenches, out in the boonies with mercs in Croatia, but later, I run into one of our inner cadre- call him Fred, who asks the hierophant to go on patrol with him, to bivouac and train recruits. The guy stays in a port city soaking up shekels and booze for two weeks, leaves and publishes an "action" report.

Well, that's digressing, but, since my separation from Uncle, it's happening more and more, kind of a free-form dissociation. It's the damnable Extended Memory Reversal Debriefing, EMRED, they liked to call it in one of those feats of creating a new language- call it Pentagonese; there *is* a unique patois in the Defense Department and Intelligence community. I've got to write this carefully, ever since the Religious Police began patrolling the residential areas to make sure that most residents were in church, mosque, or synagogue. Well, that's how they explained it, we now have **more** freedom of religion, they tell us, and the Founding Fathers only meant that you were free to choose your synagogue or church, not to avoid it altogether or take some other variation. They wouldn't have included Islam in the "Officially Acceptable" list but for the '73 oil embargo. ZOG decided to let in millions of immigrants from the Islamic world, so now Islam makes the OA List. Either way, they said, God is in the mix. With the drapes up and the sound dampened, I write. What was it that made me take the EMRED?

Well, it's simple really, I was in the Fourth Directorate, you know, a security goon making sure that Charlie or Ivan or some Chinese whore weren't turning any of *our* personnel, a trained gorilla, actually. I saw what happened to other guys who tried to go back to civilian life. There was Jim Hindemann, a top notch ELINT (electronic intelligence) designer, troubleshooter, installer. He went through the normal two-month stint of debriefing for civilian life, then died mysteriously. In fact, within two years of leaving the SEATO theatre of operations (S.E. Asia), few of the guys who had been in message centers were still extant. In a message center you saw the 'traffic'- orders, cables, coded messages, like the time theatre forces went to DEFCON 1 in July '67 (preparation for a preemptive nuclear strike) because they thought a Soviet submarine violated our fleet security zone in the South China Sea- guys like that knew way too much. I was kind of buffered by being moved to other hot zones, where there was less to tell. Still, they promised that the EMRED would damage me in no way, but would make me a 'neutral', not a potential threat.

The promise was a normal life, no Defense Department snoops' showing up on my job or interviewing my landlord or neighbors about my attitude, patriotism, and possible slips of the tongue. I'm not stupid, really. I left on good terms in '75 after the six month program and found that I no longer knew how to clean an AK-47. I saw a man, years later, an SF man who was in the same program, Phoenix, wearing the Viet patch. It had the thing rising, looking a bit like a cobra, and I did not recognize it at the time. Yet this debriefing worked in selective areas of memory, but I still sometimes overhear a phrase in French or Vietnamese, or see a scene and *know* it to be familiar from experience. It felt like a pressure sometimes, a pent-up something. To the most loud-mouthed "veteran" types, who were unloading trucks or maintaining files in Hawaii, it would sound dubious. Then came the depression- the shrink said it would be therapeutic to develop friends and open up a little bit about it, not to run afoul of the National Security Oath, just to expiate the guilt.

It may be, in retrospect, that *this* profiled me to them. Maybe the shrink was a sniffer, and then maybe it could have been my illegal garden? As the folks of the future, to whom I leave this, will note (unless they've rewritten *all* history by now to deny it), it was in September of '95 that the FDA moved, with Federal Marshals and the ATF to brand herbal extracts as controlled substances and stamp out private herb gardening.

The gulf between the elite and us common folks had widened so that few could afford any medical treatment, save for incompetent and often dangerous government free-clinics. It was made illegal for herbalists, psychic healers, or homeopaths to practice their skills except under the supervision of an M.D. The American Medical Association paid Congress for a bill to restrict alternate therapies. Some doctors found it necessary to sell their vacation homes in Acapulco and others their yachts. Still worse, some had begun the really threatening step of reducing fees so that they were now beginning to make only half of the half a million per year of expected average income. I suppose government intervention was inevitable. As a guy who had built quite a business selling contraband, like garlic, cayenne, and saw palmetto extracts, I had to go down.

Then maybe it was the subscription. I'd bought a subscription to the GANPAC (German American National Political Action Committee) newsletter. That raised my profile. It was January of this year, and the last issue came out in Spring, but under the Hate Crimes and Anti-Terrorism Acts passed by the Clinton Administration, I was guilty of a hate crime for reading its pro-German interpretation of World War II history (Later, under the "Patriot Act", thousands disappeared into an American Gulag of 72 formerly closed military bases that had been converted into detention camps. In many cases, their 'crimes' were no more grievous than this). There were the usual secret accusers, a secret tribunal of bureaucrats or senior military officers, all behind a one-way mirror, and the underground prisons. A woman, whose voice I did not recognize, sat in the corner of the basement court room, the one reserved for hate crimes or even lesser offenses, like face-crimes or slur-crimes. She wore a hat and sat with her back toward me, staring at the shining faceless reflection that hid the juridical panel. The ATF sniper was in his usual nest, at a small, fortified opening at the Eastern corner of the pyramidally designed space. In front of him was the leather mask, reserved for the Summary Judgements of truly intractable defendants.

Oh, yes, it's common knowledge by now, but they sent me to one of those underground factory prisons. It was in Montana and had been dug by the Phoebus, you know, the nuclear "subterine" that fuses all the tailings to the walls, leaving massive, 70 meter wide tubes in the earth with glass-like walls. It was developed by Los Alamos National Laboratories and issued patent number 3693-131 in 1972. Since its development, whole underground cities, operated and inhabited by those loyal to and working for the New World Order were created, often housing

tens of thousands of persons as much as two miles below the troubled surface of the earth. It was there that I was to learn of the Device.

Militias had begun their uprising against the ADL-puppet government in Washington. There were simply too many patriots to house, torture, and expose to chemical debriefings, all previously done in federal prisons and mental hospitals; it was a practical matter. I had been convicted of Class III Crimes, violation of the Health Acts against self-healing, conspiracy to help others avoid seeking medical help (a major tenet of the Talmudic Constitution, passed back in October, was that all crimes were crimes of thought and 'conspiracies' could be adjudged to exist even when it was clear you'd acted alone) and using the word "White" while in a computer IRC channel. The Hate Crimes Act in July made using the word "White" for other than a description of a color or as a pejorative a serious crime. Little was I to guess that there could be a punishment, a "crime-preventer" in the CNN documentary's parlance, as ingenious and fiendish as an implant, one with the power to both monitor, modulate, and even terminate the observed.

And, finally, my detention, rather than parole to an above-ground prison-workhouse, was assured by the photo. Some herb customer in the militia movement had a photo of these two guys with remote high-frequency detonators standing two blocks away from the federal building in Oklahoma City. It was a still from a video in which the explosion and subsequent chaos was captured. The agents can be seen smiling with satisfaction as they fold in the antennae, and behind them, the face of the building falling off.

If they'd only known- and they did ask about the video. I told them it had been left anonymously and then stolen from my shop while dozens of customers were milling about, but I had kept the still shot. Did they know that I knew about the four person team, one woman and three men, the black 1HB Huey helicopter taking them to Fort Riley, Kansas that same April day, or the BLUI bomb that brought about complete "group closure" by ensuring that this team never made it back to home base and the 158th Special Reconnaissance Group? I hoped that they did not, for every means was taken, every method used, from chemical to electrical to sensory deprivation, to extract from anyone with that kind of knowledge. Worse, I knew that the *purpose* was to pass an "Anti-Terrorism Bill" and that the Mossad had largely authored the bill and underwritten the incident used to justify passing it. Germany would forever be land of "concentration camps", the Oklahoma City bombing would forever be the work of militias, and Lee Harvey Oswald was chiseled in stone as a *lone* gunman. Nothing could bring about your 'suicide' quicker than proof that these "truths" were only as "true" as repression could paint them.

That was a problem also. They didn't really know *what* I knew. Just like you learned too much in a message center, the same thing could happen out there on courier duty. Courier duty is usually kind of a bread-and-butter assignment, a milk-run, really. They need a document, a computer tape, or diplomatic pouch delivered and you get a first-class ride, overnight accommodations at an uptown hotel, and back to your duty post. That's how it is supposed to work. One time in '74, I pulled a two man courier detail. The FBI had burned the Symbionese Liberation Army guerillas to death to make an example of them, more graphic than any trial for prospective left-terror types. My courier partner Fred had this box. I couldn't judge the weight nor size of its contents. We were told it was a tape of unusual Chicom radio chatter, but you usually weren't supposed to be curious. The box had the usual security seals and everything would have gone smoothly except for one of those little bureaucratic snafu's. Even though I had presented credentials to grease us through LA airport, the security post took the box- Fred had pulled a hard week and was being rotated to Washington anyway. He lapsed a moment looking off at some stewardess, and they put it onto the x-ray machine. We both looked around just in time to see that the box contained two human hands, the bones clearly visible. The airport guard was easy enough to shake with another flash of the credentials and one of those "To Any Law

Enforcement Personnel. . . ." letter passes, but we were disturbed, especially when we got to D.C. We decided to track the package as it made its way to the J. Edgar Hoover building.

Even then, neither of us, even though we thought it was spooky, really appreciated what was happening. I ran into an old company guy who had been close to the Posse Comitatus events. The feds had fired over a hundred thousand rounds into a frame house just to get Kahl. The daughter in law was called in to ID the body later. She tried to leak it to the press that he had been decapitated and both hands removed. Someone in the cabal, high up at Justice was tying on the little masonic aprons, using parts of their defeated opponents in ritual or celebration. A week later she leaps out of the eighth floor of a building with a .38 round in her cranium- suicide of course. That was the kind of knowledge I had, bits and pieces, fragments really. It was the sort of thing that *if* a free press source or a real alternative media source existed, and wasn't just another feed of dissident data to the ADL databases, might be worth something, like my immediate extinction following a long chemical interrogation to see who else knew. So there it was- the video, the stills, and hoping that no part of my detention was knowledge of the courier detail. If it was as sensitive as I thought, it would have been a no-record-event anyway.

I thought I had my way out of the still photo, but then NSA sent my service record. Must've been a good boy since separation to have still *had* a record. Real dissidents, anti-War veterans, were covered by Operation Denial, which went into effect in 1968 and was to be expanded progressively as the war went on. Veterans, ex-intelligence types, etc., who knew embarrassing secrets, would have their attempted press conferences or deals with publishers greeted with the 'fact' that there was no record of their service, that they were rejected as psychiatrically unfit, unstable, etc., or had peeled potatoes in Mississippi their whole tour of duty. I just couldn't seem not to come up on their little profiles. Then there was the fact that I possessed the non-koshered ancient version of the Eddas, published well before the "improved" version, the anti-White one which belittles and denies all that is Odinic. The new edition was distributed by an ADL-front group set up to multiculturalize and destroy Odinism in the 80's: they found an original Heathen version hidden in my couch.

Here I was labeled by my interrogator, a polite, slight man named Schwartz from the U.S. Attorney's office, as "an anomaly". I didn't know if that was a good or bad thing to be labeled, so I remained at my job training center, the daily grind of placing capacitors and testing motherboards in the penal factory. Seems the Rockefeller Foundation had discovered that the only way to compete with Chinese labor was prisoner labor 'to keep the jobs here.' The public by this time were so brainwashed that even the operation of chain-gangs in the more repressive states with overtly Talmudic (Christian) governments hardly bothered them. All means should and would be used to 'fight crime.' The notion that the whole purpose of the most extensive set of laws and criminal penalties on earth in the "land of the free and home of the brave" was but a monstrous deception to secure the capital caste 15¢ per hour wages was by this time beyond their understanding.

So, since the Uprising began in August, the Attorney General , Schwartz, and the System had a problem. They had rounded up with the help of a quarter million U.N. troops, far more persons than the system could house or employ. Adding to this was the general pending economic collapse as the honeycombed structure of debt came tumbling down and the fact that the Chinese had decided that their 40¢ an hour wage was not competitive and they were now arresting larger numbers of citizens for labor in their own factory prisons, making ours less competitive because, not to be outdone, their employees were now working for *rice*. Well, with all these guys who had been in the woods in camouflage to deal with, people like me were seen as less a threat. After all, since food distribution was nationalized, you could only get rations

from an Army truck. No National ID Card, no food. Thousands of hungry dissidents turned themselves in: Uncle Saul greeted them with a patient, Khazardic smile. Then came the offer.

One day, in the middle of our interrogation, walks a Dr. Mossak. He was of uncertain race, product of the rape of a Japanese woman by a mulatto, I ventured. Anyway, he is looking for prisoners to try out this secret, still unproven procedure for house arrest. He vaguely describes it as electronic monitoring with something similar to the bracelet- sounds better than being here. No, Dr. Mossak can't specify what the operation does, just that it involves a simple, "harmless" insert, a Device. It will cap any violent tendencies I have by producing a headache. The deal is: accept the insert and report for follow-up examinations monthly, then I'll be put on probation with only quarterly reports by my probation officer and periodic checks by the Equality Police and the Anti-Terrorist Detail. There will be community work, of course, to repay my debt to society.

The operation itself was only 12 hours in my time from anesthesia to reawakening and being out of the fog. Another week of rest was required to make sure no blood clot formed on the brain. A few weeks later I was on a Fence Brigade. Let me explain.

Independence, Missouri started the trend with its own Zoning Board. It was offensive to have any sort of visual barrier between you and your neighbor. Fences, shrubs, and trees that divided property lines had to go, hence the name of our detail. The controlled media interviewed a psychiatrist, "prominent", of course, who had just written an instant best seller on how it is psychotic to want privacy- after all, he ventured in a late-night Talmudic Talk Show, who needs shrubbery unless they have something to hide. "AN OPEN SOCIETY IS A FRIENDLY SOCIETY" became a slogan seen everywhere, as well as being the title of Dr. Kazan's book.

In October, it became federal law by executive order. Housing areas are now becoming one unbroken expanse of close-mown grass, easier for federal hunter-killer squads to shoot at a distance. Easier for neighbors who want to win the 'Self-Regulator Award.' My landlady just earned \$5,000 in credits by turning in her son for ditching his Thai fiancé when he learned he was at risk for Hepatitis C. Worse, later he had married a White woman. This was, *prima facie* a Class III Race Crime. She taped a conversation where he referred to her as "having poor personal hygiene." I never knew if it was just the reward of food coupons or that really moving sermon where our mandatory community pastor said that a free people have to watch each other to maintain freedom, that the price of a free society is self-reporting. His logic was flawless: since God know everything that I do and writes it down in His Book, and since we are supposed to be Christian Soldiers, wasn't it incumbent on us, each of us, to watch and report on each other? Oh, there was the usual back-biting comments from members of the congregation about how many food coupons the pastors got, the usual snide jokes about how the youth minister would counsel troubled kids only to turn them in for absorption by the State- he always seemed to finger the 'unfit' parents!

Oh, that's part of the deal- I have to attend a church, an "approved church", so I chose a nearby Baptist one. Last week we prayed for Help for the President. Another ADL/ Mossad operation, disguising a hippy group of yogins as National Socialists in order to get yet another list of names and addresses, was, of course, on the Council of Approved Churches list. They "put pranic energy around the President and surrounded him with *love*." Theirs, along with Scientology and a few other Hindi and Buddhist groups teaching peace and tolerance, are the only exceptions to the three approved Middle Eastern practices. In our case, we prayed for him and the kids choir sang a precious little song, *He is watching over the Prez*.

I don't know how much longer I can do this. They won't give a date when probation is to be over. Even then, the implant is permanent, but they said it's harmless, just to prevent violence. Well, enough for tonight, more fences to bulldoze in the morning.

Damn, last time I saw Carl Frederick, he had the same amount of hair, and that was 16 years ago! He just came by; well, I want to believe that. The probation officer seems pleased with my progress. I did the right thing, caught the flu and went for a shot and prescription with a nice office visit rather than using Pau d'arco and Echinacea as I'd been doing for viral conditions. It's like that sign on my probation officer's desk says, "Repentance Is Rehabilitation." Well, I figured that for a medical offender, this was the ticket to get off probation. It cost \$300, but under the New Clinic Law, all I had to do was authorize a payroll deduction plan and put my car up at 25% interest to an Approved Lender. Well, in a year I'll be out from under it- meanwhile, no more getting sick!

Back to Carl, we visit a few times and I discover that, despite the Indonesian-made shoes, the Mexican watch, and the cross lapel pin (who doesn't wear one these days?), he's in the underground! He gives me this document on A-4 sized stationery, so I know the official British government imprints must be authentic. Also it just has that kind of *feel* to it, you know like it wasn't produced with any thought as to how someone else might perceive it, just for internal consumption. It is titled, cryptically, MAD.

It was one of those things, a document you both lust and dread to read simultaneously. In my case, the urgency is very real, because this thing is inside my head and sometimes I feel it's *vibrating*. "Nonsense," says the black lady doctor at the Poor Clinic where I get mandatory monthly exams- "just your nerves playin' tricks on you."

Well, two weeks ago, I found out what they mean by 'controlling violence'. I was at the Wednesday night service. Pastor Benedict led the All Race Choir. Then he read off a sermon about how gays had always felt like turning the other cheek, believed that the meek would inherit the earth, and like to be submissive- "spiritual pioneers", he called them and said that they "anticipated Christian values". I occupied myself, as usual, by imagining this swarthy, Sephardic-looking Jew hidden behind a stage. He puts on this Aryan hand-puppet, painted up to look improbably Aryan, in flowing robes, and tells us to obey. The hook gets in so deep that even the best Patriots or Militiamen hate the puppeteer but love the puppet, the invention. I'm deep into my puppeteer reverie and see the puppet master, dressing up his Sacrificial Lamb, giving the blacks a black, the Native American a Jesus of their own, who looks just like them, etc. Soon my reverie has the puppeteer like an octopus, with hands going out to different stages with different versions of the Good Jesus to be martyred by the Bad Goyim.

While amusing myself thus, I hear the choir break into a new tune I've never heard before, *Gay Jesus, Thick, Black, and Proud*. It is one of those very black "Gospel" styled tunes, where the other choir members clap their hands at each interval and an enormous Hispanic woman sings a grating counterpoint in the sort of sandpapered voice (ugly=beautiful) which the New World Order's taste-makers elevated to 'art.' I am amused to think how pervasive the octopus is.

Several years ago a senior MI-6 man, let's call him Hugh Clause, decides to publish a revelation about the secret shadow government. He reveals the fact that the Committee of 300 invented through their proxy, the Tavistok Institute, most popular culture, including rock and rap music. The Company, knowing that the book was going to break with a dead man's switch whatever they did, set up a publishing house as a front operation and offered to publish it. In the final stages of preparation, not having yet figured out who was the author behind the pen name, they began to plant information on topics they knew were already in the manuscript, certain that whoever was leaking this could use it, to undermine the book's credibility.

I am listening to the rhythms and style from which came blues, soul, and rock, yet they fed this scholarly analyst, who served as one of London's liaison men to the Company the obvious fallacy that the Beatle's music was based on the Orphic rites. Show me the sweet, slow

lyre-plucking of the old tortoise shell lyre, strung with sheep gut of Ancient Greece- nothing like the Beatles! Any field operative would pick that up- what of the rites of Orpheus can have survived the various Christian purges of the past two millennia? Rock music however, a CIA psychologist discovered, altered the state of consciousness of the listener, much like listening to natural sounds which are known to induce an alpha brain wave state. This altered state of consciousness entrains susceptibility to new information and the information installed by the programmers. These dark, cryptic patrons of rock music, who decide which song writers and performers will succeed, bypasses critical thinking and becomes an assumption on the part of the listener, part of his or her worldview. Through buying out small studios and radio stations, the industry solidified it's grip over popular music's consumption and ensured that their messages would be promoted through all forms of entertainment.

Likewise, when patriot groups got close to the truth about the one world government, they feed information to available sources, purporting to 'prove' that its leaders meant "Luciferian Light," as when George Bush described the Thousand Points of Light community volunteer program (to spare the very rich the expense of additional taxation to clean up *their* society's messes). The Patriot movements, replete with reflexive Christians, bark when the "Lucifer" word is invoked, rather like saying, "squirrel!" to a hunting dog. They take the bait and run with it, sounding like a bunch of kooks, and former Pres. Bush still shows up at the same Presbyterian church which he and family have always attended. Dissenters marginalized by their own stupidity- very clever- next!

I am suddenly snapped out of my reverie, looking up to see this large monkoid with one of those short, round skulls that couldn't conceal more than a 1400 cc engine under the hood, but whose physique is fashionably pumped up like so many others by hundreds of hours at the gym in a prison or public housing project. He is the basso soloist, placed provocatively behind this handsome red-haired kid, at whose rear end the monkoid appears to be looking.

He also is rocking provocatively at the word "thick" in the song. First I feel my fists clench, then a blinding pain shoots up my neck and into the back of my head. Now, for the next half hour, the pain rules. *It's working*, I thought, *not just some futuristic scheme*. Back at the Poor Clinic, I tell Dr. Fletcher about my headache and she produces this form titled "Precedent Causes and Possible Violations"; all I asked was for some pain pills. I back off and say that maybe I wasn't *angry*, *just tense*. I really don't want to find out who reads that form or what else they can make of my anger.

Well, the year is slipping into late Fall. Our work for the Open Society Brigades (as we have been renamed, complete with logo showing a circled fence and a diagonal line through it) is almost over- still another year on probation. She tells me the humming is just an aftermath of the operation, but can't, or won't tell me why this is so. Dr. Fletcher then reminds me that I am on probation and shouldn't be too curious. I think she doesn't understand it herself.

Finally, it's rained for a whole week and we just can't get through to the series of hedgerows we've been destroying in an old suburb. I know they bore holes in from other apartments in order to listen, so I keep the television on, then plug up my ears. The PO already told me that off-time must be explained with the proper kinds of recreations. Playing pool, doing video games, and TV were the ones which he recommended that would seem like I was being rehabilitated. He said the pool and game halls were better, "because we'll know you're not alone any more and you'll make friends from diverse groups." Then he repeats a slogan from the *Happy Together* sitcom, "A loner is a loser. Diverse friends are for Life." All the more reason to turn on the TV and reach for the plugs. . .

Metabolically Activated Devices (MAD's) were discovered in a breakthrough by a laboratory in the U.K. Recent work was funded by the Royal Institute of International Affairs.

The Device was perfected in the late 1960's, ostensibly tiny pumps and servomotors would deliver chemotherapy drugs to tumors in patients at the National Cancer Institute. The problem NCI had was always how to get electric power to it.

When the power supply problem was solved, MAD's became bi-metallic devices, which through special membranes, allow tissue plasma and salts to saturate its porous core, yielding continual low voltage. This was the recent contribution of British researchers which made my little medical miracle possible. The Device, as we came to call it, is like two grains of rice, little cylinders laid parallel across the jugular vein.

There is a receiver, activated by a coded burst transmission, based on the subject's social security number. There is a wire, which emits painful off-frequency pulses (the body supposedly "works" at 6 hertz, the study says) branching off to wrap around key points in the muscles of the neck and back of head. An adrenaline monitor assures that, any time violent behavior, or fear or flight is contemplated, I will be stopped by a gripping headache. This much I knew, but not in so much detail, from the good doctor Mossak.

What he didn't tell me I read now in a section titled, "Red Wing III". This explains why they need a burst transmission capability. It would activate a tiny motor, turn a tiny worm gear, and dispense the 500 micrograms through a penetration into the vein's wall. Nissei Pharmaceuticals developed Red Wing as a competitor to Coumarin, a leading anti-coagulant, useful for blood-thinning in phlebitis and other clot-prone circulatory patients. Coumarin, it so happens, leaves a distinct chemical trace for forensic detection. Red Wing, on the other hand, biodegrades posthumously, leaving only ambiguous traces of elements already present in blood chemistry.

To render tracing even more difficult, the wire is of carbon fiber and the components of the pump are entirely plastic. Unless the attending physician or the coroner knew just what to look for, death could be written off as a stroke, an aneurism, or other cause. Since the implanted are dissidents, who's to bother with an autopsy? If the MAD document were leaked to the controlled press, who would believe me? By the time a news interview could be arranged, a "mental case profile" can be materialized. It's all a part of 'plausible deniability', a practice taught in leadership seminars and practiced by the shadow government.

Well, there it is again, the twitching, yet I think it more sinister than just my nerves. They KNOW- don't they? They're trying to activate it now. Maybe the stator is jammed. Maybe the worm gear is blocked. Perhaps the Device was never loaded with the deadly cargo. Carl, maybe *you* didn't get the whole story. The MAD paper states that the cutting edge of research is that thought is really just a form of sub-verbal speech *which they might be able to overhear*. Perhaps, no it's just too strange- they can **hear** every deviant thought. (Ed: After we retrieved this piece we discovered that, at the inception of the Domestic Security Enhancement Act of 2003, airport MRI scanners were used to detect travelers' brainwave patterns in order to detect a passenger's mood. Those whose brains showed a pattern of "aggression" through blood flow and glucose utilization in the brain were stopped and questioned. In one case, a man insisted that he triggered the alarm and was singled out for screening and a hostile interview by Flight Security Screeners simply because he was mentally replaying a hockey game he'd attended the prior evening. He was soon charged with "terrorism" because his flight was important and he raised his voice when arguing with screeners.)

Maybe the twitching occurs as the Device tires to deliver its deadly cargo of Red Wing III, but the damned gadget misfired? No, I am haunted by the ghosts of possibilities these days, little sleep, little food left- I don't make it to the Food Trucks any more than I must- near Solstice now. It's colder and I keep getting the distinctive twitch, the shimmying, just where I should feel

it if they were trying to activate. No, this is madness. Carl came back by, in disguise. I let him stay for a day and he had a thought- perhaps when they zap someone *all* implantees feel a twitch, a shimmy, a vibration. Yes, I tell him, that could be, just a reminder that any of us could be out of line next. Then I stop. Even as I've spoken, it starts to purr again; no, no, what if they're just toying with me?

The Archive

Horst had considered it hundreds of times before, the moment, threshold of horror, limen of oblivion, when he would be swept away. Early childhood crumbs of memories had flooded in at those times. There were the discussions he'd heard grandparents and parents have.

The black mariahs came to the middle-class apartment buildings of St. Petersburg. He did not have a sense of whether they were still horse-drawn or early automobiles. They parked in front and, one-by-one, a father, a mother, sometimes a whole family would disappear into the web of kangaroo courts and concentration camps, the Gulag.

It never occurred to him that he could be an enemy of The System. If any one had suggested to him as an adolescent that Horst's destiny would be to stir up unrest and to pick the scab of questions, which yet lay over a wounded collective unconscious, he would have laughed.

Baltimore's muted March sunlight traced its way through the new, small leaves on dogwoods and oaks that lined the street, and he thought the compact, efficient-looking black SUVs had nothing of the foreboding aspect of the earlier era's black mariahs. Both the movie spooks and detectives and the occupants of these, behind heavily tinted windows, wore inscrutable black sunglasses. He mused whether this was in imitation of the fabled gray, abducting aliens with large, obsidian eyes. On a deeper level, he mused that the glasses were a device that hid "the window of the soul," the eyes from any self-responsible contact with the rest of humanity, the window shades drawn over a shady and obscure office within an endless government building.

Horst mused over what a Faction Two operative had leaked, that he had printed and passed on, about the men, naked beneath Masonic robes, who ate the flesh of newly 'disappeared' children in bizarre ceremonies and rituals in hidden lodges and obscure government buildings to celebrate the passage of each new law on terrorism. Did the agents, the insects swarming up from the street and nearby buildings, know this celebration or who their real masters were?

What, when he was not watching suspects or preparing to abduct dissidents branded as potential terrorists under one of the Omnibus Terrorism Control Acts, did the man in the closest somber, fleet-purchased SUV do for leisure? Did he attend civic meetings? Unlikely, Horst mused; such men at least had intimations of where the real power lay. Did they go to bars? Unlikely, he thought, as an agent, unless accompanied by other agents to keep watch, might blab some seemingly innocent or useless fact or make a statement to impress a lady. It was an incomprehensible puzzle. Did they sail for a hobby- hobnob with doctors and lawyers, with respectably successful stockbrokers, with white-collar criminals, whom they might someday encounter when a change of regime brought investigation or arrest? In the end, Horst could find no satisfactory explanation for how field agents from the Bureau of Forensic Inquiry and the Office of Fatherland Security spent their spare time.

What was certain was this; they had him identified as an Archivist, i.e. an "intellectual terrorist" and de facto enemy of the state. Even though his condominium was cleaned of the last trace of 20th Century dissident radio shows, like the tapes of the Joel Vincent Show, The Chuck Harder Show, or Republic Radio broadcasts, and even though copies of printed articles had been dispersed, scattered to the winds, somehow they must have linked him. Although all that remained were several three-ring binders, containing copies of old news "clippings" from the days when he would, scissors in hand, cut an article from a newspaper or magazine, these binders would probably violate some aspect of the Homeland Security provisions.

Why an archivist could be considered a virulent spirochete that threatened the System's health was hard to understand. Perhaps those shadowy figures who called the shots no matter whom was "elected" feared that information, accurate information- 'truth,' if you will, could easily spread. He knew, personally, that having it, hoarding it like a treasure could change the otherwise passive person.

In 2000, he'd visited web sites, such as Guerilla News Network and whatreallyhappened.com. On the latter was a detailed photo analysis of events at the federal mass murder at Waco, Texas, in 1992. The photos from both news organizations and government photographers showed BATF agents, hiding behind cars and trucks in front of the religious community's residence hall. Supposedly, shots from inside, fired by the besieged cult members, set off the federal reprisal, yet, here were agents, behind intact vehicle windshields, while the front door and nearby areas were sprayed with neat, round, entry holes from rounds obviously fired by "law enforcement agents."

Mere possession of such an archival piece changed you. Horst was raised with police who wore their names proudly on their uniforms, whose faces were visible, and who lived in the same community, which they patrolled. In a whole rash of federal "enforcement" actions, such as Waco and Ruby Ridge, a wholly different type of law enforcement emerged, the officer dressed like a ninja assassin, freely committing murder, perjury, and obstruction of justice in order to convict or assassinate some political undesirable. As an archivist, you never knew the ultimate reason for such events, nor could Horst, although he had no sympathy with neo-Judaic cults like the Branch Davidians who died at Waco, understand how they were perceived as a national threat to the System. He had long ago begun to reason that there must be a 'meta-reason' in such cases, or a meta-purpose. Here, it may merely have been to desensitize the public to a mass-murder, committed by federal military and law-enforcement units, and to desensitize members of those units to committing crimes against citizens, making future enforcement actions easier, especially as the years went by and no officer was charged with murder.

Even though nothing an archivist did was illegal according to the original federal laws, the new laws were broader, especially since the planned "terrorist" events in those years on either side of the divide of centuries. Nothing substantive had been needed for over a decade. The panel of judges were hidden behind a one-way mirror just as efficiently as a Stalinist panel were beneath hoods. Accusers remained anonymous and could not be confronted on grounds of national security.

The search would be cursory. Their real motive for the round-the-clock surveillance was to discover what he is doing, and whom he is meeting, so that these people can be raided and searched, too. Since the judges at the new Federal Terrorism Tribunals were anonymous bureaucrats, set up under Operation Enduring Freedom after the World Trade Center bombings in '01, there would be no line of defense. There remained only the hope that the past several months of investigation produced the barest facts of a very boring and ordinary existence. Horst simply watched the robotic life around him and imitated, went through the motions in a behavioral camouflage.

For years he had built The Archive, as had several others, throughout the nation. Frequently, he felt that carrying it was similar to a tortoise's carrying the heavy shell on its back, but without the defensive purpose. The Archive had been a labor of love for all who participated in its creation. Like spores of a virulent spirochete, it had activated many who tired of the pretenses at investigative journalism and the sham of press freedom. All information had been controlled for decades, and everyone knew it. If there had ever been two sides to any story, whether it was the federal school desegregation initiatives of the mid-1950's to 1970s, or why the U. S. entered WWII, the path not taken was simply not discussed. What passed for debate

would be, simply, how to better integrate schools or why the U.S. did not enter its various wars at an earlier stage.

He had begun in the 1960's with information from wire services, sometimes clipped from the local paper in the NE corner of Tennessee where he lived. Page one of the paper would carry the System's worldview- blacks were misunderstood geniuses with a rich culture, the War in Vietnam must be maintained at all costs as a valid defense of democracy, continued Mexican and other Latin immigration was good for the economy, integration was working, and criminal justice should be tougher on the accused.

Somewhere in the back pages would be the occasional photos of black rioters, looting stores during a New York City power outage. During a famous blackout in the 1960's, a wire-service photographer took a black and white photo of looters walking out of an appliance store, color TVs for "social justice" in hand. The negative had been underdeveloped, so that a denser negative allowed less light from the copy camera to penetrate the photographic printing plate. When developed, the whole shot made the storefront look like a daylight shot and the looters appeared, if not White, at least not Black, either. A magnifying glass belied the *trompe d'ouille* and Horst penned a note in the margins, below the caption, inviting any viewer to use a magnifying glass to study the features of the looters.

Over the years, other stories slipped past the copy editors. A South Vietnamese lieutenant cooked and ate the liver of his Viet Cong opponent to gain courage. An occasional dissonant economist states that Third World immigrants lower the wages for working Americans, and a leading law school study showed that police and district attorneys in case after case will lie, cheat, or withhold evidence in order to convict a suspect.

Over the years, the Archive grew. It blossomed as he exchanged newspaper clippings with other dissidents or free thinkers abroad. It began to include book chapters or quotes. It began to acquire a life of its own, and to undergo mitosis. Soon, the spine of a three ring binder was labeled 'History, Religion.' It included a piece from a recent book on Druids and Celts, which concluded that, from all archeological excavations to date, there was no evidence of Druidic blood sacrifice. The Romans, whose views, as the vanquishers of Celtic civilization should have been suspect, ran into unexpected opposition from the British "barbarians" and tried to justify the casualties among their troops to the folks back home with lurid accounts.

The 'history' and 'current events' that Horst had learned from grade school to Sunday school to college were teaching students what to think by rote repetition of assumptions. Horst wanted to hear the other side of each story. He mentioned the idea, over the next sixty years, to any other dissident, nonconformist, or freethinker whom he met and the idea spread. It was already known that the controlled sources of media had completely hidden the facts or twisted popular understanding of them beyond common sense and empirical observation. What his researches showed was that more often the media controllers hid and twisted by emphasis. The half-page department store advertisement for Father's Day would show a black dad, happily being honored by his family, while, buried on page 34, would be a statistical study from birth certificate data, showing that 85% of black births were to mothers without husbands.

The media in which Horst found the messages, footprints and fingerprints of the mass-mind controllers varied. Sometimes his presentation of the truth was as simple as the act of pointing out the obvious. He tried, however, to make all forms fit into his simple binders, and to spread multiple copies, that others might do the same. On one trip to Northern California, he saw a large billboard beside the old federal highway, U.S. 101. On it was a well-groomed, sad-faced 4-5 year old mulatto with a book beneath his forlornly crossed hands, onto which the photographer for the propagandist advertising agency had posed his chin. The effect was one of hooking every adult with a parental instinct. The billboard caption read, "His imaginary friend

won't read to him." Horst simply mounted a photograph of the billboard. In the white of its margin, he penned, "I encourage his Black father to read to him."

The facts, the reality on most issues was in fine print, in the periphery of consciousness, where the average voter, worker, or citizen, working 50 hours a week to keep up with a balloon mortgage payment and the overall cost of living, is too preoccupied to read this. Such "citizens" would make decisions and cast votes without using the peripheral knowledge. In the Republic, to which they had pledged their allegiance, it would not matter much anyway; there was a separate layer of decision makers between the vox populi and the echo of that voice as policy. Representatives listened to the lobbyists, not the citizens. Lobbyists, after all, whether the Consortium of Milk Producers, or Council on Racial Equality, spent millions of dollars every election, making it possible for candidates to be reelected. Those dollars were the only real "votes" and the citizens, no matter how informed, could not be heard unless their words were backed by mountains of cash.

Should anything happen to the System, Horst knew that those who most reflect its values would be best prepared to survive. If a 12th planet, a nemesis, really did enter the solar system and wreak climactic and geological havoc upon Earth, the slumlord could afford the black-market weaponry, bribes for local officials, and the medium of exchange, be it gold or cash, with which to buy a defensible home in a small town. The lawyer or stockbroker, wholly invested in the System, and profiting from the false exchange of contracts, rather than the real exchange of goods or services for other goods or services, or currency from a solvent nation, would somehow survive a post-traumatic world. This ensured that the System, as it is, would largely be perpetuated, even if those within its grasp were fewer and poorer. A "planetary cleansing," leading to mass change of consciousness as envisioned by New Agers, was the least likely outcome.

His ex-wife had become estranged, in part because, in her words, which echo millions of silent, passive others, "Why should I read this (article, proving a global conspiracy behind a current event)? I can't do anything about the situation anyway." She and his children viewed the work that went into assembling the archive as an obsession. It was a silly task, undertaken by an isolated, obstinate man. The media could not have portrayed a dissident better, and his family seamlessly slipped the Hollywood frame around his image without ever seeing the person therein.

Horst knew nothing of obsessions. It was a practical matter. If his contemporaries would pretend that the emperor was immaculately clothed, he hoped that spiritual successors in a more inquiring and informed future would see the emperor, pustules on his hairy back, gratifying himself beneath transparent robes before the presidential palace. For him, the fact that the emperor would yet strut around, ignored by the street gangs, or the secret police, whose presence justified his bureaucracy, was incontrovertible. The Archive was a life raft of sanity: to contain a set of facts and observations that others would sooner ignore changed the observer from a passive, if not willing, accomplice into a percipient whose notes might someday matter, even if one could never know when that someday would arrive or how.

As the internet dawned, the hours spent poring over The New York Times Sunday edition, at the library were replaced by word or term searches on the internet, such as "draco AND reptilian." To his surprise, a good friend, with whom he'd shared wine and wisdom replied to a forward, "It does no good to send me these factoids. It is only depressing and demoralizing. Worse, just as you reveal the terrorism-with—a purpose of 9/11, real terrorists might attack me for being a broadcaster with these kind of connections."

Maybe Horst had become an information junkie, rather as the protagonist in a 1950's SciFi drama grew a second head. If a truth was there, he could now attach it to an email, reaching

more people more quickly than the laborious process of making copies and filing the sulfurous newsprint, which would yellow within the sheet protectors of a three ring binder. This much remained: even in the days of wire-speed transfers of information, he put a printed copy into The Archive.

There, dissidents stood shoulder to shoulder. Most would disappear, be jailed, or commit suicide, as did Phil Schneider, an Oregon architect, who blew the whistle on secret underground bases. His supposed route to eternity had taken the final detour of his allegedly wrapping a catheter tightly around his own neck three times. A body needed to be removed, destroyed quickly and without review or oversight, just as the wreckage of the Murrah Building in Oklahoma City was dismantled before the traces of several shaped-charge events could discredit the official fiction of a “fertilizer bomb.”

James Keith, who wrote of black helicopter fleets and the plans of a shadow government for a coup decades before it emerged, openly, under George Bush, went into a hospital with minor injuries from a tripping accident and died of complications a mysteriously as Francis Yockley, author of *Imperium* had died in a city jail, locked up on minor charges a generation earlier. An aura of courage or recklessness wafted from the vinyl bindings, where excerpts spoke for speakers, who could no longer offer insights, but who hoped, as Horst did, that a future world might be changed for the better, were they aired.

The System did not congeal into its final form as the neat Orwellian array of Inner Party, surrounded by an Outer Party that interfaced with the chaotic Masses, but as a random jumble of police, regulators, bureaucrats, soldiers, millionaires, and ‘service economy’ drones. It would not lack dissenters because everyone was alienated within it. Spreading its multicultural umbrella to embrace every culture meant that it denied the essence of each, their being, at root, parochial, and could not conforming to the mass dream of universalism.

In such an ironic society, dissidents themselves were a curious lot. Often, they incorporated System assumptions into quasi-alternative world-views. Common among these were Christian Patriots, who felt the principal fault of public life was that it was “secular.” For them, the 18 hours a day that their children were not in school were insufficient for religious indoctrination, and all the ills of polyglot, multicultural dumbing-down that passed for education in violent, drug-ridden schools could be reversed by simply having each schoolchild recite a forced Christian prayer. There are nations, whose police and organized crime hierarchies are interchangeable, whose primary exports are illegal drug products, and whose country roads still, literally, are as haunted by highway robbers as those of feudal Europe. In all of these, Columbia, Mexico, and others, the children pledge allegiances to republics under the same “God” and beneath icons of sacred virgins and sacrificed sons.

These reasoned that the same God of Semitic fable, who commanded David to slaughter 1,000 prisoners of war in the desert or Joshua to destroy whole nations for simply not believing in him, could be the sponsor of liberty. When they could, such persons withdrew their children from public schools, which were noxious enough as a microcosm for the greater society, and “home-schooled” them so that all learning could be forced to accord with Biblical accounts. A smaller number of Christian dissidents went further, physically withdrawing from the oppressive practices of main society, where federal, state, and local regulators, tax collectors, monitors, and police agencies cross-correlated every detail of one’s life through data mining. They withdrew to small, rural communities of peers, where children were beaten within an inch of their lives for the slightest real or imagined disrespect to adults or infraction of the rule-ridden faith. Such communes’ citizens each harbored a secret life as prosecutor of the wicked and watcher of neighbors for ubiquitous iniquities, creating a miniature police state both more personal and more oppressive than its concentric parent.

Such patriots disdained centralization in Washington, D.C., yet their very model for the cosmos was a centralized deity. They reviled American imperialism as the march of Mammon, but were committed to one of the three religions, whose stated sole purpose was the abolition and destruction of every other faith and the lifestyles and indigenous customs of those people who created it. These dissenters, who eschewed what they characterized as “Jewish” values, vied to be the “chosen” themselves, thinking the Hebrew war-god must somehow have misstated “His” preferences. Their eyes misted as they spoke of the overgrazed, over-populated contested desert, monument to human folly and example of the worst harm that three monotheistic creeds can bring to humanity as a ‘holy land.’

In commerce, they were quick to cheat and exploit others, especially outsiders, and valued trickery and cleverness as ends in themselves. Personal gain through trickery, cleverness, manipulation, speculation, or other variants of a “something for nothing” philosophy was exalted over wealth as the fruit of hard work, productivity, or meeting real human needs. They adhered to empty contracts, which bound without arising from a real exchange of value and viewed each employee, tenant, or customer as contemptible- a ‘human resource,’ there for extraction.

Substantively, they differed from the System merely because it failed to elevate their creed above all others, and that its taxes were too high. Even if taxes were too high by some standard of an earlier time, their hands were out for every shekel of government funding through business loans, grants, relocation fees, research allocations, church-school tax exemptions, crop subsidies, or myriad other swills, from which each kosher conservative snout siphoned in the cash. They cried over taxes to governments, but never noticed that the prices for every good and service were elevated by the universal debt at each link in the economic ‘food chain.’ The fact that their insurer paid rents for a commercial building commensurate to a mortgage four times its real value, or that every item that they, themselves bought, and the costs-become-prices of those who sold it to them was based upon paying interests on debt-financing was never considered. While crying over 28% of their incomes’ going to taxes, the same people never caught on to the shell game. Of every expenditure, at least 40% went directly or indirectly toward paying interest on loans or returns on investments. Such citizens only wished to be the lenders, rather than the borrowers, to suck to marrow from another’s bones, rather than to change the arrangement.

Their concern that their incomes, confiscated through taxes for public goods on which most wage earners receive a disproportionately small return, was justified. They ignored the fact that the payments on debts of their own and the prices to them as consumers of the built-in costs of debts to others spiraled up and out of sight like a runaway balloon. So much of the economy was based on debt that a financial commentator wrote:

“As a percent of personal income, U.S. household debt has risen from less than 60% in 1982 to nearly 90% last year, according to Fed figures. Total U.S. non-financial debt as a percentage of GDP has jumped from 140% to almost 200% in the same period.”

Just as the taxes disappeared upward into local governments and, through revenue sharing, further upward, always to the hated central government, the interests paid entrepreneurs and stockholders, who in turn had borrowed from venture capitalists, finance or factoring companies or local banks. At the next level, these borrowers had borrowed from the regional banks, who, in turn, had borrowed from central banking cartels of global banks who formed the quasi-public central national bank to which every citizen was indebted, the Federal Reserve, which was, in turn, owned by the most powerful members of Illuminati, Fabians, or royalty.

To the lenders at this level of the ‘food chain,’ even the federal governments were in interminable and endless debt. Just as federal money disappeared into massive black budgets, so,

too, did wealth of the Rothschilds, Mellons, Rockefellers, and Windsors fund all manner of nefarious activities and institutions. Such master-manipulators, through the pseudo-opposition that they, in fact, established as a vent for the little man's anger, the Bill O'Reilly's, Flush Limbergers, and other konservative talking-heads, were more than happy to point the powerless middle-class citizen at "taxes" as a target. Despite paying, as the rich do, less than 5% of their incomes on taxes, the elitists probably hoped that their rallying efforts through this disinformation campaign would succeed; after all, it would be nice if they didn't have to pay even 5%.

Despite their supposed aversion to 'regulation,' conservatives, when they prevailed, created highly regulated communities. They did not shy away from convicting their fellow citizens for victimless crimes, shutting down stores on Sundays through "blue laws," or passing any other ordinances to restrict another's freedom. They spent hundreds of thousands of dollars electing Christian candidates for state offices, who would then try to pass laws destroying the freedom of inquiry by demeaning the teaching of biological evolution, with its 150 years of hard physical evidence, to a mere theory, while elevating Semitic creation myths to an alternative to findings of biological and earth sciences. Their legislators could be relied upon to prevent liquor sales on Sundays, or harmless groups of teenagers from congregating on a small town's square. They would ultimately extend their Savior's love to the condemned; heads shaved for electrocution, the grisly chair of final torture a monument to their values. The egotism and need to control others was rampant and packaged as "morality," yet such commissars considered themselves apart from the "establishment," which, being more secular and cosmopolitan was, after all "liberal."

Horst had to filter out pretenders. True dissidents were not among these jackals, pack-runners for a more oppressive System. They were those who sought not the freedom from, but the freedom to create something better. A reflexive anti-Semite might see a Jewish plot behind every oppressive institution and a Jew in every secret police agency. The same viewer would ignore the Mormon presence in the same agencies, whose work was control and oppression. He would respond to conditions, being a reactionary. Horst looked for causes and realized that, if Jews were, as some of their own dissidents, like Israel Shamir extensively documented, by nature parasitic and exploitive of host peoples, it was only made possible because those peoples had thrown aside their collective immune system, their native spirituality, with tribalism at its core, and embraced the internationalist ecumenism that embraces philo-Semitic doctrines.

Filter, he did, always looking for articles or book excerpts that made a relevant point, while avoiding mindless echoes of System doctrines. He often agreed with part of their analyses, like the correlation of illegal Mexican immigration with increased drug-trafficking, but would append his own letters or emails to the authors, arguing, here for instance, the illogic of asserting that these illegals only took "menial jobs no one else wanted." He'd known dozens of people, discharged by corporations that profited from hiring aliens under work contracts signed abroad, who now were permanently unemployed. The social critic had failed to consider the kind of society in which an illegal alien would not be welcomed.

To such an article, he penned the following rebuke:

1. A society can function quite well without stock-brokers or stand-up comics, but must include people who pick potatoes and clean chicken carcasses.
2. We value less and pay less for essential jobs, like trash collection than for non-essentials, like radio announcers. (Non-essential services are myriad and mainly caused by overpopulation.)
3. A free market for labor within a society would assure that these jobs paid more nearly what they are worth to the public good.

4. Only the subsidy-to-corporate-America oligarchy, which allows workers hired under foreign labor contracts or local prisoners to work for far less than customary wages has prevented corporate farmers or processors from paying fair wages to local workers.
5. A further incentive that would draw capable, local workers to a chicken plant or corporate potato farm is to require gradual disbursement of stock ownership. The only people who really benefit from the present arrangement are the absentee owner shareholders. The incentive in such a society is not to work, create, or produce, but to consume and the own, so its economy becomes increasingly subject to the effect of entropy, as fewer producers create for ever more non-producing owners. Were workers to buy out, over a generation, most of the productive facilities, our notion of “menial” work would disappear.
6. Were foreign substandard wage agreements to be cancelled and rational tariffs restored to prevent local workers’ having to compete with child labor, slavery, and prison labor, food producers and distributors would have to pay more. That food would cost more does not sound positive, but the newly empowered worker class would be able to afford it, and the national use of food as entertainment, with concomitant epidemic obesity, would disappear.”

Horst took an economic or social matter to first causes. He was dissatisfied with mere analysis, which was, as his correspondent had claimed, paralyzing. A commentary, to be useful, must offer synthesis. Most dwelt on symptoms because the commentators’ own values precluded solutions.

He felt the agents, running about in ninja-like gear, with black ‘tactical’ hoods, black vests, and black and olive drab web gear, like a bunch of large insects, possessed of a group mind and lacking individual consciousness. The glint from a scope or barrel stood out for a second from a rooftop diagonal to his building. The investigation was concluded. Now they would arrest him and seize what few assets he owned. Police theft of property had been made legitimate by the War on Drugs and had soon spread to other forms of enforcement. Toady, they would hunt paper with rifles. Perhaps an agent would claim that the pocket recorder Horst held had been “mistaken” for a pistol, which threatened the swarm and justified the brave men’s’ volley. A dissident who was dispatched by dozens of bullets made a good ‘example’ to others and avoided the expenses of a trial.

He resolved to captivity. He was not public enough, nor important enough to justify the fusillade. He would be shipped by rail car, with other dissidents, to a former military base, decommissioned after the Vietnam era, and quietly reworked by FEMA into a massive holding camp. As he tried to imagine the end-use or end-reader of the Archive, he hoped he could keep the other copies hidden.

They hid only through the compacts with fellow documentarians. When the events of today arrived, it was prearranged; the Archives of others would be hidden, or further dispersed. As the Iron Heel descended, its pressure would make the fluid of resistance seep laterally, imperceptibly and beyond reconnaissance or control. When he first saw the cordon, he had quietly activated his radio and typed in two digits, a code that activated the person at the other end to contact 22 more in his cell-structure, so that, by the time his few remaining binders were confiscated, any whose existence he would betray, when made to drink the pine-flavored mind-control serum, would be out of sight.

Would they be read, ever, in the growing twilight of the northernmost Brazil, whose multi-hued and rootless cosmopolites served only the plutocracy? They would not refer back to original works, as these “objectionable” texts had quietly disappeared from libraries, censored by Europhobic educators. Could automatons break long enough from nightly TV? Could they turn off their daily dose of Biblical Wonders, Sleaze Talk with Morley Poorley, Market News or More Great Hollywood Sluts: the Private Lives to ever read the Archives’ parent sources, were

they still shelved in libraries? It was, as many questions, one for which he had accepted the non-answer if an abbreviating fate.

Horst's life had always been disciplined. Now, elevators, stairs, boots on carpet, and he wrote the death rune on the kitchen floor, laying prone, pressing and then discarding the anonymous object that was, in fact, an electronic activator. He could only wait until the Swarm reached his rooms and found him, prone on the floor, where they would put him with rifle butt anyway, prior to handcuffing, and, as had been the recent fashion, hooding. They would remove him without a struggle, but the binders had been preset, with the simplest, most homemade and available "recipes," not exotic or stolen materials.

It was not to be the first volume, no; that could be the impulse of the first marauding insect in the door. It would be a certain number of volumes, placed together, which activated It. The spores would slowly do to those Swarm-members what the *amanita phalloides* Horst had swallowed two minutes ago would do to him within hours. He could never know if it would happen there, in his defiled apartment, or within the belly of the beast, the hive from which they had, only hours earlier, emerged. There were hundreds of thousands of ants now, and hundreds of hives.

What he was knew, and what would happen today, he had already written and it was dispersed two circles out. Upon activation, it would be known, despite the official fiction. It would be known at least to some. The scouring action of knowledge, of revelation, of daylight, cast by individual eyes, like twin lamps upon the furtive and diseased workings of the collectives' actions and plans might grow. As it spread to more eyes, the insight could grow to a mid-day illumination from which the secret societies and their governing puppets could not hide, and in which light they could not function. In that growing light, the fragile plant of folkishness, connectedness, community, and freedom could sprout again.

The Free Republic of Aryana: 2039 C.E.

He turned the pocket inside out, retrieving the last crumbs of a vitamin biscuit. It didn't matter now, now that it was really over and a safe place at last existed. He coughed, felt the revulsion of a bloody taste, and feared, for the first time since his days on the Russian Front, in what seemed a chain of lifetimes, long ago, another world, another life- felt with certainty that this would be the end. He'd seen it through, remained hidden, disguised, kept young through practicing the ancient exercises while he still had the will to do so. Above all, he'd completed the Record, and that was all that mattered. He could never think of a proper title, but what matter? Now there was only relief from the cold, relief from the constant coughing and rest. Later, if there was to be a later, he could flesh out the details of the journal, across lifetimes, wars, earthquakes, the birth of republics, the sinking of land masses, the mass killings from the Chinese ICBM's, the federal terrorism, the years spent in camouflage by name, by accent, by residence, by occupation. Now it could all be put right: these people would listen...

Water, amorphous and warm, almost hot, surrounded me a while ago in the Leisure Baths, just opened last week by the Jensens. I'd always thought that the surviving magazines of the latter part of the "20th Century" by the old Judeochristian reckoning, with their screwy titles like, "lifestyles", or "leisure" had overstated the experience of a long hot soak- today, nearly an hour! Compared to a dip in my creek in warmer days or the shower, primed with rain water, collected in barrels from my roof and pumped to the overhead shower bladder in the attic, where it accumulates some house heat, this was a wonderful experience. It was only an Aryamark plus 50 pfenigs, not a bad rate.

The whole while, though, I couldn't help thinking about that old drifter- rumor from Statesville was that he had lived in these parts in a homestead in the Wenatchees since fleeing Colific repression prior to the War of Autonomous Regions and the subsequent Great Division of YL 136. He went by Carl Frederich and still had the double runes of the SS inside his left elbow, and, as was the later custom in the covert SS of the later White Survival Movement (what few remained), also on the heel of the right palm. If what he'd said was true, when he went to the Regional Hospital at Ellensburg with pneumonia, he'd have to have been born in about 1916, by the old reckoning in use at that time, making his age at death an astonishing 123! His manuscript, evidently a compilation of notes by members of the Restoration, a pre-revolutionary order of the WSM, had several authors. It had begun with a story called "The Device," and published in an obscure Odinic-NS journal of those troubled times, so I suppose, as part of the Institute of Historical Studies, I can no better honor those early pioneers than to use their title, especially since no other appears in the book.

It was given to me for evaluation, so I discussed it as a project with the other Folk History Workers. The depth and scope of the work, filling in, as it does for us, so many gaps in the record of those times, requires the sort of institution which existed in the last century, an institute or 'think tank' connected with a large university with contacts and resources spread widely around. I think everyone here expects me to read, evaluate, and then request others to contribute to the project as they can.

Now is Fall in the Northwest, the month of Hunting, so we're all busy with harvesting lumber in the Sustainable Forest, on of our community's economic projects. The prospect of editing and interpreting (for the non-historians who will use this for home and village teaching) this volume makes me, in a small way, yearn for the days when there were full-time, paid

"historians", "teachers", "pastors", and so forth. I must go back and re-read this manuscript. Then I shall append other chapters to this, beginning with "The Device"*¹ and followed by the second chapter, where a Colific messenger is intercepted, carrying plans for the destruction of the White middle class and intelligentsia by importing the educated and skilled from China, Pakistan, India, Iran, and other "Third World" (as they called the less-developed and darker regions back then) nations.

The reasoning had been that a White middle class and skilled or knowledge workers could, and probably would, resist the destruction of democracy in the face of secretly Colific-sponsored terrorism. The educated White class might resist the government's own terrorism, whereas the Bangladeshi doctor or the Iranian engineer would ignore this repression, having migrated from nations with long histories of state-terror and no traditions of liberty from which to compare. The reasoning of the Colific memo, from a member of the Olympians, or Committee of 300, was that the Whites could not be replaced by non-Whites from the U.S., Britain, Canada, and Australia, the principle nations, you will recall, where Union was attempted. By their reasoning, these groups (here, blacks and Mexicans) were too unreliable and lacked a history of family, intergenerational improvement, and a work ethic; they would be useful for pulling the house down, but not for re-building it.

Rather, these imported knowledge workers and entrepreneurs would have the work-ethic, strong family structures, making them reliable members of the state, and would have traditions of discipline. Existing in the West as fragmentary communities, they would pose no political challenge to the growing repression. Despite the fact that this tactic caused a great "brain drain", which selected out the best and the brightest of many Asian nations and retarded their development, the Committee and its representatives in Congress (to whom the memo detailed contributions be given in a roundabout way by several members of the World Bank) sold the scholarships and grants that lured foreign students to American and other Western colleges and universities as 'humanitarian' and 'aid to developing nations'. If anyone then reminded them that the only way that this educational preference helped the Third World was when the engineer or doctor returned to his/her nation of origin, he was shouted down under the conditioned responses of "hater" or "prejudiced."

Thus, what is in the ms pretty well accords with the hundreds of hours of interviews with survivors of that period. All that it contains appears to be historically authentic, although the existence or influence of the Committee was not discussed, nor ever written about under the thought-control regime of pre-revolutionary times. What little ever appeared was in 'fringe' publications which were banned from bookstalls and newsstands by the oligopolists who controlled all media by the end of the last century. So, oddly enough, in the very nations and regions most under their control, the plans and even the existence of the Committee, of the Olympians, could not be openly or widely discussed. Whoa! I've given you an outline of the second chapter already. This opening was just to sketch in the facts around this wonderful find. It is almost as if the Secret White Restoration members were writing it for *us* to read, so, I shall begin our printing of their "Device" with a letter from us, here in the 140th Year of Our Leader and 14th Year of Great Division with a long letter to *them*.

Why should I write a prologue backward, the kind opening they once called a 'foreword', to people either senile or deceased? It seems important, in case some of the trade restrictions are relaxed and publications by our Institute of Aryan History are allowed to reach some of the few remaining Whites in what once was called the Deep South, or the "Bible Belt", which included

¹*"The Device" originally appeared in the Summer edition of Gambanreidi Statement 1995.

sections of the Midwest. Maybe some of them, locked behind iron bars in their marginal dwellings, paying 40% income taxes to the governments down there in New Jerusalem and alternately dodging the Secret Police or the street gangs, will read about us in a different light. Maybe it's just a moral obligation- dialogue- returning our relation of experience to them, the authors of "The Device" and the persons behind them, as though the curtain of time were not interposed between us.

I suppose our dialogue should be like those telecommunicators that nearly every house once had: speaking back and forth from a distance. Just reading the Device and the magazines and few newspapers that we can find of the time (ones that weren't used as firewood in the three year Great Winter of '19-'22 by the old Jc. reckoning), I have the sense of the past's speaking to us about the rhythms and textures of life then. Let us pretend that we are speaking to those poor, doomed souls in that over-populated world in the last century of the Judeochristian Millennia, as we now know it. How are our lives now different from yours then?

Greetings & Salutations, You few, brave souls of the past,

The Sisters of Fate have ordained it that I have just received a document from your times, an era when your society touted a "free press", yet all TV and major print media were controlled by a COLIFIC cartel of less than a dozen companies, who decided what was news and what was not and within what narrow range all debates would be stage-managed so as to give the appearance of divergent opinions without the substance thereof. Thus it was that The Device, as we shall call that document, could never have been published in your day, although it could have awakened your citizens of what was then the U.S., to the clarion call of their duties of citizenship.

It could, perhaps, by revealing the machinations of a government gone amok, prevented the chaos and restored liberty. Yet, in your day, where word-conditioned masses drooled like Pavlov's dogs when the proper bell was rung, and automatically termed anything which supported liberty and resisted or sought to reform tyranny as "hate-talk", nothing could have been done. With that kind of arrogance-by-category wherein the educated and literate would not even bother to read your side of the issue due to word-conditioning. It was time when a concerned, compassionate White patriot who favored the separation of races for the obvious *benefit* to each was labeled a "hater" or "prejudiced" and talk of limiting government terrorism against dissenters or the predations of non-White street gangs against all working people was called "hate." The thought-controllers decided which topics or approaches would be considered and others, not sanctioned by the 5 corporations who owned a controlling interest in all TV networks, would be labeled "extremist" or "supremacist" and a simple house or ranch, in which patriots might hide, however briefly, from government death-squads, would be termed a "compound."

Your fellow citizens were so thoroughly told what to think, and so accepted it, that they could have overheard speech in which hatred was not mentioned once, in which violence was never advocated, and still termed it "hate-talk", while the government-employed assassins of Waco, where FBI snipers shot women, children, and unarmed men fleeing a burning building, then made hash-marks on posts at their sniper-nests for each kill, escape this criticism. Such people were little more than robots, who eventually were done in by the very system to which they gave blind obedience. They could not have heard you no matter how subdued your warnings, nor obvious your message. They feared liberty because they feared the thought, attention, and conscious effort necessary to maintain it. Thus, in the end, they lost both life and liberty, when they had rescinded the document which guaranteed them both.

It is from this perspective that I would tell you of how our lives differ now, what we have become, and how at least one alternative has emerged from the mulch of your world, a time whose ending, amid the deliberately-introduced plagues of Hepatitis C, Ebola, Aids, and such new pathogens, few of your contemporaries would live to see. You termed the system which oppressed you and created the alienation which defined your era "ZOG", to us a quaint term which implied that somehow or the other organized Jewry was everywhere in charge and leading your society. What was later learned is that "Anti-Semitic" crusaders were usually set up and/or financed by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, a leading Jewish terrorist organization and intelligence service in order to scare contributions out of their own supporters by keeping alive an assumed threat. We term that same cabal of interest that was known as ZOG, "COLIFIC"- Collectivist Oligopolistic Internationalist Finance Capitalism. It was a convergence of interests, an alliance against liberty. It included the European nobility, Mormons, Freemasons, and a host of institutions sponsored by an élite, known as the Committee of 300, or the Olympians, representing a very powerful, wealthy group, such as Rothschilds and Rockefellers, one of whose constituent's wealth was greater than the treasuries of most nations.

To illustrate how much power they wielded, their secret reports, some leaked by patriots in the 1990's, termed the excess populations of the industrial world "useless eaters" and laid detailed plans for a radical de-population. Yes, they included in those plans all who were not of their caste nor servants thereof, even the most brainwashed and least independent-thinking who would regurgitate mere slogans in place of critical thinking, even those who, to avoid thinking, use a conditioned response like the words "hate-talk." Yours was a world of wire-taps, hidden cameras, and one policeman, military, or regulatory personnel per 11 citizens. Ours is quite different and I shall try, in my scattered way- as describing life at any era is beyond the scope of any one discipline, no less so of history- to tell you of our time.

A basic difference is that we live in villages, intentional really. Each person applies to a village with a unique cluster of interests and skill-need (what you called "jobs"), or is born into one. The size is usually between 150 and 200 persons. Research by anthropologists in the Ahnenerbe during the First Aryan State (then termed the Third Reich) revealed this to be the most natural setting, one in which you know almost all your neighbors. The result has been very little crime, divorce, or alcoholism, and few of the other effects of alienation.

What else on how we live might be of interest to you, you of the past when the struggle was so intense to merely survive? Well, for one thing, our village, Cascadia, in Lewis County numbers 163 persons and owns 652 acres of land. Each family or person owns a lot and a house, but lands for farming, timber-raising, hunting, and recreation are the joint property of the community. It seems that in your day, almost all land was owned by a rich elite of speculators through corporate farms, timber interests, the paper companies, or by financial institutions, what you called 'banks' or 'mortgage companies.' The investor caste- those very few with disposable income to invest, lent money to these institutions, who in turn lent it to the "buyers" of the property. The latter, if I understand, seldom ever actually owned the land or building! Instead, they owned, after dozens of payments, only a sliver of it, called "equity", and risked forfeiture if they lapsed in their tax obligations.

Here, land and its use are a birthright. Of course, I can speak only of the customs of Aryana. In the South East land mass in New Jerusalem, across the Fifty Mile Wide River (you knew it as the Mississippi), where the street signs are jointly in Ebolic and Hebrew, they still have the customs of elite ownership and mass poverty.

You had masses of laws, so many volumes that a law library was required. Your society had high priests of the law, called 'lawyers' and those who listened to arguments and decided

issues, 'judges'. You had armed enforcers of that law who had the right to shoot anyone fleeing them and to impound personal property, even on the suspicion of contraband or other crime.

We have Village Council, with four men and three women and, alternate sessions, of three men and four women, who hear arguments and decide disputes. They meet the third Tyr's Day of each month (by Teutonic custom, His being the God of Justice.) Each person is selected in an open drawing yearly, although, being an unpaid civic duty, half of these refuse to set aside the time. Our standards are those of the Tex Law in the Oera Linda Bok, old English Common Law, and its predecessor, Danelaw. Rather than a library, these few volumes fit rather snugly into a room each Village Common House. We also, from each village, elect a part-time Constable. There is a Regional Aryan Police district and a six-month training course. We look for mature citizens with high repute. Our Constable settles fights, mediates marital disputes, finds lost children, and tracks down stray cows. He is usually unarmed, as his work is ordinarily that of persuasion and diplomacy, not force. If needed, he can deputize any citizen to assist, like in finding a lost child, or rescuing a climber.

We haven't had what you'd have termed "criminal investigation" here in five years. Then, it was a bachelor who drugged wine at a tavern to have a young lass. We didn't have a fingerprinting kit, so our constable radioed over to Regional (our 16 villages, like the spokes of a wheel) and a Roaming Constable arrived with one. I was surprised that most of you were treated like criminals, your fingerprints kept of file by your government. He took samples of fingerprints from the few men who had access to the pub's stock and quickly found a match on the bottle at the young lady's house to the accused. These were compared on the spot, of course, because our custom of privacy forbids government to hold any but voluntary records, like those of genealogy, for inheritance purposes, on any citizen. When the evidence was in, the accused was taken before the Grand Jury, a group of peers from ours and surrounding villages. They, in turn, demanded a polygraph and voice-stress test of the accuser and the accused to make certain that she had not merely changed her mind after a voluntary coupling.

Our Grand Jury, unlike yours, is a peer review group, chosen at random, to buffer the citizen from authority and make certain that all facts are explored. There are no 'procedural' reasons not to explore all the facts or investigate fully. In this case, he was found guilty and banished to Mixatopia, the land in the Middle Atlantic region from what you knew as New York to Maryland. Law, what we have of it, is a very seldom-done thing. We have no professionals but the occasional Constable (with the REP for technical support duties) in it. The Grand Jury meets once a month for a day for the County, our district of 16 villages.

Back to livelihood: we each work for ourselves. When my plant nursery became too large for me and my two grown children to handle, we offered a skill-need work-share. We posted an advertisement at the Village Common House and got no reply. After a month, we put it on InterVillage Shopper, radio for connecting buyers and sellers, needs and needers. A young woman came from two Counties away to work with us. We drew up the proper contract as to what her share of our sales would be and what tools and skills were expected of her. After the customary year's tryout, she'll start earning her work-share of our enterprise. Meanwhile, of course, she shares the profits to repay her labors. She relocated with funds from her former enterprise's buying out her equity there. Such contracts are kept for a year in the Village Common recording office, and when the work-share is being earned, that is noted, with the customary percentages, up to a full vestment at the sixth year.

Today, I pruned my plum trees and transplanted some grape stock which had just gone dormant, then retired to the Institute House to work of this record. Oh, by the way, a family live at the Village Common- the position of commoner. They maintain the records, calling on volunteers, as needed. Likewise, old Hargrove and his daughter live at the Institute and maintain

it. I brought them some plum jam, sugarless and in stoneware crocks, and they served tea while I discussed the scope of this work- Cecil H. wants to review it when I'm through. The jam was in trade for a gross of notebook paper, which the pulp mill is producing four counties distant on the East Trade Road 28. Most of us find it easier to have an enterprise either on our ground floor or a short walk away and prefer that to what you called a 'commute.'

Let me further tell you of the business of Aryana, reader of the past: this is how things work. We have minters, makers of coin and medallions. They can produce whatever metal currency stands for a work unit or value of an item or service. The content and weight are set by our Bureau of Standards and its 11 employees. Principally, these are from copper, pewter, bronze, chrome, or silver. We seldom use gold, tied as it was to usury, hoarding, central economic controls, and capitalism or communism. We mostly advertise or network for what we need and barter for it. There are published in each county directories of goods and services, also the state directory. Aryana includes what you knew as Idaho, Washington, Oregon, part of Montana, and northwest Wyoming. National government in Pocatello is less than a tenth the size, proportionately, of what you knew. InterMountain, one of the 4 Aryan states, covers an area from the eastern slopes of the Cascades eastward to a north-south line between Coeur d'Alene and Boise, north to the Canadian border and we are bounded on the south by the Snake, Columbia, and Clearwater Rivers. Government's purpose is to deliver very few services, to coordinate the delivery, by volunteers, of many more and to conduct and exchange research on crops, goods and services, and to manage and maintain public works projects.

When we use mintings each is of a certain weight and purity for its class, but the artistic styles and choices are as varied as the craftsmen. A tenth of it is collected for all government. This includes Folk Militia, with its small core of professionals and the ability to quickly mobilize men and women volunteers. Our State Institute of Trades operates small, specialized campuses in various locations. Near the mines, they teach smelting, welding, and related trades. In the fertile river valleys, like ours, field stations study agronomy and related disciplines. In Hub Villages, dense clusters of a dozen or so, where homesteads are smaller, workshops teach glass-blowing, textile-manufacturing, and machinery production. We learn traditions and culture from volunteers in each village school and, of course, at home. The trades schools are all specialized, taking from six months for locksmithing to three years for tool and die maker or four for physician or herbalist-chemist. In any curriculum, you learn by doing, so there is little expense to the community and no idle time for the student.

Oh, you have probably asked yourself how Aryanans manage to run our society with only a 10% tax. I realize that in your day, all taxes added up to as much as 40% of an average family's productivity. We tax in a different way. You have noticed that, several times, I used the term, 'volunteer.' Every citizen has to spend five days a month in voluntary labor to the state. I helped contour a stream that was threatening to erode nearby pasture land last month. This month, I am scheduled to take the village children through a week's worth of Aryan history and to report on your era. It's a lot of work, simple projects for the younger children- essays and research for the older ones but it's the price we gladly pay to have control of their education in our hands, not those of a remote or alien bureaucracy.

You see, the village school works on one subject at a time. All is hands-on, learn by doing, as much as each discipline permits. Now is History Term, so I was called in for one of the six weeks. Next is Math /Physics, so Eileen Grekab, my neighbor with the machine shop, will do a week sometime in that term. The Teaching Coordinator lives over the school house and classroom buildings. It is his job to draw in the volunteers and the Village Alderman's job to know who is available for what. With eighty-eight adults in the village, an index card file is all that is needed: I drop by the Village House once a month and ask a Commoner for my card, then

update it with my project, which he has pencilled in on the chart in the common room wall. If I can make a better contribution in another area, I negotiate this, and citizens often do. In your day, these matters were termed "public works" and paid in taxes to full-time employees. I'll be on recycling duty next Thor's Day, using our solar carts to carry parings to the village mulch pile, glass and metal scrap to towns with a smelter or glassworks; the fresh air and non-thinking manual work feel good after hours of reading and writing- help a scholar keep balanced.

My Institute colleague, Janeen, suffers occasional asthma, and substituted salmon harvesting for her scheduled (dusty) road maintenance duty. Oh, we do get to travel a bit when seasonal needs arise. She was offered either purely her share of the catch or that and mintings. She found the smoked, dried fish almost as easy to barter as coin.

You might have guessed by now that, except for the regional hubs, villages are pretty specialized. We raise sheep and goats for cheese. We maintain a common woods and plant wild grains there conducive to deer. Our Huntsmen harvest the meat selectively, just the opposite of the Judeochristian ethic of exhaustion, where the most magnificent stag would be shot. We harvest the weaker, smaller older individuals in prey populations; that way, our effect on their population is not dysgenic. In a Folk defense situation, our Hunstmen serve as scouts and sappers, like in the Border IncurSION twelve years ago.

In the forest, we allow other predators, like bear, cougar, and fox. It is fenced off, but sometimes nonetheless becomes necessary to scare them off from our settlement area, by non-lethal means, including noise-bursts and pole-mounted electric prods. Occasionally, it is necessary to kill a rogue that might menace humans. We have 20 acres in firewood trees, poplar and pine for fast growth. When a tree dies in the 150 acres of managed forest, we replace it with a wild, but edible variety, such as persimmon, paw-paw, or apple. In ravines or near large stands of old timber, we plant wild grapes like scuppernong. This feeds game and those of us who like to gather wild-grown native fruits.

We cultivate blueberries, walnut trees (and plant some wild in the forest), oats, and rape seed. We offer for barter or sale to other villages dried berries, compressed "logs" of firewood sawdust from our lumbermill, dried apples, apricots, cherries, and dried greens for salad or stew. A stream flows through the middle of the village. We have settling ponds, as it was contaminated by coal mining practices of the last century (yours!) and the water must be at least partially rerouted before we can use it. As it flows, we treat it and our village's sewage in purification canals with useful bacteria and water hyacinths. We have a pond off-stream with tilapia and catfish for anglers. Around the pond are millet and oat fields. We periodically drag the bottom for sediment and harvest the hyacinth; both are composted for the grain fields. The grain, in turn, is thrown to the fish. Martin houses and bat enclaves (small spaces crafted from wood to attract them) are near the canals, preventing mosquitoes, while our cats admire their aerobatics.

We barter deer jerky, when there is surplus from the hunt. The same is true for turkey meat. One of the families specializes in canning and came up with a great recipe for using this and our potatoes, selling or bartering jars of turkey-potato soup. In addition to the chaos of individual transactions, we trade as a village. We trade our dried fruits with a textile village on the coast for cloth and thread. We trade our dried fish for wine and our oatmeal for machine parts for irrigation equipment. Sometimes, in addition to trading goods, we trade labor. Last year, a group of us went (a labor delegation) to fight fires in a low-brushy terrain community thirty miles hence. After two weeks success, we returned. The next week a wagon was pulled in with a small pump-unit as their tangible gratitude. Thank the Gods we've not had occasion to use it on a fire yet! Despite the long hours building fire breaks, one of our crew, Jim, returned with a widow who began housekeeping here. The Gyđja married them two months later. There's often visiting

from village to village and most have a Guest House; some even offer private inns, usually those along trade routes.

You've wondered by now what happens when an owner-worker and his peers, also owner-workers, don't get along and decide that a parting of the ways is necessary. Well, first of all, by Aryan law, what little we have, *everyone* is entitled to work. If a person tries out for the first year, the 'vestment' in our customs to be a worker-owner and is voted not worthy of confidence by peers, the same peers are obligated to suggest a more satisfactory employment. The person is free to look for other arrangements or simply, with the permission of a particular community, to homestead and be a hermit, if that is his or her preference. As a last resort state government maintains a registry and will place the worker in a community which advertised a particular need. Since education is free and you always work your way through any curriculum, many displacees (as we call them) simply go back to school to learn a different trade. One community had a purchasing agent / scheduler who was good at acquiring the various clays, tools, and glaze materials for their crockworks, but who fomented trouble with and between all the other worker-owners. They voted no confidence and bought out his shares. He went back to school to become a farrier! He is jokingly referred to as "Harry the cussing Horsmith" due to the language he uses around his new 'clients,' the latter immune to the ravages of gossip.

Often, our citizens choose to die in harness. Some retire by accruing work-shares or building the wealth-value of their enterprise such that, when it is time to retire, and, as is our custom, the other peers buy out their share, the value has grown. Others save AM's through deposits in the State Development Bank. This is entirely voluntary, and worker-owners can do a mixture of self-advancement strategies. Deposits fund projects benefitting all Aryanans.

A recent example in the Copper Mine Reclamation Project in what was, in your day, Montana (divided now between Central Rockies nation and our state of West Montana, which also takes in the rest of Idaho). We have installed millions of tons of good earth, hundreds of thousands of shrubs, trees, herbs, and grasses to restore this area to natural health. Volunteers, directed by the Ministry of Ecosystems, poured hundreds of thousands of man-hours into reclaiming this wasteland. The thousands of formerly polluted acres will be divided between a national park and winter wheat, flax and sunflower farming.

How do we decide how to spend through SDB, a team of "experts", working behind the scenes and, as in your day, paid by private interests? Not at all: we hold a plebiscite in which all Aryanans over 15 years of age (at which they have completed economics, history, and political studies) rate projects in order of preference. Petitions to the Althing, our national assembly, put them onto the ballot. The SDB then focuses on the top three or four as funding allows. Another project in the works at this time is the environmentally benign paper-mill. We don't want to buy paper products produced by convict labor, under absentee ownership, or that are strong polluters, as is the case with other mills in American nations.

When a project is underway, the SDB locates worker owner associations (woa's- in your day called "companies") as subcontractors. This pooling of skills for particular projects absorbs any displacees not already working. My pet project, the barrel plant we had gotten on the ballot as the North Oregon Cooperage, was voted fifth, so I hope for a better showing next year. Barrels are such a strategic item.

SDB is another participant in retirement, as I said above. SDB returns AM's to the depositors at 12, 15, or 18% interest. The period before incremental repayments to individuals are completed is 5, 8, or 22 years. Those who invest thoughtfully in development projects (many of which you would term "conservation"- development in your day meant only production or extraction) can retire quite comfortably and re-invest their earnings as often as they wish.

Most of our elderly choose to continue to work. We don't live to work, as in your day, but, rather, work to live. Since we don't use compound interest, nor perpetual stock payment of dividends, retirees either reinvest in SDB projects (you can choose which), build their own hobby, or even practice a profession part time. We have no separate homes for the elderly. Families and villages care for the elderly, when feeble.

When ill, the Practical Doctor in each village cares for us. For more involved treatment, he or she coordinate adjunctive treatments with herbalists, naturopaths, psychic healers, or even the Regional Hospital network. Our Chemist / Herbalist (we usually just call them 'herbalists') compounds, extracts, and often raises his own medicinal plants. Sometimes, where a different climate is needed, he contracts a local greenhouse to supply a medicinal plant. Some villages have developed a thriving pharmaceutical manufacturing industry, turning out hundreds of bottles of tinctures, decoctions, or pills.

The price of medicines, since the oligopoly practices of Colific are no longer in place, have dropped, and, for instance, for our diabetics, we have two villages which raise insulin from a bacteria, which produces it from yeast (the details of pharmaceuticals elude me) and a day's shots now cost only 20 pfenings, about 30 cents in the coinage of your time. No one now must suffer through the day due to the expense of a treatment for arthritis, migraines, back ache, or gout. By the same token, the very large companies, supporting large bureaucracies of paper-shufflers who answer to federal regulators, and an army of remote speculators who own their stock, are gone. That is why, as we calculate it, the average prescription costs less than a tenth what it did in your day.

Our goal is to have a PD in each village. In addition to individual medical practice, she is an advisor on public health issues, and can bring pollution or health hazards before the village council, or even a State Thing. He also gives adjustments to the spine, as did your chiropractors (and we still have some of them as specialists). A PD's practice involves diagnosis, basic treatments, and patient maintenance. At the regional hospitals, and Intermountain boasts three, are specialists, from orthopaedic surgeons to implantologists.

When an elderly person passed on in your days, a eulogy was held and his or her memory appreciated. Our custom is a bit different: when an historic event in which she participated comes up, when he is ill or when the birthday occurs, an Appreciation Party is staged in which various friends or relatives take a few words or a few minutes to state how appreciated the person is, recalling incidents and shared experiences. The aged are useful and valued here, whether the wheelchair-bound man who canes chairs, or the blind woman who set up a 6 months' basic Russian program two years ago (she gives a refresher for six weeks this year), culminating in our village school's reaching several kids in Belyorus on ham radio. We don't accept isolation, alienation, or idleness as their lot.

From the above narrative of our busy lives, I know that it would be easy to get the wrong impression -that we work all the time. That is not the case. By the way, was it true back then that your citizens averaged 6 hours a day of electronic theatre? Oh, that's the device- you called it 'tv' and it was entirely alien- owned. We have good private stock theatres and traveling thespians, too. I attended a play about your era in Spokane last year, but theatre is something special, magical, enjoyed for a few hours a month at the maximum- how mundane it must have become as an addiction, or as a substitute for community!

We really do have a lot of leisure. I was tending my garden last week, a perfect NorthWest autumn day with a clear sky, about 45 degrees F. and low humidity, little wind. The sun was bright and warm. On impulse at about 11 am, I sat on my front porch brewed a pot of tea on my porch brazier, and lit a pipe. I did absolutely nothing but watch leaves blow, hawks wheel and scan the fields for prey, and dust get kicked up by horses or solar cars passing a hundred

yards ahead, on the road in front of the house. That night I did some postures to limber up and tone, listened to a new tape of Chopin's *Arabesque* by a pianist from the Snake River area, and meditated before sleep. With the window wide open and the wood stove on low heat, the dreaming body rode the autumn winds in search of new paths and ways.

Flexible schedules are the rule. My neighbor, Eileen, the machinist, likes to do two hours of Tai Chi (moving meditation) every day after lunch. She schedules all the machining orders that she and her two nephews have planned for pick up or to deliver the following morning. If something is backed up or time is critical, they might stay until 6 or 7 pm to finish it. Occasionally, she will work through the afternoon.

You may conclude that we don't 'work hard enough' by the standards of your century to be prosperous. I disagree. You worked only 12 to 13 hours of your work weeks for yourself. Most work hours paid out dividends owed to absentee owners at the top of your social pyramid, the interest on corporate debt, and taxes to all levels of government.

We are by no means wealthy by your standards. Very few of us will ever have a hot tub, sauna, solarium, or ball court in our homes. Few will own "adult toys," like a leisure boat or off-road vehicle used just for fun. Yet few of us do not own our homes (and those by choice- folks who chose to be itinerants) and we all own our jobs. Each village controls its own population. The same month's supply of birth control pills that the World Health Organization of your day bought for distribution to Africa for 23¢ from pharmaceutical-medical oligopolists were sold to your women for over \$26. Our Constitution forbids colonialism, which was caused by the need to resettle excess populations. It was this colonialism which led to the destruction of human biodiversity through one of its inevitable corollaries, race-mixing. Thus we limit our numbers so that we each may have land, a house, or owned share of a larger property, and a job. Back to the original statement; we don't have to work as hard because we are not supporting bottom feeders who don't work but breed children entitled to state benefits nor top feeders who don't work, yet collect from the work of others through interest or dividends. There are no parasites, nor predators here.

Back to Eileen and her business- when orders are slow, they tend the grove of willows behind the shop, their acres being low and moist. They cut or gather what braches they need to make willow furniture- very clever couches and chairs, even baskets woven from the soft, flexible wood, which, like rattan, becomes rigid when dried. My favorite is their hanging chair, like the proverbial 'womb with a view,' which depends by hook from a porch ceiling. If a customer does come to the shop door and sees their message on the chalkboard while they're in the willow grove, she simply rings the bell for a partner to bicycle back in minutes.

Every Viðar's Day (Saturday to you) Trade Towns appear at the crossroads between villages. Our nearest is roughly equidistant from nine villages and just 4½ miles from us. The place, with its rough, wooden stralls, tents, and tables, stands empty except for Frigga's Day, Viðar's Day, and Nornir's Day. Then we sell surplusses and buy or barter for needs.

It is also a social hub, where courtships begin and long time business associates meet over coffee and chess. There are always bards and musicians to entertain for barter or mintings. Sometimes we even get a troupe of acrobats or a test of skill to amuse. A demonstrating artisan, like the glassblower, who comes next month, draws as rapt an audience as any athlete.

By our custom, the next day, though the Trade Towns are still open, they are less well attended. Many of us devote Nornir's Day to contemplation, meditation, or divination. Others cook, fly a kite, fish, or visit kinsfolk. Few in Aryana attend Judeochristian churches any longer, as was common back when it served as the state religion for the U.S. Most that do belong to the Fellowship of the Archetypal Christ. This sect is truth-based, venerating those aspects of the Essene tradition which leaked into the latter books of the Judeochristian tome, but still realizing

that their "Jesus" was an ahistorical myth, a blend of the exploits of Alexander the Great, the birth of the Hindu God Krishna, the virgin birth of Osiris, the sacrifice of Mithra and biographical details of the Buddha, mixed in with miracles performed by the Hellenic Pagan priest, Apollonius of Tyana.

Aryanans participate in all manner of religions, but none are used in state ceremonies, nor to sanctify government excesses. Only a third of the citizenry claim formal membership in any hof or congregation. Another third are the White equivalent of Shintoists, maintaining a household shrine to honor ancestors and Gods and Goddesses and only occasionally attending public observances, like Beltane, Midsummers, Yule, or the Feast of the Einherriar. While our Folk are as likely Druid, Wiccan, Odinst, Confucian, Taoist, Hellenist, or Agnostic, our youth study all these, learning practices and tenets without the village school or its teachers ever endorsing a particular practice. A six-week of each year's schooling is devoted to philosophy, logic, and metaphysics, so that all our citizens learn the bases of disciplined thinking and critical analysis. It is in this phase that volunteer teachers of the various faiths available (our village has no Buddhists nor Jc's) explain their faiths. We are mostly Druids: I'm one of the few Odinsts. They maintain a Sacred Grove, yet welcome us to use it when it's not already in use. We often interact with the few Hellenists in lively discussions on the similarities of our theologies.

Back to time and how we spend it. Hmm, I mentioned retirement, trade days, flexible work days, volunteerism, and our attitude toward work. I did not mention vacations yet. It is our custom to take a month's vacation. Some folks get together as a WOA (worker-owner association- the equivalent to a small company in many ways) tour group. Others vacation as families or individually. To visit somewhere, most take Am's, but some of us take the mintings and goods.

Last Ember (November in your calendar), I vacationed in the San Juan Islands. I'd gone there the prior year for fishing and boating. Then I'd noticed that the inns might like to vary the seafood cuisine. I brought some of our canned Free Range Emu. The hunters had to cull the emu population this year, so we had quite a bit of the surplus meat products. Our Herb Emu with rosemary, shallot, and bay stirred interest when I'd brought a sample last year. This year I took 200 quart jars in a small buggy from our local livery. We arrived with my luggage as well, in that village 19 miles west of here, the one which maintains vehicles and operates a trucking service. My jars were carefully crated and shipped to the coast for ferrying over to the islands.

I spent a month, taking time to visit the Schweigen Memorial on Whidby Island and other points of interest. Some take a week here and there, others two weeks, and some work year round to acquire more wealth. We are a free people, so choices are varied.

Speaking of freedom, you might have guessed by now that our villages vary greatly. It is often said in other nations that, "Aryanans are so cussedly different that no two of them can have more than two things in common." This joke aside, you do find quite different lifestyles here. Some villages almost exclusively trade and barter. There are some where marks are the only recognized way to do commerce. Some are involved in manufacturing- others feature skilled craftsmen, mining, or farming. Some are of one faith predominately and in some, it is a mark of status, to hearken back to our discussion of leisure once more, how hard one works and how little time is taken off. Fortunately these latter are rare.

Freedom to choose cultures is due to a weak central government and the absence of the mass mind-control that that electronic theatre device wreaked on people of your era. In our village, dogs are forbidden because we don't enjoy having to de-worm children who might have walked barefoot on ground where spores persist in droppings (for up to 3 years)- nor do any of us enjoy being awakened in the 'wee hours' by barking, nor being attacked while jogging or bicycling. Many people keep pets, racoons, cats, de-scented skunks, even one widower with a

pair of pet wolverines he raised from cubs. We like to feed squirrels, foxes, and the occasional racoon who wanders up from the creek for table scraps. Most of these would be driven away by dogs. Our Practical Vet gave us some oral rabies vaccine to work into the food of animals who come by regularly, a project in which I was glad to participate, since a large racoon I call 'Oscar' has been a regular visitor to my kitchen the past few years. He is one of those who has established 'routes' with various homes along the way.

Freedom works like this in our culture: you are not free to own a dog in Cascadia, but, six miles away in Mill Creek, you are. There wolverines, puma, racoons or other pets who might injure a dog, may not be kept as pets. When a village advertises for a new worker-owner or a settler, such preferences are always stated.

In Cascadia, we have a preference for quiet, enjoying communion with the night sky, conserving our rape oil lamps, and being able to see the glowing fungii and other wonders of nature which only low light reveals. Hence, other than lamps lit at crossroads and the occasional battery-car or buggy-lamp, it's a great place to aim a telescope at the Moon or Venus, which hobby several of our citizens pursue.

Yet in the Cascadian Gulf (where the city you knew as Seattle was submerged in your 2011) there is a tourist and fishing town, really a collection of a dozen villages, where the lifestyles are entirely different. Raucous, all-night taverns abound, night cruises, and lots of music spills out over streets and buildings. We joke with the occasional visitor about 'Party Town' and they, in good humored turn, call us 'gravellers' for our region's unpaved, narrow gravel roads. Freedom means that our society is not uniform and no force would make it so. Each person may choose to which corner of Aryana her temperament guides her and children often grow up yearning for a different culture than the one about them. I might add that parents accept this with little consternation as just part of the individuation that occurs with maturity.

Differences even extend into diet. In Cascadia, we eat meat or fish probably once a day per person. There are villages where everyone is strictly vegetarian. In some of these, no milk, butter, cheese, nor honey (they consider it 'stealing from the bees') is consumed. To me, these are animal-loving cranks, but in the traditions of tolerance and diversity, it works and is what defines Free Aryana, as we like to call ourselves. In other villages, they eat all of the foregoing, but no meat or fish, as these two products are linked to predation, suffering, and the death of one organism to feed another. Some find this morally untenable; most of my neighbors consider it completely natural, just like when Oscar eats a young snake or crayfish.

Our variety of lifestyles is our strength. If the no-animal-products people are correct, and they end up outliving the rest of us, we shall learn from it and modify our diets accordingly. Life is always an experiment, and the more trial-and-error, the more diversity, the better. When Aryanans speak of liberty or tolerance, we mean it. During your era, the word-controlled masses heard such terms from the very system which was trying to quash all diversity, whether it was an African nation that wanted to decide what crops to plant without oversight from the U.N. or a Mid-eastern nation which wanted to build its own industries without the world bank.

The same fate awaited Texas patriots for merely trying to get an independent republic referendum on statewide ballot back in your year 1997. They were set up by the occupation government, as agents provocateur volunteered to help in the scheduled plebiscite, then claimed to have been 'kidnapped', giving the pretext to bring in the death-squads of the federal secret police, the FBI.

To illustrate how complete was word-control and mass-conditioning back then, the federal government claimed that the patriots had written millions of dollars worth of bad checks in order to finance their ballot initiative- the same claim which they had made the prior year about a secessionist group in Montana, the Freemen. In the latter case, the government claimed

that these fellows had written six million dollars worth of bogus checks. Perhaps this was a deliberate ploy to build on the six-million Jews story about the World War. Either way, your fellow citizens had to have been nearly hypnotized and to have lacked critical thinking skills.

In 1984, the novel, George Orwell had shown how a centralized monstrosity of a government would not only arrest people for resistance, but would simultaneously smear their character. In the case of Winston Smith, the protagonist, he would be charged with pornography and corrupting the youth, as well as insurrection. Prophetically, life followed art, as the federal government did this in Texas and Montana. By the 1990's, *any* large check transaction was automatically verified by computer before being completed. It would not have been possible, except in very small transactions, to cash more than a few thousand dollars worth of bad checks then, with electronic verification and instant detection of frauds. Even though the early news releases in the 1996 incident of the Freeman used the word-conditioned 6 million figure, later propaganda releases put it at only a tenth that much.

This last observation brings me back to a subject on which we just touched earlier: justice. Our concept of it is quite different. For one thing, Aryans realize that all freedom springs from voluntary associations. Should a village, a county, or a state wish to secede from Aryana, it would have a right to do so. Should a child reach the age of 12 and feel that he or she is not being raised correctly, he or she can appeal to the village council for outplacement with another family. Mind you, we have all read of the abuses by "child-protective agencies" in your time, breaking up families on mere allegations, and we have taken special precautions so children cannot abuse their petition right. Marriages can be dissolved by a public statement to the village council and a note in the Public Proceedings. No lawyers or court costs are incurred. Much of the causes of divorce in the Judeo-Christian era was caused by financial strife, in a heavily indebted society. We are free of those pressures. We realized that, in analyzing the true structure of the U.S. and its former adversary the U.S.S.R., both were held together, unlikely groupings of quite dissimilar peoples, with terror and central force. We renounce this plan on the family level and of nationhood.

I told you earlier that we even elect our police. A lot of our justice is private, citizen-to-citizen. In our law, a brother or father may avenge a rape. The spouse of a murder victim may avenge the murder. We term the arrangement, where there is a spontaneous attack on an obvious perpetrator, "folk defense."

Our "right to avengement" works like this. Three years ago a father and son, partners in a sheep ranch, were riding in late one night and saw some cut fencing. They went on an access road a few hundred yards and, while the son maneuvered his truck to block in the rustler's truck full of sheep, the father ran to accost the perpetrator. The latter resisted, fatally stabbing the rancher. The son, as you might expect, went berserk and slew the thief with a tire tool. He then dragged the rustler's associate out of the truck and turned him into a cripple with his bare hands. In your day, after an arrest for manslaughter, arraignment, and grand jury investigation, if the son were lucky, he'd be vindicated for "justifiable homicide" on one charge, but still be liable for assault on the other rustler. If he stayed out of prison, he'd be financially ruined by parasitic lawyers. Since we recognize private justice, the constable's investigation cleared the son the very next day and the matter was dropped.

Our concept of justice guarantees a low crime rate, very low. A shop owner, having found burgled tools clearly made by his blacksmith wife on sale at a Trade Town three counties distant, found a constable and, with few inquiries, located the thief. He rained fists on the perpetrator, confiscated his other tools, and, while the constable looked for other stolen items to compare with any other burglary reports, the shop owner was done with it. In what few crimes do occur (so rare that the details become a social topic of gossip and idle chat, it is such an

anomaly), the perpetrator, if he even suspects that a victim or victim's kin are close to finding his identity, usually asks a constable to arrest him for his own protection.

Since citizens have full rights to bear arms and exercise self-defense, any potential criminal in Aryana has several obstacles to consider. Since we are an industrious and self-reliant people who have a real right to live, not just to work for a pittance and subsist while the few decide everything for us from above, there is little alienation or anger. Since our government is ourselves and any citizen in any village or county could petition the removal of any constable or REP without waiting for an election, there is no sense of impotence. The conditions which created crime in your days, including the forced mixing of different peoples with entirely different cultures and genetic temperaments, simply are not present by design.

Another way that the conditions which formerly caused crime are avoided is this: we have very little rape simply because our women dress modestly. As with most behavior, we do not pass strict laws, but rather, general precepts subject to local interpretation and individual integrity, rather than fielding an army of policemen and a fifth column of informants to war against our own citizenry. Our women and maidens keep themselves modestly covered in public. To do otherwise, we know, would encourage marital infidelity, promiscuity and resulting illegitimacy, venereal disease contagion, and rape.

A woman's physique sends visual arousal signals, as anthropologists recognized in the last century, particularly Desmond Morris, and the primitive societies which practiced immodesty suffered all the above ailments. Not only was rape decreased greatly from Colific days, but our folk have deeper, happier marriages with less frequent divorce. A woman's worth is not judged, like livestock, purely on appearance, but rather, with Modesty Precept, the young man judges her cleverness in conversation, her erudition, her reliability in helping run a homestead, her skill at interesting crafts. The same is true of currency as with the flashing flesh of the former Colific-run U.S. The few who had a lot flashed their money sometimes. Of necessity, so did stores, banks, and other centers of commerce. Since the vast majority were prohibited by custom and statute from ever owning much currency, robbery was common. Here, where most trade is by spot-barter or is pre-negotiated, you don't hear a lot of mintings jingling in someone's pockets. With no paper money, also, there is just so much in AM's that can be carried as coinage, limiting the potential gains of a robber- and why rob or steal when it is far easier to work, keep the fruits of your labor, and prosper? Again, by how we live, crime is made rare. By the way, this lack of paper is not so awkward as you may think; we have 50, 75, and 100 AM pieces, which contain different amounts of rare metals such as palladium.

You are perhaps impressed, but wonder what happens when, human nature being what it is, the state itself must deal with criminality. We know from our history that in your day, there were public rituals of torture called 'capital punishment,' used for public revenge, to sacrifice a scapegoat and give a momentary sense of power and control to a frustrated, fearful public. Some of these were so extreme as to be ultimately barbaric, such as electrocution, gassing, and the Judaic cult called 'Mormons' and their biblical principle of 'blood atonement' by firing squad. For lesser offenses, inmates were kept idle, in cramped, dirty conditions, raped by other inmates, with tacit approval by the administrative personnel (many of whom watched for entertainment on closed-circuit tv's) and even directly sexually exploited by guards. Understandably, most who left your prisons soon returned their anger to the society which confined them and came back, unable to cope with life after such an environment.

Our values are this: the state, any state, is not wise enough nor infallible enough to condemn a citizen. Every citizen in a state which practices revenge killing is brought to a lower moral level thereby. While we condone the right of a victim to such spontaneous or immediate

justice, we believe in limiting the power of the state. To limit the power of the state is to deny it the ultimate power over a citizen- that exercised by ritual killings of inmates.

When a grand jury and judge act here, a felon is banished either to our Penal Colony or to forced emigration. Our colony now numbers 728, very few in a nation of 9 million. It is a 2,000 acre ranch, whose wire fences are patrolled by a couple of platoons from the Aryan Defense Force.

It is self-sufficient. The few life-sentenced felons usually have their own cottage industries and together they circulate a list of products which can be mail-ordered. Everyone there is required to work and to attend life-skills and value-training in order to be released at the end of sentence. Unlike Islamic or Judeochristian traditions, the Aryan policy is to protect society by isolating the felon, and to change, not punish him. Being apart from the normal pleasures, comradeship, and duties of citizenship, plus the dejection of banishment, are punishment enough. Those who are banished from Aryana, fewer than a hundred persons a year, are outprocessed by the Foreign Ministry to one of the less developed nations, always eager to receive a skilled, resourceful White immigrant. On the felon's part, realizing the primitive nature of justice in such areas, anything from flogging to removal of the larcenous hand, most become lawful.

Well, enough on justice. That last bit brings me to our relationship with other nations. Aryana has mutually respectful relations with most other nations. Until the dissolution of the U.N. four years ago, many nations would not grant us diplomatic recognition because we are, by design, an all-White nation and this was anathema to the U.N. Since its collapse, and the recognition by all that Aryanism (as they term our doctrine) is not for export, nor do we try to promote it abroad, we have found new trading partners.

Our Aryamarks are sought by foreign coin collectors. Especially popular is the one by the New Portland minter, the 5-mark piece which shows the Reich Eagle, flying over mountains with a numeral 4 in its talons, for a Fourth Reich, and the rising sun, with a swastika in its center, on the other side. Although its silver-bronze ratio and weight are set by the Bureau of Standards, this particular private minting, I am told, always buys as much abroad as if it were 7.5 AM's. We have refused to borrow as a nation from our own taxpayers or from any of the larger, international banks, which usually prop up (and then covertly dictate policy to) nations our size. Still, our marks trade well against any other currency, even though not based on gold hoarding. Rather, they are backed by the productivity, integrity, and quality of our workforce.

Every product for export is stamped, whether on package, crate, or itself, with the statement, "Manufactured with pride and quality by the owner-workers of Free Aryana." Agricultural products likewise read, "Raised with pride by the independent farmers and co-owner farm workers of Free Aryana." Beside each inscription is our national symbol, the bumble bee. It is industrious and equipped to defend itself, yet beyond that, it differs from other bees in important ways, being a free bee, not an automaton of the hive. We have quietly promoted the National Socialist ideals of personal empowerment and economic democracy by our example and, on principle, have refused to accept imports from nations which are the worst examples of speculator-driven economies, child-labor, slavery, or unpaid, forced prisoner labor. This has cost us relations with some nations, yet has caused workers in other nations to rethink their economic self-definition. Some of the more literate and progressive European nations now have initiatives pending either in parliament or by plebiscite for mandatory worker equity.

It reminds me of a class I was teaching in our village school. We were examining the causes for the Second World War in Europe. What were the conditions which led the Germans to conclude that they must attack through Holland and Belgium into France? How did it result in the posting of 26 divisions of British and French offensively-equipped troops massed at German

borders for imminent attack? Above all, why was it so important to quash Germany? The Anglo-American ruling classes, of course, never discussed their true motives. It sure as hell wasn't the perpetuation of "human rights" nor "democracy." After all, it was not too many years earlier that the British had ruthlessly suppressed the Dutch and Hugenot Afrikaaner's legitimate desire for self-determination in the Boer War, thousands of whom had died in British concentration camps. Likewise, in the U.S. Indians were in a colonial status as a disenfranchised people and Negroes could not vote in much of the nation and mandatory sterilization practices in most U.S. states were more stringent than those of Germany.

The really obvious cause was that the large banks through the Federal Reserve System and its European counterparts were owed a large national debt by all Western nations. Owning most of the national debt bought a lot of policy then, as in your time. Zionists held powerful positions in these international banks. In the summer of 1934, in Holland, the World Jewish Congress declared war on NS Germany months after it refused to recognize this debt incurred by the Kaiser's Imperial Government and the Weimar Republic. Still, while these developments mean that there was a strong *lobby* for a confrontational *foreign policy* toward NS Germany, it does not explain the kind of fear toward a way of life and fanatical determination to obliterate it which led Britain to declare war in 1939 due to the Polish Campaign, while ignoring, in 1939-40, the Soviet colonial conquest of no less than six small nations and an attempt to destroy Finland, even when both U.K. and U.S.S.R. were signatories to the League of Nations, whose charters banned the eating of small nations by large.

Doubtless, German nationalism, French and British excesses at the Treaty of Versailles, and other causes were contributory, but the most proximate cause of the war was the fear that the new society which Germany had originated might spread elsewhere. This economic hypothesis can be verified by a mere footnote to history. In 1938, the Wilhelm Gustloff, a cruise ship, was chartered by the German Labor Organization for the six-week annual vacation to which most workers were accustomed. English port authorities refused it permission to dock lest British workers compare their standard of living with that of their German counterparts, leading to strikes and labor unrest. Do remember that this was an era when federal troops were used in both the U.S. and Britain to "settle" strikes. *That* is why quite a few nations in the less developed world and the Pacific Rim refuse to trade with us. We send no saboteurs, no missionaries nor rabble-rousers, but our way of life is a strong statement on its own.

Israel's continued settling of Arab land and expulsion of Palestinians led to the Mideast War of 2009, in which nuclear weapons obliterated so much of that tortured desert. The Chinese, after posturing for an attack on Taiwan, launched preemptive missile strikes on military and metropolitan targets in the U.S. just before invading that island in 2013. So it was that a mere decade later the Great Division took place against a greatly weakened central government. [Did I mention that it was the defeat of U.S. anti-missile systems and other weapons by the Arabs, using Chinese and Russian military hardware, that led the Chinese to conclude that the attack would work?] Our only military challenge came two years later.

The Peoples' Republic of California had experienced the ascension to power of former Marine Col. Le Roy Jones in a coup that year (2027 by your reckoning) against elected president Jose Gonzales. Jones declared himself Emperor Kaleem Bokassa III. Since we had peacefully repatriated all non-Whites (except the resident Native Americans) to mixed-race republics where they would be welcomed. Bokassa complained to the U.N., which was quickly running out of money and existed on paper only, calling these expulsions 'atrocities' and 'genocide.' The same U.N. had remained silent as 150,000 Rhodesian Whites were massacred in the 1980's as that formerly White-ruled nation became Zimbabwe, and most of the remainder were expelled and their properties confiscated. Nor had the U.N. complained in countless other instances, like when

Emperor Idi Amin of Uganda, who had three refrigerators full of human meat in the presidential palace came to power and Indian merchants were expelled from that African nation, their women chain-raped and property confiscated, or when journalist recognized that the official sport of South Africa under black rule was rape, many of which were the defenseless white minority. Jones' accusations were ludicrous not only because we committed no barbarities but because his own troops had just exterminated a tribe of separatist Indians in N. California.

With this pretext and the need to solidify a quickly fragmenting nation, whose southern half wanted political union with Mexico, he decided, in time-honored historical tradition, to shore up an unpopular regime at home by creating an imaginary 'enemy' to attack abroad. Thus it was that we suffered the invasion and partial occupation of Southern Oregon.

Their forces were more numerous, better equipped, and the conscripts were tough kids from inner-city street gangs, led by a core of professionals consisting of former U.S. military personnel and the California National Guard. All we had was our wits, and the hardy self-reliance of our people, much like the Germans, who repelled the mixed-race Roman invader in the Teutoberg Forest two millennia earlier. When Bokassa took PROC's "case" before the U.N., we realized that it was only a matter of months before an attack and began creating an army. Each village or hub sent volunteers. Our professional core trained, led, and organized them until we had fielded six divisions.

Our Intermountain Sappers and Irregulars Battalion was one of the elite units. I was called to it, having been a Park Service ranger in the old U.S. federal service. All ISI's were former police, military, or men with other paramilitary experience. Other states in Aryana sent similar units. We infiltrated their rear, disrupting supply lines, while our front units practiced large-scale guerilla warfare. Our civilians who remained in the area, used scorched earth tactics such that any inch of ground gained by PROC forces offered neither food, shelter nor potable water. Contaminating our wells with simple bacteria, that those of us with the knowledge to do so could easily remove it again, left the impression with our invaders that the land they were fighting for was uninhabitable.

In the end, four months of bitter fighting later, we had encircled three starving, demoralized divisions, cut off as nine others, bled white by attrition warfare, and weakened by one of our coldest winters yet (a gift from the Gods!), laid down their arms. When this happened, just south of New Portland, we negotiated the return of POW's with President Gonzales, who was restored to power by the overwhelming Mexican population. Free passage for N. California Whites, many of whom had helped us and feared reprisals from the PROC death squads, was part of the armistice deal.

Our returning POW's were a sad lot, many tortured or having contracted AIDS after being sodomized by PROC troops. Fortunately, we had very few, because escapees told of this treatment early in the conflict and our FAA (Free Aryan Army) adopted a policy of suicide and assisted suicide for the mortally wounded, to avoid capture and execution by PROC. We knew that we must, as individuals and groups, fight on until victory or death.

Those whom we could save, of course we did, and the thousands of severely wounded casualties, both civilian and military, have taxed our health-care delivery system. Many of the White refugees (former PROC citizens) with late-term AIDS opted for euthanasia, which is perfectly legal with us. The AIDS-infected living in PROC are not exempt from mandatory labor, having to barter their effort for just the hope of some sort of treatment, and are thus, worked to death. Refugees who were not in the latter stages of AIDS were surprised to find that our natural based healing techniques are able to fend off the symptoms of AIDS indefinitely, save for the very old or severely ill. As a matter of fact, because of our excellent education efforts, we haven't had a case of transmission within our borders in 20 years.

The raped women were given free abortions, and we are still treating, but have cured, most of those with the other venereal ailments caught from PROC captivity. Since our rapid defeat of PROC, we have enjoyed the fruits of peace and demobilization these past 12 years. This is a blessing, especially when you consider the expansionist plans of the Archbishop of the Mormon police state of Central Rockies. It appears that their border incursion into Mexico Norte (which you knew as the Texas panhandle, New Mexico, and Arizona,) may yet succeed, but our victory made them reconsider an invasion of Aryana and we have talks about demilitarizing the Montana border.

As with all wars, ours had profound impact here. We were left with scores of thousands of handicapped people. We followed the teachings of the Oera Linda Bók on the moral obligation to provide for disabled veterans and orphans. Thus with our economy already evolving toward one based on cottage industries, we made it a national policy to provide work appropriate to the medical condition of every citizen. Previously, these jobs had been done in 'sheltered workshops' (in the parlance of the time), which offered a local source of cheap labor without the shipping delays and quality concerns of Third World manufacturing. In keeping with the Aryan sense of fair play, these less-abled workers were required to be paid the same workshares (profits) and provided the same worker equity as any other worker-owner, to the extent of their productivity. Obviously, one whose lungs were severely damaged by one of the Chinese or PROC chemical agents and who could only work 15 hours a week, due to lack of stamina, could not be paid the same as a normal worker-owner who put in 35 to 50 hours in the same enterprise. To compensate, we developed a simple formula. The hours that month are averaged for all other employees in the enterprise. The number which the disabled could not put in are then sent as a simple, one-page voucher to the Treasury, and the worker collects two-thirds of the difference in wages (between himself and a normal worker in the same job in the same WOA) in Aryamarks from the nearest minter. The Treasury honors the voucher by advancing to the minter that quantity of bronze powder, silver, or whatever material is requisitioned. We let the less-abled receive a good standard of living and yet not be marginalized by idleness. They are valued parts of work force and community.

That brings me around to a couple of other topics which this discussion of the war opened up, namely banking and the non-White expulsions. Let's touch on the latter first. As stated earlier, our expulsions of non-Whites was the pretext given for PROC aggression. It is the second cause for nations which still do not recognize our republic diplomatically. Let me assure you that in carrying out the humane repatriation, every effort was made to honor the precepts of Aryan Bearing and Fair Play, which are written into our Tex. During the repatriation, our young republic offered each one a year's salary, the average for the republic which he declared, and which accepted him, in AM's. In addition to the year's salary, we also had the local constable or the State Police, (which functioned for the first four years of the republic, before it was disbanded and its former members, mostly highway patrolmen who collected a Colific road tax called "speeding tickets,") were retrained into productive employments, cordoned off the dwelling. The household goods, possessions, or furniture, were kept safe for two years and put onto a foreign-bound train, truck, or boat at our expense. The rest of the shipping was to be covered by the deportee.

Where the non-White owned a business, the new collective ownership, the employees, sent payments to the business owner until his enterprise or farm was paid off at a fair, Aryan appraised price, which did not factor in the enormous debt-burden under which enterprises worked in the Colific era. It was often voiced among us that the non-White business owners, like the Overseas Chinese prior owner of all that is now our village, had already stolen from the worker the fruits of her labor by paying the worker less than a quarter (typically that was the case

in Capitalist schemes) of what she produced. It was argued that such persons had *already* been more than fairly compensated after years of using other people's labor for their profits, or other people's money (rents) to pay mortgages for properties which they would own thereby. Such persons in the investor caste had not only profited by confiscating the fruits of others' labors and they had also made substantial overseas investments with it, weakening our economy.

Fortunately, the prevailing logic was based on studying the record of the past. One of the greatest forces which a people can wield is the power of *Right*. Thus, it was said, in the first intentional Aryan state, The Third Reich, "Do right and fear no one." In another record from the past, the early Chinese political scientist, Sun Tzu, wrote in his Art of War, popular with members of the *Siecherheitsdienst*, "always leave room for your enemy to become your friend." One of the main causes for the resistance encountered by the Germans in those twelve years was the blindness of their nationalism; we tried not to repeat the mistake.

The Poles, Belarus, and Ukrainians had already been in conflict with the Russians on an historic basis. The new Communist regime (which, just like Capitalism, did not allow the worker to retain the fruits of his labor) was simply another foil for Great Russian expansionism and imperialism. The other Slavic peoples and those of the buffer states would have been supportive of a new Germany, regaining territories lost in the Versailles treaty. As it was, ørlogically, Germans expelled Poles early in the war: Germans were expelled from the East just after it. Jews were banished and their ownings confiscated in the first years of the Reich. Such measures seemed justified to most Germans at the time because powerful Jews had already declared war on Germany for its withdrawal from international banking and denial of national debt. Their expulsion meant hundreds of thousands of former German citizens, with area knowledge and great language skills who now lived in enemy nations. As with much of moral policy, our fledgling republic voted in a plebiscite, which spelled out three different policies to adopt for expulsions. The course we chose showed fairness, kindness, and Aryan Bearing toward others, leaving them no reason to become mortal enemies of our folk.

Our policy resulted in, before the dissolution of the U.N. a few years after the U.S. money ran out, relatively few claims by former citizens before the World Court in the Hague, Netherlands. Even though there were several times the U.S. had ignored its edicts in the past, we were eager to prove the legitimacy of our populist regime. Against this handful of claims, we presented documentation and affidavits from former employees or tenants. Why, we argued, should they have been paying someone else profits, or equity, which they earned? Why should they have ever been paying someone else's mortgage? [In our republic, mortgages and all other forms of usury no longer exist. If you want to sell your house, you sell it, negotiate and receive payments from the purchaser. If he defaults, you reclaim it; we have no speculative investment.] The existence, our amateur lawyers argued, of a class who had at one time perhaps been productive (or inherited their wealth and never been productive), and used that past productivity, in the form of money, which would then be used to own the productivity of another through stock ownership, gave an incentive to be less and less productive. This happened as the West developed ever more speculators and manipulators feeding on ever fewer producers.

By the downfall of Colific, most of the American workforce were employed in only selling, documenting and shuffling paper, providing largely non-essential "services", or government (which was over 30% of the workforce directly and another 10% as contractors). Less than 12% of the population actually *produced* anything! Only in farming, mining, or manufacturing does one produce wealth, we argued; the rest of economic activity is merely its redistribution. The existence of this investor caste, and their dominance, along with other non-producers, of the economy, was the major cause of poverty, unemployment, and the depressions which swept the world late in the last century. The august members of the World Court were

taken aback. Our case presented strong evidence, in specific cash amounts, that the plaintiffs actually owed *us* the citizens of Free Aryana! The plaintiffs' case was dismissed.

That brings me to the other point which our discussion of the war raised, banking. We Aryans employ very few persons in the fields of "banking" or "financial services" as you would have known it. Most of our minters are also banks. Some jewelry makers or silversmiths are also minters. Our citizens can have checking or savings accounts. Local banks can lend to enterprises, as directed by vote of their depositor's committee, which rotating group meet monthly to hear requests from entrepreneurs seeking funding. When you make a deposit of over 100 AM's you are on the depositor's committee, voting with simple paper ballot on the bank's investments.

Having it on a rotating, participatory basis by depositors, who have votes numbered by hundreds invested, guarantees local reinvestment of savings and obviates any need to oversee loan officers and to prevent corrupt speculations through 'sweetheart deals', graft or nepotism. Since every Aryan is an empowered worker-owner, none are destitute. Since some spend more and save less and since some are wiser in their spending and more productive in their working, some have more than others, although it is never astronomically more, as in capitalism, where all wealth concentrated upward into fewer and fewer hands. Yet, even in a society where everyone eats and has reasonable housing, there will be differences, as we have different abilities and motivations, and that is as it should be, a real incentive to produce. Some take two month vacations and others two weeks, yet, unlike capitalism, there is no idle class who take life-long vacations, because we recognized that great wealth by some would concomitantly create great poverty for many more.

Wherever in history, we find idle or disproportionate wealth, it is always accompanied by a permanent underclass. Wealth in prior systems was always redistributed, upward to the state committee or the commissar in communism. It was distributed upward from the man at the lathe or the woman at the sewing machine to the factory owner or investor in Capitalism. In both societies, it was redistributed by social contract, the former on the assumption that the State must own the fruits of all efforts and in the latter by the assumption that those who had more had a right to profit from what all others produced. Capitalists further depleted these producers by assigning them less than 40 hours a week to avoid conferring benefits, or over 60 hours a week, without additional pay anyone classified as a skilled worker and therefore "on salary." Both contracts were backed by force. Both assumed that the worker never owned, even in the smallest part, the tools of production or the means of livelihood. The same was true of the farmer, either with the lands appropriated for collective agriculture in the Soviet East, or the banks, compensating inadequate cash flows in a farm economy ruled by government planning and price supports in the West.

Oddly enough, much of this economic reality was lost of "the movement" for White survival at the time. One of the premier resistance organizations touted a return to old-style Capitalism, where there would be no support for a White family when the wage-earner was deceased or disabled- a winner-take-all , biggest-pig-in-the-trough Capitalism. All that you could hope for in their ideal is that your masters were White themselves. What these people did not realize was that it was the very nature of Capitalism which created slavery, encouraged non-White immigrants to work for smaller wages, and "restructured" the industrial base of the West, exporting jobs to the Third World. It was our own wealthy class who made the calculations that a Chinese coolie would work for less in building railroads, and so brought them to the U.S.

Their number-driven, deracinated world-view functioned without the "Jews" that this organization saw behind all anti-White historical developments. Andrew Carnegie was no Jew, nor was John D. Rockefeller. There were early movie reels of Rockefeller's leading his friends and family in singing Protestant hymns. He was a devout Baptist. Early on, we realized that the

West had started as White societies, headed by North Europeans, but had been changed through the power of the markets, through rulers who borrowed, to maintain their degenerate and excessive life-styles, from Jewish bankers. These same upperclass had sold out White jobs through introducing free Black labor in the form of slavery, or leaving an undefended border with Mexico so that the White craftsman or unskilled laborer had his wages underbid for more than a century by illegal immigrants as undocumented workers. Always the motives for betrayal had been based on gain-without- effort, absentee ownership, and greed. If we could undo the greed and rescind the conditions for betrayal, we would have to change the rules of the games: if every Aryan is an owner and has a stake in the success of the community, nothing will be at cross-purposes.

Our society is founded on a different ideal. The producer owns the fruits of his or her labor and talent, and this can be distributed only through work and participation, not by the government decrees of Communism, nor from the stocks and bonds, titles, deeds, and mortgages of Capitalism. It was the same racket, and when the Communist "East Bloc" as they called the group of nations which pursued the former course, ran out of funds and lacked the hard currency for international trading, the international banks maintained these regimes for seven decades of the last century. So it was that *all* wealth created, West or East, spiraled upward to the same group who controlled the flow of currencies. Non-participatory economics is like non-participatory government- both concentrated power and both led to tyranny. So it is that in our banking system investors help direct lending, just as citizens themselves direct government.

A footnote that will amuse you is this. In reading over some documents from the 1970's we realized, here at the Institute, that a bank would charge a 15, 20, or even 22 dollar "service charge" for non-sufficient funds in a check. This was just another institutional practice to indirectly collect dividends for the elite of investors and large depositors, as always, concentrating wealth upward, robbing the poor to feed the rich, like the opposite of Robin Hood. The effect, in practical terms, was that a man who was down to a 12 dollar balance and wrote a 13 dollar check, now owed the bank \$34! On top of that, the next check, even if written for just \$2 would incur the same fee, now making his balance a negative \$58 (owed to the bank and seized from his next deposit)! Rather than this kind of predatory practice, our Joint Consumer and Business Committee (one of the volunteer projects which you may choose, staffed by equal numbers of business owners and consumers, although, in our economy, these roles are blurred) set a policy that the first check over balance the bank may charge one-eighth the value of the check, the second one-fifth, and the third and any subsequent NSF check one-fourth. This system discourages the use of checks like the old "paper money" as an instrument of speculation by the more well-heeled. It also prevents small balances of more marginal bank customers from being disproportionately seized. It covers the bank's expenses in handling non-sufficient checks on overdrawn accounts, but does not allow them unfair advantage over the less affluent, as banks of the Colific era did, which make the collection of NSF fees a prime activity, deliberately delaying credit for deposits in order to make checks "bounce."

Earlier, we spoke of our treatment of PROC prisoners. I mentioned several examples, including criminal justice, and the treatment of deportees. These, I believe, reveal the values and moral climate of Aryana. We have a strong sense of fair play, fair dealing, what the White Australians used to term, "fair dinkum." We try to take the long view, the greatest perspective, the collective, rather than purely individual view of what is beneficial in our constructs of social justice. Individualism would deem that a person with Down's Syndrome has a perfect "right" to have six children, each of whom would carry the same gene into posterity. We believe that the state has the right to make the eugenic demand on behalf of all Aryans, that such a person be sterilized. People of good character are allowed to adopt, if their impairment does not prevent

them from raising children. Similar eugenic policies were in force in various of the former United States right up until the heyday of the so-called civil rights movement, in the 1970's. Even as we began deportations, a group of citizens would protest that a particular non-White was a good person, member of the community, a good father, member of the church congregations, and so forth. On one occasion, it concerned a Nigerian family, where both husband and wife taught at a U.S. college in Washington. A petition of several hundred names was presented to the director of the Racial Hygiene Bureau, asking that an exception be made.

Here is how Aryan logic showed itself. The Minister of Hygiene wrote a compelling open letter, published in two of local newspapers, to the effect that as long as such exemplary people were here, the chaotic citizenry of Nigeria were deprived of excellent role models. These were two persons, skilled at problem -solving, and steeped in White organizational, educational, and interpersonal relations techniques. What a shame for the mother country, the minister wrote, when such persons are not available to teach what they know to their own community or in their nation of origin, where such skills are far more scarce than here. Again, here was the contrast between the welfare of the individual and that of society. To the couple, the move would mean having to deal with the society from which they had come, lower pay, a lesser sanitary environment in which comfort, personal safety, and even competent health care, things an Aryan citizen takes for granted here, are always in question. One community was a White one trying to define and consolidate itself, as the world has long taken for granted that Blacks and Orientals have the right to do, forming their own exclusive communities. The other was a Black one, emerging from primitive, stone-age standards and needing all the trained professionals it could find. He argued that their repatriation could only have a positive impact on both. We even waited several months until a border skirmish in their native land was settled, sending them off with six month's equivalent salary to resettle.

Our precept of Fair Dealings comes directly from and is tied to the principle of Aryan Bearing. It applies toward other peoples, even those from non-free states whose regimes have forcibly relocated or killed most of their White citizens.

When a mestizo PROC private pilot blew off course, he crash landed near Port Townsend. A fisherman found the wreck near the coast and radioed the P.D. They carried the injured pilot to a Regional Hospital, where his broken leg could be set. Neighbors, near the crash site, retrieved his personal belongings from the aeroplane. In a few days, when the man was ready to travel, a Border Scout unit sent two troopers to escort the man to the PROC border. A message was radioed the day before to arrange transport at the border. His belongings were handed off at the same time. Thus we hope, by the force of right, to defeat the stereotypes of racialists which were invented during the last century, when all television broadcasting was controlled by five corporations.

The Israeli regime, which was installed by international Zionists in 1948, was a classic example of how not to have 'security.' They bulldozed the houses of deported Arabs, who had lived in their towns for 1500 to 2000 years or longer. They drilled into aquifers once used by Palestinian or Jordanian farmers to irrigate their fields for the water to fill Israeli citizen's swimming pools in opulent suburbs and kibbutzim (a type of intentional community of the mid-20th Century.) They issued identity cards to Arabs living in Jerusalem, then denied these people return visas after trips abroad, moving Jews in to replace them. They bombed Palestinian shantytown refugee camps, like Shatilla, such atrocities as then Senator James Abdnor from South Dakota estimated caused over 20,000 deaths of non-combatant civilians during the period 1948-94.

These practices, and the policy of torturing Arab prisoners, wherein a U.N. report issued in March 1997, cited Israel as one of the "top 29" violators of human rights among all nations,

caused an environment where every Israeli feared random terror. That is a high price to pay for the violation of the rights and dignity of other Folk. We Aryans wanted not to be another violent, xenophobic, jingoistic state, like Israel. We reckoned making justice and fair dealing central elements of our foreign and domestic policy would eliminate the need for a constant state of military alert, a large standing army, or any of the other signs of a society based on fear and repression. Ironically, whatever thorough and extreme measures they take and no matter how many laws they pass, leaders of such regimes as Israel, the U.S., or U.S.S.R., never really felt secure. Real security derives from fair-play, win-win transactions, and ways of regarding collective others so that they have no incentive to become enemies in the first place.

One of the obvious questions you might have here is how our relationship with the Indians, by which you mean the Amerindians, has progressed. There were several tribes of Native Americans here at the time of the Great Division. They are still here. While we define ourselves as a White nation, our purpose was to separate ourselves from the oppression and genocide of forced racial mixing, never to perpetrate oppression on other peoples. The various tribes in Aryana are also dedicated to preserving their genetic and cultural heritage. During the PROC invasion of Southern Oregon, a division of Native Americans volunteered for duty and secured our eastern border with the Mormon Central Rockies State. The Mormons have a maniacal obsession with winning converts amongst the Native American tribes, and had all but wiped out the tribes in their territory through miscegenation or “relocation”, a term used to describe the practice of taking Indian children and dispersing them in various adoptive families. Can’t allow them to miss out on the blessings of “The One God”, now could they? Thus, the tribes that live within the Republic of Aryana were only too willing to prevent the Mormon state from taking advantage of our conflict with the PROC.

We take care to limit our population through tax-subsidized contraception clinics, which the Ministry of Hygiene, with its 160 employees and through local health-care resources, provides. We expect the other peoples, living within our same continuum of limited resources, to do the same.

Part of our racial hygiene program is the paying of cash incentives for a second child to couples who are predominately Nordic and whose first fruit shows no taint of other races. This is certified by the Racial Hygiene Bureau of the aforementioned ministry in our capital, Pocatello. The first year that this was offered, the bureau had so many applications that it sorted out applicants by asking that they come, stay at the Ministry's guest house (the ministry is, itself, housed in a former 3-story motel). There, a reasonably complete genetic evaluation is performed. The former minister, a brilliant, but quirky problem-solver, further pared down the applicants this way: the guests had to stay there and eat from the ministry's kitchens. For this occasion and by way of a test, they served fava beans and dairy products several times during the week, usually at breakfast or lunch, where the physical tests afterwards would detect any adverse reaction. Most of the non-White world cannot eat dairy products as adults and most Hamitic or Semitic peoples have an allergic reaction to the fava bean. This seemingly silly exercise in selection served to pare off quite a few persons with recessive non-Aryan lineage.

Our disabled population, though small outside of war casualties, are encouraged to have children. You might wonder how this can be, but we take steps to screen them for genetically inheritable problems. If it is found that a couple is incapable of having healthy children by themselves, we encourage adoption. It is rare that a couple can adopt more than one child here, being very few available, though we have had some success at adopting several children out of South America’s dwindling White population. For that matter, we have managed to “adopt” several families from that area, often paying rather large fees to their central governments to “get the paperwork in order”.

Another part of our Racial Hygiene policy is right from the Cera Linda Bók: we accept that, with the Indians as with other peoples, a certain few of our people will occasionally find one of theirs compelling as a mate. When that happens, this person ceases to be an Aryan and must go to live in the land of his or her spouse, for he may no longer live amongst us. In the first few years some youths, led off by the remnants of Colific programming, went off to the Indian Nations, but then an interesting thing began to happen. The Indians tired of 'white wannabes' quickly, and one tribe going so far as to put mixed couples and their kids on the next bus for Central Rockies or PROC. They now protect their genetic heritage in a similar fashion as we do.

We harvest animal populations very selectively. We depend on either village policies, as we have in my own village with our managed hunting preserve, or the Ministry of Ecosystems. We voluntarily comply with game and fish limits, where it is common Aryan land, beyond the hunting reserve for one village. We hunt or fish only for food or for food for trading, for hides, in short, for use. There is no sport hunting or fishing in Aryana. The policies are set up to ensure sustainable game and fish numbers. Our ministry coordinates these plans with Indian tribal leaders and asks their input and cooperation on such mutual resource issues.

We have a laissez-faire policy, encouraging the Indians to live autonomously. We respect their folkways and forbid any of our folks to interfere with their lifestyle. Missionaries or salesmen are not allowed to cross over into their land without Foreign Ministry permission. Each tribe sets its own equivalent of trade day and goods are bought, sold, or bartered right there at the main road, next to the border.

Our pd's and herbalists have seminars with their medicine men and women where ideas on healing and using the best knowledge of both traditions are exchanged. Veterinarians do the same with their counterparts there. Our Agronomy Ministry likewise offers information to any of their farmers by mail and even provides Project Overseed service.

This latter began as a service from what few airports remained after the Great Division and PROC bombing. Ever since the Mideast War of 2011, the oil shortage also limited aviation gasoline supplies. Yet we do have some small freight haulers and some private pilots. The agronomists enlist these to do aerial seed broadcasts of edible species as part of developing our strategic reserves. People save the seeds from certain designated species, which can grow wild. These have included scuppernong grape, butternut, buffalo berry, and wild blueberries, a few examples from dozens. These food-plant seeds are saved, then 'bombed' out over areas where there has been a forest fire or where extractive logging took place under the Colific regime and what remains of a forest is a scraggly batch of a single pine species. This is done at the correct time of year to maximize germination and growth. Our plant surveys have proven that the program is working. We have offered this same service to all the Indian Nations and two of them will begin it this year. It would be a wonderful thing if, on any public lands, hikers, nature lovers and all the animal populations find more food to gather. Recent publications from the nations show that they finally understand that we are sincere in our policy of benevolent separation and that we are nothing like the prior regime.

Let me tell all the people of your time that we by no means have a perfect society. There were severe shortages of several items in the earliest years, many of which we have set up manufacturing plants to produce, but are still behind in stockpiling. Some of these items are or were; light bulbs, ball bearings, generators, insulation, fiberglass sheeting (for greenhouse construction), o-rings, seals, and peat moss. This latter became really important in villages where the solution to a common water supply is a brook through the middle of town or wells drilled by each homesteader. Peat moss soaks up around 26 times its weight in water. Worked into the soil, it helps to retain water where rainfall is minimal.

We began a national program to build up supplies of these Strategic Materials for self-sufficiency. One of our chemists found an old work on a crystal, "potassium-ammonium polyacrylamide", a co-polymer developed during the last century. We are now producing it in small quantities, as this crystal holds around two hundred times its weight in even muddy water. We are working toward more variety in crops. There were economic miracles in the early days in agronomy which set our precedent for low-expense agriculture.

One of the big issues in the early days, and it still is to some degree, was how to obtain saplings, seed, and seedlings to plant. One rare, for us, tree, with a delicious berry, and quite adapted to this kind of climate was the juneberry. The practice in the U.S. had been to trim back and prune down to a very simple form the bush or tree of any fruit-bearing species. One of our agronomists, noting the multiple trunks in a neglected patch of two june berries, put aside the conventional practice of cutting off all but one trunk and throwing away the others. Instead, he dug them up while still dormant in late winter, then painstakingly cut through the root mass below each trunk. He then soaked each cut end with roots in colchicine, a rooting hormone pressed from the roots of the colchicum, or crocus, a common flower.

These were planted, yielding four additional trees each for a total of ten trees, all 3 to 5 feet in height. Next, he pruned the heaviest water sprouts and other redundant limbs. The largest two from each tree were saved, some as large as a trunk. These were soaked for two days in the same solution, then planted several inches deep in a protected spot in the knee of a creek in soft mud, where it stays perennially moist. At mid-spring, these limbs, planted from a leafless, dormant tree four months earlier in mid-Yulemonth (December by your reckoning), had sprouted leaves. When the following autumn they were dug up to transplant, they had developed root systems! So it was that two six-foot trees became fourteen and all produced berries two years later. To have produced the same number and size of plants from seeds or fruits would have required seven years with ideal growth conditions. Thus our agronomists go about increasing the variety of our diet and species under cultivation, a public policy which prevents our suffering a crop crisis, as do societies which, due to grower-processor cartels devote too much arable land to too few products, like some Asian nations and their over-dependence on rice.

Those of your time spoke in stilted tones of "freedom" and mentioned the miracle of wealth which Hong Kong, which boasted free markets and almost no regulation achieved, the greatest number of millionaires per population of any city in Asia. What was usually meant by "freedom" in the traditional, or reactionary Right of your day, was freedom by the master class to do what they would to maximize profits, with no regard to the health costs to the rest of us in pollution. They meant freedom to disregard the futures of children chained to sewing machines in Hong Kong basements, a condition which existed in U.S. textile mills until the first Roosevelt Administration followed the lead of Otto Bismark's administration in Germany and abolished child labor, exactly the kind of accursed 'regulations' against which they railed. To the citizens of Free Aryana, Freedom has a different ring to it. It means being free from excessive government *and* the cartels which used to set the prices of most commodities. It means freedom from excessive regulation for businesses *and* sufficient regulation to guarantee that you keep the fruits of your labor. Absolute freedom would benefit only a predatory upper class, enslaving all others. Our free society is one where doctors are *not* free to create a service oligopoly so that everyone can afford regular dental visits and medical services are accessible to all.

Even as I write, it turns into a moist, cool night; perhaps the winds will be in the low 40's tonight. I hear a sound unaccustomed to your times, the sloop-sloop-slooping of our Darrius wind turbines. I helped our welder and blacksmith build a couple of these from old helicopter blades. They stand vertically and catch the wind from any angle. The vertical shaft drives an air-compressor, which pumps compressed air into an "accumulator" in the ground. This is just a

man-made cave with concrete floor and drain. We have a pipe coming out the top with a simple, spring-driven relief valve and a silencer. This latter is a tube with holes within a larger solid-walled outer tube and insulation between them to reduce the 'hiss' that results from the relief air stream at over pressure.

Since, when you compress air, a lot of water is condensed from it, we have a pipe, with a simple hand-valve at the ground-level, and an inlet at the bottom of the cave, which lets us drain out the water, condensed from the air, for use in irrigation, or, in times of sufficient rainfall, run down a small spillway into the fish pond. The compressed air utility goes to each home here, from 10 of these pumps, roughly one per 8 buildings in our village. At the home or office, you open a hand-valve to release blowing, expanding dried air through a diffuser, which also entrains surrounding air, similar to the principle of a Coanda or Venturi device. By a quaint law of physics, since heat was created in compressing the air, releasing it causes a cooling effect as the gas expands, giving us pollution-free air-conditioning.

When it is cool, like tonight, we, of course, have our firewood, but we also have a drying filter on the house's compressed air inlet, indoors. These simple filtration devices remove anything over 5 microns in size from this compressed air, including most water droplets remaining after condensation, and most pollen. The cleansed, dry air flows in at about 70 psi past the filters and enters a *Hilsch-Ranke tube*, a device, developed in the early years of the last century, independently by Ferdinand Ranke, a Frenchman, and Otto Hilsch, a German, which passively takes in this air, tonight at 40 degrees, and 70psi, then separates it into two columns, one, super cold; the other hot at nearly 200 degrees. This air is muffled and piped through central air ducts to warm my house. There is a valve which lets me open it to enter the jacket behind the fireplace, so that on very cold nights, when I build a fire as well, it enters there, for additional warming, before being circulated at a remaining pressure (after leaving the HR tube) of around 12 psi, throughout the house. These controls are simple to operate, just a few handles to turn, or close up a bit if your house starts to get too warm.

Best of all, no one has to be consumed by fear over how to afford to stay warm, as in your day. Freedom from want, from fear, from alienation- perhaps those are the most important freedoms to us. Sure, a truly free society would mean freedom for any race to live anywhere, or for any one to marry anyone, but we all know that such freedom is illusory and that such systems require immense central state police terror to maintain. I would rather live among my own folk with less *apparent* freedom and be free from the crime, frictions, and overcrowding of a mixed state. Any of us might help maintain the air system if the energist requires it. We are not free not to do so, yet we are free from excesses of heat and cold, or the pollution and resource-depletion which the old electrical systems caused

That brings up another view of our social structure. Just as the practical doctors and veterinarians are important persons in every village, so is the energist. He or she is a bit of an electrician and fluid power engineer in one, and we finally have a full, three-year school for their training, although in most villages the energist is like ours, a former HVAC service technician, who acquired the role due to being in a related field. Some villages have expanded our model and added old truck alternators at each house, with the shaft linked to an air motor, to take the air-stream, with larger capacity piping and larger compressors, and use part of it to power the motor, cranking AC power out of the alternators for lights and other electrical appliances in each house. I really see no problem with this as long as we keep within the Aryan framework of decentralization, generating at the household with small units, rather than at some large, unsightly, or polluting power plant.

Let's see, I started this narrative by telling your folks of the village system which characterizes our particular state, with its intentional policy of de-urbanization (first described by

Richard Walther Darre in the 1930's). You are probably wondering by now how is possible that we went from a region of cities of 20 to 200 thousands to villages. How did we go from a nation of strangers to a region where everyone knows, and has *chosen* by similar interests or cultures, to live with 150-200 others?

My answer must be a bit roundabout to fill in the information on how we got from there to here. I mentioned Colific and its way of doing business. One its hallmarks was the policy of anything for profits. To this end, the West sold the People's Republic of China most of its advanced technologies. The policy, all along, ever since the British Zionists created the state of Israel in the 1919-1948 era, had been to sell or give Israel all advanced military technologies. Israel, ruled by the same anything-for-a-shekel mentality, had sold advanced systems to China. Another policy was that forged by corporate America, responsive to investors, who determined that aircraft companies would made greater profits when they employed a Chinese tool and die maker for \$50 a month, as opposed to an American for \$2700. Soon, the U.S. government was contracting companies in a hostile, expansionist, imperialistic nation which practiced slavery and infanticide to produce large ballistic missiles for launching its weather satellites. After all, they were "cheaper" than missiles manufactured in the U.S.

Thus it was, by the 1990's, that China possessed both ICBM's, nuclear submarines, and the supercomputers necessary to run such programs. When a machine tool was needed, to avoid continued buying from the West, the Chinese, like many other Pacific Rim nations, simply violated the patent rights which they had recognized by treaty, and copied it, developing not only the systems themselves, but the machining capability to manufacture the spare parts. So, having met potential U.S. resistance in its 1995-6 military mobilization to take Taiwan, the PRC decided, by 2013, to precede its invasion of Taiwan, a strategic maker of U.S. defense electronics, with a pre-emptive first strike on major American cities and military bases. The Long March Missile, a more advanced, liquid-propelled version of the American Corporal Missile system, sent several small payloads of biological pathogens and binary chemical agents toward U.S. cities, while its submarines launched small nuclear missiles against nuclear bases.

Los Angeles and San Francisco ceased to exist on the same day. In our own region, the nuclear attack on the naval shipyard at Bremerton, where several navy ships were docked for repairs or retrofitting, created a tsunami in Puget Sound that wiped out most of Seattle and Tacoma. Effects of the biological agents, like mutated anthrax, originally a cow disease, rippled outward from major population centers into which they were released, there having been no effective way to quarantine such large areas. Those somewhat immune to this or the EPP (enhanced pneumonia pathogen) survived, even if deathly ill first; those without it perished.

After the Colific regime was severely weakened by biological plagues which swept the military and police forces which had always brought order at gunpoint as completely as they swept the civilian population, the Mexican armed forces, followed by millions of settlers, invaded states of the Southwest. A Black Free State was declared, which incorporated most of Mississippi, all of Louisiana, and part of East Texas and Arkansas. A Mormon-led nation, whose apostates and dissenters already littered the deserts of Utah before the Great Division, sprung into being as Central Rockies. Forces loyal to the central government, and some citizens who sided with it, fought some of the emerging republics, often for no other reason than the (justified) fear that the new governments would be more repressive than the Washington-based Colific regime had been. As traumatic as it was to witness, and as much as I shall always remember the stench of bodies, bulldozed into mass graves or burned in mass pyres for sanitary measures after the War of Great Division and the Chinese War, it was these events, even with the grisly flotsam which washed up onto the shores of Puget Sound, which gave birth to our republic.

So it was that we emerged, profoundly shocked by the radical depopulation, which had begun here, but rippled throughout the world, as the loss of U.S. wheat, corn, and soybeans touched off a famine in India and Africa, and other nations suffered the biological agents in turn, due to rapid transit, and the fact that foreign ships near U.S. ports were contaminated. China was decimated in the U.S. counterstrikes, as the Yangtze Dam inundated one of the world's oldest civilizations. There could not have been a better highway for the pathogens than the world of open borders, international trade, and easy transit which Colific policies had created. The world's population went from 7 billion to one tenth that in a matter of three years. Fortunately, our children's children will only *hear* about the horrors of that time, which a few of us persevered.

So it was that our people leveled empty buildings, bulldozed away concrete, and returned connected belts of greenway. Thus a city of 20,000, over the next decade, became a network of small communities, separated by greenway or fields and orchards from the next village. Even after we received over a million White refugees from PROC and Central Rockies, some of the latter who, for minor infractions of the Judeo-Mormonic codes had the "Ten Commandments" written in acid on their backs or bellies, we still had room to implement our village policy.

Where once was a town of 100,000, by your year 2013 stood a series of 54 villages with a total of 8,900 citizens. Farms, gardens, orchards, and sustainable timber forests cover the spaces between these, although in some areas, the population is still more dense than others. In these the nearest other village is as close as the path through a ½ mile wide belt of green space, whereas in less populous areas, like ours, it is 3 miles away.

A three-story apartment community that once had 24 tenants now is a tenant-owned trades center of 6 families, each with a shop on the ground floor, storage, and the family residence on 2nd and 3rd floors. Everyone there now has more room. Half of the parking lot was painstakingly restored to field, and two of the families own horses who now graze there, while plenty of spaces remain for customers to park a vehicle or hitch a horse. We used the asphalt rubble, like most post-Colific waste, to fill the nearest nuclear blast site, near Yakima. While some of the nuclear zones will be off-limits for a long, historical time, we hope to at least begin the process of reclamation, planting over with dense forest and leaving this land in reserve until it is again useable, habitable, or can remain as permanent bioreserve.

Touching again on transportation, I've alluded to the fact that much of our fleet is solar. An even larger number of vehicles run on ethanol. There was no practical reason that this could not have been done in your day, as even Brazil converted most of its cars and trucks to ethanol by 1980. It was only political pressure by the oil lobby which prevented this from happening in the U.S. Since our region produces corn and sugar beets, we have retrofitted old engines and started to manufacture our own vehicles using small ethanol engines with flywheel drives for efficiency. Horse and ox ownership have again become popular. We discovered that it is far more energy efficient to hire a ploughman with a mule to break up small garden plots for spring planting than for dozens of gardeners to operate small power-tillers.

In a week, Al Scoggin will drop by with a rick of firewood that he harvested by ox-team from our sustainable forest. As with our hunters, Al does not seek the best and most beautiful species to log (which Colific foresters did in the Judeochristian Era). He harvests the misshapen, the small, the crowded. Larger, straighter trees for firewood and furniture only when they perish naturally. A certain percentage of 'good' trees- in our village set at 7%- is all that may be harvested for replacement building materials or furniture in any year and we seldom reach that level of use. This wood will fire my wood burning stove and bedroom fireplace from Shedding through Horning (Sept. to Feb. in your reckoning). You see, we figure that housing is a lifetime investment in Aryana, and homes are heavily insulated and outfitted with solar and wind devices to provide as much self-sufficiency as possible. We simply don't move to new residences every

few years, as was common in your time. Our construction standards are easily the highest in the Americas, and that is reflected in the durability of our buildings which don't necessitate the need to cut lumber over and over for upkeep.

We made rebuilding the railroads a top national priority and Aryana now has the most extensive passenger train service of any New American Nation (NAN as the rest of the world calls the collection of states that resulted from the breakup of the U.S.) We have retrofitted old diesel locomotives, replacing their engines with new ethanol-burners and even a few experimental hydrogen power cells. We realized that trains are a far more efficient way to haul heavy loads, like coal, sand or lumber than trucks. On the passenger side of this, little, historic depots are again in commercial use and several villages have added small, comfortable, inexpensive inns, or bed-and-breakfast accommodations. Unlike the times of standardization, you might have a breakfast of duck eggs and turkey bacon in one inn, served with buckwheat pancakes milled nearby and washed down with a coffee raised in a local greenhouse. Then, 20 miles away, you may find a *raita* dish of local vegetables, topped with fresh goat yogurt, with a side order of triga bread, and drink pekoe from that county's tea grower (tea, *Camilia Sinensis*, grows well here).

Let us return from the cuisine around transportation to transportation itself now. Despite the fact that we lost most of our aircraft industry, including the large Boeing plants, either in the Chinese strikes, the PROC bombings, or subsequent natural disasters, we are planning to rebuild. It is our goal to build small, energy efficient, medium aircraft, safe, multi-engine propeller-driven models, carrying only that weight in cargo and/or people that leaves the maximum power for takeoffs. Our national goal is to restore air service all over in the next three decades. In this, we are fortunate to draw on the knowledge of hundreds of former aircraft workers.

Well, my esteemed brothers- in the struggle from our past, I must say that without you, Aryana could not have risen from the ashes of the U.S. You endured the scorn of most of your fellow Whites. By the time they realized that the quite, safe, orderly world in which they wanted to raise their children was incompatible with mixing workplaces, residential areas, and schools with persons of entirely different temperaments who were used to crowded, dirty, noisy lifestyles nearer the Equator, it was too late. They believed the television versions of you as a stereotype of evil, while the **real** evil was worked all around them and every institution ceased to function as it once had in the formerly White-led America.

Still, they sought other causes and believed the media-masters rather than their own instincts and observations. As a result, secret police officials visited your jobs, made polite inquiries where even the most non-violent of you were deemed 'terrorists' and fired, while the streets of your major cities were ruled at night by either brutal police forces or non-White street gangs, **real** terrorists, whose predations claimed hundreds of thousands of White victims of mugging, rape, or robbery yearly, on which developments your news media fell silent. When a lone angry White youth or two or three of them used the same tactics, the event was fully publicized, yet your brainwashed masses mistook amount of media coverage for proofs of frequency. Perhaps it was appropriate destiny that those who thought so little lost what liberty America once afforded- they lacked the vigilance necessary to maintain it.

You worked quietly, in the dark, saving what you could of Aryan culture and independent- thinking writings of your time. Meanwhile, hidden men, federal, and later, just before the Repression of '98 in which a quarter million dissenters were rounded up by federal authorities and the Army and held at detention (death) centers, state-level law enforcers, used the weapon of slander in interviews with neighbors, employers, and even relatives. We marvel that any of you survived this, nurtured the vision of a better world, and carried it forward without seeking revenge on the Colific minions.

That the latter succeeded in so many other regions, I can only say that they, themselves, must now endure the result. They have made each other area of the continent into some version of Brazil, unstable, tyrannical, crime-ridden, polluted police states. This is consequence enough.

We recently reviewed some videotapes and print media from the 1970-1990 era at the specialized library in Eugene. It appears that mass behavior control was exercised by the repetition of certain code-words and phrases by charismatic media news-readers and the paid corporate spokespersons known as 'commentators.' That the meanings of these terms was quite often just the opposite again fulfills Orwell's predictions about the use of "doublespeak."

"Equality" stood for the preference of darker peoples' rights over those of White Americans. There was nothing "equal" in what the Civil Rights or "Women's Movement" sought from their inception. The Warren Supreme Court, in the famous *Brown V. Board of Education* decision, which was used to destroy education, commissioned a study of the effects on segregation on Black children, as though something inherently negative occurred when a Black child studied with other Black children and was taught by a Black teacher. The same court was so unequal as not to even commission a study of the deleterious effects of integrated education on White children, even though there were plenty of states where examples of both could be found at the time.

"Diversity" meant the destruction of diversity. The term was used any time an exclusively White institution, even something as trivial as a country club or golf course, was being dismantled and other persons forcibly integrated into it. It never promoted "diversity," as there were always Hispanic or Black neighborhoods, and these remained. The real purpose of this code-word was to ensure that there would be no White neighborhoods.

In the same vein, the word "minority" was used to describe the **majority**, the 92% of the world's population which is non-White. While "territorial integrity" and "sovereignty" are being respected for their nations, no White nation, according to the party line, was supposed to bar non-White immigrants. So, the *real* minority, Whites, found their living space encroached at every turn and, by the 1990's, were denied what was taken as a birthright for every other race or ethnic group- a homeland.

"Downsizing government," was a catchword of regimes, from the administration of Democratic President Jimmy Carter in the 1970's to those of Conservative Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and Republican President Ronald Reagan in the 1980's, all of which promoted its growth. This collectivist cancer spread throughout the Western world such that government became *the* major economic sector and vocation. The same was true throughout most of the Third World. The standard to which warring political parties held each other in congressional or parliamentary systems was their ability to pass new "needed legislation" so that the making of laws became a major industry. There could never be enough people to enforce or even interpret all these laws, and at any given point, any citizen could be found remiss and in violation of at least a minor statute or two, some of which contained very (deliberately) ambiguous or circuitous wording, rendering them difficult to follow.

For opponents of a regime, of course, enforcement would be stringent, like the White music company, Resistance Records, whose offices were raided by tactical Michigan Colific storm troopers for keeping poor sales tax records, while, across Detroit, the Operation PUSH of the Rev. Jesse Jackson, an organization dedicated to mongrelization, despite a blatant record of embezzlement and fiscal mismanagement received none of this attention. By having a plethora of poorly understood and difficult to follow laws, selective enforcement became another avenue for repression of non-violent and Democratic dissent, rights guaranteed under founding U.S. documents and those of the United Nations, of which it was a sponsor.

Out approach to government as written into the Aryan Constitution is this: minimalist government- "The Althing will at no time enact legislation, on pain of popular uprising, to create or empower any governmental function beyond the bare minimum needed to provide a service not already available or provided by non-governmental resources." While it became a measure of success and the productivity of government how much legislation a congress or parliament could pass or how well an administration could lead it to pass this, in our free state, a candidate for the Althing or State Thing will run for office on a program which he or she plans to dismantle.

The same Aryan policy of refusing to deify the state applies at even the highest levels of government. Our Prime Minister lives in his own residence in Pocatello. The "seat of government" is not a shrine to public spending, but a series of commercial buildings. The president, vice-president, and ministers drive themselves to work. There is no corps of bodyguards around them, as they do not fear and need not fear their own people. Any of them can easily be voted out of office by a vote of "no confidence" in the Althing, or impeached, if a wrong-doing has occurred which warrants that. No assassin would gain anything by killing such a public official, nor make any point, as any citizen can bring a prosecution at any time in any Aryan court against even the highest office, since we have no professional prosecutors. A public servant is not the symbol of the nation, or even the high priest of government, as in the false "democracies" of the prior two centuries. He or she is just a public servant, with no more status or privilege than an agricultural specialist or conservation ranger.

When the president of FNB (the Federation of Normandie and Brittany, a newly independent republic, formerly part of France) came to visit last month, President Sanderson and V.P. Albright got together with their spouses and prepared a large meal for the visiting dignitaries, served at the Albright's rural home. Talks about trade and foreign relations took place informally in an apple orchard where all participants could enjoy the late Shedding weather under an open air shed. Since there are no state secrets in Aryana and the people are the government, there was no need to have "official" recorders or stenographers. A couple reporters, chosen by lot, drawn from a hat, were invited to record the talks, a copy of which was compiled and given to the visitors in French and Bréton before their departure. There were no servants to await tables, nor professional chefs. George Albright, who always prided himself on raising and collecting table mushrooms and morels, enjoyed serving a dish of this and a specialty of the Willamette Valley wetlands near Salem, wild rice. We are the most unpretentious of people. The lack of a 'presidential palace' or usual 'honor guard' and trappings of state may put off some nations' officials, but it has caused voters in other regions of the world to question why they are taxed to pay for such institutions in the first place. When a nation is held together by blood and a common ideology, such investment in statist symbolism is but puffery and waste.

Back to the slogans of your time, the ever larger governments which pretended to be small, and predatory private interests feigned concern for the public good. Institutions, and trade-groups, cartels of oligopolists, used the same lines and phrases of their own to lull the public into thinking that their restriction of trade and artificial shortages, with resulting higher prices were all in the public interest. For example, the medical profession, best represented by the American Medical Association, tried to convince citizens that American health care was the "best system in the world," and, contrary to their own senses, that everyone was being served by it. They used phrases like "cost-effective health care" or "managed care alternatives" to prevent doing the two things which would have made it accessible, namely, increasing the supply of practitioners and simplifying pharmaceutical approval processes, while revoking exclusive drug manufacturing rights, considering these to be public properties. Instead, the same medical establishment, the same AMA, closed down scores of medical schools, such that there were over 400 medical schools at the turn of the century in America and fewer than 160 by the end of the century. The

same 'compassionate' AMA lobbied hard in state legislatures to restrict osteopaths, naturopaths, herbalists, and chiropractors. While physicians had longer training, there were fewer of them per population and, as planned, fees went up.

In any given field, like health care, our system is not perfect. We can rarely do the few, highly publicized heroic cures of the last century's high-technology medicine, yet, the diseases and chronic conditions that plagued your time are virtually nonexistent here. We have isolated the causes of many maladies in your time, tracing them to additives in food, whether chemical, or of the genetically engineered variety. Many of our children are stunned to hear that people in your time ate foods with genetically engineered pesticides that could not be washed off, but resided in the fiber of your plants. Everyone does get good medical and dental care, and our population is living longer, a trend only interrupted three decades ago by the turmoil. In mental health, sociology, ethics, and theology, the trend during the last century was to declare oneself "pro-family" or "for family values," which tactics also proved effective in selling the advertising men and sloganeers of Congress to the voters. In reality, everything from job transfers to the use of promiscuity-encouraging messages in most advertising, to the portrayal of Aryan women by Hollywood propagandists as cold-hearted amateur prostitutes worked *against* family life. One of the most common complications in newborn infants at the time was eye infections due to the presence of viruses such as herpes in the birth canal. Rather than reporting the complication to the mother or expectant couple, the custom was for obstetricians to encourage cesarean section delivery on other grounds, again, earning a much larger fee than what could be charged for natural birth. The sheer number of these, and the fact that a 1997 report by the Centers for Communicable disease which related that one out of every six adults in the nation carried herpes, proves that the anti-family, orgasmic value system pushed by every Semitic writer from Norman Mailer to Phillip Roth and Saul Bellow, had become a daily reality.

I believe it possible to say that in Aryana, by contrast, we do live our values because they are organic, arose naturally from the Folk consciousness, and are liveable. In every area of life, it is fair to say that we have by no means created a paradise. Such states are not feasible, given the limitations of human nature and technology. I can tell you that we sleep well at night, do a reasonable amount of our chosen vocations during the day, and generally know, like, and trust the neighbors and villages which we have chosen.

We respect the Earth and take from Frigga carefully. At the end of the cycle, many of us are choosing a "tree burial" in which the person is stood to rest, vertical in the earth, head directly below the roots of a medium-sized tree, so that we nurture its growth to regreen the world and repay tree-kind for their sustenance. A brass or granite plate is placed nearby and this is becoming the most popular burial, the memorial grove. We restore and heal the wounds Colific's overpopulated world inflicted on nature and hope that this concept will spread to other advanced societies.

We will evolve technology. Our scientists, inventors, and engineers enjoy real patent protection, so that they have every incentive to create a new process or device and retire well-to-do. They are studying the works of Nikola Tesla and as much as can be gleaned on the works of Hans Koler and other pioneers in the free energy and magnetic or gravitational drives area. We shall evolve and develop a higher standard of living only with appropriate technology. We shall grow it in an earthy manner which empowers people, does not fragment families (as job transfers did in the past) and meshes with our cottage-industry culture. We shall gradually add in an appropriate level of communication technology and hope to broadcast four hours of television per day, two at night, one in mid-morning and another in mid-afternoon. We never want it to become a substitute for reading, personal evolution, family, or community.

On this latter point, we shall study, catalog, and expand the 'inner technologies,' which are our Aryan heritage, and plan to offer courses at village level. Already the Ministry of Hygiene is studying how to set up a proposed Bureau of Noetic Research. Employment in it, would, of course, be by rotation, as with all else in our government, so as not to ever enthrone a ruling clique. It will try to relearn the knowledge destroyed by Roman imperialists who slew the last Druids in 65 A.D., the secrets of Stonehenge and Carnac, the function of the ley lines, the longevity of Borgar of the Eddas, and the Konr's son who knew the speech of hawks.

I shall step out of the way, now that I have given you a very cursory overview of our time, a time of the sinking of lands, the flooding from melted poles, earthquakes, the dissolution of great, repressive states, and the birth of small nations. I shall, now that this is done and our debt to the past acknowledged, return to your story, to the precious journal, hidden for so long from the sworn enemies of freedom in the body of the beast, "The Device."

Ours is not the best of places, for the best is what can only be imagined. All that I can say, Carl, is that we have made a conscious, societal commitment to furthering our evolution, personally and collectively. As improbable as it may have seemed to you and your ilk in all but the last 11 years, what you did in your days, 30, 50, or even 70 years ago, made possible what is today. I burnt fir-resin incense in my family altar of Oðin in the north, devotional room of my home this afternoon and prayed to the Gods and Fates for the safe passage of your spirit, that you may reincarnate into a better time that you had known, hopefully as a new citizen of Free Aryana! I send this through the minds of those with the vision to transcend time, to know that we await, and that all that we are can become. It is as though a millennium has passed and I send this to you, a thousand years, thinking...

Heinrich Hoffman, Sr. Researcher
Institute of Historical Studies, Cascadia,
In the Republic of Free Aryana
Hunting, 2030th Year of Teutoberg Wald, 150th Year of Our Leader

Aryana- Epilogue

Ember, 152nd Year of Our Leader

2032 Common Era: 4225 After Åtland's Sinking

It seems really strange that I have gone to Grant's Pass today. Earlier, I was invited to attend a visit by the Japanese premier. He met our president, vice president, and many of the cabinet. The honor guard surprised him. It consisted of actual veterans of the war. There was Sam Washburne, who lost an arm in this very town, when the Sons of God's Latter Day Saints brigade had taken Medford and begun a systematic torture and execution campaign. His had been one of the hastily organized irregulars units which remained and forced the Californian forces into costly house-to-house fighting to avoid leaving behind pockets of resistance.

Then there was Jean McGuire, a woman who was about to be gang-raped by a Mexican platoon that had taken her neighborhood (a fate which had already befallen many of her neighbors). They had clubbed the pretty, 42-year old wife, mother, and ranch manager down, half-conscious in her living room, and begun to strip her clothes when her 16-year old daughter shot the man in the lead, a corporal, with a lever-action .30-.30. Her 18-year old, who saw the Humvee parked in the yard and heard shouts in Spanish, had run in from the barn, then crept up to a side window. He sprayed four of those standing in line with a 12-gauge pump shotgun filled with #4 shot. She and her daughters, all NRA members and survivalists, fought the battle-hardened platoon from the burning remains of her house to the outbuildings and cattle-pond. She lost two of her three daughters in the battle. Her face had to be rebuilt after bullet fragments shattered her cheek, but this small family, whose husband was with our main forces to the west, helped stop their furthest advance, near Bend. When relief forces neared the ranch, four wounded members of the platoon remained.

Ours was not the usual honor guard of young, fresh-faced troops, but grisled, hardened veterans of our struggle for independence. I could fill a volume with the details of all six stories, but briefly mention only two.

Anyway, that's not why it seemed strange to go to Grant's Pass today. I had other business, which seems worth recording, even though my colleagues might think me a crackpot for doing so. I received a letter last month from a seeress there, who stated that she had made 'contact' with persons from the past, from the 1990's to be exact, who had read my previous account. Yes, hold on, I know that this seems very, exceedingly strange. I wrote this as a literary device, a way of our paying back to those few who were not comfortable, who never accepted the status quo, who were not what they used to call 'couch potatoes' an account of what resulted from their efforts while the many slept the sleep of slaves.

According to her, the account was transmitted somehow, reached that time-frame, and was written by an obscure and reclusive 'Movement' person. Now, I am not a mystic, nor do I know by what mechanisms such events can be explained. I don't know how something which I have written now got transmitted to the past. I do know that there was some work, which one of my colleagues, who was trained as a physicist, has uncovered from the last era, on orthogonal electromagnetic fields which could be generated by a device useable in time travel. Whether any of this is possible I don't know.

Anyway, what got my attention was that my papers, published two years ago, reached her, and she started getting these images of people from that time, mostly deceased. They would command her to both ask information to further elucidate the story of our civilization, and to

transmit the answers back to them. I asked her by radio, when she first contacted me, how she knew that this was genuine and why I should come answer the questions. She said that the same people showed up time and again and she found herself writing with her left hand, which being a right-handed person, should have been unequal to the task. They did not, she related, leave her alone until the questions were written out. Furthermore, 'they' took over her hand and compelled her to write the questions, the same questions, not just once, but several times. It was, she said, as though 'they' wanted to make certain that she did not personally interpret the questions, but merely transmitted them. Surely enough, as with most professional psychics, she'd had difficulty distinguishing between her own thoughts and words and those 'received.' She found that, when a question recurred, she could often discard a word or phrase which she had added.

So, here I go, to answer a questionnaire from readers of my brief account of life in our new civilization, readers to whom it was written, and dedicated in spirit, who seemed to have received it in fact. I spent the morning in the entourage, as President Hajitama and his group look over one of our 'hard lumber' plants. In these, we compress dried spruce, injected with an epoxy-like glue, and dry it, yielding smaller, heavier structural pieces, The resulting material has some of the same applications by architects as steel beams, yet is very light in weight, similar to a hard plastic, like what was called 'composite' sixty years ago.

I enjoy speaking, through an interpreter, with my Japanese counterpart, about the work of an official historian. He finds it incredible that I raise cherries, do pottery, and have been making willow furniture to make ends meet. I tell him that it makes me a better historian and interpreter, a participant observer. Finally, in the evening, many room-temperature cups of green tea later, I arrive at her residence to participate in the folly of speaking to those who are not present.

Q. How do you manage to run an agricultural economy, raising Washington cherries, Oregon wines, and potatoes throughout, without the help of Mexican migrant laborers to pick fruits and help in the harvests?

A. When we began to establish an evolutionary state, we realized that the 'business as usual' way of running our economy would lead to shortages, poverty, or outright failure. Just as most nations in the world have mandatory military service, Aryanans voted overwhelmingly to institute the "Harvest Draft." Some of our constitutionalists objected that any kind of governmental compunction to serve the public good amounted to involuntary servitude.

In a way, I agreed with this stance, but I supported the amendment because not being invaded by a horde of alien workers, persons with quite a different culture, race, and system of values, was worth each able-bodied citizen's making him or herself available to pick berries. I have served six summers in this capacity. Farmers must still pay each of us just as they would have paid the migrants under the old system, about the equivalent of the old minimum wage. It's not much, but it prevents abuse, which would happen were there free labor. It's a strategic issue for us, no less than any other defense of territorial integrity. We gladly trade the freedom to do other things for a week or two in summer or fall in order to avoid the Hispanic invasion!

Q. Why didn't NATO or the U.N. invade when your nation first began to agitate for separation from the U.S. in 2013 in order to quash the separatist movement?

A. They did invade at Portland, Seattle, and several points along the coast, launching off a U.S. armada. The supposed issue was the 'civil rights' of the 'persecuted' Hispanic minority. In reality, people in our region were already fed up with non-White alien immigrants or migrant workers. We had not oppressed these often hapless refugees; we simply stopped giving them safe haven or special status and encouraged them, often through interpreters, to go home and quit dragging down our economy with more mouths to feed.

When the U.N. force arrived, we all adopted a passive resistance formula strategy. A Mexican would stroll into a cappuccino-sandwich shop and order a meal in a place where he had

been refused service the week before they arrived. The owner would abandon the counter and refuse to serve either invader. Often, this led to a beating and robbery, sometimes to a defensive shooting from the counter and the execution of the restaurant personnel. Most of the time, the store personnel would smirk and invite the troops and / or their 'oppressed' clients to make their own meals. They would step away and, on occasion, the occupiers would try to operate machinery with which they were not familiar and get cooking burns. Other times, the troops would smash and loot the business. When a Jamaican U.N. commander commandeered a couple's house, the latter asked to pack some things, quietly hooked a stout synthetic rope onto the electrical lines connecting the house to the grid, and tore it loose, the other end being tied to their towing ball. Someone sabotaged the substation, which fed that neighborhood, so that service to the house could not be immediately re-established. The house could not be salvaged when the couple returned due to the amount of human urine and defecation in it by the Jamaican commander and his hand-picked, mostly Carribean adjutants.

When federal secret police agents, there to monitor the U.N. troops' reception by the people, tried to check into a motel room, there was always no vacancy. They would shoot a lock and force their way in regardless. Owners would retaliate by cutting off water to the affected room(s). The secret police agencies quickly learned to post guards or awaken to find burning vehicles or those with tires slashed or wires cut.

The Mexicans, Vietnamese, and others whose presence gave pretext for the force, started to leave despite the presence of their protectors. It was a very hard several months. Not all of our people showed passive resistance. There were scores of U. N. personnel and 'protected' special people who simply disappeared or received the attentions of a hit-and-run sniper or homemade-munitions bomber. This did not happen often, but the controlled press's over-representation of it, while completely ignoring real atrocities against the occupied citizenry, actually made every U.N. occupier and non-White invader feel unsafe.

There'd been a position paper published during the 1990's which declared that highly publicized events, even on a small scale, could sway mass behaviors. The power of small numbers had first been observed in Germany, where, in the 1980's a handful of nationalist attacks against Turks and other immigrants dried up the voluntary influx to a trickle. The same power caused most U.N. troops to appear baggy-eyed from lack of sleep and thousands of non-Whites to seek safe passage home. The U.N., fortunately, teetered on the edge of collapse at this time, and, when unable to pay the soldiers for two months, faced massive mutiny and had to withdraw from its ineffective campaign against a thoroughly resistant populace.

The resistance had been as complicated as the guys who rerouted gray water, only lightly treated municipal liquid waste from Vancouver into the municipal building's drinking water when that building was used to bivouac troops. It was as simple as store owners who would not sell ear muffs to a soldier who presented the old dollar (worthless) or the ubiquitous European écu, and demanded Aryamarks instead. It was as simple as the families in heavily occupied towns who skirted checkpoints and sent their young women to other, less-occupied areas away from the invaders. Overall, no one did anything to make the forces feel at home. It was the ultimate culmination of the last century's 'sage-brush rebellion.'

On the lighter side, the U.N. camps started to feed and bivouac Mexicans on their own. The protectees' search for hard currency and weapons resulted in the discovery of near record outbreaks of venereal disease at these 'humanitarian' bases and the loss of thousands of pieces of equipment. Tensions began to mount between the protectors and their charges, leading to many a scuffle, with occasional shootings and shakedowns of the 'economic refugees.'

Q. How did you first make the switch from traditional electric grids and generation to different energy systems?

A. We simply allowed our industries to use devices created by Nicola Tesla and dozens of other 'free energy' systems. Back during the late part of the last century, these could be found in listings of Adventures Unlimited Books, Loompanics, Things You Never Knew Existed, and other publishers of unusual, out-of-the-mainstream books. Aryana was always predicated upon the ideal that there would be a relatively weak central government and a strong network of local and regional governments. Yet, we did realize, early on, that some matters were of national priority or national concern, and could only be attacked with the resources of a nation.

This applied to really large projects, like cleaning up the mess that the COLIFIC military had made of its nerve and chemical weapons testing facility at Umatilla Flats, Oregon, or the Hanford, Washington nuclear waste storage facility. What county could afford to do this? How could a state build a large dam, or reclaim as much as possible of an abandoned copper mine, when these infrastructure projects benefit the health and well-being, the security, of the nation as a whole.

Q. How does this differ, then, from public works projects and bond issues for them from COLIFIC times?

A. It differs significantly in that we did not use convict labor, nor that of aliens with green cards, nor did we 'float' the projects on revenues which were imaginary by selling public bonds, such that bankers and investors owned that nations' productivity. Remember, please, that we are not anarchists, determined to get rid of centralized government for the sake of doing so, but rather a people dedicated to using the smallest amount of government at the most local level possible to get things done. In a world where we are surrounded by centralized states, we must be prepared to trade, negotiate, or otherwise relate to them as a nation. Without this nationhood, our village-level economy and society would soon be swallowed up by hostile neighbors. But, as in all our institutions, we operate with maximum freedom, using plebiscites to vote on almost everything, so that there are not bodies of professional legislators whose services can be bought by powerful interests, as was the case with the democracies. Legislators are middle men which a real government by and for the people does not require.

Well, there it is, my readers and colleagues in the Historical Institute, my conversation with ghosts. Doubt my sanity if you will, but these questions about the founding and nature of our state must have needed to be asked. Now that they are answered, I must go back to Lewis County to break my ground to plant a crop of Yukon Gold potatoes. I hope Oscar found the cache of dried food I'd left for him on the porch.

Heinrich Hoffman, Sr. Researcher
Institute of Historical Studies, Cascadia,
In the Republic of Free Aryana

MEMORANDUM

From: Shirley Petersen

To: Heinrich Hoffman

Date: 23rd Shedding, 145th Year of Our Leader

Heinrich, I hope you have enjoyed your long exploration of the Inter-Mountain Alps. That's more strenuous a vacation than I care to take! Of course, your daughter, Brigit, with her language capability, made your taking that group of Argentine tourists possible, but I know you two enjoy doing an adventure every few years. At least, you didn't let Manfred talk his dad into another diving expedition.

While you were away, the attached letter came from a Segnor Armando di Ciella. Events have moved ahead the past few weeks, as the new Council of Economically Reformed and Plebiscite Nations formally recognized Nueva Roma! He describes himself as a distant colleague of ours, and, of course, I wrote to thank him for his courtesy and to invite himself and any of his colleagues to come visit us here in Ellensburg.

As much as I try to refrain from excessive optimism, events in their area around the Great Lakes lead me to believe that it must be written in the stars- that a new era of freedom and prosperity is breaking out over much of the world.

I have moved this to the top of your mail stack. I hope that Segnor Ciella understands our vacation schedules and, perhaps, more relaxed economic customs, but I am sure you will hasten to reply.

By the time you receive this, I shall be with our delegation, exploring the new peace and trade treaty with PROC in San Francisco. It hardly seems conceivable that, in another era, politicians made such visits without an historian or two in tow...

Regards to your Manfred, Jr. We'll have to see how your grandson enjoys our little town, when he's so accustomed to the busy lifestyle of New Portland. I've left the cherry harvesting in capable hands, but will still miss my orchard. See you in a few more weeks.

Shirley

Historical Association of Nueva Roma

2029 Dearborn Street ° Nueva Turina, Nueva Roma

Heinrich Hoffman, Sr. Researcher
Institute for Historical Research
89 Gambanreidi Route
Ellensburg, Inter-Mountain
Free Republic of Aryana

17 July, 2034 C.E.

Dear Mr. Hoffman,

I received a copy of your history of Aryana, The Device, just two years ago. It was widely circulated among the members of our Popular Fascist Party, as we sought to wrest autonomy for our region from the Mormon police state to the west and what remained of the U.S. federation to the northeast.

There were many in our movement who wanted to simply set up another order, similar to the one from which we detached ourselves, but with different faces at the top. Your short work and a couple of old volumes from last century, Imperium and Serpents Walk, taught most of us that no revolution has occurred until and unless it is accompanied by a revolution in *thinking*.

You Aryanans had to rethink your relationship not only with yourselves, but with other peoples, and with the natural world. While we are a White nation, led by Mediterraneans, unlike you, we do not discern between the various White sub-races. Like you, we acknowledge that these subraces came about as Europe, and European Russia was invaded, and intermixed with Hun, Tatar, Mongol, Turk, and Carthaginian, among others. That is not to account all the hundreds of thousands of African slaves, which poured through Portugal not only into the Americas a few hundred years ago, but into the privileged households of Europe.

We start with the truth, and seek to uplift the best of all White admixtures, who are generally termed “Caucasian.” At the same time, we realize that the last century’s propaganda machinery indoctrinated Nordic, Baltic, and Atlantic, purely indigenous Europeans, to intermix with ever darker strains. This was revealed by one of my colleagues, who, when she studied films and children’s books of the 1930-2000 era and did a statistical scan, found that, overwhelmingly, you Nordic men were portrayed as dangerous sociopaths, villains, or fools, and the secret cabal, which ran Hollywood, and in which some of my Italian ancestors, along with Greeks, Armenians, and Jews portrayed a “good” mating as one involving a coarse Mediterranean (or darker) with a blonde lady. The cabal, variously termed “Committee of 300” or, simply, “The System,” sought to have you North Europeans bred out of existence, not just here, but in Europe as well. Their counterparts back in my fatherland, opened Italy to disastrous non-White immigration in the 1980’s. The above is said to acknowledge that you are right to have one area, a predominately Nordic area, in which to seek your own evolution, as we, here, in what you once called Chicago, renamed after that dynamo of North Italy, Turin, seek to recreate here the glory that was once Rome, while renouncing its flawed and ultimately self-destructive colonialism.

I have always been an aficionado of films, especially European cinematic art. I came across one from the turn of the century, which seemed to depict the White man’s dilemma and have enclosed a copy for your Institute’s archives in this mailing. It was called *The House of Spirits* and starred Jeremy Irons, Meryl Streep, Winona Ryder, Glenn Close, and Antonio Banderas.

To me, it bespeaks the kernel of the Aryan experience, and that of the few, isolated emerging White regions around the world. It does so by showing what our relationship to other peoples and the natural world should *not* be!

The European man goes to a small hamlet with a ruined manor and fallowed fields. Through his drive, ambition, and genius, he builds an agricultural business in the South American sub-Equatorial region that is prosperous and efficient.

He does not allow his workers, the Mestizo natives, time off nor a share of ownership in the enterprise. In his view, they are children and need to be ruled by an iron grip. He grabs and impregnates native women, adding to the lighter Mestizo caste, from whom revolutionaries ultimately emerge. His life shows the love of power, uninformed by the power of love. I use this word reluctantly, as in English, it is so often associated with romantic love. I mean it here as respect, empathy, and affinity for the interests of others, and other states of being, including the environment.

Certainly, he is not alone in his views, as a European. Many were the African-American men I saw, growing up in Chicago, who had a wife and family, but at whose funeral, half-brothers and half-sisters met for the first time. The powerful of theirs and Mexican or Columbian communities often impregnated White mistresses and added to the mix of unsupported *illegitimate*. Colonialism was by no means an exclusively White idea, and the once all-White conservative party, the Republicans, were run by Jewish ideologues by the turn of the century, and their ranks filled by the privileged of many different backgrounds, but its fatal fascination was with our people for too long.

We, like the film's central character, ruled through fear and manipulation, rather than managing through productivity, and for mutual gain. The central character suffers at the hands of his self-created fate, as his daughter 'goes native,' having liaison with a Mestizo revolutionary, and his wife, refusing to be intimidated, leaves him in a grand hacienda, a sad and lonely monument to greed and privilege.

Aryana's emergence as a prosperous, thriving free state is a message to those of us in other new nations that we do not have to bring about tragic repetitions of history, Roman, or British. Empires don't work and soon turn on their creators. Free peoples, participating in local events with local control, and governing, not through easily corruptible "representative government" but by plebiscite, referendum, and ballot initiatives, can best safeguard their own proper interests, while respecting the interests of others.

I hope that this merely begins our dialogue, as we both can learn much from each other. Should you or any of your colleagues ever want to visit, we shall extend every courtesy.

Sincerely, your distant colleague,

Armando di Ciella,
Principal Researcher

Readers' Commentaries on The Device

Henry Stevens -

Thank you for your vision of our future. I certainly hope it can be made to happen. The USA of today is an outmoded product of imperialism, which evolved into a concept which found value as a "balance of power" to similar European powers of the 19th and 20th Centuries. Most recently our opposite number, the Soviet Union, also forcibly held together diverse racial, ethnic, and religious populations forming a cooperative "Super Power" whose main function was to offset us on this geo-political teeter-totter.

With the breakup of the Soviet Union, the USA is redundant and undesirable. It was held together by lies. In fact, most of what is said by the government's mass media are simply lies designed to control and dumb-down the internal population. Freedom of any sort, on any level, has not existed here in some time.

And within our very lifetimes fundamental European concepts, concepts which underpin our common culture, concepts which have been held true for 6,000 years, have been challenged and usurped by ideas from the Near East. Our concepts, Honor, Duty, and Loyalty, which, if practiced, result in and lead to the further concepts of truth, courage, patriotism, love, human rights, and common-law, have been replaced by written "Commandments" totally alien to our hearts and culture. The conflict between what we know is right and these commandments has resulted in an internal friction within our culture and a weakening of it. These are two mutually exclusive systems in ascertaining a course of behavior. An extension of commandments are statute laws.

Statute laws are now violated at the pleasure of those who originally created them and brought them to us for their own benefit and gain. By our own Constitution, we are a secular state interested in preserving the freedom of individuals who seek freedom, such as from unfair taxation. Yet our citizens are taxed against their will and 3 to 6 billion dollars of proceeds go annually to support an avowedly religious country which practices apartheid, religious discrimination, violates human rights, conducts state-sponsored terrorism, murders its second-class citizens, and spies on its benefactor country, the USA. This parasite then expects impunity when it interferes with our elections through bribery in order to be in a position to call upon our military to defeat any enemy in the region too big for it to handle.

But, "woe unto him," who unmasks Zionism as racism or even questions publicly our government's policy in regard to this injustice. He or she will be branded a "criminal" and an attempt will be made to charge that person with a "hate crime" or simply as a "terrorist." This happens in our country, the United States of America. How could our Constitution allow this to happen? It, like all statute law, was bent and subverted for the purposes of those in control of the money and the weapons.

The concept being discussed here is a world without these flaws. It is a world based upon our cultural roots, without built-in internal conflicts. It is a fair world judged by our own innate common understanding of what "fair" is. It is a world in which our common culture is venerated and prized. A world in which every individual is valued and encouraged not just by government but by cultural acclaim of the people as a whole.

It is a very face-to-face world in which problems or transactions are resolved between people on a personal basis because all participants are "reading from the same page" as to how these things ought to be done. Sociologists would call this type of society a "Gemeinschaft" as

opposed to a “Gesellschaft” or corporate entity full of written procedures, rules, lawsuits, judges, lawyers, and impersonal relationships.

I would like to take this opportunity to apply for a passport. I want to immigrate to Aryana as soon as possible. It sounds like paradise on earth. I am sure an equitable division of the old USA can be made in which everyone will find a homeland. After all, if the concept is good enough for the Israelis, it should be good enough for us.

My only reservation for this new world involves “high-tech.” Specifically, the kind of technology our government and its mass media has been down-playing or refusing to cover for years. Development of this technology is going on right now in hundreds of garages and small laboratories all across the world. And it is this technology which will precipitate the collapse of the Old World. This is something you touched upon, “Free Energy.”

Within ten years we will have working free energy devices in households generating enough electricity to sustain that household. People will unplug from the grid. This action is practical and symbolic because people will begin to realize that they can unplug from all of government’s institutions. This thought and action will spawn decentralization and independence which will, in turn, bring into question our whole notion of a big, centralized, polyglot state as was necessary to counterbalance the Soviet Union.

Without damage to the environment these small free energy devices can be built in cottage factories as described in your work. They can be used domestically and exported. These devices are so varied in nature and structure that, even if exported, for some, their exact nature can remain proprietary information of the inventor, as Hans Kohler (Captain in Shutz-Staffle department E-4, inventor of tachometric drive, a free-energy device, powering disc-shaped craft frequently seen since 1944) so aptly demonstrated.

Beyond free energy devices, computers and other such value-added devices have been successfully manufactured on a small scale and should be a fundamental item for manufacture in our economy and as necessary for our self-defense.

Thank you for the opportunity of reading this work. Of course, you are free to use my words in part or full. It is hoped that this work will help crystallize our thoughts and aid in actuating a reorganization of North America in which the lives of all living there will be improved.

M. L. -

I began writing this commentary after reading the story in one sitting. This story should be yelled from the rooftops by all Euro-Americans wanting to reclaim their heritage. Will we ever see the reality of Aryana? By the Gođin, I hope so!

I do have some ideas on how the story could be better. I think that the state of the non-White territories is played a bit lightly, especially regarding their treatment of Whites.

We have to look at how less-intelligent, more brutal tropical or mixed (Latinos) peoples would treat us through their jealousy over our intellect, organizational capabilities, and innate tendency to form civilizations. Today, the hidden hands of elites through their secret societies’ control over media fuel this jealousy and try to make us appear to these peoples as if we have a superiority complex.

This jealousy can easily ignite into rage. We have seen this when a policeman stumbles onto a crime in progress and shoots the fleeing felon, as is lawful. If the suspect were White the killing would be no issue, because we assume culturally, that, should you choose robbery or burglary as your avocation, and then run from an arresting officer, this is the down-side of crime. When it happens to a black, instead of an isolated robbery, a good part of the black citizenry use the pretext to smash store windows and loot. A year later, the cry “poor me” because business

owners choose not to re-open after the second or third riot (pretext for mass looting and vandalism).

This is on the scale of a city, but is outdone by the mass atrocities committed by blacks against the surviving White minority in Zimbabwe. Even the controlled media conveyed a scene in which a White liberal, who fought Apartheid, faced a black mob in South Africa. He is seen trying to appease the rioters, saying that he was their friend. He was hacked to pieces, literally.

Proclamations of their desire for “independence” in the Third World quickly give way to loans from the international monetary machinery, leaving the impression that they really want nothing so much as a free ride on our backs. Had they wanted “independence,” they would have built real nations, not mired in poverty and tyranny in the first place. Such nations would have been immune to colonial takeovers.

So, in your story, here we are in this land of Aryana, and non-Whites are stuck in their slums. We strive in our ways of life to become better and for that we actually do improve our conditions, while they live in the chaos and poverty of their own spirits. Therefore, we would have to consider that banishing a person from Aryana and actually placing them into a chaotic zone, such a “Mixotopia” for the degenerate who was sentenced for drugging the young lady for sex, would be a death-sentence. I can’t imagine that they would graciously accept “a resourceful White immigrant,” although their companies might. It might be more humane to send the banished to an isolated area to fend for himself, or just send such a felon across the border with a banishment tattoo, letting him find a way to survive.

One thing which was left out, perhaps in the interests of brevity, being a narrative, not a detailed history, was the question of policies toward the mentally ill, those born retarded, or in some other way unable to maintain normal, productive functioning. The narrative does describe policies toward the elderly, disabled veterans, and orphans, but there is no mention of congenital defectives. Some sort of mechanism would have to ensure proper treatment and sterilization where the defect is hereditarily transmissible.

We would hope that, in a situation like the one discussed, white culture arising like the phoenix from nuclear ashes, that Europe would also rediscover its Aryans. Hopefully there would be enough remaining to make an impact. It seems less likely here with so few of us worthy of building such a nation in the US, and we would be fewer after a cataclysm. Perhaps Folk in our fatherlands would allow some of us to return to those home-states and build nations there modeled on the society described in this story. We could call such a form of government, “Althing Republic.”

Perhaps my favorite part of the story is how the issue of religion is dealt with. In such a society any proselytizing would fall on deaf ears. When one lives a valid, life-affirming, faith, however, this, itself, is a powerful teaching. I can envision Aryan schools teaching the precepts of the various religions found there without favor or bias, so that each person can decide personally (as is done even in today’s Malaysia).

Personally, it would be difficult for me to live as “one of the few Odinists” as our narrator does. If I knew of a community with more of my Odinic kinsmen, I would go there. When the author described the piece to me, even while it was under construction, I wondered what would come of Christianity in such a society. It never occurred to me that a new faction of it might be born that would seem more appropriate to our folk. Perhaps they would teach deism in their assemblies. A woman of my acquaintance can’t stand sermons and the whole social scene of church. She goes to a large stone that rests over a creek. This is where she felt her deity’s force was strong and where she felt all of her faith should congregate- in Nature, respecting its laws.

One anomaly in the story lends a nice touch. It’s where the narrator seems to forget that he’s writing for people living in a past time. It is as if he expects the reader to have his

knowledge of life in Aryana up front, so I have to figure it out only after reading a bit further. It really gives the sense of having picked up a “future history” manuscript mysteriously transported back to our time.

To me *The Device* ranks with Thet Ćera Linda Bók, The Poetic Edda, and the Seiðr Paradigms as one of the great prophetic works for our people and faith. I can only hope that our children will see this prophecy come into being.

If this does happen, it will accord with the prophecy of Thet Ćera Linda Bók that by 4,000 years after the Sinking of Átland (Atlantis), the Earth begins to cleanse herself of tyrannical forces and by the year 5,000 After Átland’s Sinking (5,000 AAS), the cleansing will be complete. In the current time-scheme those years would be 2807-3807 CE. It is a long time off, if OLB’s prophecy is accurate, and we have to make certain that there are any Aryans around to be there!

There is a natural urge to do something now. It is a sense of urgency which must not lead to criminal behavior that would only give the enemies of humanity more ammunition. The question should really be what can we do today to keep our heritage alive? We must remember the past while looking toward a future. We have to realize that the present American society *will* fall on its own. This government will not be dismantled by a coup d’etat from the “White movement.” Undoubtedly a time will come when it is necessary to fight, but Whites won’t be the ones to provoke it.

For now the most powerful activity with which we can busy ourselves is that of teaching our children their heritage, if possible, back to Ask and Embla. By knowing well the ways of their ancestors, an inner strength is acquired, as the growing youth has a built-in compass on how to solve life’s problems, what to hope for, and strategies for all kinds of situations along the way. It is no accident that those who plan our extermination show (and celebrate) every other wisdom-tradition but ours. It is relatively easy for a child of another culture to develop that inner strength, simply because the cultural context for it is fully supported by all of this society’s institutions, including schools. It should be our greatest priority to restore this to our kids.

A good indication of how much they miss the mystical, tradition-centered tribalism is seen in the ersatz role-playing games. I recently read of American youth playing “vampire.” It is a new, fashionable cult that actually drink and have their own blood drunk by others. The extensively role-play to imitate the mass-media image of vampires, never having known the “vargr” of our sagas, whom no one would emulate. A hedonistic Nesferatu plays well with the pleasure-seeking youth of today, even with grotesque tastes. From this we see how much our children lack.

Yet, despite the complete lack of Aryan culture or values in the environment (where everyone else’s is represented) a father who tried to instill this in his child would be met with a battle-royal from an uncommitted wife, who insists of “balance.” In such homes what should be a source of strength becomes, instead, a token of conflict and the child turns away from our culture, associating its learning with argument. What “balance” has been there for our youth, when so many are lost to weird cults, premature parenthood, or use of drugs such as “ecstasy?” I can’t imagine choosing a spouse who isn’t as committed to our kids having what any other type of child has as I am.

The Japanese overseas have relatively little of the “teen problems” we assume to be inevitable simply because so many are well grounded in their own culture and folkways. As our kids would, even correctly reared, they get plenty of the other stuff from the environment, and so do not fail to understand the contemporary society around them.

The Device is the kind of tale which we should read them or have them read when older. Our youth need to imagine a better way and a better time that can be built upon correct decisions and choices that we can make today. I send my thanks to the author of this story for asking me to preview and comment.

N. B. -

The Device is written with a very rare sight. I, like most people in our struggle, have put very little thought into our future after we have attained our primary objective. My main concern has always been the soldiering, or actually becoming victorious in securing the existence of our folk and culture.

I wish to thank the author for helping me to see this view which has awakened new ideas in me. Hopefully this new perspective will help me to be more effective in helping our folk attain our ultimate goal of a real nation.

I think that we can effectively serve the existence of our folk and culture if we actually started living similar to the people in *The Device*. It teaches us to take our goals off that high pedestal and place them at shoulder level before us. I think that in Chapter XIV of Mein Kampf, it is said, "Our task, the mission of the National Socialist Movement, is to bring our own people to such a political insight that they will not see their goal for the future in the breath-taking sensation of a new Alexander's conquest, but in the industrious work of the Aryan plow, to which the sword need only give soil."

Even though I do not think that I will survive the conflict, I still think that I can help it thrive. We can mold our children into the shape of our ideal. To do so will make them happier, stronger people, and more capable as adults. We can pass our knowledge on to our brothers and sisters. We can live by example, thus impressing more highly evolved customs and lifestyles on observers. We can add to the fire that was kindled with the power of our own decisions.

I hope that Aryana does soon become a reality. It will if we all refuse to go down and keep striving for victory. My observations lead me to believe that much of our victory must come first in being victorious over our own sloth, indifference, and defeatism. I agree with the Aryana concept wholeheartedly.

In our future nation we must be careful not to let our evolution be hindered by past errors. Even though our state must have complete religious freedom, we must be careful to keep conflicting faiths in different communities. True tribal faiths will have very little conflict because our people have been subjected to the alien forms of thought for so long that we may have unconsciously absorbed many of its archetypal patterns. Hence, there may arise some group that will not be content with building its own altars or churches unless they are at the same time destroying all heathen altars and customs. It can take a couple of generations to eradicate the brain-washing to which our Folk have been subjected in this area.

We face a similar dilemma with our genetic makeup. Through forced or voluntary miscegenation, the purity of our distant ancestors is almost lost. This adversely affects humanity as a whole.

The Aryan race is the only culture-bearing race in Miðgard. Many different nations can coexist, but all would self-destruct without the guidance of our race and culture. We are the only race capable of true culture. We see about us the ruin brought about through culture integration and our adoption of alien beliefs and practices. Civilizations brought about through such a destructive or coercive process will self-destruct.

In order to purify our thought processes, we must also campaign to purify our race. (Not to be confused with our misportrayal by "COLIFIC" 's corporate media- we are not in favor of

any form of genocide.) Our improvement will come through eugenics. It will take a few generations. We can use an intelligently guided policy so that the strongest minds and qualities of our Folk will come together to produce offspring.

Our Folk today need to become a secret fellowship with one destiny, rooted with responsibility for our nation's past and its future, and to the coming generations. We must each, personally, as the last of the Nordic peoples, come together and accept the heaviest duties. This breathes life into our organic philosophy, "O, my brothers, I dedicate and appoint you to a new nobility; ye shall become my shapers and begetters, and sowers of the future." (Nietzsche, in Also Sprach Zarathustra). Let us work toward realizing the future shown to us in *The Device*. Hail *The Device* for its wisdom and insight. Hail the Folk. Hail the Gođanum!