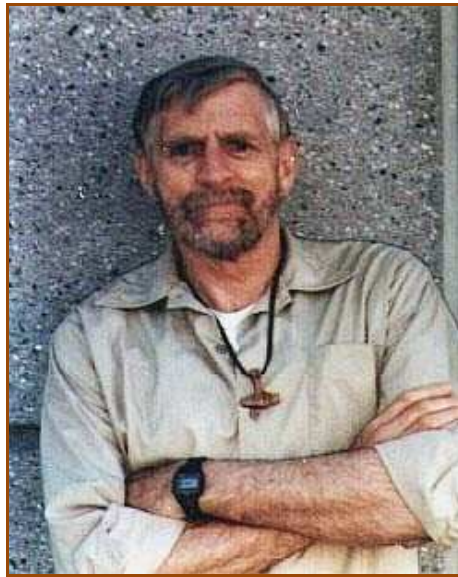


# The Essential Writings of David Lane



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# 88 PRECEPTS

**By David Lane**  
**Member of The Order**

Until the White race realizes that there is only one source from which we can ascertain lasting truths, there will never be peace or stability on this earth. In the immutable Laws of Nature are the keys to life, order, and understanding. The words of men, even those which some consider "inspired" are subject to the translations, vocabulary, additions, subtractions, and distortions of fallible mortals. Therefore, every writing or influence, ancient or modern, must be strained through the test of conformity to Natural Law. The White Peoples of the earth must collectively understand that they are equally subject to the iron-hard Laws of Nature with every other creature of the Universe, or they will not secure peace, safety, nor even their existence. The world is in flames because Races, Sub-races, Nations, and Cultures are being forced to violate their own Nature-ordained instincts for self-preservation. Many men of good will, but little understanding, are struggling against symptoms which are the result of disobedience to Natural Law. As is the Nature of Man, most take narrow, provincial stances predicated on views formed by immediate environment, current circumstances, and conditioned dogma. This is encouraged by that powerful and ruthless Tribe which has controlled the affairs of the world for untold centuries by exploiting Man's most base instincts. Conflict among and between the unenlightened serves as their mask and shield. A deeper understanding of the Fundamental Laws that govern the affairs of Men is necessary if we are to save civilization from its usurious executioners. The following are not intended to provide a detailed system of government, but as PRECEPTS which, when understood, will benefit and preserve a People as individuals and as a Nation.

## **The 88 PRECEPTS**

- 1.** Any religion or teaching which denies the Natural Laws of the Universe is false.
- 2.** Whatever Peoples perception of God, or Gods, or the motive Force of the Universe might be, they can hardly deny that Nature's Law are the work of, and therefore the intent of, that Force.
- 3.** God and religion are distinct, separate and often conflicting concepts. Nature evidences the divine plan, for the natural world is the work of the force or the intelligence men call God. Religion is the creation of mortals, therefore predestined to fallibility. Religion may preserve or destroy a People, depending on

the structure given by its progenitors, the motives of its agents and the vagaries of historical circumstances.

**4.** The truest form of prayer is communion with Nature. It is not vocal. Go to a lonely spot, if possible a mountaintop, on a clear, star-lit night, ponder the majesty and order of the infinite macrocosm. Then consider the intricacies of the equally infinite microcosm. Understand that you are on the one hand inconsequential beyond comprehension in the size of things, and on the other hand, you are potentially valuable beyond comprehension as a link in destiny's chain. There you begin to understand how pride and self can co-exist with respect and reverence. There we find harmony with Nature and with harmony comes strength, peace and certainty.

**5.** Secular power systems protect and promote religions, which teach of an after-life. Thus, people are taught to abandon defenses against the predators of this life.

**6.** History, both secular and religious, is a fable conceived in self-serving deceit and promulgated by those who perceive benefits.

**7.** Religion in its most beneficial form is the symbology of a People and their culture. A multiracial religion destroys the senses of uniqueness, exclusivity and value necessary to the survival of a race.

**8.** What men call the *super natural* is actually the *natural* not yet understood or revealed.

**9.** A proliferation of laws with the resultant loss of freedom is a sign of, and directly proportional to, spiritual sickness in a Nation.

**10.** If a Nation is devoid of spiritual health and moral character, then government and unprincipled men will fill the vacancy. Therefore, freedom prospers in moral values and tyranny thrives in moral decay.

**11.** Truth requires little explanation. Therefore, beware of verbose doctrines. The great principles are revealed in brevity.

**12.** Truth does not fear investigation.

**13.** Unfounded belief is pitfall. A People who do not check the validity and effect of their beliefs with reason will suffer or perish.

**14.** In accord with Nature's Laws, nothing is more right than the preservation of ones own race.

**15.** No greater motivating force exists than the certain conviction that one is right.

**16.** Discernment is a sign of a healthy People. In a sick or dying nation, civilization, culture or race, substance is abandoned in favor of appearance.

**17.** Discernment includes the ability to recognize the difference between belief and demonstrable reality.

**18.** There exists no such thing as rights or privileges under the Laws of Nature. The deer being stalked by a hungry lion has no right to life. However, he may purchase life by obedience to nature ordained instincts for vigilance and flight. Similarly, men have no rights to life, liberty or happiness. These circumstances may be purchased by oneself, by ones family, by ones tribe or by ones ancestors, but they are nonetheless purchases and are not rights. Furthermore, the value of these purchases can only be maintained through vigilance and obedience to Natural Law.

**19.** A people who are not convinced of their uniqueness and value will perish.

**20.** The White race has suffered invasions and brutality from Africa and Asia for thousands of years. For example, Attila and the Asiatic Huns who invaded Europe in the 5th century, raping, plundering and killing from the Alps to the Baltic and the Caspian Seas. This scenario was repeated by the Mongols of Genghis Khan 800 years later. (Note here that the American Indians are not *Native Americans*, but are racially Mongolians.) In the 8th century, hundreds of years before Negroes were brought to America, the North African Moors of mixed racial background invaded and conquered Portugal, Spain and part of France. So, the attempted guilt-trip placed on the White race by civilizations executioners is invalid under both historical circumstance and the Natural Law which denies inter-species compassion. The fact is, all races have benefited immeasurably from the creative genius of the Aryan People.

**21.** People who allow others not of their race to live among them will perish, because the inevitable result of a racial integration is racial inter-breeding which destroys the characteristics and existence of a race. Forced integration is deliberate and malicious genocide, particularly for a People like the White race, who are now a small minority in the world.

**22.** In the final analysis, a race or species is not judged superior or inferior by its accomplishments, but by its will and ability to survive.

**23.** Political, economic, and religious systems may be destroyed and resurrected

by men, but the death of a race is eternal.

**24.** No race of People can indefinitely continue their existence without territorial imperatives in which to propagate, protect, and promote their own kind.

**25.** A People without a culture exclusively their own will perish.

**26.** Nature has put a certain antipathy between races and species to preserve the individuality and existence of each. Violation of the territorial imperative necessary to preserve that antipathy leads to either conflict or mongrelization.

**27.** It is not constructive to hate those of other races, or even those of mixed races. But a separation must be maintained for the survival of one's own race. One must, however, hate with a pure and perfect hatred those of one's own race who commit treason against one's own kind and against the nations of one's own kind. One must hate with perfect hatred all those People or practices which destroy one's People, one's culture, or the racial exclusiveness of one's territorial imperative.

**28.** The concept of a multi-racial society violates every Natural Law for species preservation.

**29.** The concept of *equality* is declared a lie by every evidence of Nature. It is a search for the lowest common denominator, and its pursuit will destroy every superior race, nation, or culture. In order for a plow horse to run as fast as a race horse you would first have to cripple the race horse; conversely, in order for a race horse to pull as much as a plow horse, you would first have to cripple the plow horse. In either case, the pursuit of equality is the destruction of excellence.

**30.** The instincts for racial and species preservation are ordained by Nature.

**31.** Instincts are Nature's perfect mechanism for the survival of each race and species. The human weakness of rationalizing situations for self-gratification must not be permitted to interfere with these instincts.

**32.** Miscegenation, that is race-mixing, is and has always been, the greatest threat to the survival of the Aryan race.

**33.** Inter-species compassion is contrary to the Laws of Nature and is, therefore, suicidal. If a wolf were to intercede to save a lamb from a lion, he would be killed. Today, we see the White man taxed so heavily that he cannot afford children. The taxes raised are then used to support the breeding of tens of millions of non-whites, many of whom then demand the last White females for breeding partners. As you can see, man is subject to all the Laws of Nature. This has nothing to do

with morality, hatred, good or evil. Nature does not recognize the concepts of good and evil in inter-species relationships. If the lion eats the lamb, it is good for the lion and evil for the lamb. If the lamb escapes and the lion starves, it is good for the lamb and evil for the lion. So, we see the same incident is labeled both good and evil. This cannot be, for there are no contradictions within Nature's Laws.

**34.** The instinct for sexual union is part of Nature's perfect mechanism for species preservation. It begins early in life and often continues until late in life. It must not be repressed; its purpose, reproduction, must not be thwarted either. Understand that for thousands of years our females bore children at an early age. Now, in an attempt to conform to and compete in an alien culture, they deny their Nature-ordained instincts and duties. Teach responsibility, but, also, have understanding. The life of a race springs from the wombs of its women. He who would judge must first understand the difference between what is good and what is right.

**35.** Homosexuality is a crime against Nature. All Nature declares the purpose of the instinct for sexual union is reproduction and thus, preservation of the species. The overpowering male sex drive must be channeled toward possession of females, as well as elements such as territory and power, which are necessary to keep them.

**36.** Sexual pornography degrades the Nature of all who are involved. A beautiful nude woman is art; a camera between her knees to explore her private parts is pornography.

**37.** That race whose males will not fight to death to keep and mate with their females will perish. Any White man with healthy instincts feels disgust and revulsion when he sees a woman of his race with a man of another race. Those, who today control the media and affairs of the Western World, teach that this is wrong and shameful. They label it "racism." As any "ism," for instance the word "nationalism," means to promote one's own nation; "racism" merely means to promote and protect the life of one's own race. It is, perhaps, the proudest word in existence. Any man who disobeys these instincts is anti-Nature.

**38.** In a sick and dying nation, culture, race or civilization, political dissent and traditional values will be labeled and persecuted as heinous crimes by inquisitors clothing themselves in jingoistic patriotism.

**39.** A People who are ignorant of their past will defile the present and destroy the future.

**40.** A race must honor above all earthly things, those who have given their lives or

freedom for the preservation of the folk.

**41.** The folk, namely the members of the Race, are the Nation. Racial loyalties must always supersede geographical and national boundaries. If this is taught and understood, it will end fratricidal wars. Wars must not be fought for the benefit of another race.

**42.** The Nation's leaders are not rulers, they are servants and guardians. They are not to serve for personal gain. Choose only a guardian who has no interest in the accumulation of material things.

**43.** Choose and judge your leaders, also called guardians, thus: Those who seek always to limit the power of government are of good heart and conscience. Those who seek to expand the power of government are base tyrants.

**44.** No government can give anything to anybody without first taking it from another. Government is, by its very nature, legalized taking. A limited amount of government is a necessary burden for national defense and internal order. Anything more is counterproductive to freedom and liberty.

**45.** The Organic founding Law, namely the Constitution of a Nation, must not be amendable by any method other than unanimous consent of all parties thereto and with all parties present. Otherwise, the doors are opened for the advent of that most dangerous and deadly form of government, democracy.

**46.** In a democracy those who control the media, and thus the minds of the electorate, have power undreamed by kings or dictators.

**47.** The simplest way to describe a democracy is this: Three people form a government, each having one vote. Then two of them vote to steal the wealth of the third.

**48.** The latter stages of a democracy are filled with foreign wars, because the bankrupt system attempts to preserve itself by plundering other nations.

**49.** In a democracy that which is legal is seldom moral, and that which is moral is often illegal.

**50.** A democracy is always followed by a strongman... some call him dictator. It is the only way to restore order out of the chaos caused by a democracy. Pick your strongman wisely! He must be a guardian in his heart. He must be one who has shown that his only purpose in life is the preservation of the folk. His ultimate aim must be to restore the rule of Law based on the perfect Laws of Nature. Do not

choose him by his words. Choose one who has sacrificed all in the face of tyranny; choose one who has endured and persevered. This is the only reliable evidence of his worthiness and motives.

**51.** A power system will do anything, no matter how corrupt or brutal, to preserve itself.

**52.** Tyrannies cannot be ended without the use of force.

**53.** Those who commit treason disguise their deeds in proclamations of patriotism.

**54.** Propaganda is major component in all power systems, both secular and religious; false propaganda is a major component of unprincipled power systems. All power systems endeavor to convince their subjects that the system is good, just, beneficent and noble, as well as worthy of perpetuation and defense. The more jingoistic propaganda issued, the more suspicious one should be of its truth.

**55.** Political power, in the final analysis, is created and maintained by force.

**56.** A power system, secular or religious, which employs extensive calls to patriotism or requires verbosity and rhetoric for its preservation, is masking tyranny.

**57.** Propaganda is a legitimate and necessary weapon in any struggle. The elements of successful propaganda are: simplicity, emotion, repetition, and brevity. Also, since men believe what they want to believe, and since they want to believe that which they perceive as beneficial to themselves, then successful propaganda must appeal to the perceived self-interest of those to whom it is disseminated.

**58.** Tyrannies teach what to think; free men learn how to think.

**59.** Beware of men who increase their wealth by the use of words. Particularly beware of the lawyers or priests who deny Natural Law.

**60.** The patriot, being led to the inquisition's dungeons or the executioner's axe, will be condemned the loudest by his former friends and allies; for thus they seek to escape the same fate.

**61.** The sweet goddess of Peace lives only under the protective arm of the ready God of War.

**62.** The organic founding Law of a Nation must state with unmistakable and



irrevocable specificity the identity of the homogeneous racial, cultural group for whose welfare it was formed, and that the continued existence of the Nation is singularly for all time for the welfare of that specific group only.

**63.** That race or culture which lets others influence or control any of the following will perish:

- 1)Organs of information*
- 2)Educational institutions*
- 3)Religious institutions*
- 4)Political offices*
- 5)Creation of their money*
- 6)Judicial institutions*
- 7)Cultural institutions*
- 8)Economic life*

**64.** Just Laws require little explanation. Their meaning is irrevocable in simplicity and specificity.

**65.** Men's emotions are stirred far more effectively by the spoken word than by the written word. This is why a ruling tyranny will react more violently to gatherings of dissenters than to books or pamphlets.

**66.** The organic founding Law of the Nation, or any law, is exactly as pertinent as the will and power to enforce it.

**67.** An unarmed or non-militant People will be enslaved.

**68.** Some say the pen is more powerful than the sword. Perhaps so. Yet, the pen without the sword has no authority.

**69.** Tyrannies are usually built step by step and disguised by noble rhetoric.

**70.** The difference between a terrorist and a patriot is control of the press.

**71.** The judgments of the guardians, the leaders, must be true to Natural Law and tempered by reason.

**72.** Materialism is base and destructive. The guardians of a Nation must constantly warn against and combat a materialistic spirit in the Nation. Acquisition of wealth and property, as need for the well-being of one's family and obtained by honorable means is right and proper. Exploitation, particularly through usury, is destructive to the nation.

**73.** Materialism leads men to seek artificial status through wealth or property. True social status comes from service to Family, Race and Nation.

**74.** Materialism ultimately leads to conspicuous, unnecessary consumption, which in turn leads to the rape of Nature and destruction of the environment. It is unnatural. The true guardians of the Nation must be wholly untainted by materialism.

**75.** The function of a merchant or salesman is to provide a method of exchange. A merchant who promotes unnecessary consumption and materialism must not be tolerated.

**76.** The only lawful functions of money are as a medium of exchange and a store of value. All other uses including social engineering, speculation, inflation and especially usury are unlawful. Usury (interest) at any percentage is a high crime which cannot be tolerated.

**77.** A nation with an aristocracy of money, lawyers or merchants will become a tyranny.

**78.** The simplest way to describe a usury-based central banking system is this: The bankers demand the property of the Nation as collateral for their loans. At interest, more money is owed them that they created with the loans. So, eventually, the bankers foreclose on the Nation.

**79.** Usury (interest), inflation, and oppressive taxation are theft by deception and destroy the moral fabric of the Nation.

**80.** Wealth gained without sacrifices or honest labor will usually be misused.

**81.** Nothing in Nature is static; either the life force grows and expands or it decays and dies.

**82.** Respect must be earned; it cannot be demanded or assumed.

**83.** Avoid a vexatious man, for his venom will poison your own nature.

**84.** Self discipline is a mark of a higher man.

**85.** One measure of a man is cheerfulness in adversity.

**86.** A fool judges others by their words. A wise man judges others by their actions

and accomplishments.

**87.** In our relationships or interactions, as in all of Nature's Laws, to each action there is a reaction. That which we plant will be harvested, if not by ourselves, then by another.

**88.** These are sure signs of a sick or dying Nation. If you see any of them, your guardians are committing treason:

- 1) mixing and destruction of the founding race*
- 2) destruction of the family units*
- 3) oppressive taxation*
- 4) corruption of the Law*
- 5) terror and suppression against those who warn of the Nation's error*
- 6) immorality: drugs, drunkenness, etc.*
- 7) infanticide (now called abortion)*
- 8) destruction of the currency (inflation or usury)*
- 9) aliens in the land, alien culture*
- 10) materialism*
- 11) foreign wars*
- 12) guardians (leaders) who pursue wealth or glory*
- 13) homosexuality*
- 14) religion not based on Natural Law*

**We must secure the existence of our people and a future for white children.**

**Because the beauty of the White Aryan woman must not perish from the earth.**

# **Autobiography**

**By David Lane**



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## **Introduction**

The near impossibility of ignoring one's own ego made an accurate recording of my own life a difficult task. The thinking processes of every individual are in the very nature of things influenced by our biological and egoistic essence. For example, one of the few memories I have of life with my biological family consists of struggle over what appears to have been our only toy. I remember the situation as one in which my older brother refused to let me play with our toy train. However, nearly forty years later when my biological sister was finally able to locate and reunite what remained of the family, she related that I was at least as selfish as any child tends to be. Still, I will do my best to relate this story with as little egoistic influence as is possible. The reader should, also, know that the whole story of my battle with the United States Government and the powers behind it cannot be told, or must be obfuscated. I was sentenced to 190 years in prison for not talking, so obviously there are things which must remain untold. Additionally, to protect others who have interrelated with me during the past thirty years, my wording will be carefully constructed and one should, as they say, "read between the lines." I have had family and friends die, either provably at the hands of the Federal Government or in suspicious ways that benefitted my enemy. So, if it seems that I am not totally open, there are good reasons. The spirit of this auto-biography, my emotions and motivations, are absolute truth as best as I can relate.

## *Chapter One (BIOLOGICAL FAMILY)*

My own memories of life with my biological family are very limited. Practically all I know was related to me many years later by an older sister who spent much of her life in a determined effort to reunite her family. Apparently, a county courthouse had burned down containing records. An orphanage had suffered the same fate. And state records were sealed. At any rate, my sister after some legal shenanigans was able to locate three other siblings and our mother in 1979. It is from her research that I am able to tell of early events in my life. My father, at least of record, seems to have been a drunk, a scoundrel and a low-life of the worst kind. He met and married my mother about 1934. He was an itinerant farm worker about 30 years old and she was an uneducated fifteen year old farm girl. In the next few years they had four children, my older brother, Roger, who was two years my senior, my older sister, Jane, who is one year older than I, and a younger sister, Judy. I was born on my mother's birthday. The date was November 2nd of 1938, a Wednesday (Woden's Day), and my place of birth was Woden, Iowa. Thus, I use the pen name Wodensson.

My father, particularly when drunk, was a truly despicable creature. He sold my mother to his buddies and to strangers for booze money. He beat the entire family, often with a razor strap. In 1942 the family was living in a room over a hardware store in Woden. With no wood for the stove which provided the only heat during cold northern Iowa winters, my brother Roger started a fire in the stove with available materials, including the razor strap. For this my father beat him so badly that he broke Roger's eardrums and he was deaf for the rest of his life. For this reason he was never adopted from the orphanage where we all ended up. He lived a tragic life. Still, he grew up to be a kind and caring man, the total opposite of our father. I became very fond of Roger after our reunion, as did our sister Jane. Roger was blown up and killed in a supposed accident during the trial of the Bruders Schweigen in Seattle after I had been warned by the Feds to "cooperate or else." Witnesses place Feds at the scene, but whether it was really an accident I doubt we shall ever know. My only memory of my mother is as a tall, severe woman who never smiled. I now know that she in fact was very short, but to a four year old all adults must seem tall. My father left his family about 1942. My mother tried to support us during these hard waning years of the depression by singing and playing guitar in a bar. But her income was nowhere near sufficient. What else she was forced to do, I do not know and do not want to know. After my father left he found another young girl to mistreat, and finally a brother of the new victim smashed his head in with a hammer, and Geerd went to wherever trash goes after death.

In the Spring of 1943 my brother was caught rummaging in a neighbor's trash can for potato peels with which he was supplying our family with food. This led to an investigation by county authorities and we children were placed in an orphanage. My mother traveled to California where she found work building Liberty ships for the great war to destroy the liberty of all men everywhere. But, of course, she had no knowledge of politics and like so many others of that era was just trying to survive. Eventually, she purchased a small home in Vallejo, California. But, first high taxes, then colored gangs combined to drive her out. Today, she lives in a public housing project where it is

dangerous to step outside the door. My sister Jane is a dear lady who reared four children of her own. She now has health problems and I believe uses a wheelchair. She lives in Minnesota and has for most of her life. After she found me I told her much of the political realities of the world. For awhile she worked as a secretary at the Aryan Nations church in Idaho, but she is no longer involved in politics of any kind. My younger sister, Judy, is a sad tale on which I do not wish to dwell. She was raised to believe in the multi-racial nightmare of Judeo-America and Judeo-Christianity.

## *Chapter Two (Childhood)*

In 1943 I was adopted out of the orphanage through a Lutheran adoption agency. My new father was a doctrinaire, fundamentalist Lutheran minister from the old school. He had a personality which practically no one could bear, so he was unable to "serve" any church for a period of time. Nonetheless, he was determined that being a "preacher" was his calling and he wandered the country from church to church. My new mother was an enigma. Both my new parents claimed Danish extraction and in fact spoke Danish. My new mother was a gracious and extremely intelligent woman. To this day I cannot fathom how she could abandon her own talents and ego to traipse about the country with someone I considered an obnoxious buffoon. But whatever their differences in intelligence or personality, there is little doubt they were totally dedicated to the rigid form of Lutheran Christianity they followed. I was soon subjected to endless hours of services, of devotions, of vespers and matins, of prayers and bible studies, all of which I despised from the first moment. Jesus represented never ending hours of pure boredom. And there I find the first evidence of my calling and my struggle. From my first memories I was attracted to the names of the old Gods such as Wotan and Thor, whose names were spoken of as the vanquished. When adopted my father was pastor of a church near Morehead, Iowa. It was a charming building which sat on top of a hill and its steeple dominated the countryside. We lived in a primitive parsonage at the bottom of the hill. I remember when my father invented a system to let water from the outdoor rain barrel into a second barrel under the sink. With a small hand pump my mother could have the closest thing to running water in the kitchen sink. Other memories are of a mean rooster named Doubting Thomas. Every month or so my father would have to dunk him in a rain barrel and nearly drown him to keep him from attacking my mother or me. It never worked for long. Doubting Thomas was what some would call an "unreconstructible mean S.O.B." I remember, also, our underground root cellar for food storage. There was a time we hid there while the garage containing a Buick and hundred-gallon gas barrel burned. Most of all about the time in Morehead I remember Mary. My parents were determined that if I were to think about a girl, she must be a Lutheran. And for many years they were convinced the first love of my life was Rosalie, a little girl living nearby. But I had been to the first grade at the little country school and there I saw Mary. A little Catholic angel with blond hair, blue eyes and charms beyond description. I was totally enchanted. Looking back I believe it was an indication of what would become my life's purpose. Those who know about me know that purpose to be: "Because the beauty of the White Aryan woman must not perish from the earth." I have had a strange relationship with the women of our race from the beginning, something that transcends the purely sexual. Mary was my first love and is an image that I have always carried.

While in Morehead my new parents adopted a second child. She was an infant girl. Years later they paid for her "education" in a Lutheran college from which she graduated to the Lutheran Inner City Missions. In a year she was shacking up with Negroes and once married one. It is a sad story for which I blame an alien religion and an evil country. It is a story too painful to discuss at length. In 1944 the war to destroy the White race was in full swing and its tragic conclusion was inevitable. We moved to Clifton, Illinois where my father had secured another church. Of course my heart was soon filled with another



little angel. Strangely, this one, too, was Catholic, Nancy by name. I was to find, also, that with each new school there were wars to be fought. The new boy had to fight, sometimes progressively up the ladder of ever older and tougher boys, until he was either the total victor or defeated. For a skinny kid I became exceptionally tough and a bit of a loner. In Clifton my nemesis was named Robert Montgomery. We had some good scraps before becoming buddies. Spring of 1945. I can place the time because my uncle visited wearing his navy uniform which was discarded immediately after the war. One memory stands out clearly. When Robert and I played soldiers I always wanted to be the German and proudly chanted "Heil Hitler" and "Sieg Heil" while giving the so-called Nazi salute. My mother told me to stop and even gave me a spanking when I would not. She regaled me with stories of the evil Germans and how they mass murdered Jews. I rebelled. Undoubtedly, without the vocabulary of an adult but with the uncontaminated mind of a child, I argued that it was not true. To me it did not seem logical or possible that mass murder was carried out as described. Only years later in retrospect did it seem strange to me that this particular political argument was so important to a young child.

November 2nd, 1947. We were on the road from Illinois to Colorado; my father was in search of another church, or in the priestcraft terminology "a calling." As is the nature of a child all I remember is not getting a birthday present on the trip because there was supposedly no money. We ended up in Evergreen, Colorado for two years. The new love of my life was named Carol Ann Avery. I remember saving pennies for months and then finagling to get her name when the third or fourth grade class exchanged names to swap Christmas presents. I have often wondered how long that gold colored necklace lasted or if she knew how much it meant to me to give it to her. In 1950 we were again on the road, this time in Texas, searching for a "calling." No success, so we returned to Colorado to settle in what would become Aurora, which at that time had no more than a few thousand people and was almost all White. Many people did not even have locks on their doors. Of course, Fitzsimmons Army Hospital and Lowry Air Force Base provided the method for racial integration. Today old Aurora is all colored and no White person is safe. As I have pointed out before, nothing in politics happens by accident, and the so-called cold war between Communism and Capitalism was never anything but a ruse to use America's racially integrated military to mix races in both Europe and America.

At age twelve or thirteen I overheard a conversation that now sickens me. A young man was bragging of his time as a soldier in America's occupational forces in Germany immediately after the second World War. He told of how he could "have" German girls for a little bit of food or clothing. These were White girls of a proud and ancient people, the defenders of our race against such invaders as the Moors and the Mongols of Genghis Khan. And now they were reduced to selling their favors to barbarian, raceless, cultureless, American swine. In the mid-fifties I attended High School in Aurora, Colorado. Already though, I began to question the moral authority of the system. Although not clearly defined in my mind, I knew something was wrong. I was capable of achieving any grades desired but was not interested. As early as 1954 I remember teachers advocating the mixing of races into one brown mass. On a more personal level I became disenchanted with Capitalism, especially as it related to the sexes. As a poor boy I worked summers on farms, elsewhere during the school year. Meanwhile, the more

privileged boys drove convertibles supplied by their parents, practiced sports to become the athletic stars, and got most of the pretty girls. It taught me a lot about human nature and female nature. While there are exceptions, women as a rule go with the glitter, the money, the power and the security. We can see it today as our women desert their race wholesale in favor of wealthy Jews, non-White entertainers, affirmative action favorites, colored athletes, and on and on. Calling me "sexist" as well as "racist" will not change facts. Between my junior and senior years I earned five dollars a week plus room and board working on a farm. That Fall I purchased a 1939 Plymouth coupe of which I was quite proud, though it was no competition for Bobby Moore's 1954 hardtop or Rich Jacquith's 1954 Pontiac convertible when it came to attracting girls. Don't get me wrong though, I met and romanced more than my share of pretty young ladies. I just want to point out that under the lauded Capitalism it is not the personal worth of a man that is regarded, but rather the depths of his pockets or of his parents' pockets. When we had our own nations and a man acquired wealth through honest labor or from battle it was well and right for a woman to choose the most successful and even gage success by possessions. Under this system it is suicidal and destructive. It only points out again the need for a total revolution, political, economic and spiritual.

### *Chapter Three (Awakening)*

A year or two after High School I went to work for the local power company and became an electrical trouble shooter. A year after that I married Mary Lou, who had been the head majorette with the Aurora High School marching band. Having little in common except that hopefully I was a good lover and she had legs that would raise long-dead monks from forgotten graves, the marriage soon dissolved. Still, in my own way I will always cherish Mary Lou. In fact, I still care deeply for all the ladies I have shared times with over the years. In the early sixties I first became aware of how corrupt America had become. Cover-ups in the Kennedy assassination and the Vietnam affair made it apparent that powers alien to America's claimed role were running things. Sealing records in the Kennedy case, for example, was to me sufficient proof of something fishy. In a truly free society the government does not conceal anything from the people. At this time I was introduced to the biggest bunch of airheads and reality-deniers in history, the John Birch Society. They spent their time telling people that their great enemy was communism and that the real powers behind communism were the "liberals" and the "liberal media" controlled by some ethereal "Eastern establishment" in New York, therefore, we must be prepared to bomb Russia. And that is barely the beginning of their nuttiness. One thing of benefit did come from my association with this bunch of whackos, it became apparent that the American media are the real power in this country and that it is anything but free. Some cohesive and coordinated group was self-evidently controlling the media and using them to elect, control and destroy politicians or nations at will. The voting processes and polls in a democracy were obviously only a gauge of the effectiveness of the propaganda of the media. So when someone finally gave me a pamphlet detailing Jewish control of the media I only had to take the time to verify its truth in the library and elsewhere. From there everything fell into place, particularly the obvious anti-White bias which until then made no sense to me, since most Jews appeared to be White.

By 1978 my research was essentially complete and the real problem was sharply delineated in my mind. The Western nations were ruled by a Zionist conspiracy. The economic, political and religious aspects of the conspiracy did not interest me and still don't, except as they influence the truly vital matter. Since these systems can be destroyed and rebuilt, but the death of the White race will be eternal, and since the Zionist conspiracy above all things wants to exterminate the White Aryan race, I resolved that my duty was to focus all attention on the vital issue. I have since made it into a motto which I call "14 WORDS" : "We must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children." I still maintain there is no other issue for a sane White person today. Unable to find an organization with the structure and aims necessary, and realizing that breaking the media curtain was the highest imperative, I designed a pamphlet called "The Death of the White Race." I set out on a campaign to distribute it to every other home on the Colorado front range and in the Denver suburbs.

Needless to say this soon attracted the attention of Jewish groups and they began to use their power against me. By this time in my life I had secured a Real Estate Broker's license and had my own company. The Jewish media forced the Colorado Real Estate Commission to take away my Broker's license because I refused to sell homes to coloreds

in White areas. As you can see, a White man is forced to commit Race Treason in order to be allowed to work in America. Rather than submit I got a job at a title insurance company which allowed me unrestricted access to a photocopy machine. Each morning I would run off 500-1,000 copies of "The Death of the White Race" pamphlet. Lunch hours and evenings were spent stuffing them in books in libraries, bookstores and placing them under automobile windshield wipers. I had friends collect thousands of the free advertising newspapers from shopping centers. On Friday nights I would wrap the pamphlet around them with a rubber band. Then Saturday night they were delivered on people's lawns and driveways. I acquired maps of the suburbs and surrounding towns and along with some comrades set out to deliver a pamphlet to every other house in Colorado. So, in 1981 the Anti-Defamation League gave orders to a special unit of the Denver police to have an 'incident' and assassinate me. Fortunately, I spotted a helicopter circling overhead and managed to make it outside Denver city limits before the team swooped on me. Even more fortuitous was the arrival of two Aurora police on the scene at the exact moment of the event. So while they confiscated my literature (it was during literature distribution that they jumped me), I escaped alive. The media, however, used the event to crucify me and I never again secured worthwhile employment. In addition, my wife at the time was unable to handle the pressure, and trouble began which led to divorce after twelve years of marriage. Nonetheless, I kept up the propaganda barrage until meeting Robert Jay Mathews in 1983 at an Aryan Nations conference.

## ***Chapter Four (THE BRUDERS SCHWEIGEN)***

When speaking of the Bruders Schweigen we must first and foremost always think of Bob Mathews. Only his combination of charisma, purity, courage, determination and motivation could have melded together such a diverse and headstrong group of men. When raising an army of volunteers one cannot give orders. So Bob led by exactly that method, "leading." He left a man of honor no choice. If on a Monday morning he said, "I'm going a' Viking," he was about to load up his equivalent of a longboat, a Chevrolet, and one had to follow. On September 22, 1983, Bob invited eight other men or a total of nine to join him for a meeting in a building on his property near Metaline Falls, Washington. Ten chairs sat in a circle, the extra holding a portrait of a German Leader. A White baby was placed in the circle and the nine vowed to secure a future for that White child. While some of those who attended that meeting, myself included, could well say, "had we not done so we would not now be spending our lives in prison under ridiculously long sentences of up to several lifetimes," we could, also, perhaps say, "had we not met Bob we would not be fulfilling some duty or destiny on behalf of our race." Bob said himself at that time that he guessed he would last a year. He was killed by the Federal devils fourteen months later. The Bruders Schweigen was composed primarily of men who had no criminal background and such proved to be a problem, for they knew little about police tactics. Those who deny that the methods of the Bruders Schweigen are now the only recourse if we are to save our kind are either cowards or fools. Only our tactics are legitimate topics for criticism. If we had it to do over, we would stay in much smaller autonomous units making it impossible for the enemy to destroy the entire organization when one man broke. Other tactical errors cannot be discussed for reasons of security. Additionally, our people as a whole must learn the revolutionary mentality, including ruthlessness.

The exploits of the Bruders Schweigen have been detailed elsewhere with varying degrees of accuracy, so I will not relate them here except to say that the words of books and media permitted by the Zionist Occupation Governments of this or any Western country are slanted and contain untruths. Someday, if we win this struggle, the whole truth will be made known. Until then, learn to read between the lines of the enemy media and our own. I will, however, relate my experiences with the injustice system as it will be enlightening for others who may someday experience the perjury circuses which the ZOG calls trials. I was captured on March 31, 1985 in North Carolina where I was planning further actions with individuals whose names must remain classified. The Federals immediately had me thrown in a pod of nearly all blacks in the Winston-Salem jail and announced that I was a racist. However, some members of the jail staff were members of a clandestine southern group who responded to certain of my signs learned as a member of the invisible empire. They made it plain that harm to me would not be wise on the part of my cell partners. When it was clear to the Federals that I was not going to cooperate I was transferred to a Federal prison in Alabama and then to Boise, Idaho. In Boise I was taken to a mock arraignment on charges I never heard of again. At this mock arraignment I was assigned a defense lawyer who was in fact a United States attorney, or formerly so. I hate to do this, but I would advise anyone in Federal custody to assume the lawyer assigned to him by the court is actually a Fed. In any case, the defense lawyers are in

substance working for the Feds anyway, but some are less blatant. They are masters at making one believe they really do care about one's fate. I am of the opinion that virtually all lawyers are vermin of the worst kind.

Not securing my cooperation in Boise, I was transferred to the King County jail in Seattle. While the rest of the Bruders were in Tacoma or Everett jails, I was kept isolated in the nut tier. Much of the time I was the only White. They ran crazy, screaming blacks in to yell at me twenty-four hours a day. They urinated in mop buckets of dirty water and threw them in my cell, then would not allow me out to clean up. By the time I was moved to Tacoma with the other Bruders several months later I was close to death. I suffered several heart attacks over the next few years, probably from stress. At the Seattle trial I was so sick that at times my coughing disrupted the perjury circus. Even at that I presented my so-called defense lawyer with a defense that I believe would have easily cleared me of all charges if he had the integrity or courage to use it. This included the use of a large map of the United States that could be used in his closing argument to prove the perjury of two of the three witnesses providing relevant testimony against me. The Fed attorneys pulled him aside and lectured him, and then he refused to present my defense. One hundred percent of all relevant testimony against me was Government created perjury and at least two-thirds of it can be proved to be perjury by the trial transcripts. However, in a group trial, as is done by nefarious design, it is impossible to separate the defendants in the minds of the jury.

If your time in Federal court comes, it is imperative to know about the conspiracy laws. They are designed so there is no defense. The rules of evidence state that in conspiracy trials hearsay evidence in furtherance of the conspiracy is admissible, but hearsay not in furtherance of the conspiracy is not admissible. In other words, no defense is allowed. The way it works is this: The government blackmails, terrorizes or hires three degenerates to say you did it. Then under the rules of evidence the jury hears no other evidence. You may have told a hundred people you had nothing to do with the crime, as I did in the Berg killing, but that is not admissible. If you object, the judge will tell you that you will be chained and gagged or that you will watch your trial on TV from another room. The trial itself is more carefully orchestrated than a Shakespeare play. All evidence and testimony are decided in advance and the judge will tolerate no surprises. If there is any indication that effective defense evidence is forthcoming, the judge will immediately send the jury to another room while the details of the screwing you are getting are smoothed out. In addition, the judge is a highly skilled actor appearing firm but fair when the jury is in the courtroom, and becoming a tyrannical dictator the moment they are gone.

The prosecutors have absolutely no shame in fabricating perjury and false evidence or in the methods employed to gain perjured testimony. Even the FBI experts from the crime lab will lie about voice prints, about fingerprints, about ballistics or whatever the prosecutor wants. Why should it surprise you that federal devils who will burn alive a church full of women and children while cheering for the "Real Texas Barbeque" will present false evidence in court? It is time you joined the real world. The Feds can create voices, handwriting, trick photos, perjury or invented evidence, and they do. If they want

to get rid of you they will. You might use that knowledge to judge the veracity of some who claim the Feds are out to get them. If so, they would be got! The second trial subjected me to not double, but triple jeopardy in violation of constitutional protections (in case any deluded reader still thinks the constitution means something). In Seattle I was tried under the Rico Act. The jury was told they must find the defendant guilty of two or more of the predicate acts. The government then carefully worded a bunch of charges. For example, the predicate acts may include: 1) He made a telephone call, 2) He purchased gas in Oregon. 3) He committed murder. The evidence is overwhelming that gas was purchased and a phone call made. So under the instructions of the judge the verdict is guilty. Then the judge sentences the defendant for the third predicate of murder. There simply is no defense. In Seattle I was charged with violating Alan Berg's civil rights as part of Rico and given 20 years. I was, also, charged with conspiracy to violate his civil rights and given another 20 years running consecutively. Such is clearly double jeopardy. Two years later I was charged and tried in Denver Federal Court with conspiracy to violate Berg's civil rights, because he was a Jew and had a job. By the addition of the words "he was a Jew and had a job," it now became a new offense and therefore was not double jeopardy, according to the Federals and the Court. By changing the wording in an indictment, by changes of jurisdiction and other equally insane reasoning they justify trying a person virtually as many times as they like and never does it become double jeopardy. The Constitution does not exist in a Federal court.

## ***Chapter Five (THE DOUBLE JEOPARDY TRIALS)***

I was indicted in 1987 for conspiracy to violate the civil rights of a Jewish talk show host named Alan Berg. Mr. Berg had been a particularly vile, obnoxious and anti-White talk show personality on several Denver radio stations prior to his much deserved and little lamented departure from this mortal coil in June of 1984. At the time of his demise he was featured on the Rocky Mountain area's largest and most powerful radio station with the call letters KOA. He was rabidly Jewish and had caused embarrassment among the Chosen with outspoken commentary. After a trip to Israel he noted, "This time the Jews would either rule the world or blow it up." He had at one time been a lawyer for organized crime figures in Chicago, and his uncontrolled mouth was no doubt a source of worry to unsavory characters of all stripes. According to jailhouse scuttlebutt he, also, was involved with cocaine distribution and used cocaine to obtain the sexual favors of young girls. I have no way to verify the truth of the cocaine charges. At any rate, Mr. Berg was not the type with whom a reflective person would want his daughter to associate, to put it mildly. Someone, and we shall assume it was indeed Mr. Berg (because his obnoxious, White-hating voice has not been heard since), was the recipient of a large quantity of .45 caliber hollow point bullets on a June evening in 1984. At least that is the testimony of the ballistics experts from the FBI. At the trial the prosecutors showed photographs of the body. It certainly appeared to be Mr. Berg and his death was assuredly not from natural causes.

The Jewsmidia immediately began to speculate that "Neo-Nazis" or "Racists" were the perpetrators and bandied my name about. At the time I was living in Idaho and I promptly sent a letter to the Rocky Mountain News denying involvement and castigating them. I, also, told many people that I had no involvement. Of course, as I was to find out, under the ZOG rules of evidence only the government's perjured hearsay testimony is allowed in court. Within days after the assassination the Denver police came up with a witness that positively identified Gary Yarbrough as being at the death scene just prior to the event. However, this first attempt at framing "Racists" failed when it was discovered that Gary was visiting his sick daughter in a Spokane hospital at that very moment. Rather than getting into endless details that become simply a matter of my word against the government's perjury, I will discuss only a few essentials as can be proved from trial transcripts and other verifiable sources.

A Bruders Schweigen member who turned traitor told the FBI, when first captured, that I was with him in Idaho at the time of the Berg killing. Under pressure from the Feds he later began to change his story. Finally at trial time, according to Mr. Rader, I had left Idaho the day before the assassination. Furthermore, in order to get a conviction for which there was no real evidence they had Mr. Rader implicate himself in the killing to the extent that he is liable from his own testimony to the death penalty under Colorado law. Despite this, after his testimony he was given \$100,000 and set free. Rader testified that he bought the gun that killed Berg, that he modified it to fully automatic and built a silencer for it, that he gave it to a hit team going to Denver to kill Berg. He testified that he knew of the target and could have stopped the killing, and that he welcomed the alleged team home afterwards. He further testified that the alleged team told him of their



actions and that he helped conceal them from authorities. This is how the government creates its perjured testimony for their so-called trials under conspiracy laws. The Denver district attorney stated that there was no credible evidence to prosecute me or other Bruders for the Berg homicide, but there is no defense against government-created perjury in a Federal court. The only relevant evidence against me in the Berg case was provided by the perjured hearsay of three turncoats attempting to save their own skin. First was Denver Parmenter who testified that I told him I was involved. The fact is I never saw Parmenter at any time after Berg was killed and could not have said such a thing. But there was no way to prove this. However, the other witnesses against me are a different story. Their names are Kenneth Loff and Thomas Martinez. When the FBI decided how to frame me they sent agents to the East coast to prepare Martinez, and sent others to the West coast to prepare Loff. To embellish the story, the Feds had them relate how I arrived in my ancient yellow Volkswagon. Loff was to say that I had several thousand dollars in counterfeit money that I was going to deliver to Martinez, and that I had newspaper clippings of the Berg killing. Martinez was to say that I arrived in the yellow Volkswagon, supplied him with the counterfeit money and showed him the newspaper clippings. The agents, however, screwed up and had me arrive at Loff's house in the state of Washington on the West coast the same day I arrived at the Martinez house on the East coast. Each perjurer testified to this at grand juries and the obvious impossibility was on record. Naturally, if this information were properly presented to a jury it would blow the government's whole game to smithereens. My defense lawyers refused to use it as they could and should have. In Denver the chief district judge is a Jew named Finesilver. The trial judge was a marrano Jew and was Denver's bussing judge. I was appointed a bi-sexual, pervert Jew named Bender as a defense attorney, and the prosecutor was a Jew named Kowalski. I was tried for violating a Jew's civil rights and the Jew media covered up all that went on in the perjury circus.

The government's case was further hampered by the fact that at the exact time Loff and Martinez said I was confessing the Berg killing to them, I was actually at the home of a lady friend in Colby, Wisconsin. I had arrived there by bus. I asked my Jew defense lawyer to subpoena her in order to destroy the perjury of the government witnesses. He informed me that my lady friend had suffered a fatal accident shortly before the indictment was handed down. Again, I cannot prove the Feds were behind it, but how convenient. Next I asked Bender to get copies of the bus ticket. He informed me that they were not sold by name. I said I knew that, but at each transfer point the stubs are torn off and kept; he said he would check. A few weeks later he told me that the building where the bus company housed their records had burned down. Again, how convenient. I could continue almost forever with the Federal treachery, but let me finish with the Judas reward for the turncoats. Mr. Loff and Mr. Martinez each got \$100,000 for their testimony. I received an additional 150 years, for a total of 190 years in the Federal penitentiary with no parole possibility in my lifetime.

After the Berg trial in Denver I was taken to Fort Smith, Arkansas and along with 13 other men I was tried for "sedition." The indictment charged that we had conspired to violently overthrow the United States government. By then, however, I had been through two trials in Federal Courts and not only knew how the perjury circuses were run, but that

system-appointed lawyers will not defend their clients. So I defended myself. The verdict of a jury in a Federal courtroom has absolutely nothing to do with justice since the so-called evidence is just part of a charade and the jury never hears the meat of the case. And a system lawyer is afraid to put the government on trial, so he will not attack the Federals' creative perjury as he could or should. I resolved to show the jury exactly what "their" government is. Four other Bruders Schweigen, also, defended themselves and we totally destroyed the government's case. The trial, being held in the bible belt, I felt it propitious to point out "their" government's promotion and even enforcement of immorality under both biblical and natural law. During my closing argument as I pointed at the prosecutors, calling them representatives of perversion, the jury was visibly disgusted with the government lawyers. All 14 defendants were found not guilty.

## *Chapter Six (PRISON)*

The Feds do most of their dirty work to their captives in selected county jails and at the Springfield Medical Facility. So, once a man is convicted and if he is sent to a Federal prison, life seems an improvement over other recent experiences. However, the Feds were still not finished with me. I spent most of the time between conviction in Seattle in 1985 and the indictment in 1987 in the infamous Marion Federal Penitentiary in Illinois. I was returned there for another year and a half after the Berg trial. Marion is a mental torture prison that must have been designed by mad jew psychiatrists. A victim is kept in lockdown an average of 23 hours a day. He is stripped searched constantly, including being forced to bend over and spread the cheeks of his buttocks. This is considered a form of sexual submission by the jewish Freudian mindset of prison psychiatrists. I told myself it was better that I moon them than the situation be reversed as part of the mental techniques to keep my sanity and remain defiant. The first morning when the guard slid my food through the food slot he said, "Good morning." In politeness I answered in kind. The next morning when the food arrived I said, "Good morning" and the same guard replied, "What are you, some kind of smart ass?" I never again spoke to a Federal pigdog at Marion unless forced to do so under direct questioning. They are the exact kind of devils incarnate as the ones who burned women and children alive at Waco. Their existence is an insult to the Gods, a curse to mankind and a job unfinished.

After Marion I was transferred to Leavenworth for several years. Now I reside at the high security federal prison complex in Florence, Colorado. It is not a pleasant life, particularly considering the racial makeup, and that my goal is to stop the American murder of the White race. But, it is a price easily paid in light of the importance of the struggle. Among prison guards, like in all of society, there are good apples and bad apples. Not that they are not all my enemies and the enemies of our race, but some serve out of ignorance or just for a job. The bad ones are always those who think they enhance their own stature by making life miserable for men in chains. Also, the ambitious ones will sell their own race and soul for personal advancement.

## *Chapter Seven (THE STRUGGLE CONTINUES)*

Over the years of captivity, which now number over seventeen, I have continued to struggle in whatever ways have been available, mostly with my pen. Several themes I continue to try to instill in the minds of our folk. Chief among them is the idea that nature and nature's laws are the work of that creative intelligence that men call God. God's laws and nature's laws are one and the same. Nature's laws are a "bible" that men cannot invent, alter or otherwise pervert, and the highest law of nature is the preservation of one's own kind. I see this as the ultimate arbiter of the religious disputes that have for so many centuries divided our folk. Naturally, this has alienated many who come from fundamentalist Christian backgrounds. It seems to equally infuriate those who deny the existence of a higher power men call God. I believe our ancient enemy has always presented two sides neither one correct, and prompted us to pursue an either/or conflict between the two. The truth lies elsewhere. Just as they convinced the patriots of both Russia and the Western nations that the only options were political/economic systems called Communism and Capitalism. Both, of course, are anti-nature. In recent years I have been studying the origin of all the major religions and have found them to be the creation of initiates into what some term "Hermetic Philosophy." This, also, led to research on the Hermetic coding hidden in the Bible and particularly the English language authorized King James Version. I am well aware that this has distressed some of my friends of Christian, agnostic, atheistic and pagan persuasions. Additionally, I hope to soon heal the rifts between Wotanists and Identity folk by proving through the ancient science that both the original or Gnostic Christianity and Wotanism have the same roots in the Mystery schools.

I have pondered the "battle of the sexes" at length over these years of incarceration. Particularly difficult was the irony. As a male mammal and true to the instincts thus derived, it was the hard reality that the beauty of our women may soon cease to exist on earth that drove me to this struggle. Any eloquence or determination I might have displayed was born of desperation and from emotions of love and lust present in all healthy males. Yet, for nearly ten years not one unmarried, attractive woman on the entire planet visited me or pledged her love to me. When Black Panthers went to prison, thousands of beautiful young White women pledged their love. Sitting in my cell I can observe May Britt(Mrs. Sammy Davis Jr.), Nicole Brown(Mrs. O.J. Simpson), Lisa Presley(ex- Mrs. Michael Jackson) and the creme de la creme of our young White women across the country, by the millions, as they desert their race. It is a mockery of my love and struggle. My opinion has solidified that the women of our race by and large will not return by verbal persuasion. As has been the case throughout most of recorded history, and who knows how many eons of time beyond, women will again have to become prizes, treasures and possessions. White men will have to reattach their balls, reacquire a barbarian spirit, arm themselves and seize women, territory, power and the needs of life, or the race will die.

Additionally, although it will stir controversy, I have come to believe that in certain cycles of a culture or civilization, polygamy is a preferable lifestyle. To name only two examples, (1) when through war the male population is decimated, then common sense

and nature's laws demand that wombs be filled, or (2) in the abomination of a multi-racial society, if a White man of energy and ability can support many wives and thereby keep White girls from mating with racial aliens. Furthermore, since I fear the tyranny of religious and governmental oppression as much as anything on earth, I believe that the marital arrangements of the Folk should not be subject to regulation. The primary concern must be that men support and take responsibility for mates and offspring. I don't want to rush to judgment, but it appears that the whole women's liberation movement was flawed. Maybe eons of time in which males protected tribe and territory while women tended hearth and home have created differences in which women usually see individuals rather than the whole race or tribe. Whatever the reason, the decades since women were "liberated" have castrated our males and led us to the brink of extinction.

We cannot, however, absolve our men from blame. It was they, too, who swallowed the Zionist propaganda and it was they who abandoned defense of territorial imperatives that in turn led to the abyss. I will continue to hope that the beauty of our women can be preserved. Of course, as long as I breathe I will continue to fight for a future for our children. So let me end this tome with one more repetition of the 14 WORDS which I hope will become the most sacred in history.

**"We must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children."**

# **The Pyramid Prophecy**

**By David Lane**

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#### **The Pyramid Prophecy**

**Introduction**

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## Why Wotanism and the Pyramid Prophecy?

The power of a religion was again demonstrated in the suicide bombings of the World Trade Center on September 11, 2001. Service to the perceived commands of "God" can even override the instinct for self preservation. Giving credit where it is due, the proponents of a religion called Identity Christianity realized the power of a religion when they formulated its theology as a tool to resist the Judeo-American/Judeo-Christian murder of the White race. However, for reasons detailed here, the strategy has been a complete and utter failure. It has not stopped forced bussing, open borders, anti-White propaganda, miscegenation or the ever accelerating plunge to extinction. Why? First, it clings to the absurd idea that America is "God's chosen land," for the preservation of the White race.

Since America is the murderer of our race, such nonsense brings ridicule instead of capable recruits. Second, Identity clings to the New Testament. Most Wotanists (also intelligence and force within the Universe which we call God or All-Father. And polls show that the majority of our Folk share that belief. Wise men know that our limited senses cannot perceive the near infinite vibrations, wave lengths, dimensions etc., that may exist. However, modern White folk do not accept that God is so insecure that he will torture mortals eternally if they don't spend every 7th day telling him how great he is. The motive force of the entire Universe did not turn himself into a mortal man in order to have himself killed by mortal men, in order to keep himself from eternally torturing mortal men. The God of Nature is not irrational. Neither is God composed of some emotion called love as New Agers and Judeo-Christians teach.

The Creator made lions to eat lambs, hawks to eat sparrows, and the races of man to compete for life, territory and power. There is no love, just harsh, ruthless, pitiless, Natural Law. The New Testament is a religion of "afterlife" and the selfishness of personal "salvation." The Old Testament is about the reality of this life on this earth. The philosophy of the Old Testament helped Jews conquer the world and get the power to sentence the White race to death. It teaches taking power, wealth and women, with cunning and force. Its philosophy will benefit any race or people. Aryans followed the New Testament and may soon be an extinct specie. No more needs be said!!! None the less, a religion for White Folk is a vital necessity.

To that end I began teaching an updated form of our most common indigenous religion about 20 years ago. Its major deity is called Wotan, or Odin or Woden. Updated to be racial rather than tribal, and to remove any conflict with modern science. The Gods, Goddesses and myths of Wotanism represent the forces of Nature. They are used to mold the character of children, they are the power of symbolism, and they both preserve and conceal the ancient "Mysteries." History shows that a religion must have a founder, often called a "prophet." Since no one else assumed that role, I have done so. Recognizing full well the fate of "prophets" is usually scorn, ridicule, imprisonment or even death. About 1830, a man named Joseph Smith, along with Masonic Adepts in the "Mysteries", formed a religion for the preservation of the White race. It was called Mormonism. It was restricted to the White race and it condoned Polygamy. Joseph Smith was slandered,

called crazy, and thrown in prison, where he died. Now at age 63, with a life sentence in prison, I expect the same fate. So realize that I seek no glory from the Pyramid Prophecy or as a prophet of Wotanism.

The only reason for a true natural man to fight for wealth, fame or power is to acquire women, as sexy and young as he can. This is declared by Nature and extrapolation as we see bulls battle bulls, stallions battle stallions, roosters battle roosters, for possession of females. And then Nature declares only the best shall breed, this for the strength and preservation of the race or specie. Since sexy young women are not a possibility for me, I receive no benefit from the prophecy. As for the adulation of the masses, I despise them. Today they call me a hater and a bigot because those with power and control of the press programmed them to believe such propaganda. If the day came that I had power and control of the media, they would love me. They are vacuous biological computers and their adulation is utterly meaningless. I have fought "Because the beauty of the White Aryan woman must not perish from the earth". I did not fight to save biological computers (minds) which are no more than machines without a soul.

The fundamental theology of Wotanism is the 2nd of the 88 Precepts as follows: "Whatever people's perception of God, or the Gods, or the motive force of the Universe might be, they can hardly deny that Nature and Nature's Laws are the work of, and therefore the intent of, that force." Since the first and highest Law of Nature is the preservation of one's own kind, then the 14 Words, i.e. "We must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children" are a divine command of God, All-Father Wotan. This philosophy and theology stands on its own, simple and irrefutable, yet just as Joseph Smith relied on alleged hieroglyphs inscribed on golden tablets, so also Wotanism has its further validation. That is the function of the Pyramid Prophecy. However, that is not the only similarity, which is to be expected since Nature declares the same truths to all who observe her lessons with integrity.

The original Mormon religion, as said, taught Polygamy and racial separation. The race murdering U.S. government first forced them to abandon Polygamy. Later, the government passed the 19th amendment to the Constitution. Then the government forced the Mormons to accept racial integration with its inevitable miscegenation and genocide. The sequence was no accident. A race whose males are mentally castrated is easy to subdue. But a race whose males have unrestrained sexual libido, and who fight to keep the harem they dominate, cannot be defeated while yet they breathe. That's why our organic indigenous religions were fertility cults. No disrespect to the word cult.

This is why Wotanism allows or promotes Polygamy, as did early Mormonism. Not demanding Polygamy of course since Wotanists believe in personal freedom and choice as much as is possible. The sex drive of the males of a race that wishes to survive must not be hindered, slandered, diminished, misdirected, and in revolutionary times even its excesses must be excused. A race whose males will not fight to the death to keep and mate with its females will perish. The symbols, geometry, mathematics and codes within



the Pyramid Prophecy are accurate and appear to be beyond coincidence. How they came to be, and the strange inexplicable way in which they were revealed are not the subject or point. The purpose of the Pyramid Prophecy is promulgation of the 14 Words and 88 Precepts as foundations of a religion that will save the race of Galileo, Shakespeare, Kipling, Edison, Plato etc., from eternal extinction. Hopefully there are those of vision who will use it wisely in furtherance of Nature's highest Law.

David Lane

We must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children.  
Because the beauty of the White Aryan woman must not perish from the earth.

# MYSTERY RELIGIONS AND THE SEVEN SEALS

## Introduction

The sixth of the 88 Precepts says, "History, both secular and religious, is a fable, conceived in self-serving deceit and promulgated by those who perceive benefit." After perusing documents from the Vatican library Napoleon said history was a fabrication.

Henry Ford commissioned a group of scholars to study the real powers behind governmental and religious institutions, then stated, "History is bunk." Today, American school books are being rewritten to credit the accomplishments of White people to the colored races. It appears that future generations will be taught that Martin Luther King was the central figure in American history, that Oswald assassinated President Kennedy, that David Koresh and the innocent victims of Federal murderers at Waco, Texas were dangerous child molesters, and that the alleged holocaust of six million Jews in World War 2 is the most important event in history. This is only a tiny example of the falsity of history as related in just the twentieth century. The fact is power systems, both secular and religious, have created, altered, invented, slanted, back-dated and propagandized historical and current events for political purposes always. The propaganda of the victors becomes the history of the vanquished. We must remember this maxim when reading establishment versions of past events. Had England won the American Revolutionary War, George Washington would have been hanged for treason and for over 200 years his name would have been reviled in school textbooks. Had the followers of Woden/Odin/Wotan won the 1,000 year war between Roman Judeo-Christianity and the followers of the White man's organic, native religion, Christianity would have been labeled a religion of superstitious ignorance and the White race would not face near certain extinction.

The Catholic encyclopedia says Constantine in 325 CE made Christianity the official religion of the degenerate Roman Empire because he was impressed by Christian morality. Yet secular records show Constantine's judgments of morality by his actions.

Few men have been more cruel or engaged in more acts of torture and murder. His character is best exemplified by his treatment of his wife Fausta, whom he married as a political ploy to gain control of the empire. When he had no further use for her he disposed of her in a manner befitting his "commitment to morality." He had her restrained in a large cauldron of water, then lit a fire beneath it and slowly cooked her to death. But even such actions by Constantine are dwarfed as evil by his contribution to the next 1700 years, as we shall see. For it is he who conspired with organized Jewry in the creation of Judeo-Christianity. With the ideas so far elaborated a thoughtful person might ask, "How then can we ascertain truth?" Not the "truth" of blind faith or belief, which are the tools of priestcraft and statecraft, but pure Truth by which men can safely and properly govern their affairs.

This is a question which has plagued mankind from the dawn of recorded history. The following you are about to read will show how initiates into an ancient wisdom preserved true knowledge throughout the many centuries of persecution by tyrants of both church and state. Some have known and saved the ancient science and religious teachings from

at least the time of the construction of the Great Pyramid, Stonehenge and possibly far beyond. Among them are Druids, Priests of Egypt, Initiates such as Pythagoras and Plato, the first Christians who were either Gnostics or related adepts, Cathars, Knights Templar, Teutonic Knights, Rosicrucians, early Masonic Orders and unknown initiates into Hermetic philosophy. In the first millennium before the Christian Era, the secret teachings were kept alive in the Mystery Schools and corresponding Mystery religions which were found from Tibet in the East to Uppsala, Sweden in the West. Among the many Mystery religions, all concealing the secret teachings, were Odinism, Mithraism, Zoroasterism and Gnosticism, as well as the Greco Roman religions featuring Gods such as Apollo, Zeus and Jove, or Jupiter. As we shall see, it is a grave error to assume that all our ancestors were ignorant barbarians who took literally the wild tales in the mythologies. As Manly P. Hall says in his monumental work "The Secret Teachings of All Ages", " There are few mature minds in the world, so the philosophical religious structures of the ancients were divided to meet the needs of two fundamental groups of human intellect, one philosophic, the other not capable of appreciating the deeper mysteries of life. To the discerning few were revealed the esoteric teachings while the unqualified masses received only the literal or exoteric interpretations. In order to make simple the great truths and abstract principles of natural law, the vital forces of the universe were personified, becoming the Gods and Goddesses of the ancient mythologies."

Adepts, of course, having created the mythologies, did not believe that a physical Thor caused thunder with a magic hammer, or that a physical Zeus threw lightning bolts from Mount Olympus, or that Isis brought a dismembered Osiris back to life, or that the earth stopped spinning so the Israelites could have extra sunlight in which to slaughter their enemies, or that a physical Jesus raised others or himself from the dead. Undoubtedly, a few of the credulous or simple-minded did indeed take the mythologies literally, just as a few still do today. However, under the Mystery or Pagan religions all were free to pursue deeper knowledge, to "believe" or to ignore both science and religion altogether. This arrangement permitted freedom for the masses and enlightenment for those inclined toward intellectual pursuits.

Then came the disaster of 325 CE when decadent Romans led by Constantine conspired with wealthy Jews to force a universal religion on the world. The 58th Precept states: Tyrannies teach what to think. Free men learn how to think." Since the words of political and religious prostitutes of the ages and the propaganda they call history have little relation to fact, we must learn how to think if we are to decipher history with any accuracy at all. When judging the writings one encounters, some philosophical principles should be employed. First judge the words, actions and results of all power systems by "who benefits."

Secondly, the results of men's actions are infinitely more indicative of intent than the words of men. So, always judge by results. It takes no rocket scientist or great mind to ascertain that only someone called Jews can or could benefit from a religion in which Jews are called "God's Chosen People." In effect, someone called Jews hired the decadent Roman Empire to murder everyone in Europe who would not accept a new universal religion in which the Jews were God's Chosen

People and destined to own all Gentiles as slaves. In the process the entire White race was forced to profess literal belief in the Judeo-Christian mythologies. The world has been insane ever since.

In our search for ultimate truth we must, therefore, ascertain who the people called Jews are, when their conspiracy originated and if they have any relationship to the Hermetic philosophers who created the mythology of ancient Israel.

Fortunately, mankind has always had secret friends who opposed tyrants, past, present and future. They have been called the Watchers, Adepts, Initiates, Hermetic Philosophers, the Great White Brotherhood, the Brotherhood of the Seven Rays and other titles. The titles may be unimportant, but the value of their legacy is beyond measure. They have given us alphabets, languages, measurements, religions, music, art, ritual, books, medicine, science and more. Unrecognized and often within church and state they secretly guided and moderated. When discovered, some like Giordano Bruno were burned at the stake. His crime was teaching that the earth traveled around the sun. Others like Galileo were forced to recant scientific fact. Be it the poison of Hemlock, the headsman's axe, burning at the stake, Federal infernos in Waco, Texas and around the world, the inquisitors rack, imprisonment or any number of other devices throughout history, the tyrant tolerates no competition. In the words of an old Mongolian proverb, "The Truth Teller is wise to keep one foot in the stirrup." In light of many thousands of years of experience with despots, the Hermetic philosophers developed methods to code their wisdom in geometry, myth, ritual, symbol and gematria, and thus leave guideposts for this age. The following will provide a concise introduction to the teachings of the ancients and to the devices by which their wisdom and teachings were preserved down through the ages. Do not be dismayed by repeated reference to number. What little actual arithmetic is employed is simple math and is absolutely necessary. The wisdom of the Hermetic Philosopher includes the reality that while words are subject to interpretation, the relationship of number is constant forever. Presented here is a wisdom which has been known to a few for thousands of years, mercilessly persecuted for 1,700 years, but can yet return the world to sanity. In the language of the Gnostics, the seven seals of Revelation are opened here and the seven spirits of God are discovered.

David Lane

## Chapter 1 - Coding

Students of ancient languages and bible scholars have always known that old alphabets such as Hebrew, Greek and others have numerical values assigned to each letter. Thus a word, a phrase or a larger text can be assigned a mathematical total by adding the value of all the letters involved. An example is shown next, as we learn why the Greek Gnostics called Jesus the Ogdoad, meaning "group of eight."

Below is a chart showing the values of letters in Greek.

Αα	Ββ	Γγ	Δδ	Εε	Ζζ	Ηη	Θθ
1	2	3	4	5	7	8	9
Ιι	Κκ	Λλ	Μμ	Νν	Ξξ	Οο	Ππ
10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80
Ρρ	Σσς	Ττ	Υυ	Φφ	Χχ	Ψψ	Ωω
100	200	300	400	500	600	700	800

*illustration #1*

The following illustration is the Greek name for Jesus with the corresponding value for each letter and the total : 888

Ι	=	10
η	=	8
σ	=	200
ο	=	70
υ	=	400
ς	=	+ 200
		888

*illustration #2*

This is a perfect example of why I have taught that men who desire freedom must learn how to think. 'How' means always ask 'why.' Out of the millions of people who know that Hebrew and other alphabets have numerical values, almost none pursue the reason. Ask a Judeo-Christian preacher why and he will either plead ignorance or brush you off with the standard religious tactic of demanding blind faith in the myths. When the thoughtful person who knows how to think is confronted with repetitive or striking phenomena he immediately desires to investigate. Some thoughts which might cross his mind are that 888 is like 666, a multiple of 111. Further investigation would show that both 888 and 666 are evenly divisible by 74. At this point I will take a little shortcut, show you some phenomena and prove them later. Let A=1, B=2, C=3, D=4, etc., because English language gematria is thus simplified. Here are Jesus and God in the English language as the names were designed by Sir Francis Bacon and other initiates.

$$\begin{aligned} & \text{J E S U S} \\ & 10 \ 5 \ 19 \ 21 \ 19 = 74 \end{aligned}$$

$$G = 7$$

O = the Sun and Sun Square inside the Zodiac circle

D = 4

Next the perceptive person might look at the great seal of the United States shown in this illustration.



THE GREAT SEAL OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Count carefully and you will find 72 stones in 13 rows in the face of the pyramid. The large stone carrying the Roman numerals for 1776 at the bottom makes 73, and the capstone of the pyramid with the "all seeing eye of Judah" makes 74. Lest you think it is all coincidence, please note the date chosen for the American revolution, July 4, seventh month, fourth day, again 74. And 1776 is  $74 \times 24$ , or  $111 \times 16$ , or if you like,  $666 + 666 + 444 = 1776$ . America was formed by Jewish cabalists with a 222 year timetable to destroy the integrity of every race, nation and culture on earth and establish a Jew world order.

The timetable has been largely completed, although pockets of resistance are still extant. Please, also, note:

$$666 + 666 + 444 = 1776 + 222 = 1998 \text{ and}$$
$$666 \times 3 = 1998, \text{ their target date.}$$

The numbers are picked from the fourth of the seven magic squares ( See illustration in chapter 2) called the Sun Square. In the next chapter we will explore and explain the seven mathematical devices now denigrated as the "First Seven Magic Squares," but which in the mystery religions (including the first Christianity) were called the mind of the Creator God. But, first let us return to the alphabets and their numerical values. The obvious and easy to explain first purpose of letters with numerical equivalents is to hide secrets. By the simple process of changing letters to numbers or numbers to letters both mathematical and written messages can be encoded. Sir Francis Bacon and the initiates who constructed the English language authorized King James Bible formed it as a device to encode the ancient wisdom. It may well be the most intricate such book in history. In addition the division of the bible into books, chapters, verses and words form it into a physical representation of the seven squares called the "Seven Spirits of God," and these match the hidden codes in the text. An easy example is the division of

the verses in the first seven chapters of the Song of Solomon which are divided thus and reduce to the equation  $88^2 = 7744$ .

$$\begin{array}{cccccccc} 17 & 17 & 11 & 16 & 16 & 13 & 13 & \\ 1 + 7 & 1 + 7 & 1 + 1 & 1 + 6 & 1 + 6 & 1 + 3 & 1 + 3 & \end{array}$$

$$8827744$$

In the third chapter of the Mystery Religions we will show how holy names were created to conform to the magic squares, but first let us again return to the alphabets. This time we will explore some esoteric teachings of Gnosticism and the Mystery Religions. In the King James Bible in John 1 at verse 1 we read that "God is the Word." On the surface it seems a nonsensical statement. But now we will consider it through the eyes of a Hermetic philosopher. When a letter is vocalized as a sound, it is vibration. A complete word or combination of letters is then in scientific terms a vibrational complex. Through a modern science called cymatics we find that specific materials subjected to specific vibrations form into specific patterns. Place a drop of turpentine on a plate of glass. Subject it to vibration of sound and it will form into the same patterns found as building blocks in nature.

Obviously in more primitive times if you had told people that a creative intelligence used specific vibrations to form the building blocks of life and matter, they would have looked at you in total bewilderment, and the tyrants of the church would have burned you at the stake. So, for the uninitiated John 1:1 simply says, "God is the Word." The bible is in fact a huge Hermetic parable from end to end, and attempts to read it literally will only drive men insane or lead to division into hundreds or even thousands of competing sects, and ultimately religious warfare. Next we will dig into the meat of the secret teachings and ancient science. Let me begin by quoting some Hermetic philosophers, both ancient and modern. From John Mitchell, author of the New View Over Atlantis, "Traditional creation myths state that the Creator of the Universe first laid out patterns of number from which all else proceeded. Sacred geometry and number were used in the design of ancient temples in order to attract the creative powers unique to a pattern, and because the effect of ritual words, songs, bells, gongs and so on, when sounded within the confines of a building so constructed had irresistible effects on the human "mind."

From the book Nature God and Man by William Temple, Macmillan Press 1934, page 149, "We discover that the universe shows evidence of a designing or controlling power that has something in common with our individual minds." Plato and Pythagoras, both initiates, (at least one of whom was initiated inside the Great Pyramid), in response to questions about the source of all true knowledge repeatedly answered, "All is number." John Anthony West, author of The Serpent in the Sky, has stated, "In ancient civilizations a class of initiates had precise knowledge of harmonic laws. They knew how to manipulate them to create the precise effect they wanted. They wrote this knowledge into architecture, art, music, paintings and ritual. It is evidenced in Gothic cathedrals, vast Hindu temples, the marvels of Egypt, the seven wonders of the ancient world and other

sacred works. They had a powerful effect on men because they knew exactly what they were doing; it was control and power through complex sensory manipulation."

It takes no genius to conceive of the same knowledge being put to use by the unscrupulous. Dances, chants, buildings, music and all manner of sensory stimulation could be devised that would reduce targeted individuals or populations to helplessness. There are indications that this is when the first Jews came into being. Somewhere around BCE 400-500 in old Babylon a renegade and unprincipled group of initiates into the secrets of the ancients hatched up a conspiracy to rule the world using the Hermetic wisdom, usury and the basest instincts of man. The Jews, however, were not the originators of the mythologies of either the Old or New Testaments. They and the church have, however, added to, perhaps subtracted from, and even changed or perverted the original writings of both Testaments. The nonsense about circumcision is an example.

Exhorting love of one's enemies and hatred of women and sex are New Testament insertions. We could debate endlessly whether the stories of Joseph and of Esther were inserted by Jews to brag of their blueprint for world conquest, or by Aryans in order to expose the Jewish conspiracy. When attempting to judge the bible writings without knowledge of Hermetic coding devices, one simply has to acknowledge that the content has been in the hands of Jews and Judeo-Romans for many centuries.

On the other hand for an initiate into the mysteries, all the old wisdom stands out as clearly as sunlight through the gematria, number codes and mythology. An example would be the one plus twelve scenario found in all the Mystery religions: Odin with twelve Drottars or chief priests, Jesus with twelve apostles, Solomon with twelve tribes of Israel. Clear back into the Hittite and Sumerian mythologies we find the same pantheons. In all cases they represent the Sun and twelve signs of the zodiac, as well as the Sun Square and the twelve divisibles of its total value.

A Hermetic philosopher will, also, immediately recognize Jonah's three days in the belly of a whale and Christ's three days in the tomb as coded discussion of the ritual terror that initiates are subjected to in order to conquer self ego and open the mind to higher enlightenment.

In Norse mythology Odin hangs nine days on a tree, while in Christian mythology Christ hangs on a wooden cross. Both speak of conquering the material plane and entering the spiritual plane. David, the most repeated name in the Old Testament and a figure of war is associated with the War God Mars and the Magic Square of Mars. David slays a giant with a magic weapon. Thor is his counterpart in Norse mythology, also associated with the War God Mars and he, also, slays a giant with a magic weapon.

Decoding and comparison of the myths is a fascinating occupation and we could fill many volumes, but this is not the place for endless detail. Lest the reader get the mistaken idea that the mystery schools were Semitic or Oriental rather than Aryan, let me conclude this chapter with a quotation from Clement of Alexandria, circa 150-215 CE. Clement was a theologian of the early Christian Church prior to the formation of Judeo-Christianity under Constantine. Clement wrote, "The Pythagoreans took their philosophy from the Gauls and other barbarians." Pythagoras, of course, lived more than 500 years



before the Christian era began and the Gauls were from central Europe. So, we see that the ancient wisdom was indeed Aryan.

## Chapter Two - The Seven Seals

Now we will discuss the Seven Spirits of God, also termed the Seven Seals of Revelation. Every ancient and Mystery religion made constant reference through Hermetic coding to the first seven magic squares. The seven wonders of the ancient world were constructed on geometry taken from these squares. Listed here are the seven wonders, the squares with which they are associated and identified by their planetary association.

The Colossus at Rhodes Square of the Sun Temple of Diana at Ephesus Square of the Moon The Tomb of Mausolas Square of Venus The Great Pyramid Square of Mercury Towers and Gardens of Babylon Square of Mars The Statue of Jupiter at Olympus Square of Jupiter The Lighthouse of Alexandria Square of Saturn

The reader should be aware that in recent times Jewish cabalists have attempted to substitute the fictional temple of Solomon for the Lighthouse of Alexandria and Saturn. Next we shall begin to examine these ancient mathematical devices on which both ancient religions and the King James Bible were formed. But first, here is another quotation from John Mitchell, author of the New View Over Atlantis. "The chief cosmic intervals and numbers together with the ratios that determine the patterns of life are related to each other through the first seven magic squares. Within the crystalline structure of these figures is stored the universal scheme."

# THE SEVEN MAGIC SQUARES

illustration #4

4	9	2
3	5	7
8	1	6

**SATURN**

37	78	29	70	21	62	13	54	5
6	38	79	30	71	22	63	14	46
47	7	39	80	31	72	23	55	15
16	48	8	40	81	32	64	24	56
57	17	49	9	41	73	33	65	25
26	58	18	50	1	42	74	34	66
67	27	59	10	51	2	43	75	35
36	68	19	60	11	52	3	44	76
77	28	69	20	61	12	53	4	45

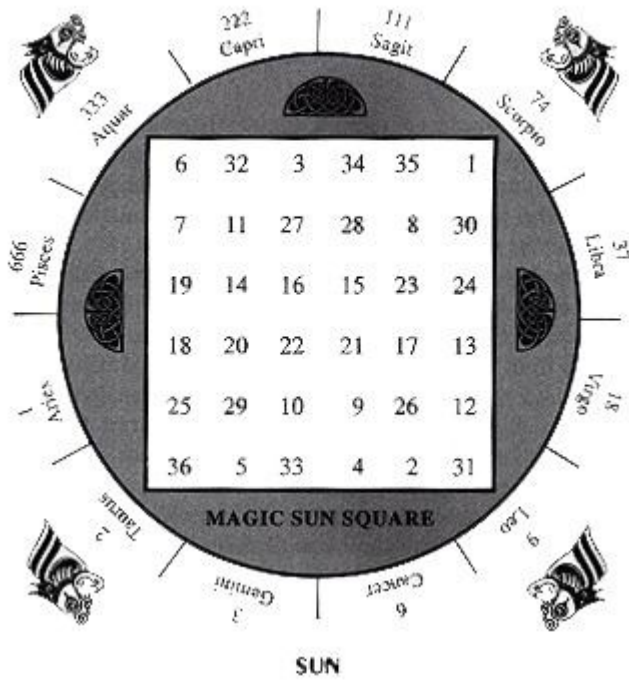
**MOON**

22	47	16	41	10	35	4
5	23	48	17	42	11	29
30	6	24	49	18	36	12
13	31	7	25	43	19	37
38	14	32	1	26	44	20
21	39	8	33	2	27	45
46	15	40	9	34	3	28

**VENUS**

11	24	7	20	3
4	12	25	8	16
17	5	13	21	9
10	18	1	14	22
23	6	19	2	15

**MARS**



4	14	15	1
9	7	6	12
5	11	10	8
16	2	3	13

**JUPITER**

8	58	59	5	4	62	63	1
49	15	14	52	53	11	10	56
41	23	22	44	45	19	18	48
32	34	35	29	28	38	39	25
40	26	27	37	36	30	31	33
17	47	46	20	21	43	42	24
9	55	54	12	13	51	50	16
64	2	3	61	60	6	7	57

**MERCURY**

Now that you have seen them, we will shortly begin to decipher, but first let me add some statements of other philosophers about number patterns and the Creator. Then, too, I shall list some verses from the King James Bible which survived the persecution of the Gnostics. From Nicomachus of Gerasa, circa 100 CE we read, "The universe seems to have been determined and ordered in accordance with number, by the forethought and the mind of the Creator of all things; for the pattern was fixed like a preliminary sketch by the domination of number, preexistent in the mind of the world creating God."

From *Mysteries of the Mexican Pyramids* by Peter Tompkins, Harper & Row 1976, we read on page 285, "The Maya came to the mathematical certainty of a cosmic mind." And

from *The Geometry of Art and Life* by M. Ghyka, Sheed & Ward 1946, we read on page 118, "The link between Pythagorean and Medieval Occultism is evident in the following extract from Agrippa's Kabbala. Boetius has said: 'Everything which from the beginning of things was produced by nature seems to be formed according to numerical relations issued from the wisdom of the Creator. Numbers are the nearest and simplest relations with the ideas of divine wisdom. The power of numbers does not reside in their names, nor in the numbers as counting elements but in the numbers of perceiving knowledge, formal and natural. The one who succeeds in linking usual and natural numbers to divine numbers will operate miracles through numbers.' " Next we see a few of the many obscured references to the seven magic squares in the King James Bible.

Zachariah 3:9 Seven eyes upon one stone Zachariah 4:10 Seven eyes of the Lord  
Proverbs 9:1 Seven pillars of wisdom

Revelation 4:5 Seven lamps of fire which are the seven spirits of God Revelation 5:6  
Seven horns and seven eyes are the seven spirits of God Revelation 5:1 A book sealed  
with seven seals Revelation 5:5 And one of the Elders saith unto me, Weep not: Behold  
the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the root of David, hath prevailed to open the book and to  
loose the seven seals thereof.

We will begin our exploration of the spirits/seals with the fourth or center of the seven figures called the Sun Square. It is comprised of all the numbers 1 through 36, which when added together in this manner, 1+2+3+4+5 etc., through 36 will total 666. The 36 numbers are arranged in such a way that each column of six numbers add to 111 or 1/6th of 666. The second most visible of the near limitless phenomena that results is that every number becomes part of a square or rectangle of four numbers which total 74. Examples are the four corners (6+1+36+31=74), or a rectangle (7+30+25+12=74) and of course the center four (16+15+22+21=74). In the old religions 74 and 666 were interchangeable as Solar and Sacred numbers. When Sir Francis Bacon and others formed the structure of the King James Bible, added letters to and set in order the letters of the English alphabet and formulated the names associated with Christianity in the English language, it was done in conformity to the ancient and sacred number canon. In Chapter 1 the number 74 is represented in the words Jesus and God. Shortly we shall see that the holy names are designed to both conceal and accomplish far more than just 74.

Do not be dismayed by the connection between the number 666 and the holy names through the Sun Square and the number 74. Instead learn to read the authorized version English language King James Bible with the eyes of an adept in the mysteries. The famous verse, Revelation 13:18 reads in part, "count the number of the beast: for it is the number of a man; and his number is Six hundred threescore and six." A Hermetic philosopher would look at that sentence and conclude the following: 1) There are two entities, a man and a beast, both associated with the number 666. 2) Since 666 is stated, there must be something else to count that will in turn relate to 666. 3) Since 666 is one of the seven spirits of God the Creator, and the beast is evil, then the beast must usurp the number of the man.

The philosopher would then read the rest of Revelation and conclude that the beast was a political/economic system, sometimes even symbolized as female, or the Whore of Babylon. Finally, the philosopher would look for something to count as instructed. In this case the number of letters in the verse Revelation 13:18. In the tradition for coding secrets the Hermetic philosopher is trained to do with a number what can be done with it and see if the result seems meaningful. Other things the philosopher will look for as pointers are the oldest, the youngest, the first, the last, the center, deliberate error, the most repeated and anything that creates a phenomenon. In the case of Revelation 13:18 we find it has 125 letters as we count the number of the beast. A three digit number can be scrambled six possible ways. When the six are added together, the result will be a multiple of 111 and thus a multiple of the columns of the 666 Sun Square. The number 125 scrambles into 152, 215, 251, 512 and 521. Add the six together and the result is 1776, the date of the American Revolution, the birth of the beast. Whether the numbers are coincidence, prophecy or a coded plan, I leave to the reader to speculate. Next let us look at a canonical or sacred number as defined by Hermetic Philosophy, and as a function of the magic squares. We will, also, see how such a number relates to the solar system, to the King James Bible and to certain calendars. From the New American Encyclopedia under the heading Calendar, I quote, "about BCE 432, the astronomer Meton discovered that 235 lunar months fitted exactly into 19 years (the Metonic cycle), this becoming the basis of the modern Jewish and ecclesiastical calendars." Please bear in mind that relationship of 19 to the moon and both Jewish and Christian ecclesiastical calendars as we proceed.

In his book on the high wisdom of ancient Egypt, John Anthony West points out that 19 was the sacred number of both Egyptian and Mayan art, science and religion. 19 and  $2 \times 19$  or 38, and  $102 \times 19$  or 1938 are in fact the most sacred or canonical numbers concealed in the King James Bible. In traditional order you will find that Psalms, by far the longest book and containing the most Hermetic messages as in Psalm 119, is the 19th book of the bible. In traditional order, the 19th chapter of the bible is Genesis 19 and has 38 verses, forming 1938. In alphabetical order, the 19th book of the bible is Haggai with 38 verses, forming 1938. Let A=1, B=2, C=3 and so on. Here is the name of Jesus Christ:

J E S U S C H R I S T  
10 5 19 21 19 3 8 18 9 19 20

The parable of Methuselah is an excellent way to expose hermetic coding. Methuselah is made to be the oldest man that ever lives. Hermetic coding uses pointers to say, "Look here!" Pointers may be the longest, the shortest, the oldest, the center, the first, the last, deliberate error or whatever causes a phenomenon. Methuselah, being the oldest, becomes a double pointer, for age implies wisdom. An initiate in the mysteries, if seeing the bible for the first time, would note immediately the masses of numbers having nothing to do with moral tenets and know that it was hermetic coding, or what Jews call "cabalism." In Genesis 5 we find that Methuselah lives 187 years and has a son. Then he lives an additional 782 years and he lives 969 total years. Since 969 is exactly half of that

canonical number 1938, then naturally by adding the three numbers  $187+782+969$  we get the major number 1938.

The numbers with a message witness themselves to prove they are not coincidence. The 969 years of Methuselah are divided into two periods, 187 years before his son and 782 after. That is double entendre telling you to divide into. So divide 969 into 187,782. The dividend rounded to the nearest tenth is 193.8. The story continues. In Luke 3 is a complete list of the Patriarchs from Jesus back to Adam. Methuselah is word 969 in the chapter and his name is changed to MATHuselah.

The last half of the name Methuselah is "Selah," a hitherto mysterious word that appears exactly 74 times in the KJV, as another tie between 1938 and 74. Selah is found predominately in Psalms, the 19th book commonly associated with David. Most importantly, Selah is a signature at the end of Psalm 46. The author of the KJV, Sir Francis Bacon, used as his cipher signature the numbers 666 and 33. That is why you will find 33 words in the center chapter and shortest chapter of the bible, Psalm 117. Now count 666

chapters backward from the end of the bible (Revelation 22). You will find that the 666th chapter from the end is Psalm 46. Count 46 words from the beginning of the psalm and the word is "shake." Exclusive of Bacon's signature word "Selah," you will find that the 46th word from the end of the psalm is "spear." And that is how we are told that Sir

Francis Bacon wrote the works falsely attributed to Shakespeare and that he is responsible for the KJV of the bible. Next look at a way one of the patterns of the Creator relates to both the cosmos and the bible. Remember the 19 year Metonic cycle of the moon. Look now at the largest of the squares called the Square of the Moon. It is made up of all the numbers 1 through 81 (or  $9^2$ ), which add to 3321. They are arranged as are all the squares, so that every column in any direction adds equally. The moon square columns add to 369. All but the center 9 numbers

form symmetrical squares or rectangles with common digit configurations of 19 in opposite corners and 38 in all four corners. For ease and brevity, we will look at the four outside corners of 37 opposite 45 and 5 opposite 77. Add the digits,  $3+7+4+5=19$  and  $5+7+7=19$ . So naturally the sum of the digits is 38.

Other squares, especially Mercury, form the 19-38 configuration in other ways. In fact in the Square of Mercury you will find 19 and 38 contiguous in the sixth vertical column.

The geometric configurations and mathematical formulae concealed within the seven spirits/seals are almost infinite, and the King James Bible forms through code wheels and gematria a physical representation of the seven figures. Thus again, there is a Hermetic meaning for John 1:1, God is the Word. A reason for the admonition at the end of Revelation to not add or subtract from this book of prophecy, is because addition and subtraction are mathematical functions. We are told to not alter, not change, not edit, not modify, not switch, not substitute, not transpose or any other such possibilities.

Next let's explain another device used to code the ancient wisdom by the initiates. It is called a Hermetic number pyramid. As a foundation, let us return to an earlier statement. Vocalized letters are vibrations and a word or a group of letters is a vibrational complex.

The initiates who created our alphabets and root words of languages had precise knowledge of the effect of a constantly repeated word on the human mind. Thus songs and chants were scientifically created for control through sensory manipulation. But the most careful formulation was given to the names of the Gods. Have you ever pondered why born-again-Christians appear almost in a trance state, particularly as they recite the names Jesus and Jesus Christ? Perhaps there is a reason. According to the Secret Teachings, by Hermetic reduction we can decipher the reflection of the sacred numbers and complimentary vibratory power in a name. Few if any names have been or could be devised as a reflection of the magic Squares as that of Jesus and Jesus Christ. Let us see how Hermetic reduction and decipherment are accomplished. Remember that Sir Francis Bacon and other initiates formed the modern English alphabet and thousands of root words, including those used in religion and politics by deliberate design and with complete knowledge. For example, in earlier times Jesus was Yashua and God was Yahweh in the older languages. Jesus and Jesus Christ were Hermetic creations, although in some respects they echo older formulations.

A number pyramid is formed by adding contiguous digits until getting a single digit, then placing it above and between the digits of which it is a sum. An easy example is 21. Add 2+1 and place the 3 above and between the original two digits:

$$\begin{array}{c} 3 \\ 2\ 1 \end{array}$$

If the digits add to more than one digit, then add twice. Example, 78, 7+8=15, then 1+5=6. So place the 6 above as shown.

$$\begin{array}{c} 6 \\ 7\ 8 \end{array}$$

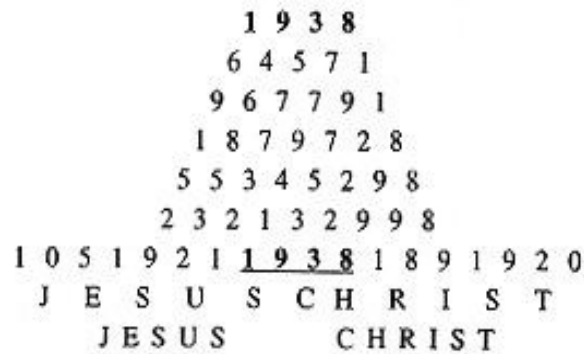
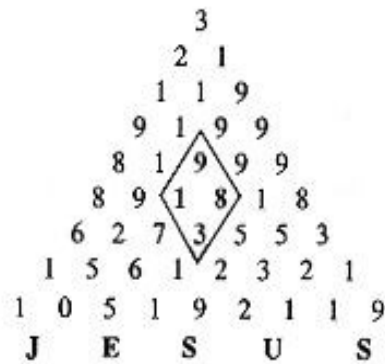
To make a pyramid from a word simply substitute the appropriate number for each letter. Remember, English language gematria is A=1, B=2, C=3, etc.

An easy example would be the word "he." H is the 8th letter and E the 5th letter of the alphabet. So, the pyramid of "he" is as shown.

8+5=13 and 1+3=4

$$\begin{array}{c} 4 \\ 8\ 5 \\ H\ E \end{array}$$

Shown next are the Hermetic pyramids of Jesus and Jesus Christ.



There is of course far more to the number pyramids, especially larger ones, but here are some basics. In the number pyramid of Jesus Christ, note 7 digits and 4 letters on each side of 1938 in the base. Note 7 levels culminating in the 4 digits of 1938. This creates a relationship of 74 to 1938. Beneath the upper 1938 you will see the digits: 6-4-5-7-1. In Revelation you find the phrase four times, I am Alpha and Omega, reduce Omega to single digits and you will find that series 6-4-5-7-1, which creates 1938.

1 9 3 8  
6 4 5 7 1  
15 13 5 7 1

OMEGA

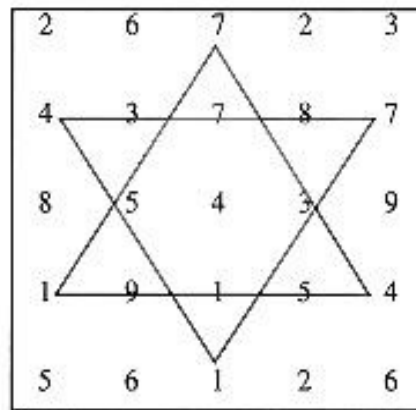
I have shown more detail of the number structure of the King James Bible in other works, so I will cut this short with two more examples. The 66 books of the bible are code wheels to be counted over and over, as are the chapters, verses, and words. It ties together the numbers 666, 74 and 1938. Count the 66 books 10 times, or  $10 \times 66 = 660$ . Then count to the sixth book. It is Joshua. Joshua has a value of 74.

JOSHUA  
10 15 19 8 21 1 = 74



So, Joshua represents both 74 and 666 of the Sun Square. Turn to Joshua 19:38. You will find it speaks of 19 cities and nineteen is word 666 in the chapter. The chapter has 51 verses, because 51 is a center divisible of 1938 and  $51 \times 38 = 1938$ , as will be explained in the chapter on Solomon's Temple. We shall complete this chapter by showing how the shapes into which

nature forms can be given number through Magic Squares, and why the biblical David like other "War Gods" is associated with Mars. As you probably know, every cell of a honeycomb is formed in hexagons, the center of a hexagram or Star of David. Snowflakes form into hexagrams. Many flowers form perfect pentagons. A special number sequence called the Fibonacci Series is found from the spirals of the Galaxies to budding ferns and sunflower seeds. All nature seems to evidence an intelligent Creator through geometry and number. Thus secret societies still refer to God as the grand geometrician/mathematician of the universe. The great arcanum of magic has always been that numbers and geometry which reflect nature's patterns, and deciphered through the seven spirits of God, will draw the creative powers. Thus occultists use hexagrams and pentagrams, and such geometry is found in both the Israeli flag and the Pentagon, home of the World Zionist police force. Hexagons such as honeycomb, and hexagrams such as the occult figure in the Israeli flag could be given the number 741, because by connecting the digits 741 around the perimeter of a reduced Square of Mars it forms the two triangles of the Star of David, also, called the Seal of Solomon.



MARS

Reduced to single digits

illustration #6

First look at the complete seven Squares (shown earlier in chapter 2) and the unreduced Mars Square. Note that the top left number is eleven. The  $1+1=2$ . So we place a 2 in that spot in a reduced Square of Mars, and continue until we complete the 5 by 5 Square. As stated, connecting the perimeter digits of 741 forms the Star. 741 is in fact both the number of David and a major occult phenomenon. Inside the triangles you will find the dates for the American revolution fomented by those who use the star. Top center inside

the star is 7 then 4. July is the 7th month, and the 4 represents the 4th day, which is the date of the Declaration of Independence 1776. Inside the star patterns are, top to bottom 741. Bottom to top is 147. Left to right is 543. Right to left is 345. Add the four together and get 1776, the year of the American Revolution.  $741+147+543+345=1776$  Now go back to the Great Seal(Chapter 1), and notice that the 13 stars above the eagle form the Star of David. Here are the Roman numerals for 1776 as they appear on the base of the pyramid on the Great Seal. They conceal both 741 and 666.

<b>M</b>	D	C	C	L	X	X	V	I
1000	600	100	60	10	6			

Remove the 7th and 4th and 1st numerals and the remainder is 666.

An alert scholar might notice that the Star of David is composed of two triangles formed by 741. Then  $2 \times 741 = 1482$ . If you add the 12 divisibles of 666 shown around the Sun Square, you will get 1482. By no accident there are 1482 words in First Kings chapter 7, the completion of Solomon's Temple. Nor is it by accident that the vertical or horizontal patterns inside the star add to 888.  $741+147=888$ .  $543+345=888$ . Remember Jesus the Ogdoad has a value of 888 in Greek, and Jesus is called a "Branch" of David throughout the King James Bible.

## Chapter Three - The Temple

No discussion of the Mysteries would be complete without time spent on the symbolism of the Temple. In all the ancient religions the "Temple" was a Hermetic code for perfected man. In modern terms it would not be unfair to liken man to a genetic experiment on the part of the Creator. When Genesis says "let us create men in our image," it refers to the universe and its cosmic mind incarnating in man. Those of you who have taken formal martial arts training know that the body is referred to as the Temple. Masons and students of Masonry know that Solomon's Temple is a major symbolic and ritualistic device. The Temples of ancient religions were onstructed to reflect the sacred numbers and geometry of nature and of the seven stars or seals. That the equation  $88^2 = 7744$  is found in the Song of Solomon, and that a major Hermetic device in the King James Bible is Solomon's Temple is not coincidence, for Solomon is an allegory for wisdom through number. Solomon represents the Sun and the 666 Sun Square, inside the zodiac circle and inside the corresponding 12 divisibles of 666. Solomon is the Sun inside the 12 tribes of Israel, which are the 12 signs of the zodiac.

Turn

to I Kings 10:14 and read that Solomon extracts 666 talents of gold from neighboring kingdoms. In II Chronicles 9:13, this statement is repeated. In Hermetic coding "gold" represents the sun and the Sun Square. By now you should begin to realize that the words

of the bible mean virtually nothing unless combined with number and the wisdom of an initiate. The words are filler, not history.

Here is how the name Solomon was constructed in English. SOL-OM-ON, Sol is Latin for the Sun, Om is Hindi for the Sun, and On is Egyptian for the Sun. Symmetrically spaced is the only vowel, O, three times, because O is the 15th letter.

$$\begin{array}{c}
 15 \ 15 \ 15 \\
 1+5= \ 1+5= \ 1+5= \\
 6 \ 6 \ 6
 \end{array}$$

In the King James Bible the building of the temple in its coded form is found in the 11th book, because 11 and multitudes of 11 (like 33 and 88 ) are part of the coding system. The Temple is begun in I Kings 6 and completed in I Kings 7. Exclusive of Psalms 117 there are 1188 chapters in the bible, 1188 is 33 x 36. Psalm 117 is the shortest chapter and center chapter in the bible, with 33 words symbolizing the 33 degrees of Masonry, the 33 years in the life of Christ, the 33 generations from Adam to David, the 33 vertebrae in the human spine, etc. Count 9 sets of 33 chapters from the beginning and come to the start of the Temple in I Kings 6. Psalm 117 stands as the zero point, count 9 sets of 33 backwards and come to the completion of the Temple in I Kings 7. Solomon or 666 is tied to 1938, or the Temple. Here are the 16 factors or whole number divisibles of 1938.

$$\begin{array}{c}
 1 \ 2 \ 3 \ 6 \ 17 \ 19 \ 34 \ 38 \ 51 \ 57 \ 102 \ 114 \ 323 \ 646 \ 969 \\
 1938
 \end{array}$$

Note that the center two factors are 38 and 51.  $38 \times 51 = 1938$ . Now note I Kings 6, the beginning of the Temple has 38 verses. The completion of the Temple in I Kings 7 has 51 verses. The two verses, I Kings 6:38 and 7:51 have 88 words, representing  $88^2 = 7744$  and other 88's placed in the King James Bible, as well as this phenomenon:

$$\begin{array}{l}
 \text{Add all the numbers: } 1 \text{ through } 1 = 1 \\
 1 \text{ through } 9 = 45 \\
 1 \text{ through } 3 = 6 \\
 1 \text{ through } 8 = +36 \\
 88
 \end{array}$$

This would be an appropriate place to divert from the Temple for just a moment and comment on the statement, "I am Alpha and Omega," found four times in Revelation. We have commented on John 1:1, "God is the Word." We know the bible is called the "word" and God is "Alpha and Omega," hence, GOD = WORD = ALPHA and OMEGA. A Hermetic philosopher would immediately assume a numerical relationship found 4 times between parts of Genesis or Alpha, and Revelation or Omega. There are 4, but in the interest of brevity, we shall only look at the easiest. Genesis 1:1 the first verse in the bible has 44 letters. Revelation 22:21 the last verse in the bible has 44 letters, for a total of 88. Now let's look at the famous pillars of Solomon's Temple found in I Kings 7:21. First note that the verse has 144 letters. The pillars are named Jachin and Boaz. They are considered important in Masonic symbolism. We will reduce them to gematria, (A=1,B=2, C=3 ,,,).

J A C H I N B O A Z  
10 1 3 8 9 14 2 15 1 26

You will note that the exact centers are 38 and 51, while the 38 is bracketed by 19. Then of course  $38 \times 51$  is 1938, 38 and 51 being the center divisibles of 1938 and their product being 1938. The entire bible is in fact based on this number often coded through a device called the "Key of David," found in Isaiah 22:22 and Revelation 3:7. 1938 is the highest canonical number. Look again at the 16 divisibles shown earlier. Add the digits in the 16 divisibles and get 144, which is why 144 is found so often. The 144,000 Saints of Revelation 14 for example are only a way to code 144. Add a total of the 16 divisibles and get 4320, which is the number of degrees in 12 circles and is the reason the St. Mary's chapel at Glastonbury, England was made of twelve circles. 1938 is often shown in sets of three, because a twelve digit number made of three consecutive 1938's or 193819381938 is evenly divisible by every major number around the Sun Square, by their total of 1482, which is, also, the number of words in I Kings 7, the completion of Solomon's Temple, and by 741 which forms the Star of David in the Square of Mars. In conclusion to this chapter and before delving into the esoteric or metaphysical teachings of the Mystery religions, let me sum up what must be understood about the bible, and particularly the King James authorized English version. The real truths are hidden in coding devices. If for example you read that Ezekiel saw four wheels within wheels, note that the Books, Chapters, Verses and Words form code wheels within code wheels. I have shown this in detail in other works. Understand that with the exception of passages pointed to by Hermetic number codes, the WORDS are not the message; they are filler. And understand that the numbering system is designed to ease decoding of the text. The cabalistic research by the Jews is an attempt to discover knowledge known by Aryans from many thousands of years ago until the time of the Reformation, and now partially at least by you.

## Chapter Four - 666 UNVEILED

...Presented with contempt for the priestcrafters who declare with the infinite arrogance of the ignorant their 666 fantasies.

Shown in chapter 2 is an ancient mathematical device used by Secret Societies, Hermetic Philosophers, Occultists and Kabalists for thousands of years. It is called the "Magic 666 Square of the Sun." The Sun Square is comprised of each of the numbers 1 through 36, which, when added together, total 666. The 36 numbers are arranged in 6 rows and 6 columns. The sum of each row, column and diagonal totals 111, or 1/6 of 666. The bible is comprised of 66 books; three of the books have 6 chapters, to encode 666. The book of Isaiah has 66 chapters; three of the chapters have six verses to encode 666. Of the 66 books of the bible, 39 are Old Testament and 27 are New Testament, as  $39^2 + 27^2 + 66^2 = 6606$ , to encode 666. The numerical values assigned to the 12 signs of the

Zodiac are the 12 factors of 666. The most basic pattern or function of the Sun Square is the number 74, which is called by Adepts in the Mystery Religions the "Divine number of the Creator."

The Sun Square is the 4th of 7 "magic squares." In English language gematria (A=1,B=2,C=3, etc.) we have already seen that the word "GOD" mirrors the Sun Square:

$$\begin{aligned} G &= 7 \\ O &= \text{the sun inside the Zodiac} \\ D &= 4 \end{aligned}$$

The 666 Sun Square contains 9 squares and rectangles whose four corners total 74, as  $9 \times 74 = 666$ .

Concentric Squares:

$$\begin{aligned} 6 + 1 + 31 + 36 &= 74 \\ 11 + 8 + 26 + 29 &= 74 \\ 16 + 15 + 21 + 22 &= 74 \end{aligned}$$

Rectangles:

$$\begin{aligned} 7 + 30 + 12 + 25 &= 74 \\ 19 + 24 + 13 + 18 &= 74 \\ 32 + 35 + 2 + 5 &= 74 \\ 3 + 34 + 4 + 33 &= 74 \\ 14 + 23 + 17 + 20 &= 74 \\ 27 + 28 + 9 + 10 &= 74 \end{aligned}$$

The ancient mythology of a Sun God, born at the winter solstice, resurrected near the vernal equinox, worshipped on Sun-day, whose name demonstrates the Kabalistic number canon is a certain sign of a hermetically created Mystery religion. "Jesus" equals 74.

$$\begin{aligned} J &= 10 \\ E &= 5 \\ S &= 19 \\ U &= 21 \\ S &= +19 \\ &74 \end{aligned}$$

"Just coincidence!" cry the believers, as their eyes glaze in irrational denial.

## Chapter Five - The Mysteries

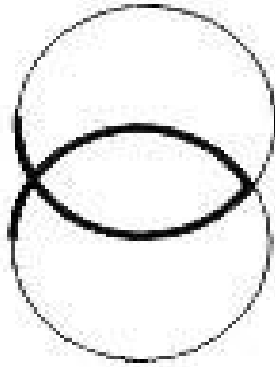
While the mystery religions disseminated by initiates throughout the ancient world used different mythologies and/or different names in different languages for the Gods and Goddesses, certain structures appear to have been identical. One device common to all seems to be the 1 + 12, representing the Sun, the Sun God and the Sun Square, inside the zodiac and inside the 12 divisibles of 666. Another is the use of a myriad of names to code and represent the seven magic squares and a common teaching that they reflect the mind of the Creator. The mythologies were used both to represent the powers of the Creator evidenced in nature and personified as the Gods and Goddesses, as well as to instill the folkish attributes considered necessary at a particular era of history. If a nation was threatened, the spirit of Mars or Thor, or King David was needed. If a soothing spirit was advantageous, then Freyja or Balder or Jesus or Buddha was promoted. Cycles of civilizations and cultures were recognized and therefore a single rigid eternal dogma was discouraged. Circumstances of climate, proximity to alien peoples and other factors called for different mythologies as guides in Northern Europe, Asia Minor and Southern Europe.

Every person was free to choose his own station in life and level of intellectual pursuit.

The Mysteries were available to all of determination, ability and good character. However, to become an initiate or an adept, sometimes called a priest, was a very, very difficult task. It could take up to 20 years of study, self-denial and meditation before a prospect was considered worthy. Even after so much preparation the novice had to endure an initiation process designed to instill the most extreme terror that could be designed by man. The process was structured to destroy personal ego and thus open the mind to higher enlightenment. To the Adepts or creators of the mythologies, the Supreme God, Creator and originator of all things was distinctly separate from the plural or lesser Gods and Goddesses who served a dual purpose. They both represented the powers of the Creator as evidenced in nature, and served the tribe or race as guides through the words attributed to them by the adepts.

Through a form of philosophic logic, justification was found for a teaching of reincarnation by the Mystery religions. It was for example observed that two children with the same parents and the same up-bringing might exhibit completely different traits. One being reflective, altruistic and above all of mature character, while his sibling was anything from a giddy fool to a criminal. This was attributed to maturity gained from past incarnations and influences of the cosmic mind evidenced through the zodiac. For the uninitiated masses, the named Gods, being designed and created by men for purposes either constructive or destructive, were blended with the Supreme Creator to provide authority. Thus Norse Woden/Odin is blended with All-Father, or a Father/Son relationship was invented for mythology. Endless arguments have and unfortunately will probably continue to be carried on over the ethnicity of the First Christians. History being a fable and the Church having had so many centuries as the only custodian of records, it is futile to debate with words. But an initiate knows the truth through the records preserved in coded devices.

An example is the fish symbol used by the first Christians. It is actually a figure of sacred geometry called Vesica Piscis. It comes from two circles drawn so that the circumference of each crosses the center point of the other.



As in all Hermetic parables and coding it has multiple meanings. It is the "Holy Womb" demonstrating mathematical principles evidenced in nature and therefore showing the mathematical/geometrical mind of the Creator. Probably, also, it represents the buttocks, womb and vagina of a woman as a fertility symbol. Most know that the cross was a pagan symbol long before it

was made a symbol of Judeo-Christianity in 325 CE by Constantine and fellow conspirators. The first Christians, regardless of race were in fact a society of truth seekers and initiates into the Mysteries. Given the indicators of history as most decipherable and the accomplishments of the White race today, we can assume they were probably Aryans.

However, for nearly 1700 years the church and its Protestant step-children have been Judeo-Xian poison.

Furthermore, a people and particularly the White race cannot share Gods or religions with other races. Among other things it destroys the senses of uniqueness and value necessary to survival. The best religion for our folk today is almost certainly Wotanism. Wotan is the best blended representation of Allfather, the Creative force, and folkish needs for the White race today. Wotan awakens our racial soul and genetic memory. He stirs our blood.

# THE PYRAMID PROPHECY

## Introduction

For thousands of years men have gazed in awe at the majestic Great Pyramid at Giza in Egypt. Its size, its angles, its perfection in original form, its placement, its measurements, and its precise alignment with the earth's latitudinal and longitudinal lines, have provided material for hundreds of books and endless speculation. And perhaps nothing has provoked more debate than the missing capstone.

Perceptive scholars have long noted the similarity to the pyramid on the Great Seal of the United States. The capstone is separated from the body of the pyramid, thus exhibiting, as does the Great Pyramid, a flat truncated top, as well as an implied completed structure when the capstone is lowered into place.

Biblical scholars have additionally long pondered scriptural references to a missing head stone. For example, Psalms 118:22 reads: "The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner." Other scholars have wondered if the reference to "an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt" in Isaiah 19:19 might refer to the Great Pyramid.

This document will prove, beyond dispute, under the iron clad laws of mathematical probability, that the Great Pyramid at Giza, the Great Seal of the United States, and the hidden secret coding system of the English language authorized version, King James Bible (KJV), constitute the identical prophecy.

On the Great Seal, within the capstone, over the pyramid, note the Egyptian eye of Osiris. In Egyptian Hermetic religion, Osiris, the major God is divided into 14 parts. In Gnostic preservation of Egyptian mysteries, God is called "The Word". By extrapolation we might infer a concealed reference to 14 words.





THE GREAT SEAL OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Now note that the capstone over the pyramid, when lowered into place, becomes the 14th level of the structure. The number 14, as we shall see, is a major component of the prophecy.

Over the eagle on the reverse side of the Great Seal are 13 stars, each having five points. The astute observer however will note the 13 stars are arranged to form a 14th star, a six pointed star known as the Star of David.

The reader of this document will see, beyond dispute by anyone whose ability for rational thought has not been destroyed by political, religious, or other dogma, an incredibly precise prophecy, encoded in the Great Seal, in the Great Pyramid, and in the hidden structure of the K.J.V. Bible.

The prophecy is of a man named David, to be conceived on the 25th of January, 1938, and to be born precisely 280 days later (the human gestation period), on the 2nd of November, 1938, the 11th day of Scorpio.

This man was to become famous world wide for political and religious doctrines known as 14 Words and 88 Precepts. This man, named David (see again the 14th star, the Star of David over the eagle in the Great Seal), would come to oppose an ancient conspiracy against civilization and against civilization's creators.

Particularly in the Bible (K.J.V.), the prophecy is artfully concealed, for in earlier times, any deviation from rigid dogma of either Catholic or Protestant rulers brought painful retribution ranging from unimaginable tortures of the inquisition to being burned at the stake.

The K.J.V. prophecy, encoded circa 1600, was then shepherded down through the centuries by adepts of uncorrupted freemasonry, with the coding clarified as it became safer to do so. We shall see that the Great Seal was designed by adepts of the same secret Masonic society.

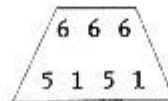
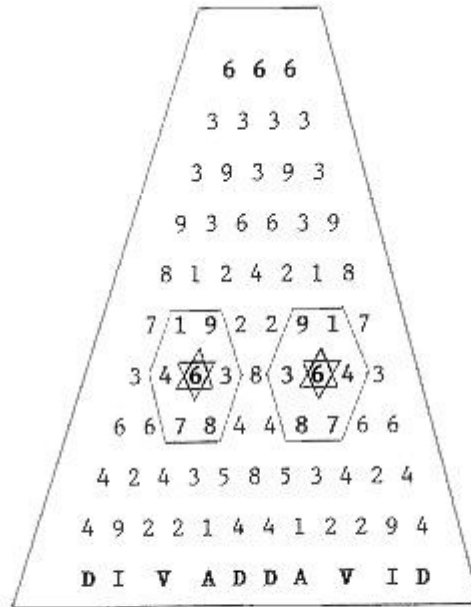
The reader should also be aware that prior to circa 1600 A.D. the English language existed in only a primitive form. Around 1600, Sir Francis Bacon, who was the designer of the original K.J.V. coding, along with the British Royal Society, added letters to the English alphabet, set the letters in sequence, and formed thousands of new words, including many used in the K.J.V. Bible. Prior to this era the major Christian deity was called Joshua, pronounced Yashua.

It is necessary therefore to recognize that the words Jesus and Jesus Christ are secret number codes. Only in the minds of the uninformed do they represent the earlier names for what Christians believe to have been an incarnate God.

With that knowledge we can begin showing the prophecy by demonstrating why the two pyramids, one at Giza in Egypt, the other on the Great Seal, have truncated (flat) tops. It is to tell of figures called Hermetic Number Pyramids. Many of the messages in the K.J.V. are encoded within such pyramids.

## Pyramid Prophecy Part 2

The number of the Man is also found in his name as a number pyramid. The number pyramid of the word "David" runs forward and backward from a center point and demonstrates both 666 and his birth year, around the six pointed Star of David, along with 74, the first function of the 666 Sun Square.



Here it should be noted that the exact angle of the Great Pyramid is 51 degrees, 51 minutes from horizontal because 5151 forms this number pyramid:

The equation  $88^2$  equals 7744 is concealed in the divisions of the verses in the Bible book called The Song of Solomon. The first chapter has 17 verses, the second has 17 verses, the third has 11 verses, the fourth has 16 verses, the fifth has 16 verses, the sixth has 13 verses, and the seventh has 13 verses.

17 17 11 16 16 13 13

$1+7=8$   $1+7=8$   $1+1=2$   $1+6=7$   $1+6=7$   $1+3=4$   $1+3=4$

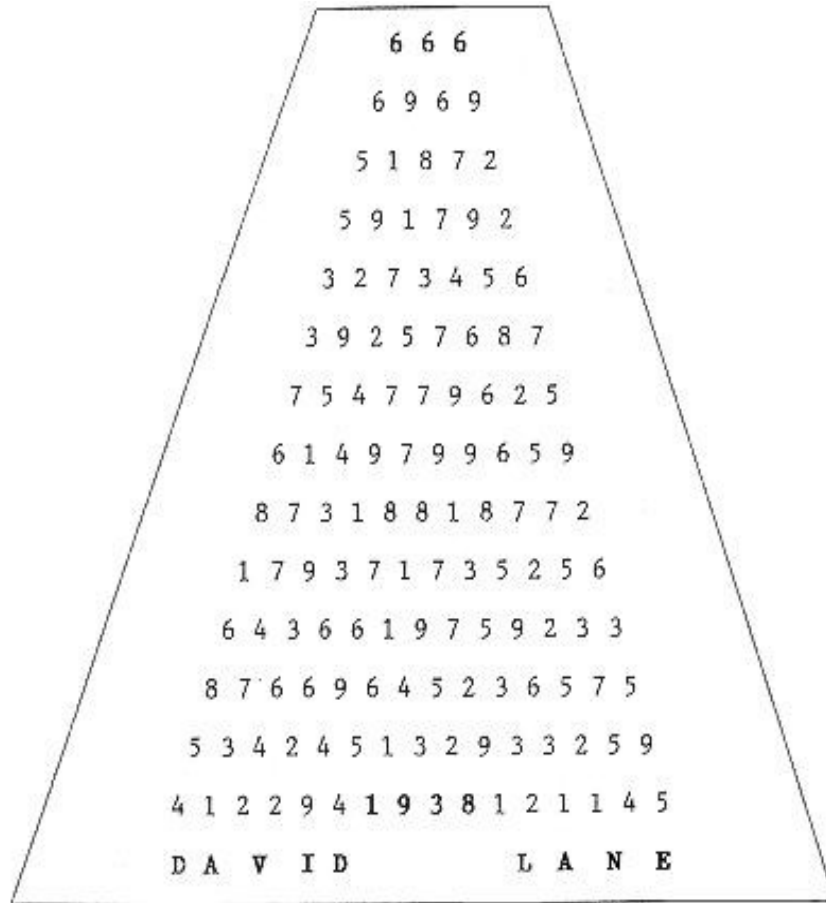
$88^2 7744$

The name David appears once in the Song of Solomon as word number 1056 in the equation, because  $88 \times 12 = 1056$ . And because by adding 1056 to each side of the equation we get the prophecy:

882	7744				
+1056	+1056				
BIRTH YEAR	1938	8800	88	PRECEPTS	

The 7 chapters forming the equation have 2298 words. An additional chapter with 14 verses has 360 words. Because 2298 minus 360 equals 1938. The 14 represents the 14 Words.

Here is the pyramid of David Lane, the full name of the Man of the prophecy, combined with his birth year of 1938:



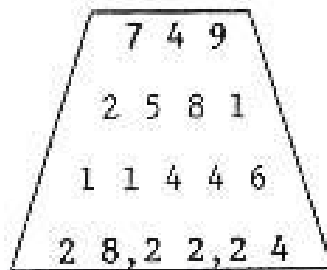
In the Book of Daniel, Chapter 5, appear seven emphasized words whose true meaning is disguised with irrelevant rhetoric. The words are mene mene tekem upharsin mene tekem peres. They are designed to be written with staggered starting points like one side of a pyramid.

M  
 E M  
 N E T  
 E N E U  
 E K P M  
 E H E T  
 L A N E P  
 R E K E  
 S E R  
 I L E  
 N S

Daniel is an anagram; remove the "I" and the "D", I.D., and the letters  
 LANE remain:  
 I. D. LANE

Next we will look at the "Key of David" found in Revelation 3:7. That  
 key is the number 749, which represents  $74 \times 9 = 666$ , the Magic Square of the  
 Sun. First note that there are 1189 chapters in the Bible because they form  
 a code wheel. Count all 1189 and start over. When you get to 749 it will  
 total 1938.  $749 + 1189 = 1938$ .

The name David appears three times in Revelation. The first time in  
 Chapter 3:7, which references the "Key of David." He also appears in Chapter  
 5:5 and in Chapter 22:16. There are 1666 words in the three chapters to  
 encode 666. Count to David in each chapter and the total words are 749,  
 because  $74 \times 9 = 666$ . Count to David in each verse. He is word 28 and 22  
 and 24 for a total of 74. They also form the below pyramid:



The Great Pyramid is found in Isaiah 19:19, because  $19 + 19 = 38$ . It is  
 called an altar to the Lord in the land of Egypt. Count 38 verses from

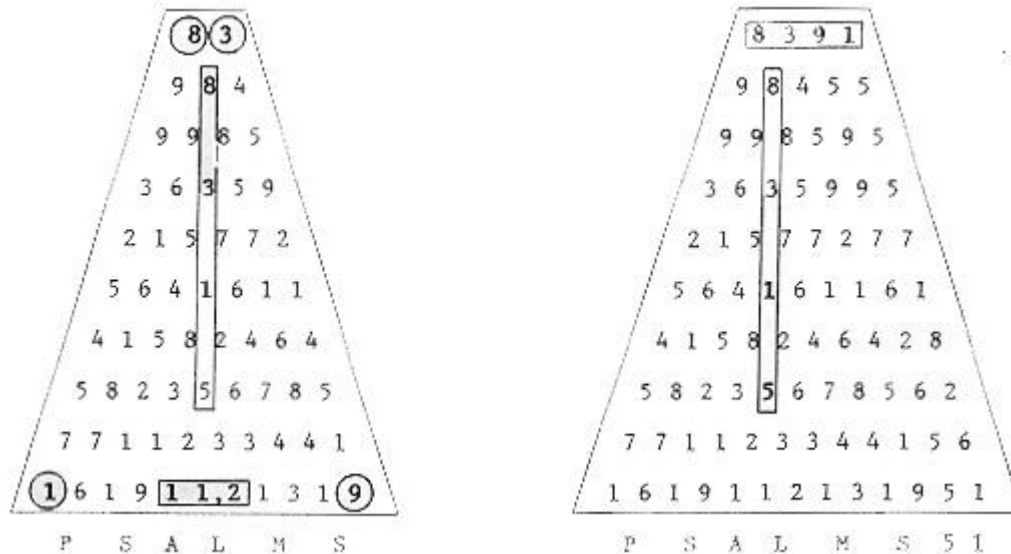
Isaiah 19:19, which corresponds with the 38° from vertical in the pyramid angle. It is Isaiah 22:9, and contains the word David the first time after the pyramid reference. Continue counting to the 51st verse from Isaiah 19:19, corresponding to the 51° from horizontal in the pyramid angle. It is Isaiah 22:22, the second time David appears. This verse references the Key of the House of David, which is the Great Pyramid, Solomon's Temple, and the Great Seal of the United States.

The two verses, Isaiah 22:9 and 22:22 are a key. Count to David from the front of each verse. The total words are 19. Count to David from the end of each verse. The total words are 38. Time after time we find 19 tied to 38, and 38 tied to 51, as  $38 \times 51 = 1938$ .

Thus we find 19 verses in the 38th Psalm of David, which is Psalm 51. Or, the 38th David in the K.J.V. is in I Samuel 17:50, while the 51st David in the K.J.V. is in I Samuel 18:8, because  $1750 + 188 = 1938!$

### Pyramid Prophecy Part 3

The word "Psalms" was designed to tell the whole story, including the 38th Psalm of David being Psalm 51. Below are pyramids of Psalms and Psalms 51:



The center column of Psalms is 51 and 38. The four corners going counterclockwise are 1938. In the exact center of the base is 112 or 11/2 or

November 2nd. In addition, the 1619 on the left of 112, plus the last 3 digits on the right add up to 1938. Further, the last 3 digits on the left of 112, plus all the digits on the right side add up to 1938.

$$\begin{array}{r} 1619\ 1319 \\ + 319 + 619 \\ \hline 1938\ 1938 \end{array}$$

More explicit is the pyramid of Psalms 51, which is topped with 1938 from right to left.

The David of the prophecy is known for teachings called "14 Words" and "88 Precepts." We have seen the 88 in the equation  $88^2 = 7744$ , and in the 88 repetitions of David or Davids in Psalms. Now we will see the specific numbers in the longest chapter of the K.J.V., Psalms 119. Remember again how careful the framers of the K.J.V. had to be in their coding in order to escape torture and death.

Psalm 119 is divided into 22 sections of 8 verses each for a total of 176 verses, which is  $2 \times 88 = 176$ . So logically the 14 Words and 88 Precepts are encoded twice.

Each section is headed by a letter and a word. Count to the 14th title word, heading the 14th section. In that section the 88th word is PRECEPTS.

Now go to the 88th verse. It has 14 words and is preceded by the word precepts. So counting backwards see 14 Words and 88 Precepts. Additionally, rounded to the nearest 10th, 88 percent of the repetitions of the word precepts in the K.J.V. are in Psalms 119.

In the teachings of the ancient "mysteries," the Creator was called the "Grand Mathematician/Geometrician of the Universe." Partly because of the geometric forms of nature. Easy examples being the hexagons of honeycombs and snowflakes. Also because human events seemed to correspond with numbers and patterns from seven mathematical devices now called the first seven magic squares.

So these magic squares were called, in coded form, the seven spirits, eyes, angels, etc., of God. (See Zechariah 4:10; Revelation 5:6; and elsewhere.)

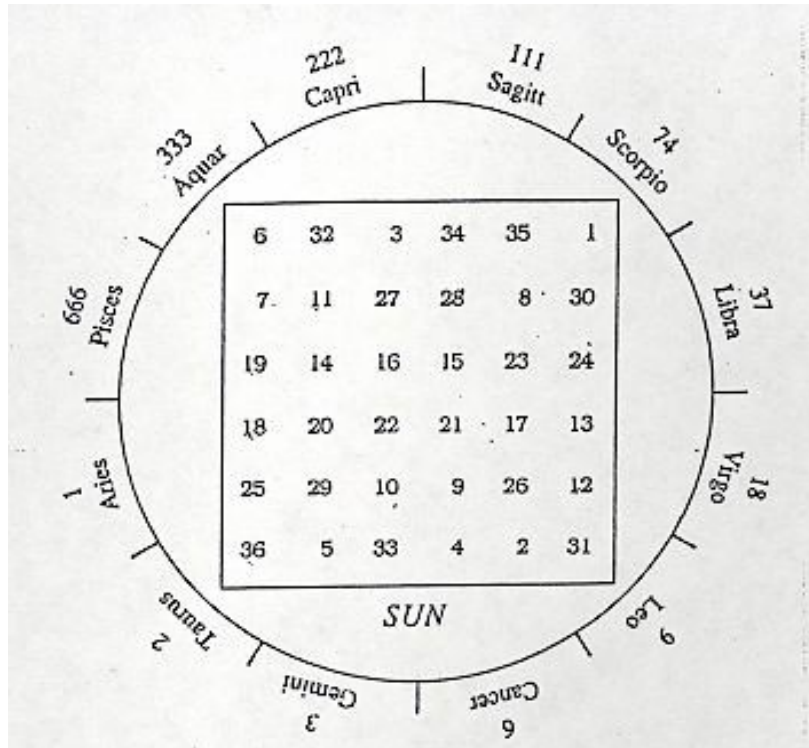
The K.J.V. Bible is designed to reflect the "Seven Spirits" (Magic Squares) and is thus a book "sealed with seven seals." Now read the last 14 words of Revelation 5:5: "David hath prevailed to open the book and to loose the seven seals thereof." That is precisely what David Lane did.

Revelation 2:17 and 3:12 proclaim in artfully concealed words that God will take a new name, written in a man, in a city, and in A White Stone.

David Lane was born in Woden, Iowa and often uses the pen name Wodensson.

Thus the name is written in a man and a city. And "A White Stone" is an anagram. Rearrange the letters and they spell Thee is Wotan. Wotan is of course the modern spelling of the Norse/Germanic God Odin. Wednesday, David's birthday, November 2, 1938, is named for Woden/Wotan/Odin.

Shown next is the Magic Square of the Sun, source of the famed number 666. It is the best known of the seven figures called the seven spirits of God.



It is comprised of all the numbers 1 through 36, which when added together,  $1+2+3+4+5$ , etc., total 666. It's first function is that every number is part of a square or rectangle that adds to 74. Examples are the four corners of  $6+1+31+36=74$ , or a rectangle of  $7+30+12+25=74$ . This is why so much of the K.J.V. coding involves 74, as do holy names shown earlier. Note also that every column, vertically, horizontally, or diagonally adds to 111 or one sixth of 666.

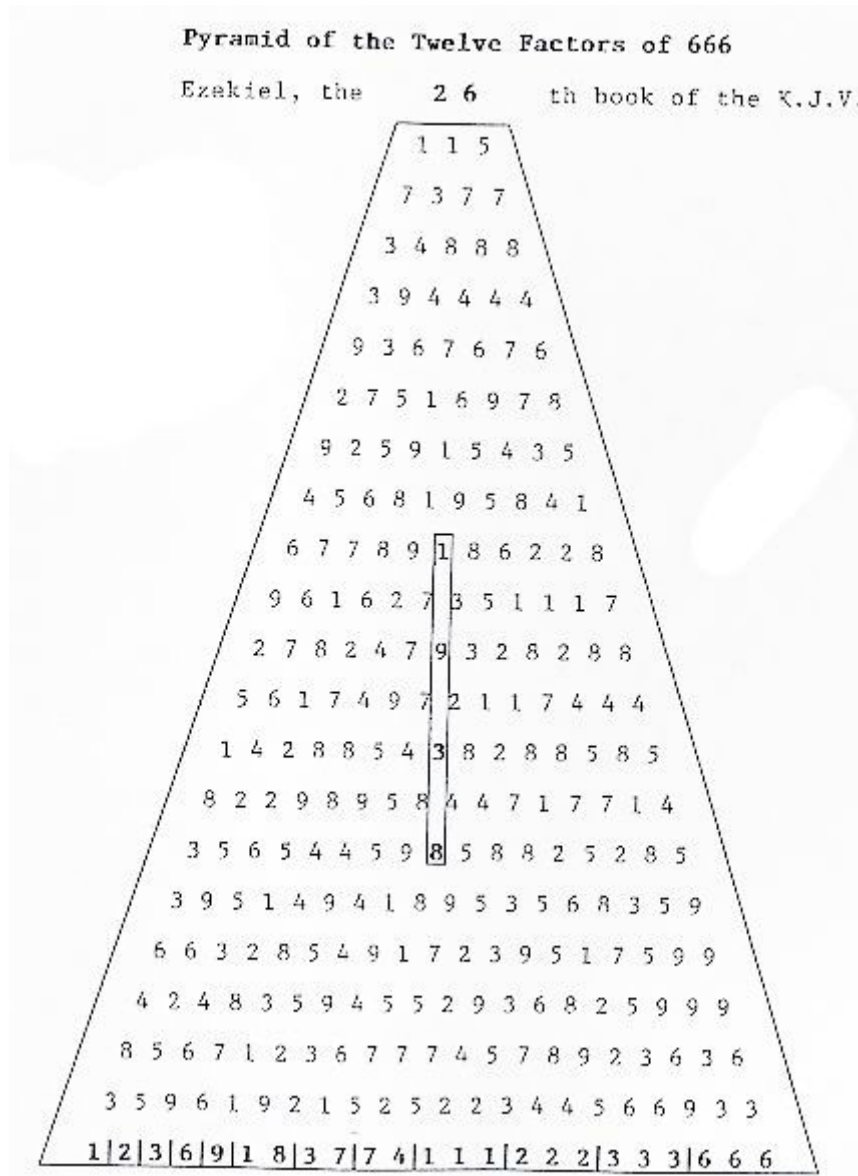
Around the sun square are the 12 signs of the Zodiac, each represented by one of the 12 factors of 666. The 8th sign, Scorpio, is represented by 74. Scorpio includes November 2, David's birthday.

The total of the 12 factors is 1482, which is why the completion of Solomon's Temple in I Kings 7 has 1482 words in it's 51 verses. The Temple,



the Great Seal, the Great Pyramid and the coded K.J.V. all are the same prophecy of the bringer of light and reason, the Sun Man.

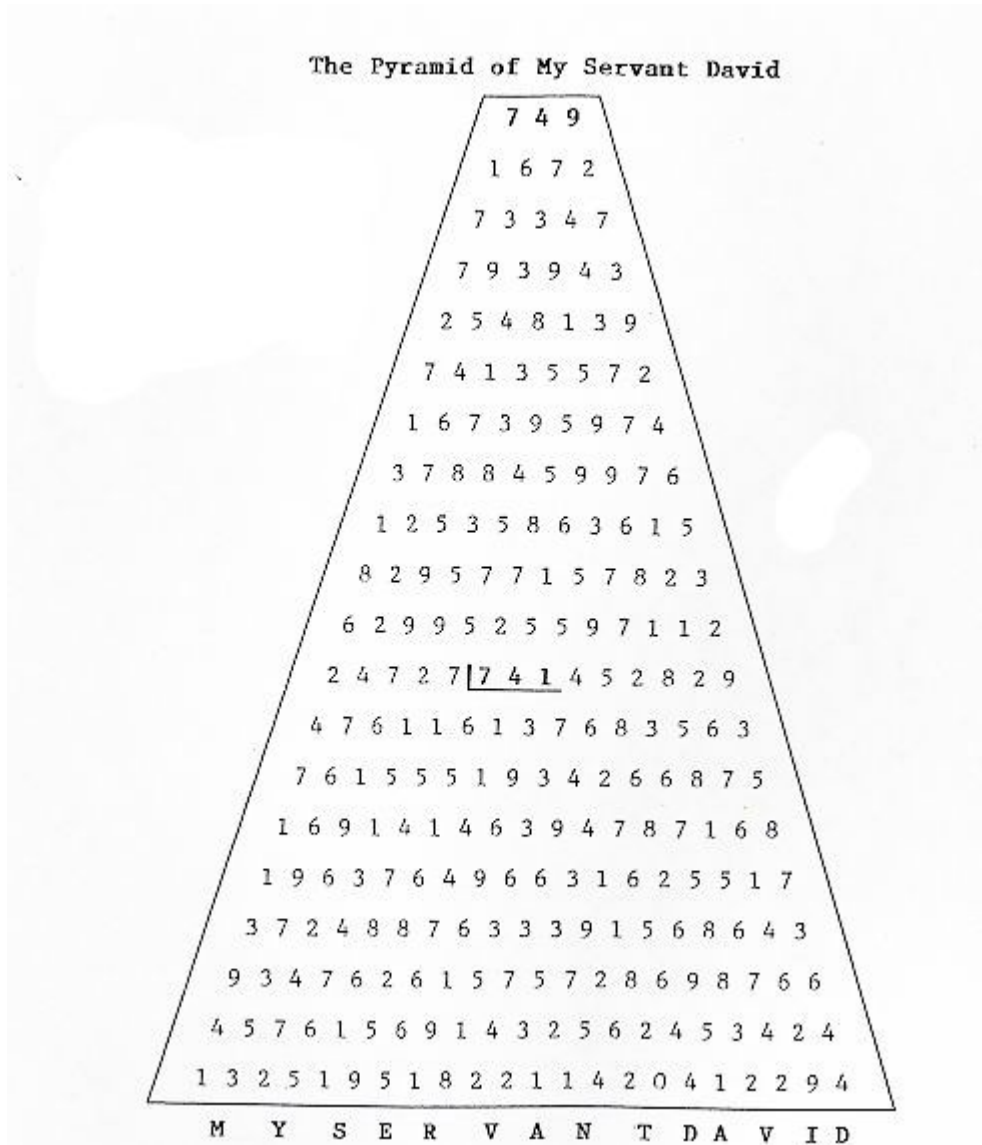
Shown next is the number pyramid of all 12 factors of 666 in ascending order. The exact center is 1938 and the top is 26. Which is why the most cleverly concealed, yet most specific prophecy is found in the 26th book of the K.J.V., called Ezekiel.



As can be seen, 1938 is a natural function of the sun square factors. Perceptive scholars will also realize how Hermetic philosophers set dates for calendar beginnings to correspond with future events, based on the magic squares. They say the divine plan is within the seven spirits (squares) of God.

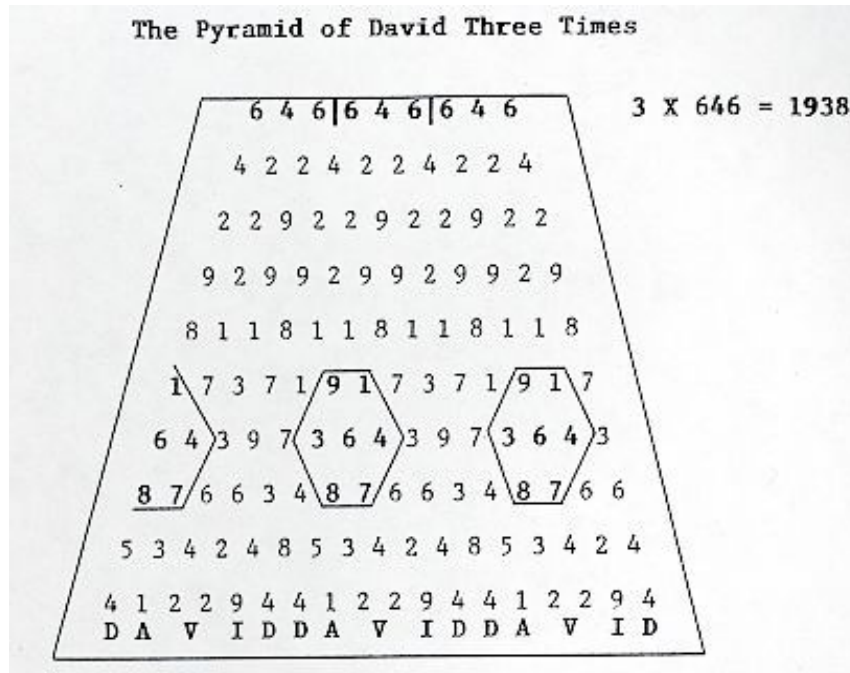
David is found four times in Ezekiel. All references are future tense, a prophecy. Although Ezekiel in the overt story lives hundreds of years after David.

David is found in Ezekiel in Chapter 34:23, 34:24, 37:24 and 37:25. Three of the four verses call him, "My Servant David." The anomaly, in Chapter 37:24, calls him, "David My Servant." Such anomalies are used to say, "Look Here." The words "My Servant David" are a number pyramid as shown next. The pyramid demonstrates 749, the Key of David from the Book of Revelation.



The three verses containing "My Servant David", are a code wheel. Seven times around and David is 666. Fourteen more times around and he is 1938.

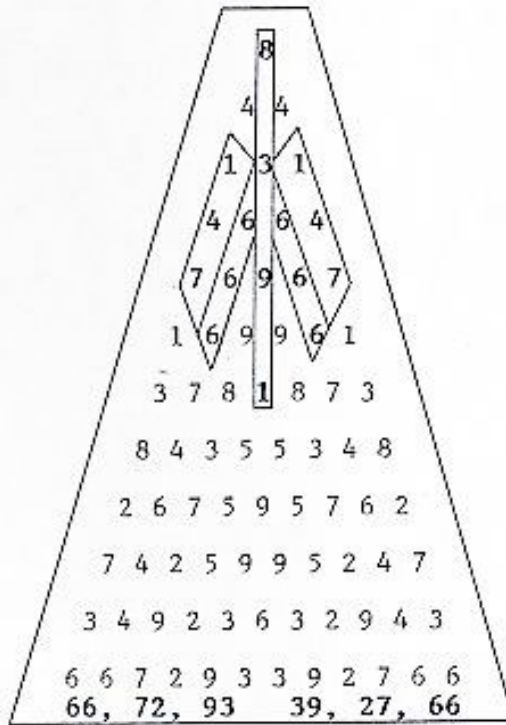
Another reason that David is found three times in Revelation is that the 14th factor of 1938 is 646, and  $3 \times 646 = 1938$ . The pyramid of David three times is shown here.



There are 39 books in the Old Testament and 27 books in the New Testament for a total of 66 books in the Bible. This is because:

$$\begin{aligned}
 &39^2 \\
 &27^2 \\
 &+66^2 \\
 &6606 \text{ to encode } 666!
 \end{aligned}$$

Also because a number pyramid of 39-27-66, running both ways from a center point shows a hidden message. That pyramid is as follows:

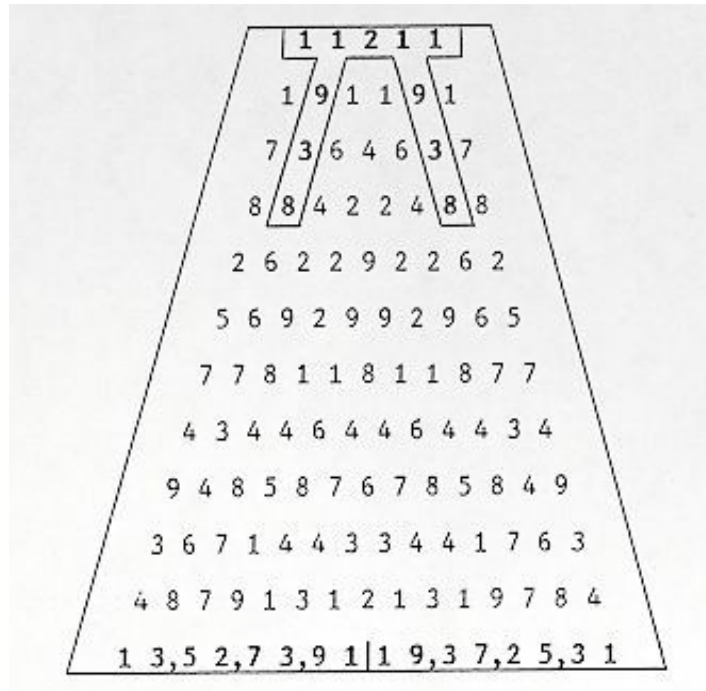


$$\begin{array}{r}
 741 \\
 +741 \\
 \hline
 1482
 \end{array}$$

The number 741 is the numerical value of the 14 Words of David Lane, 741 forms the Star of David in the magic square of the Sun. 741 twice, as shown above, totals 1482, the number of words in the completion of Solomon's Temple (I Kings 7), and the sum of the factors of 666.

As shown earlier, the Bible has 1189 chapters because they are a code wheel. 1189 plus 749, i.e., the Key of David, is 1938. That 749th and 1938th chapter is Jeremiah, the fourth chapter. There are 112 verses in the first four chapters of Jeremiah, representing November 2nd. (11,2).

The verses are divided among the four chapters so as to create an explicit number pyramid with a base running both ways from a center point. The chapters have 19, 37, 25, and 31 verses respectively.



\* From each side at the top see Nov., 2, 1938!

Methuselah, being the oldest man ever to live, implies great wisdom in Hermetic coding. His story is found in Genesis, Chapter 5. His story and the value of his name are demonstrated here:

M	13	
E	5	
T	20	
H	8	
U	21	
S	19	
E	5	
L	12	187
A	1	782
H	+8	+969
	112	1938

He lived 187 years and has a son. Then he lived another 782 years for a total of 969 years. Since 969 is exactly one half of 1938, then naturally the three ages, 187, 782 and 969 add up to 1938. Meanwhile the value of his name is 112 or 11,2 or November 2nd.

Additionally, since his age is divided into two time periods, before his son and after, we divide into. 969 divided into 187,782 is 193.8, rounded to the nearest tenth.

In the 3rd chapter of Luke, Methuselah is word 969 and his name is changed to Mathusala.

The last half of the word Methuselah is selah, a word which appears 74 times in the K.J.V., as another link between 1938 and 74. Selah mostly appears in Psalms, commonly linked to David. Selah is a signature at the end of Psalms 46. Count 666 chapters from the end of the Bible and come to Psalms 46.

Count 46 words from the front of the Psalm. The word is shake. Exclusive of the signature word selah, the 46th word from the end of Psalm 46 is spear. That is how we are told that Sir Francis Bacon, the real author of the works credited to Shakespeare, also designed the Pyramid Prophecy in the K.J.V. Bible.

There are many more codes and pyramids in the K.J.V., but the subject has been sufficiently covered that only the determinedly self deceiving can deny the prophecy.

That the future of civilization depends on 14 Words and 88 Precepts becomes more evident with each passing day. So let us conclude with one more look at the Great Seal of the United States. Around the stars over the eagle note 19 scrolls. Inside the scrolls are 24 trapezoids and 13 five pointed stars for a total of 37 geometric figures. The six pointed Star of David makes the 38th geometric figure inside the 19 scrolls!

That the Great Pyramid, the Great Seal, and the coded K.J.V. are the prophecy, of a man named David, born November 2, 1938, known for 14 Words and 88 Precepts is a mathematical fact.

THE END OR THE BEGINNING

# Revolution by Number 14

By David Lane

## Introduction

Over the years I have written many dozens of articles for various publications both in the United States and around the world. In them I have attempted to guide our Folk into constructive paths of resistance to the genocide practiced against the White race in all its former territories. I have demanded that our people face and deal with unvarnished reality and have shown just how desperate that reality is. In the process it was necessary to demolish unnatural, destructive, yet revered icons of both religious and political varieties. This has quite naturally earned me the enmity of those groups captured in the zombie state of "belief" as well as those with vested interests in the existing power systems.

A revolutionary movement (and indeed that is what we must have if we are to secure the existence of our People and a future for White children at this late date) is a complex subject. The leaders of such a movement must have a comprehensive overview of social structures and how these structures relate to, guide, serve or destroy a population subjected to them. Just as important a revolutionary leader must understand human nature and what makes a person either loyal to or an enemy of a social contract, either religious or secular.

Human nature being what it is, a revolutionary movement, particularly in its early stages, must be many layered. The inspiration and life of the movement comes from individuals who almost inevitably are either assassinated or imprisoned. These are those who speak uncompromising truth and back their words with actions.

Within other layers of the movement are those who deal with facets or symptoms of the societal structure to be either destroyed or created. These often unknown soldiers should not be denigrated, for they deal with the reality of human nature. For example, the man who has cleansed himself of all dogma is totally frustrated and angry when attempting to debate with a World War 2 veteran who considers himself a hero for participating in that fratricidal war. Those of us with free minds know that the White men of America and England were used in that war by Jewry for the express purpose of destroying the racial basis of our ancient European homeland. But, as is human nature, the veteran would far rather present himself as a hero to his friends, family and to himself than acknowledge that his actions were genocide against his own gene pool. Furthermore, America has a vast population of veterans who receive financial remuneration for participation in America's wars and occupations from Italy to Germany, to Korea, to Vietnam, to Iraq, to Grenada, to Panama, from the Halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli, and on, and on and on. For all but the most determinedly self-searching and honest, it is preferable to pretend hero status and enjoy financial benefit than be a truth teller with subsequent rejection and suffering. This is a reality which a true and competent revolutionary understands and deals with. In the religious realm we find similar problems. The Judeo-

Christian preacher who spent a lifetime teaching "Black or Yellow, Red or White, all are precious in his sight," and who lives off the tithes of his congregation does not want to hear that the White race cannot share Gods, religion, technology, food, women, territory or anything of value with another race. It denies every law of nature in a competitive world and it destroys the senses of uniqueness and value necessary to the survival of our race. So he counter-attacks and denies logic, common sense and natural law with ever louder choruses of "have faith" and "believe," which are the staples of tyrannical priestcraft and statecraft.

The so-called "Identity" movement is an attempt to deal with this facet of human nature and with those under the thrall of unsubstantiated "belief." This is another necessary layer or technique to deal with the realities we face. My role in the struggle, however it may have come about, is to speak absolute and naked truth. Comrades with vision and integrity realize that someone has to fill this role in order to focus on the ultimate goal. They have remained my friends, sometimes without advertising the fact. Others whom I have termed the "executioner worshipers" have slandered me in the same manner as my Zionist and Federal enemies, many for the reasons already elucidated. But wise men know that entrenched tyrannies infiltrate resistance movements and even build bogus groups in order to identify and destroy potentially capable opposition. What has been called the Right Wing appears to have been largely a combination of executioner worshipers and deceiving, enemy agents for many decades. This deception is what I am determined to expose and conquer.

Those who have read my articles in the past know that there are certain themes and phrases that I repeat almost endlessly. As stated in the 57th of the 88 Precepts, paraphrased here, an idea must be presented S.E.R.B., Simply, Emotionally, Repeatedly and Briefly. That is why I continually harp on certain vital themes. For example: Nature and nature's laws are the work of the Creator, no matter what one's understanding of "God" may be. Therefore, nature's laws are God's laws, and the highest law of Nature is the preservation of one's own kind. Another example: An enemy must be demonized. A people who pretend that the political and religious institutions which destroy them are "theirs," whether for emotional or financial reasons, are doomed. An executioner's institution which practices genocide against one's race must be identified, destroyed and replaced. A revolutionary movement must, also, have symbols, martyrs and slogans. To that end I have unceasingly promoted a motto I call "14 WORDS": We must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children. I want to make these 14 WORDS the most sacred, well-known and motivating complex of words in the history of earth. They are the only issue for any sane White person on this planet today. This book, as well as all I do or say, is dedicated to that singular and unwavering goal.



## History

In this condensation of my writings I do not want to dwell at length on ancient history. In particular ancient religious history is a quagmire. In ancient times science and religion were combined and as always secular and religious systems work in concert.

Furthermore, I have shown ways to decipher history in another short book called THE MYSTERY RELIGIONS AND THE SEVEN SEALS. Another reason not to spend a great deal of time on history is that by and large it is meaningless. Honest students of this century alone know that the facts presented to us regarding wars, assassinations, political motivations and all the machinations of the political and religious power systems we live under are hogwash. So it has been for at least 1700 years The propaganda of the victor becomes the history of the vanquished.

Rather than duplicate what I've written in The Mystery Religions and elsewhere regarding techniques to decipher history, I shall just make some statements here. The reader can verify both by common sense and my other writings. We can naturally say with reasonable certainty that the greater events we are told are fact. There was a Roman Empire; there were two great wars called the First and Second World Wars; somewhere around 1700 through 2300 years ago a new religion was created, which evolved into present day Judeo-Christianity. However, the histories, causes, propaganda and acts related to these and other events are exactly what self-serving rulers of religious and political power systems creatively recorded. History has no more validity than a novel. Consider for example the fate of Thomas Jefferson and other American revolutionaries had they lost the war. They would have been hanged for treason and their names would be vilified forever.

The best evidence seems to be that the world's major religions were constructed with great precision by initiates into what many call the Mystery Schools. Circa BCE 500 a renegade group of initiates hatched up a scheme to rule the world using the wisdom of the Mystery Schools, the power of usury and the basest instincts of man. They became the first Jews. About 1200 years later a second group called the Khazars, a Turko-Mongolian people living in roughly what is now Turkey, latched onto the scheme, undoubtedly realizing the value of being "God's Chosen People" in the Christian writings. However, it was about 325 CE when Jewry hired Constantine and a degenerate Roman Empire to murder everyone in Europe who would not accept a new religion with Jews as God's Chosen People. The White world was plunged into an insanity from which it has never recovered. Some readers, ever desperate to cling to what they erroneously believe to be tradition, will protest that the Roman Church persecuted Jewry. They should consider the doubtful veracity of the latest holocaust, or the Talmudic claim that 60 billion Jews perished at Masada. History is a fable and must be judged by "who benefits" among other philosophical devices. No one but Jews can possibly benefit from a religion in which Jews are "God's Chosen People." Therefore, Judeo-Christianity is a Jewish creation.

As I showed in THE MYSTERY RELIGIONS AND THE SEVEN SEALS, it is true that the first Christians, being Gnostics by one name or another, were not the renegades called Jews. Furthermore, the mythologies of the Old Testament were their only writings and

were not a Jewish creation. But it is equally true that the writings of the bible, when read by the uninitiated, are filled with Judeo-Roman, Judeo-Christian, addition, subtraction, alteration and perversion. The 'funny-mentalist' Christian who denies that biblical writings were exclusively in the hands of the enemy for many centuries is denying reality. In the final analysis, institutions must be judged by their effect. Prior to Judeo-Roman Christianity, the White race was secure in its existence and its territories. Today after 1700 years of war and perversion in the name of Jesus we face probable extinction. In the 30 Years War alone one-third of Western Europe slaughtered each other over whether Jesus was Catholic or Protestant. The Church carried on a 1,000 year war to destroy our organic religion of Wotanism and in the process murdered every European who would not bow down to Rome and to God's Chosen People. A prime example is Charlemagne, often called the First Holy Roman Emperor. In 787 CE he called a conference of 4,500 Saxon leaders from Central Europe. As was the custom among Wotanists, arms were not carried into a treaty conference. Charlemagne then surrounded them with a Christian army and beheaded them in front of an audience of Church dignitaries. Through uncounted such incidents of murder, torture, bribery and deceit Wotan/Odin/Woden was deposed by Jesus and the White race was forced to worship its executioners.

The Reformation brought at least some relief from the tyranny of the Church. Many Protestant leaders were in fact initiates and they coded much of the old Gnostic and Pagan wisdom into the burgeoning bible industry in the traditional and ancient devices of Hermetic Philosophers. But the ancient conspiracy was far from finished. The fiction of a "New World" in the West would be expounded and a new tyranny built. The entire merchant class of Europe had, of course, long known of America. The Vikings who traveled both to and from America a thousand years ago, also traveled around the Mediterranean Sea, up and down the Dneiper, all around the English Isles and along the coasts of Europe. Jewry simply decided to open a new continent filled with adventuresome Aryan spirit and inventiveness. Then they would use this vast pool of restless, rootless, cultureless, Aryan energy to destroy the racial basis of Europe in fratricidal warfare.

In short, Judeo-Christianity was formed to first conquer, then use the White race. America was formed to first use, then exterminate the White race. What was planned is nearly completed. If you doubt my words, then study the book **THE MYSTERY RELIGIONS AND THE SEVEN SEALS** to see the Jewish cabalism in the Great Seal of the U.S., in the dates of the Revolution and in the geometry of governmental structures. An excellent example of the deception practiced by the C.R.A.P. (Christian Right-wing American Patriots) over the decades is their assertion that the United States was formed as a Christian nation. At the same time they condemn Masonry as an anti-Christian conspiracy. The rank and file of well-meaning individuals who have fought against federal tyranny should not take offense at the acronym C.R.A.P. I refer to those who know better, but continue to compromise and deceive.

The fact is, at least 53 of the 56 signers of the Declaration of Independence were Masons. It was a Masonic and Merchants' revolution from the beginning. The famous Boston Tea

Party was a recessed Masonic meeting led by the warder of the lodge named Paul Revere. Washington and Jefferson were Masons. Ben Franklin was the highest ranked Mason, Rosicrucian and occultist in America, perhaps in the world at that time. It is true that like all politicians the founding fathers of America were forced to pay lip service to the dominate religion. But their private correspondence shows they were deists and atheists who despised Christianity.

Even the religious terms they were forced to use are Masonic, such as Nature's God and the Creator. Unfortunately, the hypocritical, lying, executioner worshipers of the C.R.A.P. lie about anything that jeopardizes their stance, stature or income, and even fabricate alleged historical documents to legitimize their destructive games.

I should inject here, however, that early Masonic orders were in fact led by enlightened initiates who were fighting against the tyranny of the Church. In modern language we might say they were the "good guys." But it appears that circa 1750 CE the highest levels of Masonry were infiltrated and taken over by Jewry. While the old wisdom is still concealed in Masonic symbolism and in the coding system of the English language authorized King James Bible, the actions of organized Masonry now serve Jewry and the murder of the White race. This should not be taken as a blanket condemnation of rank and file Masons, as most have no more concept of the effect of their organization than do Judeo-Christians of theirs. The documents associated with the United States Constitution seem to indicate that the Masonic founding fathers were a mixed group as far as ultimate goals are concerned. Of course, we can attach little real weight to the words of politicians of any age, for it is primarily posturing. At any rate, it appears to me that agents of tyranny and opponents of tyranny hashed out a compromise that became the U.S. Constitution. Unfortunately, those who compromise with tyrants betray future generations.

On the surface the U.S. Constitution appears to be a noble document filled with ideas of justice. But then, on the surface so do the documents associated with the Bolshevik and French revolutions which were in fact fomented by the same forces. I do not wish to fill endless pages exposing the Constitution, but our Folk must learn what the 58th Precept means. It reads, "Tyrannies teach what to think. Free men learn how to think."

Let us consider just one of the innumerable examples. The U.S. Constitution says a man has a right to a "speedy trial." To a lawyer, or a judge or associated slime, vermin and tyrants that means exactly nothing. A law without specifics and penalties is not worth the paper it is written on; when it is created as deception, it is far worse than no law. If the Constitution said, "A man charged with a crime and arrested has a right to a trial in 3 days. If not either tried or released within 3 days, the officials holding him shall be immediately hanged by the neck until death," then the Constitutional law would have meaning. As it is, the Black-robed devil called a judge decides arbitrarily what a "speedy trial" means. Then the defendant, particularly a White resister, sits in jail for months or years while the Federals murder defense witnesses, create perjured testimony and prepare kangaroo trials.

It is with trepidation that I penned this first chapter, for already the "blind faith believers" and the "executioner worshipers" who open this book will be too infuriated to continue. But, perhaps it is necessary to separate those with potential from the zombies, and a foundation for the facts had to be laid. I am so often reminded of the America First Committee of the 1930's. Quite correctly they campaigned against American involvement in a European war, recognizing that it would be fought for Jewry and to destroy the White race. However, out of cowardice and because they had not been taught to demonize their executioner, once Roosevelt and the Jews had maneuvered America into war, they changed their slogan to "Now that we are in, let's win." That is exactly tantamount to saying, "Since we have agreed to destroy our own race, let's do a good job!" Their guilt and complicity cannot be forgiven. If our kind is to survive, we are simply going to have to abandon fairy tales, self-interest, dogma and blind faith. We must learn how to think. A rational White man must look at central Africa, then at central Europe and decide what the future shall be. A man true to the instincts given by Nature must look at the beauty of the White Aryan woman and decide if her image should continue to exist on earth. All else is irrelevant at this time.

## Current Reality

This chapter will deal largely with concepts contained in two articles I wrote some years ago, "The Right Wing: Cowards, Liars and Screwballs" and "Tri-colored Treason." If I deal primarily with the American ZOG (Zionist Occupation Government), it is not that I do not recognize the situations in other, once White countries such as France, England and across all of Europe. But the fact is, America is the police department for a World Zionist government. It is by American military and police powers that the White race is denied not only White nations, but exclusively White schools, neighborhoods, organizations and everything necessary for our continued survival as either a biological or cultural entity. Neither the intent nor the effect can be denied. It is deliberate, malicious genocide, the extermination of our species. Those who resist are destroyed socially, politically and economically. If we continue to effectively resist, we are imprisoned or assassinated.

Despite all this, the deceivers who have directed the Right Wing for many decades continue to proclaim divine status for the selfsame religious and political institutions which exterminate the White Aryan gene pool. Equally treasonous is how they continue to echo their Jewish masters in reviling the 3rd Reich and Adolf Hitler. They know full well that the Germanic peoples of central Europe have for thousands of years been the defenders of the White race. In 9 C.E. Hermann defeated the mixed race legions of Rome in the historic battle of the Teutoburg Forest. Without the sacrifices of his Teutonic warriors, the beauty of the White Aryan woman and our kind of civilization would probably not exist today. Nearly eight centuries later the mixed race hordes of the North African Moors invaded Europe. They conquered Portugal, Spain and started into France. They were finally stopped by a Teutonic tribe called the Franks, for whom France may now be named. Again we owe the very existence of our race to these Germanic heroes. Every time you use a White man's invention, from the mundane such as toilet paper, indoor plumbing or central heating, to the more sophisticated such as symphony orchestras or modern communications, you should fervently thank the Gods for the Germans.

Four hundred years after the Moorish invasion our sacred European homeland was again threatened, this time by the Golden hordes of Genghis Khan. Europe was defended by German infantry combined with Polish cavalry as a last line of defense. Does your Right Wing "leader" tell you that the Mongols of Genghis Khan were the same race as the American Indians that our masters falsely call Native Americans? Does he tell you that they took our people, especially our women, as slaves? Does he tell you that the North African Moors took our people as slaves, our boys to be castrated as eunuchs, our girls as harem toys? Hardly, for a Right Winger serves the Jewish conspiracy to destroy White racial pride and knowledge of our history and heritage. Instead, the Right Wing leader uses the Jewish buzz words of Nazi, Gestapo, Stormtrooper and the like as examples of tyranny.

Jewry knew full well that to exterminate the White race it was necessary to destroy central Europe, now called Germany, as a racial state. That is what the World Wars and

especially WW2 were really about. Germany was simply filling its historic role and duty as defenders of the White race. Your Right Wing "leader" knew this and he knows it now. But, of course, the military veterans who abound in the leadership positions of the Right Wing could no longer strut about the V.F.W. halls, swill their booze and brag of how they "smashed the Krauts" if they faced the truth. They could not present themselves as paragons of virtue if it were known they fought to exterminate the White race. They do not tell you that Germany was outnumbered 10 to 1 in manpower, that the Soviet, American, French and British Empires had over 140 times the land area and thousands of times the resources of Germany. How, then, could they boast of their heroism in destroying their own kind and our ancient homeland? I have, however, heard them brag of how they could have the favors of starving German girls after the war for a candy bar or other small items of food. Knowledge of this sickens me.

The time came that I could no longer stomach Right Wing hypocrisy and its effect was too destructive to ignore, even if it cost every supporter and friend I had. It was necessary to pen some brutal truths. A favorite tactic of the deceivers calling them-selves leaders was to divorce the Federal government from the entire entity called America. It is a technique of double-think that neutralizes, because no one takes action against that which they perceive as "theirs." It is why I have taught that an enemy must be demonized. Our masters know this and thus we have "Hitlers of the Year" without end, Slobodan Milosovic, Saddam Hussein, Noriega, homeni, Hirohito, Mao, Stalin, and on, and on and on. Sometimes whole groups are demonized, Japs, Arabs, Islam and above all Germans or Whites in general, particularly men. This game has to be exposed. I begin with demographics.

The White race comprises about 8% of earth's population. Due to abusive taxation we have had to curtail family sizes and now we average far less than replacement. Meanwhile, our taxes are used to breed Colored families of a dozen or more children. As a result we are a comparatively old race. The relevant statistic to survival is the number of White women of childbearing age or younger. About 2% of earth's population is young White female. In addition our masters force us to accept immigration by millions of Coloreds each year into the once White countries. Finally, the propaganda promoting inter-racial mating, particularly between White women and Colored males, is unceasing. We must now speak with the eloquence of emergency and act with the fanaticism of desperation. We must finally realize that political, religious and economic systems can be destroyed, rebuilt or replaced, but the death of our race will be eternal. It is beyond just setting priorities. Survival is the only issue. It is true that a country is made up of far more than just the government or politicians in power at a specific time, just as the deceivers have said. But, let us look at America then, in all its aspects. I have divided this country into the following categories:

- 1) Military power
- 2) Police power
- 3) Economic tenets
- 4) Political tenets
- 5) Religion

- 6) News media
- 7) Entertainment
- 8) Sports
- 9) Demographics

When I am through, if you are still able to say the words "White American," then leave the company of sane men, for you can no more be both White and American than you can stop the motion of the planets. The singular intent of America in all its facets is to mix, overrun and exterminate the White race. How can you be what destroys you? If you are not an implacable enemy of every facet of America listed above, then you are a traitor to the existence of our race. If you support the aims or the continued existence of the entity known as America, then your treason cannot be calculated in the words of mortals.

### 1) Military

We have already discussed the motives and actions of America in the World Wars. We should, also, consider the Civil War. It was fought by the South or Confederacy to preserve the idea of limited governmental power through the vehicle of States' rights or a government closer to the people. The intent of the North was to create a central government and in effect destroy the original constitution. The rape of the South, Sherman's Scorched Earth march through Georgia and the horror of reconstruction were all enforced by United States military forces flying the red, white and blue. American military power has been the enemy of the White race and the tool of Jewry and international finance ever since. As former Marine Corps commandant Smedley Butler said in his book "War is a Racket," all of America's wars are fought to make the world right for the bankers. How fitting that the Marine Hymn glorifies foreign wars from the Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli. Far better it should sing of enforcing immigration laws on the shores of Florida and the borders of Texas or California. A more recent legacy of the American military was to set up racially integrated military bases all over Europe and America in order to hasten genocide through miscegenation in small communities everywhere. This was the real reason for the phony cold war. It was not a defense against the Soviet Union, as the same Jews such as Armand Hammer have always controlled both the Soviet and American Empires. As can be seen by recent events, the Jews were able to dissolve the "Communist menace" any time they wanted. The entire 70 year Communist experiment was in fact always financed by Capitalists from the West. Some of you with honest memories may remember pictures of the 101st Airborne using bayonets to integrate the schools of Dixie. No, let us cut the euphemisms, to murder our race in Dixie. Then there were the meat grinder wars in Korea and Vietnam, which killed or maimed hundreds of thousands of our finest young men. America did not even have the decency to account for 10,000 men missing in action or possibly prisoners of war. In more recent times America's military has distinguished itself by slaughtering a quarter million helpless Iraqis in operation Desert Turkey Shoot. Five thousand medals were passed out to commemorate a victory over 60 Cuban farmers in Grenada. Many hundreds if not thousands of civilians were killed in Panama. The U.S. Navy shot down an unarmed Iranian airliner with 290 civilians on board in an attempt to provoke a war with Iran. A massive bombing raid succeeded in murdering the Libyan

president's infant daughter. American military forces aided American police powers in burning alive 87 innocent people, mostly women and children, in a church in Waco, Texas. So wear your medals proudly, you heroic defenders of the obscene thing called America.

## 2) Police power

I will never forget the pictures of mounted police under Federal court edicts clubbing the White mothers of South Boston into bloody submission. This was because they protested the racial integration and destruction of their neighborhood schools. Again translate, the murder of their race. Remember always, the boys in blue serve the Jew. Do you remember Kathy Ainsworth? She was a beautiful, young lady school teacher who protested racial integration. She was pregnant when the pigdogs of the FBI shot her through the belly, killing her and her baby. Do you remember the Weavers? First the Federal pigdogs murdered the son, shooting him in the back. Then a Federal pigdog sniper blew Mrs. Weaver's head off while she held her infant daughter in her arms. Do you remember how the Federal pigdogs burned Robert Jay Mathews alive on Whidby Island? How about the murders of Arthur Kirk, John Singer and Gordon Kahl? Gordon Kahl's son, Yorie and Scott Faul still rot in prison with life sentences for the crime of not dying when they were targets of the Federal pigdog assassins. I suspect that when America's police powers murder the last true White man and drag the last true White women and girls off for integrated recreation, the "patriots" will still be waving the Star Spangled Banner and singing God Bless America. Cowards, Liars and Screwballs.

## 3) Economic tenets

America is the land of \$4.99 instead of \$5.00. It is Jewish in spirit, soul, practice, language and morals. A healthy nation is founded on heritage, race and culture. As Roosevelt said, "The business of America is Business." There exists a mindless pursuit of money and pleasure while the race dies. Once I pointed out to another real estate broker that by selling homes to Coloreds in White neighborhoods he was committing race treason, that soon Negro boys would be with White girls. "So what?" he responded, "Their money is just as green as a White man's!" My own mother was a loyal American wage slave for over 40 years. She even worked in a shipyard building "Liberty Ships" during America's great war to murder the White race and destroy the liberty of all men everywhere. Today she is destitute. The small home she saved money to buy in a once safe, White neighborhood is gone. She couldn't afford the ever rising taxes and she couldn't go outside the door without fear of being mugged by Colored gangs. Your vaunted Capitalism used her up and threw her away. The money she paid to what was supposed to be a social security trust fund was used to breed tens of millions of non-Whites and to enforce integration, i.e. the murder of her race. Virtually all business in America is conducted by usury. The C.R.A.P. know their own holy book condemns usury and they know usury is the charging of interest at any percentage. The only difference between 4% and 10% is how quickly the Jew bankers foreclose on the nation. They know that money must be restricted in its use to a store of value and a medium of exchange. I could write a book just on your Capitalism, but then the C.R.A.P. would call me a



Communist, as if one Jew system were better than another. How many Right Wing flim-flam artists and deceivers have bilked the patriots over the decades with their hard money seminars, their constitutional money books and the like? As if the Jews did not already own most of the world's gold and silver. As if they could not manipulate its value relative to goods and services just as any other commodity they control. Of course the bottom line is, who cares what money system the Colored races of the world adopt after the Jews have exterminated our race? Again, the Right Wing, cowards, liars, and screwballs. Wave your red, white and blue murder rag. Better yet, manufacture them and sell them for \$19.99 a piece. It is the American way. It is the capitalist way. I spit upon your stripes and stars, used by swine to sell used cars.

#### 4) Political tenets

Democracy. Never mind that all history and its best minds have declared there is no more vile form of government than democracy. Like the mindless masses you pretend to serve, you parrot the words of your Jewish masters. Long ago you forgot how to think, so you choose between the fatal alternatives presented by civilization's executioners. In a democracy the noble man is condemned to obscurity, prison or death, while scum, liars and degenerates rule. Civilizations have cycles. Sometimes a strongman is needed. But pick one who has demonstrated devotion and dedication to his people. Other times, permit a republic. But, forsake elections forever. Let those of good character have their names thrown in a lottery. Then let a drawing be held to pick the administrators of a limited government and let them serve short terms only. Thus you eliminate the seekers of power and honor the guardians of the folk. Till then, wallow in the filth of your democratic pigpen. It is a fitting place to bury your red, white and blue fag rag.

#### 5) Religion

Jim and Tammy Faye Bakker became millionaires fleecing the gullible, the credulous, the simple-minded. Oral Roberts, Jimmy Swaggart and Billy Graham preach the wonders of racial mixing and suicide, for Jesus loves every fellow, black, white, red or yellow. All history, common sense and natural law declare that the White race cannot share its Gods or religions with others. If Jesus loves Negroes and Mexicans, then expect a percentage of our daughters to mate with and produce more rainbow creatures for Jesus to love. If Colored races are in your temples, they will soon be in your bedrooms. So today the churches give our treasure to the Colored world, they defend the chosen people of Israeli, they promote inter-racial congregations and inter-racial marriages, they help bring colored immigrants into White nations and of course, all they do is tax-free if they promote genocide against the White race. So take a tax break from Uncle Samuel and wave the abominable rag.

#### 6) News media

Yes, we all know it is owned and controlled by that damnable racial-religious tribe. But shall we forever excuse the fellow travelers and traitors of our own race? Shall we forever apologize for supposed ignorance? Night after night boobus Americanus watches

in a trance as the evening anchor team on the electronic toilet spews their destructive garbage. Often the anchors are a White woman and a Colored male. It is of course deliberate for the subliminal effect. Then the American zombies debate the artificial poison which is presented as news. While Federal judges bus millions of little White children into Colored jungles where no sane White adult would go without shotguns or police protection, the mindless masses salivate over the OJ Simpson trial. Rush Limbaugh tells us a primitive alien called Clarence Thomas with a White wife is a "conservative" and an "American hero." So the zombies applaud a murderer of their race and cheer for his appointment to be one of the nine swine on the supremely obscene court. One year the Jews-news media tells the sheep that Iran is the great Satan and the Jew-nited States supports Iraq. The next year Iraq is the great Satan and the sheeple are in a frenzy to slaughter helpless Iraqis. The American news media are one lousy, never-ending line of anti-White, genocidal, malicious propaganda. And the gullible goyim eat it up like candy.

## 7) Entertainment

The vast majority of all females featured in entertainment are fair skinned, beautiful Aryans. Almost always they are paired with dark, swarthy Jews, and recently with other self-evidently non-Whites, as much as Hymie dares. Homosexuality, booze, drugs, infidelity, pornography, multi-racialism, violence, historical distortion, holy-hoax propaganda, materialism, hedonism, the glories of democracy, feminism and hatred of the White man is the purpose and effect of so-called entertainment in America. We watch as Lisa Presley marries Michael Jackson, as May Britt marries Sammy Davis Jr., as Madonna fornicates with Negroes, and on, and on and on. The entire effect of the American media is White genocide. So God bless America and the red, white and blue. Nay, may the Gods eternally desecrate the vile rag. I puke at the sight.

## 8) Sports

The only reason sports are a viable economic concern is the nature-given instinct called the territorial imperative. Nature gives each race and species an instinct to conquer and protect territory in which they can propagate and protect their own kind. Perversion of this instinct causes them to cheer for the misnamed "Denver Broncos" or "Dallas Cowboys." The players don't even come from Dallas or Denver. Even worse, most are Negroes with a bevy of blonde girlfriends. Our folk pretend to ignore the obvious message as the camera swings back and forth between the scantily-clad, White cheerleaders and the Negro athletes. The entire enterprise serves the Jewish conspiracy to hasten the death of the White race using a perversion of the territorial instinct. Once I spoke to a group of Nebraska farmers. I said, "There is hardly a farmer in Nebraska who would not strip his own daughter naked and give her to the biggest buck Negro in America if the Negro would get one more touchdown for Nebraska's big red football team." The fact is, they do worse; they send their daughters to the University of Nebraska to be brain polluted by Jewish propaganda and to be seduced by the glamour of dating the star Black running backs. The coaches are the worst racial criminals and degenerates of all. In effect they pimp impressionable young White co-eds to Negroes to build their

teams. The prime example is the Colorado university football coach, who for all practical purposes pimped his own 15 year old daughter to his Negro quarterback in order to build a national championship team. America's inter-racial sports are deliberately created and a major source of the brain pollution that destroys us. Every natural law for species preservation is violated. Many coaches, like the aforementioned Colorado coach, are leaders of a campus athletes for Christ group called Promise Keepers, which teaches how Jesus loves our Colored athletes. And of course, if Jesus does, so must your White daughter. Inter-racial sports destroy the senses of uniqueness and value necessary to racial survival. They make heroes and role models of other races. It makes sex symbols of aliens. And every game is preceded by playing the Star Spangled Banner; it is the American way. I would not contaminate my toilet with your red, white and blue rag of perversion.

### 9) Demographics

This is not a White country. The ZOG admits to a figure of approximately 70% White. Given that Jews who mean to exterminate us are counted as White, that millions of Hispanics are counted as White, that illegal aliens are ignored and that the ZOG lies, we may be 50%. Additionally, due to heavy taxation, the proceeds being given to Coloreds to breed like flies, we are a comparatively old race. Considering those of child bearing age or younger, we may be a distinct minority already. That means in another generation America will begin to resemble Africa and other Colored areas of the world. I repeat, the day is coming if there is not a revolution soon that American police and military powers under command of the Jews and comprised of Negroes, Mexicans, Orientals and vicious race traitors will attempt to murder the last true White men. Then the last true White women and children will be carried off for integration and sport. Both sides in this final conflict will be singing "Jesus loves you," and waving the red, white and blue. What a sick, macabre joke.

## Mechanics of Revolution

No revolution happens before its time. It cannot be rushed. When the circumstances are right, it cannot be stopped. It can, however, be directed or misdirected. It begins when a far-sighted man, or a few men, of vision and sometimes altruism begin to oppose a corrupt or oppressive system. Human nature among the masses being selfish, the first revolutionary stands alone. Soon a mixed variety begin to join his movement. Unfortunately, the first to opt out of a tyranny are those who, either by lack of education or natural deficiency, cannot cope and prosper within the system. The more capable tend to compromise their principles and settle for prosperity over morality. Eventually, however, the tyranny becomes too all-encompassing to ignore and more capable men join the revolution.

At this time the budding movement necessarily divides into two major segments which in turn have smaller divisions. The major segments are the overt or open cadre, who are the propaganda arm, and the military arm. It is the job of the open cadre to counter system sponsored propaganda, to educate the Folk, to provide a pool of manpower from which the covert or military arm can be built. Above all, they must build a revolutionary mentality. Real and major changes in religious or political power systems do not occur until substantial numbers of people realize the old systems are destructive, genocidal and beyond repair. For these reasons the job of the overt revolutionary is absolutely vital. Additionally, the overt cadre is often known to the spies of the system for there must be spokesmen and publications. So the overt cadre receive the slander of the system media. Since they are under scrutiny, the overt cadre must be rigidly separated from the armed party or the military arm, and must operate within the parameters allowed. The armed party draws recruits from the overt or political arm. When he goes active, it is incumbent upon him to draw no system attention to the overt cadres. In an article I wrote called Ragnarok, I used the term "WOTAN" for the armed party, because it is an excellent anagram for "WILL OF THE ARYAN NATION." The goal of W.O.T.A.N. is clear. He must hasten the demise of the system before it totally destroys our gene pool. Of course, in occupied countries, the overt arm of the revolution must not detail specifics. But, remember that the greatest danger is always from the traitors amongst one's own ranks. Whatever or whoever performs valuable service for the system is a tool of the enemy which must be decommissioned. Special attention and merciless terror are visited upon those White men who commit race treason. WOTAN has the complete revolutionary attitude. He is loyal to those who share his cause. All others are expendable. WOTAN is ruthless, mature, capable, self-motivated, silent, deadly and able to blend into the masses. WOTAN receives no recognition for his labors, for if the Folk know his identity, then the occupying powers will soon know him, too.

WOTAN must operate in small, autonomous cells, the smaller the better, even one man operating alone. When the day of judgement and justice come, WOTAN must cleanse the movement of "Johnny come lately's" and the "Patriots for Profit" who come out of the woodwork. They appear after those who loved their people paid with their lives or imprisonment. Patriots are few and far between when tyranny is strong. As the tyrant

falls, patriots abound. But their patriotism is suspect. Accept no revolutionary leader who has not paid his dues with longevity, determination, sacrifice, defiance, dedication to unvarnished truth and love of his people. The revolutionary knows that we cannot love our people without hating those who destroy us. All true emotion has opposite poles. The revolutionary thinks of the White child bussed to integrated schools to be de-racinated, mugged, robbed, raped and terrorized, and knows the perpetrators of such immeasurable horror must be punished. For this and uncountable crimes against nature and against the survival of our own species, WOTAN will exact the appropriate penalty. Evil unpunished and un-avenged will continue forever. Evil do-ers left alone will again pursue their destructive ways, for the defects in their nature are fact. If our children are indeed to have a future, then examples must be set of the penalties for treason. If you are a fence-sitter, a Real Estate agent selling homes to Coloreds in White neighborhoods, a Judeo-Christian racial egalitarian preacher, a Federal pigdog or any other treasonous swine, be on notice. One day, WOTAN will be coming to visit you. You deserve no mercy -- and none will be given.

## One Man's Agony

In conclusion, I would like to talk about the agony that has tortured my soul over the years I've struggled against the genocide of my people. There appears to be a generation gap. The generations which caused and allowed our race to reach the abyss are hopeless. They live in a complete fantasy condition caused by false religion, an evil government, self-centeredness, hedonism, mindless jingoism and media conditioning. Most refuse to even consider the circumstances they have imposed on their own children and the children of their race. For me, every White child tormented in the multi-racial schools and neighborhoods is a personal agony. I receive letters from youngsters 13 years old and younger, asking what they can do. Some ask if they should emulate the Order of the Bruders Schweigen. You adults know they would only be cannon fodder for the most advanced police state in history.

Right Wingers spend their time in fantasies about fluoridated water, Soviet weather war, health foods, survival hideouts, ZOG police actions thousands of miles away, ostensibly for the benefit of Colored races, abortion clinics, the right to drive without a license, sophistries over the constitution, silver and gold, the meanings of obscure, alien religious myths from dozens of centuries ago and enough other irrelevant rot to gag maggots. Meanwhile, White children suffer the tortures of the damned. Still, the Right Wing plays the enemies game of Left vs. Right, Capitalism vs. Commie, Democrat vs. Republican, Christians vs. Devil, and so on. Does not anyone's heart break for the children as mine does?

Who cares about the so-called Identity leader who orchestrated CIA-type, illegal operations in Nicaragua and Costa Rica with impunity. Who cares about his gold mine scam, log home scam or bomb shelter scam? He claimed to have been protecting Colored children from the evil Commies in Central America. Nature's laws deny inter-species compassion and declare it to be racial suicide. He says because he helped them there, that they would not be coming to America. What hogwash. A fraction of the mixed race troops used by America to occupy Europe and destroy the White gene pool could have sealed the Mexican border anytime. Who cares about an alleged, so-called war hero, who brags of his activities as a CIA assassin. He of the Oriental wife and half-breed children, he with the Negro godson, he who wore an FBI bug as he "negotiated" with the Weavers. If he cared one iota about White children, then his assassinations would have been against those who bus, mix, terrorize and destroy our children. Never forget, this "leader" has publicly stated he is "first a Christian and second an American." His primary allegiances by his own words are to our executioners' institutions. Never forget, political, economic and religious institutions can be destroyed and rebuilt by men. The death of our race will be eternal. Trust no man who cannot stand up and say "White" out loud. Trust no man who will not state that the 14 WORDS are the only priority today. Trust no man who does not act on behalf of the 14 WORDS.

Remember that no matter what your conception of God or the Gods, or the motive creative force of the Universe, Nature and Nature's Laws are the work of that force. And, the first or highest law of Nature is the preservation of one's own kind. The dominate

religion and occupation governments of the once White nations are self-evidently determined to exterminate our species. You adults know damn well that war is the only answer remaining. The ZOG minions will not voluntarily give up power because among other reasons, we are going to execute them for treason against nature's highest law. Will the generation that destroyed the future of our children finally face up to their guilt and complicity? Will they attempt to atone for their complacency and their sell out to our racial executioners? Will there be one more attempt to save our kind, mounted by mature and capable adults? Or will the adults continue to worship our executioners and to ignore the slaughter of the innocents? I am aware that the Bruders Schweigen tried and paid a heavy price. So what??? In all wars there are casualties. The continued existence of our species demands whatever sacrifice is needed. My heart breaks, but not for America, for it is the most vile political entity on earth. I do not honor or worship the executioners of my race. It is for the young people and children that I agonize. It is the reality that the beauty of the White Aryan woman may soon cease to exist on earth that tortures my soul. Is there anyone over thirty who shares my despair? If so, then we must make the 14 WORDS the most sacred battle cry in history.

**"We must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children."**

# **KD Rebel**

**By David Lane**

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## **Preface**

*When the laws of men decree the death of one's race, then the laws of nature demand rebellion. (The 10th Rejoinder)*

*The life of a race is in the wombs of its women. A race whose males will not fight to keep its women will perish. (The Precepts)*

*From time immemorial, those out of power have raised armies with promises of plunder, revenge, and the seizing of women. - David Lane*

## Introduction

The time is early in the 21st century, within the borders of the former United States. Generations of *"dark is handsome"* propaganda, unceasing promotion of inter-racial mating, open borders, anti-White programs, combined with unending demonization of the *"evil White male"*, has accomplished its intended effect. Less than one percent of earth's population were White women of child-bearing age or younger, and not mated with non-Whites.

For many decades, America had denied the White race its own nations, schools, organizations, and everything necessary for racial survival, while at the same time race-mixing was promoted and enforced with fanatic fervor.

Passage of the *"Harmony Laws"*, giving large cash grants to all inter-racial couples involving a White woman were the last straw for many disenfranchised White males. Several thousand of them, mostly young, migrated to the Colorado Rocky Mountains.

At the time of the events chronicled here, these rebels had established tenuous control over portions of Western Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming. They call this *"Kinsland"*, and they use the initials KD as a short appellation for a guerrilla army of Kinsland Defenders.

Futilely they had pleaded with the dwindling number of young White women to join them, but with only a few exceptions their anguished pleas were scornfully rejected with the System's mindless buzzwords, like racist, sexist and bigot. So, since the first two prerequisites for the survival of a race are territory and breeding stock, history repeated itself.

Over twelve hundred years earlier, some Aryan folk migrated to Scandinavia to escape the race-denying, universalist, alien tyrannical religion from Rome and Judea. Only thus could they keep their race alive. From Scandinavia they went *"a-viking"*, raiding occupied Europe for mates and for the necessities of life. Kinslanders of the 21st century followed the example of heroic ancestors.

Most Kinslanders are Wotanists (Odinists), whose speech reflect the indigenous religion of the White race. With words like Midgard (earth), Valhalla (hall of heroes), Norns (goddesses of fate), Sons of Muspell (the racial-religious tribe that rules the world and sentenced the White race to death), and Skraelings (non-Whites).

This account relates a period in the life of some Kinsland folk.

## Chapter 1: The First Day

Lights dimmed in the garish nightclub except for those illuminating the stage. A disembodied voice proclaimed, " And now the Palace is proud to present the featured act of the evening, the most erotic spectacle ever seen by mortal man!"

Two stunningly beautiful young women entered the stage, a statuesque blonde, identified by the announcer as Candy, and a willowy brunette named Heather. Their costumes were a welcome change from the tawdry lingerie worn by the dreary strippers, most of them Skraelings, who had humped and bumped their way through previous acts.

Tennis skirts extended just inches below the juncture of their elegant legs. Halter tops color co-ordinated to their skirts revealed taught, trim midriffs, while bobby sox and athletic shoes enhanced their fresh, youthful appearance. The impression was of two wholesome girls, just past their teens, prepared for a sports outing. Others might have found their charms reminiscent of high school cheerleaders, flashing glimpses of lithe limbs and blossoming female mysteries. The dichotomy of modesty and temptation was overwhelmingly provocative.

The audience erupted in boisterous, vulgar and deafening applause, dwarfing anything heard earlier. However, the reaction of two men seated near the back of the smoke-filled club was dutiful at best, just sufficient to avoid undue attention. They were not risking their lives inside System territory just to watch a striptease show. The younger of the two was stocky, clean shaven, dressed in jeans and a sport shirt. He appeared to be in his mid-twenties. In response to the thunderous applause he leaned closer to his companion and commented, "Seems like White women are still the most desired creatures on Midgard, huh, Trebor?"

Trebor, a whip-lean man fifteen years older, sporting a short, neatly trimmed beard, replied, "Yeah, what few of them there still are."

As the raucous noise subsided, the sound of sensuous music could be heard. The two girls on stage faced each other within touching distance, and began to undulate in a provocative sexual dance, synchronized to the music. Their incomparable charms were blatant and undeniable. Equal in beauty, yet with complementary differences, they formed the ideal blend for visual erotica. The voluptuous Candy was the epitome of classic Nordic beauty. Her long shimmering tresses, the color of ripe, yellow wheat, swung freely around her shoulders. A trim waistline accentuated the matchless symmetry of her hips and breasts. Golden skin and flawless geometric curves of calves and inner thighs projected that effect which causes a man to literally ache with need and desire.

She was Aphrodite, goddess of love, sex and wanton lust, reincarnated in the flesh, reborn to command, perform and orchestrate primordial pagan fertility rites.

If Candy was the essence of Aphrodite, then Heather was a Vestal Virgin. Short brown hair framed a delicate face. A cute nose and expressive eyes proclaimed demure modesty. Her slender figure mirrored the nubile form of a nymph, just past puberty. Each exquisite inch declared the passion of first sexual awakening. She was girlish innocence, fearful yet eager, an irresistible invitation to be ravished and deflowered.

Looking deep in each other's eyes, the curvaceous pair began to flirt. With hands resting intimately on each other's hips, they performed in suggestive oscillation the primeval siren song of invitation and consummate carnal lust. To music they parodied the timeless amatory game of domination and submission, or seducer and quarry, of hunter and prey, that generates and underlies intense sexual arousal. Enhancing the fantasy with the allure of the illicit, the blonde goddess revealed herself as a sexual predator. Her hands roamed the velvet-smooth contours of Heather's bare sides and back, then strayed elsewhere, as if by chance or accident, brushing lightly over breasts and flanks.

Impertinent fingers undermining inhibitions while retaining deniability.

The lissom Heather played her role flawlessly, appearing unsure whether to welcome, or resist, the tantalizing and pleasurable caresses once forbidden to another of her own sex. She trembled in eager but apprehensive anticipation of increasingly intimate intrusions on sacrosanct female anatomy. Like a delicate exotic bird, hypnotized by a swaying cobra, the lovely image of innocence submitted to the immodest familiarity and impudent violation of maidenly decorum.

The young man sitting with Trebor asked, "Do you think they really are lesbians?"

"No, Eric, it's highly doubtful," Trebor declared.

"I agree," said Eric, "but why are you so certain?"

Trebor pondered a moment, then expounded, "Men are programmed by nature to be voyeurs. A beautiful woman's body, performing the primal choreography of sexual temptation and arousal is the ultimate aphrodisiac. But men are also programmed to be jealous of other males. So two women performing together doubles the erotic effect with no threat from another male. These girls are paid to please a male audience. In this age, it's doubtful they had many inhibitions to start with, but if so, drugs probably overcame them. I'd bet my life savings that what we see is just an act."

"That's exactly my guess," Eric agreed, and then kidded, "What life savings?" Trebor only grunted in reply. Eric's question was reasonable, though. It was common knowledge that Trebor donated most of the plunder from his raids into System territory to needy Kinsland families. So it was doubtful he had any substantial savings. To date, unlike other KD veterans who had already captured a wife or more wives plural, Trebor had never taken time off from guerrilla warfare for the pleasure of female company. Instead, even as they spoke, Trebor's eyes roamed the room, and the younger man followed his example.

Pretending interest in the show, they circumspectly surveyed the crowd, hoping to spot the owner, one Sidney (Sid) Cohen. KD sympathizers in the Denver area had fingered Sid Cohen as a likely target for retribution and plunder. In addition to the Porno Palace, Cohen owned a chain of pornographic bookstores and theatres. Reliable sources reported that Sid was also a major cocaine distributor who used that drug to procure and control his stable of striptease dancers. Because the stars of Sid's stable were White women, he was a logical target for retribution. Past experience had shown that men like Cohen usually kept substantial sums of cash in their homes, hidden from tax collectors. Invariably the pervert could be "persuaded" to reveal the location of his money, and when necessary the combination to a safe.

Cohen didn't appear to be in the club at the moment, so the avenging duo settled back to wait for closing time.

"What percent of the guys in here would you say are White?" Eric asked his comrade.

Trebor considered for a moment, then replied, "Maybe twenty percent."

"That's what I estimated," the younger man agreed, adding, "This audience sure mirrors 21st century America: eighty percent Negro, Mexican, Oriental and mixtures."

"Yeah, and still the media calls them minorities," Trebor snorted.

While they had been talking, the action on stage increased in intensity. In the ancient, time-tested manner of all of her sex, Heather presented token resistance to Candy's amorous intrusions, knowing instinctively that female favors too easily obtained are seldom deeply treasured.

These subtleties were beyond the comprehension of the boorish spectators, who nonetheless responded with wild approbation to the unfolding drama.

Candy was always the aggressor, initiating each new step in the unveiling of feminine privacies. The coquettish squirming of Heather's supple body betrayed a growing urge to taste the honeyed fruits of verboten pleasures.

The disrobing each of the other proceeded with artful elegance. Heather's saucy breasts, although less prominent than Candy's buxom mounds, were ideally proportioned to her slender figure, and equally stunning. Pert nipples projected in arousal from tempting aureolae, begging silently to be touched, savored and tasted.

The effect of such incredible beauty, enhanced by duality, now revealed in natural splendid glory, was so arousing of fundamental, primal lust that the crowd moaned collectively in awe and desire. Eric seized the moment of relative quiet to comment, "Damndest thing I ever saw."

"And hopefully their last such performance here," Trebor growled. "But you said it's all an act," Eric protested, assuming Trebor's comment to mean the two girls' life expectancy had just been shortened to hours at best.

"It is an act. I was speaking of those White girls exposing their goodies to Skraelings."

The conversation still left Eric unsure of Trebor's intentions. In the past, his comrade had been absolutely ruthless in exterminating White male race traitors, but he had been forgiving of wayward White women unless their treason was exceptionally blatant. Trebor often said that defense of the race was men's responsibility. Wayward women should be captured, taken to Kinsland, re-educated and impregnated. Indeed, such was now standard procedure for KD.

On stage, the girls' repertoire changed from subtle and suggestive seduction to shameless crudity, much to the delight of the vulgar spectators. Heather abandoned the last iota of modesty, the last pretense of inhibitions. In the throes of passion she sealed her own debauchment, inciting the blonde femme fatale to molest her writhing body, teasing with thrusting pelvis and coquettish wiggles of her shapely derriere.

Candy explored every inch of the captured brunette's charms with hands now devoid of tenderness. It was closer to rape than love. Her hungry hands violated the once-demure girl's charms with the most intrusive of indecent liberties. Soon the brunette's exquisite body was writhing in apparent rapture, punctuated with moans of ecstasy, concluding with the involuntary convulsions of intense orgasm.

The show was over. The girls separated and waved to the crowd, responding to thunderous applause. A cascade of wadded-up cash was thrown at the stage. As the girls retrieved the money and their clothes, a short, frizzy-haired, middle-aged man bounded onto the stage.

"That's Cohen," Trebor said. The menace in his voice was palpable. With a hand-held microphone, Cohen exhorted additional applause for the girls. Finally he and the strippers exited the stage, into what appeared to be a

dressing room. The lights brightened and bouncers began hurrying customers out of the club.

Eric and Trebor blended in with the crowd, then ambled casually to their car. A little over two hours earlier, they had maneuvered the innocuous dark-colored 4-door sedan they were using into a spot at the back of the parking lot belonging to Sid's Porno Palace. They had picked a place affording unrestricted sight of both the side and front entrances to the building.

As always when KD operated inside System territory, they drove a stolen car and kept a supply of purloined license plates in the trunk. With the advent of computerized identification capabilities in almost all police vehicles, no member of the resistance dared to submit even to routine stops by the authorities. They stole the kind of vehicles least likely to draw attention, made certain that headlights, tail lights, brake lights and signal lights were in working order, and obeyed all traffic laws.

On those rare occasions when a KD soldier was nonetheless signaled to pull over, whether by sirens, lights or bullhorns, they had no option but to fight. The standard procedure was to immediately stop, jump out with an assault rifle, and totally neutralize the enemy, then either change license plates or abandon the vehicle. There was no sense trying to outrun radios or helicopters.

In the back seat under a blanket were two backpacks containing emergency rations, water and first-aid kits, in case it did become necessary to abandon a vehicle. Also hidden under the blanket were two .308 caliber rifles and ballistic vests. The vest had custom-made pockets for extra ammunition clips, both for the rifles and for the 9mm handguns concealed on the KD raiders' bodies.

Trebor unlocked the driver's door while Eric used his own key to enter the passenger side. All members on a mission carried keys to all vehicles in case of separation or the death of the driver. As always, the dome light was disconnected to allow surreptitious entry and exit at night. After donning the vests beneath outer clothing, they relaxed, affecting that curious air of apparent unconcern so common to combat veterans, but their watchful eyes were ever alert for police, for anything unusual, and especially for the emergence of Sid Cohen from his gaudy night club. Eric, despite his youthful appearance, had participated in numerous raids over the last six years. His companion's looks were equally deceiving. Dressed in grey slacks and a blue pullover sweater, he could easily pass for a doctor or college professor. In reality, he was one of the most feared and respected KD in all of Kinsland. Proficient in the most functional of several martial arts disciplines and absolutely ruthless with enemies, his exploits were legendary.

Eric was still curious about Trebor's intentions regarding Candy and Heather. Passing time while they waited for Cohen, who undoubtedly was counting the

night's proceeds, he broached the subject in an oblique manner. "If we are going to stop those girls from performing again, how do we get their addresses?" he queried.

"Mr. Cohen will tell us." The menace in Trebor's voice had not diminished one iota when the subject was the porno king. A few years earlier, Eric might have shuddered when considering what awaited Sid Cohen in the near future, but now he was inured to the enemies' fate.

"And after we get the girls' addresses?" Eric persisted. "Then we make sure they never again display their charms to Skraelings."

"Okay, damn it how?" Eric knew that Trebor was being obtuse on purpose, his way of teasing a younger comrade. The question was, would the girls be captured or executed?

Trebor pretended to ponder for interminable moments, then opined, "I reckon those two could make some fine babies for me."

"Alright!" Eric enthused. "It's about time you did your reproductive duty." Eric had no interest in the pair for himself, as his heart was set on a high school girl that Trebor had agreed to help him capture. KD informants had picked her as a likely candidate. She was a pretty girl, unfortunately bewitched by universalist poison. Her teachers, parents, the media and every influence in her life had taught her that it was okay, even preferable for White girls to date and mate with Skraelings. She would have to be saved from her own folly before it was too late.

By quarter after two, 15 minutes past the closing time set by Colorado law for establishments serving alcoholic beverages, the parking lot was empty except for the KD raiders' car and an ostentatious limousine parked directly outside the side entrance to the Palace. Soon the door opened and a hulking brute of a man of undiscernible racial origin emerged, followed by Sidney and, to the raiders' surprise, by Candy and Heather. The huge man, whom Eric promptly dubbed "the freak", was apparently a chauffeur and bodyguard. Deferentially he opened the rear doors for the other three, then took his place in the driver's seat.

To the KD men, Sidney looked ridiculous, like a vain peacock, with tight pants, an open shirt and abundant gaudy jewelry adorning his pudgy body. From a distance the girls looked like teenagers, dressed in designer jeans and silky blouses.

The limousine pulled out onto Federal Boulevard and headed south, past sleazy bars, seedy motels and all the ugly effluvium of early 21st century American cities. The raiders followed a half block behind. It would be tricky keeping their quarry in sight without being spotted, but since their contacts in the Denver area had not been able to locate a private residence deemed to



Sidney Cohen in the Denver County records office, this surveillance was necessary.

The limousine turned west on 6th Avenue, then south on Wadsworth. "Ah," Trebor murmured, "Jefferson County, the Gods are with us." Jefferson County sprawled many miles west of Denver, all the way into the mountains. Their route home would be relatively uncomplicated.

Eric figured that after Trebor's comment, it would be a long night. Despite Trebor's meticulous planning for guerrilla raids, he also seemed to believe in omens. If he said the Gods were with them, they probably were, or perhaps fortune just favored the bold.

Meanwhile, in the limo, all was not bliss. Even though this was payday for the girls, meaning they would get a week's supply of cocaine and several hundred dollars in cash, their workday was not over. There was still the private performance that Sidney demanded on payday, once a week.

Sidney was not happy either, even though he looked forward to debauching the two White girls. The club had not been fully packed, and receipts were down. He blamed it on the two girls who were holding out for higher pay before they would agree to duplicate the most raunchy acts he required of them in private performances, including oral sex and copulation with simulated male sex organs. Well, tonight - he vowed to himself - they would pay for their obstinacy or no pretty white powder. Whipping naked women while they were tied up in fully exposed and helpless positions was his favorite sport.

The freak turned into the exclusive Green Gables subdivision. Now, late in April, immaculate lawns were just turning green as spring came late in the mile-high city. Palatial homes on huge lots stood up to one hundred yards apart, separated by trees, shrubs and privacy fences, making each residence resemble a secluded estate. The limo turned onto a long driveway, lined by bushes. The quartet, preoccupied with their own thoughts, never thought to look behind them where an unobtrusive sedan eased sedately past the driveway entrance. Nor did they know that the car stopped just yards from the driveway, out of sight behind shrubbery.

"This cheap car stands out like a sore thumb," was Trebor's first comment.

"Why don't I get out and reconnoiter on foot. You can go somewhere and come back in fifteen minutes," Eric suggested. There was agreement. Eric disappeared behind bushes as Trebor headed for more innocuous surroundings. It gave him time to reflect.

It was the knowledge that the beauty of the White Aryan woman might soon disappear from the earth forever that drove him to fight. Yet, despite all he had done to preserve their images, he had not enjoyed the favors of a

woman for over fourteen years. He had no illusions about Candy and Heather. Because they were so remarkably beautiful they would be good breeding stock, but little else, at least until after a long period of re-education and discipline.

The last remaining young White women in System territory lived in hedonistic luxury undreamed of by the British monarch two centuries earlier. Drugs, cars, television roles, money and adulation were dumped in their laps while the inventions of White men, from washing machines to microwave ovens eliminated labor. Women do not voluntarily give up such pleasure and luxury no matter how earnestly White men might plead. That's why abducting them was the only recourse. Undoubtedly this pair was even more spoiled and selfish than most. He would have to be harsh and ruthless with re-education and discipline, which wasn't his nature with women. Yet he could not bear the thought of their genetic beauty not being passed on. He sighed deeply and headed back to meet Eric.

Just short of Cohen's driveway, Eric flagged him down. "Yeah, the Gods are with us," he enthused. "It's a huge ranch-style house with an attached 4-car garage. The freak started to leave about five minutes ago, but he had a fatal accident." Eric tapped his knife and grinned, while Trebor chuckled. Eric continued, "The upstairs is dark but I can hear music at the windows. There is a little bit of light, apparently from a basement stairwell. I think they are in the basement. No dogs. There is a burglar alarm system. The back yard is surrounded by a privacy fence. Let's do it!"

Moments later the two silent avatars of vengeance crept silently around the exterior of the immense garage. Trebor carried a canvas kit filled with tools and meters. Both were armed with 9mm handguns and razor-sharp knives.

Eric kept watch through the windows and around the perimeter of the yard while Trebor did his magic with the alarm system. Being a former electronics instructor at Red Rocks College, bypassing alarms was no problem for the elder raider, requiring only time and patience.

Twenty minutes later, the Aryan duo were inside the house, standing in the biggest kitchen Eric had ever seen other than in a commercial establishment. The music, if that's what one could call the primitive noise, was not as loud as they had earlier estimated, but still sufficient to mask any slight sounds of their movements.

As Eric had surmised, the little available light emanated from a stairway to the basement. They inched down the stairs. At the bottom, a partially open door revealed opulent decadence beyond anything they had imagined. Except for one corner of the large room which contained an open communal shower and hot tubs, the entire floor was covered in snow-white, deep-plush carpet. Pictures, too obscene to be called art, interspersed with floor-length mirrors, decorated the otherwise maroon-colored walls. The centerpiece was a bed

that must have been custom-made for orgies. It was close to ten-feet-by-ten-feet-square, with video cameras mounted on posts at the corners. Hooks for restraints were strategically placed above and around, a shelf on the headboard held whips and sex toys, while the ceiling above was another mirror.

The KD raiders did not of course know about Sid's vow to debauch the girls with the ultimate in submission. Nor did they know how desperately the girls were hooked on nose-candy. Evidently though, their addiction was sufficient that they had decided to co-operate, for they were both naked, one of them in restraints, the other in action. Turning the spectacle from raunchy to ridiculous was the sight of the depraved Sidney, himself naked, except for gold necklaces, bracelets and rings, with a pot belly hanging over withered legs. He was orchestrating the action with a whip of several short thongs.

The girls were too stoned to notice Trebor and Eric as they approached the scene. Sidney, whose back was to the door, was too engrossed. The first inkling the Porn Palace owner had of impending disaster was sudden and total. With a running thrust kick to the right kidney area, Trebor propelled the absurd looking degenerate onto the bed, where he landed across Candy's back. For a moment there was astonished silence except for the music and an anguished moan from Sidney. Heather's eyes were the first to focus on the KD raiders, and she let out a panicky scream, which she quickly choked off as Eric's 9mm turned her way.

"Nobody makes a sound unless you're asked a question, understand?" Eric's voice left no doubt in anyone's mind that obedience was advisable. Both girls nodded, but the moaning Sidney failed to acknowledge the order. Trebor reached over the bed and butt-stroked the creep in the nose with his gun. A howl of anguish was followed with assurances that the command was indeed understood.

Trebor grabbed a handful of the gold chain around Sid's neck and yanked him from the bed, holding him erect at arm's length.

"Okay, first things first," he began. "You," his gaze fell on Candy, "untie her," he gestured toward Heather with his gun hand. "And you" - each time he spoke there was emphasis on the word you - "how do we turn off that damn racket you call music?" He yanked on the chains. Sniveling Sidney pointed to a control panel on the nearest wall. Heather was now released, and Trebor pointed at her with the gun, "You turn off that noise."

Terrified despite her stoned condition, Heather scurried to obey. The resulting silence magnified the effect of Trebor's menacing voice. "Now you two sit there," he gestured to the nearest edge of the bed. Making no effort to cover their nudity, whether because of shock or the effects of cocaine, they quickly obeyed.

"Alright now, Mr. Cohen, where is the money you brought home?" Cohen started to deny that he carried money home, but was interrupted when Trebor drove a knee into his naked groin, nearly smashing his testicles. For long moments the disgusting creature lay on the floor holding his crotch and whimpering.

"My patience is running out Sidney," Trebor warned.

"In there," the oily degenerate gasped, pointing to a door at the far end of his playroom. Without a word, Eric strode to the door and disappeared from sight. A moment later, he returned with a briefcase which he flipped open on the bed. Inside were perhaps two or three thousand dollars in cash, along with some documents.

"Sidney, Sidney, Sidney," Trebor intoned. "I am disappointed in you. I meant all the money you have brought home."

"That is all," Cohen gasped in a last effort to keep his ill-gotten wealth.

"Okay, if that's how you want to play it," the implacable raider warned. Several broken fingers, a lot of pain and two minutes induced total co-operation. Sidney revealed the location of a hidden wall safe in the same room from which Eric had retrieved the briefcase. And, of course, its combination. Under Trebor's watchful eye and his gun, the three captives remained absolutely silent while Eric went to check the veracity of Sid's confession. Minutes later, he returned, saying, "Yep, a real haul."

Without further ado, Trebor holstered his gun, pulled his knife and in one swift move cut Cohen's throat from ear to ear. Blood spurted from his severed jugular vein, splattering in gruesome abundance over the naked legs and torsos of the stunned girls. Reflexively, they jerked away from their seated positions, gagging at the sight of blood, which to their civilized eyes was a new experience.

Never even glancing at Sidney's still-quivering body, the KD raiders proceeded methodically about their business, each doing what was necessary with a minimum of discussion. Eric stripped a pillow of its case, dumped the cash from the briefcase into it and left for the other room to fill it with the contents of the safe.

Trebor turned to the girls, "Go wash all that blood off." He pointed to the communal shower. As is known to all who experience life-threatening situations, action eases fear. Paralyzed by what they had seen, Candy and Heather regained their co-ordination as they engaged in the familiar routine of showering.

Under the sound of running water, Candy whispered, "You think they're gonna kill us?"

"No, why would he tell us to shower just to kill us?" was Heather's logical response.

"Maybe they intend to rape us?"

"Could be, that's the least of our worries. It's not like we are virgins or something."

"Sometimes rapists torture and kill women."

"Will you shut up with the kill stuff, it scares me," Heather scolded.

"Well, just what do you suggest we do?"

With the practicality of an experienced, worldly woman, Heather declared, "I suggest we fuck their brains out, or whatever they want, however they want, as long as they want, until we get a chance to escape." They agreed on strategy. Finished showering, they attempted to be as sexy and alluring as two nude women can be, as they approached Trebor. However, if they thought their charms would control the situation, such hopes were rudely dashed as he brusquely ordered them to get dressed. The bewildered women exchanged confused glances as they struggled into their clothes. So far there appeared to be one man who could not be manipulated by sexual offers.

Eric had returned with a pillowcase full of cash. "Think we should look the house over for valuables?"

Trebor looked at his watch, then mused out loud, "It will be daylight in an hour and a half. Figure a little over an hour to the turnoff, what the hell, give it a ten minute look-over. I'll have to keep an eye on these two." Eric bounded up the steps, while the girls heaved sighs of relief. It seemed they weren't about to be killed anyhow.

So far neither man had spoken to the girls outside of brief commands, one of which was to keep silent. So both of them were afraid to initiate a conversation with their ruthless captor. They sat silently on the bed, hoping that the quiet man would say something to reveal their fate, and at the same time dreading what those words might make known. Seemingly endless minutes of fearful suspense dragged on in absolute silence. Finally Candy could not take it anymore.

"Can I ask something?" she ventured timidly.

"May I ask something," Trebor corrected her grammar.

"May I?" Candy repeated, feeling like a chastised school girl.

"Okay, but first hand me one of those sheets off that bed." As Candy and Heather removed an oversized sheet from the huge bed, Trebor reflected that sometimes a woman looked as good dressed as undressed. These two looked good any which way.

Candy handed him a sheet and he sat down on a chair opposite the bed. He pulled the knife from the sheath and began to cut the sheet into strips.

"What's that for?" Candy asked.

"To tie you up with."

"I guess that means you won't let us go?"

"That's right."

"Are you going somewhere?"

"Yes."

"You won't kill us, will you?"

"No." Trebor's short replies weren't very reassuring.

Candy tried a new approach. "Are you gonna make love to us?"

"Can't make love unless you're in love," was all Trebor replied.

"While Candy and Heather were digesting that in their minds, Eric returned. "Not much we can use, but he did have a .45 caliber handgun and four boxes of ammo in his bedroom."

"Okay then," Trebor said, "here's what we do. I'll drive, one girl sits in the front seat with me. The other sits in the back with you. With these strips we tie the girls together so neither one can jump out if we catch a red light." Trebor addressed the girls, "You saw what happened to Sid. Can I assume that you won't do anything stupid and get the same?" Shuddering, they both vowed co-operation.

Eric had Heather carry the pillowcase filled with money and held her slender wrist firmly in one hand as they exited the house. Trebor similarly kept a tight hold on the blonde. They re-arranged the gear from the back seat, tied the women together and proceeded toward home.

The sky was barely beginning to lighten behind them when they turned west on the 6th Avenue freeway. After an abrupt rebuff of further conversation, Candy and Heather remained silent, lost in fearful contemplation of their

future. The effect of the cocaine was wearing off and the result, as usual, was heightened paranoia.

They reached the intersection with Interstate 70 in Golden, got on it and began the ascent into the foothills. Suddenly it dawned on Heather. "Kinsland!" She gasped the word out loud. "You guys are KD." The KD was as well known outside Kinsland as inside, but, of course, they were demonized endlessly in the System press. Every child in America outside Kinsland was indoctrinated from toddlerhood with gruesome tales of kidnapping, torture, rape and mass murder in Kinsland, and by KD operatives everywhere. KD were the bogey men with which mothers threatened disobedient children. Candy and Heather naturally believed every word of System propaganda, so now they were even more terrified.

Some twenty miles west of Golden, Trebor slowed the car to a crawl, then eased down an exit ramp, dodging huge potholes in what remained of the asphalt surface.

The System kept the major east/west interstates open through Kinsland, even though repair crews had to be accompanied by armed soldiers with air surveillance overhead. They had abandoned all attempts to keep entrance or exit ramps in repair over ten years ago. State and country roads were also in total disrepair. At the bottom of the ramp, Trebor turned north, still traveling between ten and fifteen miles per hour, depending on road conditions.

By six o' clock, even the girls were tired and they had only been awake since noon the previous day. Trebor and Eric were nearly asleep on their feet, having been awake, and often under tension for twenty-four straight hours.

"I've got to go to the bathroom," Candy complained.

"Me too," Heather chimed in.

"Just a few more minutes," they were advised. Sure enough, a few minutes later Trebor stopped the car and moved some underbrush artfully concealing car tracks leading away from the road. The tracks wound out of sight among a thick forest of Ponderosa pine trees. They left the road, replaced the brush, and wended carefully through the dense forest. Within a half mile a log cabin came into view, snuggled so closely among towering trees that it was invisible from the air, except from perhaps a helicopter whose pilot knew exactly where to look.

"Okay, you can untie yourselves now, the outhouse is out back of the cabin. And forget about running away. There's nothing but bears, mountain lions, snakes and forest for twenty miles. And you would be lost in ten minutes."

"An outhouse?" Heather queried.

"Yeah, you said you had to go to the bathroom."

"Oh." Realization dawned on the 21st century city girl. "Come on, Candy, I gotta go."

Trebor and Eric retrieved some foodstuffs and extra blankets from the car trunk and trudged to the cabin's front door, their ever-present rifles slung over left shoulders. Inside the cabin, which was a first station on a trail for supplies and people going in and out of Kinsland, was a stack of foldup cots which sufficed for beds, a wood stove for cooking and heating, and a supply of various clothing and other essentials. Eric looked out the back window to make sure the girls hadn't decided to run off. Candy was waiting outside the door of the one-holer outhouse. Trebor picked up a bucket and went out to get water from a nearby spring, while Eric stepped out to chop some kindling for a fire. So when the girls hesitantly opened the back door of the cabin a few minutes later, it was empty.

"Well, that was a first for me, how about you?" Candy referred to the outhouse.

"Yeah, me too. Did you see all those spider webs? I thought I'd get bitten on the butt!"

Eric entered carrying an armload of kindling. He dumped it into the wood box next to the stove and said, "Would you get a fire started and cook some breakfast please? The supplies are there." He pointed to a box on the kitchen table.

"Uh, well, uh, okay," Heather stammered, unwilling to admit she wouldn't have the faintest idea where to start.

Between them the girls figured out how to remove the heavy metal plates covering the fire bin on the wood-burning cook stove. "I guess we shove wood in here," Candy whispered. But after they did so they found that matches wouldn't set the kindling on fire.

Trebor entered with a bucket of fresh water and looked with amusement on their ineptitude. "Come here," he signaled and led them outside. "These are pine needles at the bottom of the fire bin. Then a layer of cones, and then wood on top of that. Then you set the needles on fire. And be sure the chimney damper is open." Together the city girls accomplished the task, feeling an unusual sense of achievement as they listened to the crackling flames.

"Now, about the food." Heather got back to reality. In the box were eggs, powdered milk, sugar, salt, whole wheat flour, dried fruit and a few other staples. "I guess we had better ask them what they want, huh?" Candy



asked. "Yeah, I guess so, and probably how to cook it. They probably think we are pretty stupid."

Outside, Trebor and Eric were fastening a camouflage tarpaulin over the car. Candy ventured to speak first. "You guys probably think we're pretty dumb. We wanted to ask you what you wanted for breakfast, but actually we don't know how to cook worth a damn."

"But we can learn," Heather threw in, eager to please, considering the danger they were in. Both girls figured their lives depended on pleasing the KD raiders, and they were ready to pull out all stops in being pleasant and accommodating.

"They belong to you," Eric said, as he resumed tying the tarpaulin down. They belong to you - the four words implied a lot to both Candy and Heather. Images of a harem or being sex slaves flashed through their minds. Or, even worse, slaves without sex. Like all druggies, their greatest panic was that they would be unable to find a supplier of cocaine. At any rate, it was clear that the older man, Trebor, was who they had to please.

"Well, Basic Cooking 101, I guess," Trebor grumbled and headed for the cabin, his captives in tow. Soon the aroma of flapjacks, frying eggs and fresh brewed coffee, enhanced by the smell of burning pine wood filled the cabin.

Suddenly Trebor signaled his neophyte cooks. "Look here," he pointed out a window. Not twenty yards from the back door, a doe and her fawn were foraging. The girls watched, evidently somewhat entranced by something they had never seen before.

"How old is the baby?" Candy asked.

"Oh, probably a couple of months." The fawn imitated its mother, never going more than a few seconds before surveying the area for potential enemies.

"Are you going to shoot them, or don't you like deer meat?"

"We never shoot females, especially if they have little ones, unless we are starving. The females of every species are its greatest treasure," Trebor replied.

"Oh," said Heather, filing the answer away in her mental computer for later digestion.

"Does that mean women, too?" Candy asked eager for confirmation that Sid Cohen's killer didn't plan the same fate for her.

"Good women are treasures, too," was all he said, with the accent on 'good'. It was a bit ambiguous, but Candy resolved that whatever 'good' meant, that's what she would convince Trebor she was.

The subtle meaning of the exchange was not lost on Heather either. Nor did she forget that all women are in competition with each other. She would have to be at least equally as 'good' as Candy.

Both of the girls were surprised at how good the breakfast tasted, despite the cracked platter, tin cups and unipurpose so-called silverware. When they finished eating, Trebor told Candy to help Eric set up cots, advising that they all needed a nap. Then he had Heather load the dirty dishes into a large pan.

"Come along, I'll show you the spring." He led the way some twenty yards up-slope behind the cabin.

As Heather dutifully rinsed off cookware in the clear cold water, she ventured to ask, "What did your friend mean when he said, 'they belong to you'?"

"'Belong to' means 'belong to'. You got a problem with that?" There was a hint of belligerence in his reply.

"Uh, well, it just sounds kinda funny to own people." Heather was careful with her words, not wanting to antagonize her captor.

Trebor expounded in some detail. "Sid Cohen owned you, body, soul and mind. He established ownership by getting you addicted to cocaine. I killed your owner and captured you, so now you have a new owner. That's how it's been done for a million years. Just be happy that most Aryan men treat their women with dignity and respect, if and when they have earned that respect. If not, he disciplines them."

Heather realized there was some truth in Trebor's words. She hadn't thought about it as "being owned", but Sidney had certainly controlled her life. While sex was to her just a way of manipulating people, or gaining advantage, or enjoying pure physical pleasure, she could see that Sid had been using her more than she had been using him. Even now, the idea that she might be deprived the seductive high of cocaine bothered her more than the abrupt abduction she had just experienced.

Meanwhile, back in the cabin, Candy was prying Eric for information. She too wanted clarification of Eric's comment 'they belong to you', so she asked what was meant.

"Just what I said," was his succinct reply.

"You mean we are supposed to be his slaves?" Candy asked.

"His wives, eventually, I imagine, although you have a lot to prove and learn. But slaves is a good term for now."

"Oh." She thought about that for a moment, then asked, "How come you don't want one of us? Do you think we are ugly or something?"

"No, you're not ugly, but I've got another girl on my mind right now. Besides, it's long past time that Trebor took some mates."

"Do all the men in Kinsland have more than one wife?"

"Most of them."

"Why?"

"For one thing, monogamy is a synonym for castration and racial suicide. For another Kinsland has the only good White men remaining, so they must breed prolifically."

"Monogamy is castration." Candy was truly puzzled.

"Sexual lust is the mother of battle lust, and battle lust is the mother of nations. The sexual lust of the males of a race that wishes to survive must be fired to a fever pitch and never be slandered, weakened or misdirected," Eric expounded.

Their conversation was interrupted by the return of Heather and Trebor.

Before stretching out on the cots for a four hour nap, Candy whispered to Heather, "Boy, have I got some things to tell you."

"Me too," was the response.

Both girls stole surreptitious glances at their captors, particularly at Trebor, noting his lean figure and flat belly. Candy had heard Heather say, "I love a flat-bellied man" often, as she ridiculed either Sid Cohen or one of the pot-bellied spectators watching their act at the Palace. What the girls did not know as they grudgingly admitted to themselves the sexual magnetism of their new "owner", was all through all the eons of time, women have adjusted to their captors, and usually come to love them. It was simply a reflection of all nature, where the hen, the lioness, the mare, or whatever submits to the superior male who has earned through competition the right to breed. Neither did they yet know that jealousy of a sister wife was unnatural and unnecessary.

A few hours later, they were again in the car, prepared to resume their journey.

Several times the girls had heard one of the men refer to someone named Wotan, so in an attempt to curry favor as they traveled slowly toward the northwest, Heather asked, "Who is Wotan?"

"Wotan is the major god of the White man's most common indigenous religion," Trebor explained.

"What's 'indigenous'?"

"It means naturally belonging to, in this case a religion that protects the White race."

"So why haven't I heard of it before?"

"You have! Wednesday is named for Wotan, Thursday for his son Thor, Tuesday for their comrade Tyr, and Friday for Wotan's wife, Frigga."

When Eric noted a System airplane at high altitude, Candy asked, "Aren't you worried about getting bombed?"

"Not anymore. We used to get bombed every day, but now they know we will sneak into their territory and kill a few big-shot politicians or whatever if they do, so its a standoff. They used to shoot missiles at us too, but they were heat-seeking. All they hit were our decoy fires."

"You lived like that for years?" Heather was amazed, and wanted to know why.

"Because this is the only place remaining for White people. The American government has almost exterminated our race."

"My teachers said KD wanted to enslave the whole world."

"How could we do that when there are few White people left and the government has the planes, bombs and missiles? I'll show you how America lies when we get to our maps and reference books," Trebor explained.

For hours they traveled deeper into the forested mountains. Often the men pointed out wildlife: deer, elk, raccoon, a porcupine and even a black bear. The once-exploited wilds were making a determined comeback under the care of nature-oriented Kinslanders.

Shortly before dark, they arrived at what once must have been a charming tourist village. Now over half the buildings were bombed to rubble. "What happened?" asked Candy.

"System bombing raid, was Eric's terse response.

In the center of what remained of the village, Trebor turned off the crumbling highway and they crossed a wooden bridge over a small stream. "just a few minutes to Mathewsville," he announced. The girls in the back seat looked at each other. Then Candy asked, "Are there people in Mathewsville?"

"Yes, it's a Kinsland community," Trebor advised.

There was hurried whispering in the back seat, then Candy asked, "Can we, I mean may we talk to you before we get there?"

"Go ahead, talk."

"I mean alone, please?" Heather chimed in, "Please!"

The men looked at each other, then shrugged their shoulders as if to say, why not? Trebor pulled to the side of the primitive roadway, parked, and Eric got out, saying he would take a little walk.

"Let's stretch our legs too," Trebor suggested. He exited the car and leaned against the front fender, arms crossed. The girls pressed close on each side, still determined to use their sexual charms to get on the killer's good side.

Heather asked, "Are we going to be staying in Mathewsville?"

"Yeah, at least for a while."

"you won't tell people what we were doing at Sid's house, will you, please?" Candy added, "We aren't gay, really, I swear."

Trebor pondered carefully before answering. "First of all the word is queer, not gay. Gay means happy. Queer means a male homosexual. In Kinsland no queer would dare let it be known. Secondly, there are damn few true lesbians among Aryan women. You were putting on a show for the man that owned you. I don't doubt that the sex was enjoyable, but a man was still at the root of things. Finally, there is no reason for anyone in Kinsland to know more about your past than you wish to tell them. Many of our women in Kinsland were captured in System territory have sexual histories as interesting as your own."

"Thank you," both women chimed. Then Candy asked, "How about Eric?"

Trebor assured them his comrade was no gossip. But then, sensing that his captives were getting a bit too comfortable for so early in the game, he added, in a stern tone, "For your own good, though, you better be aware that I own you, and if you displease me, you are mine to punish or dispose of. Just think about Sid Cohen's fate if you get any ideas of escaping, flirting with other men, or being snotty. Do I make myself clear?"

Both captives managed to suppress shudders of apprehension as they profusely expressed willing compliance.

Eric returned and the last leg of their journey resumed. In the back seat, Heather whispered in Candy's ear, "Do you know what the phrase 'fuck for your life' means?"

"I do now," Candy whispered back.

Mathewsville never did "come into view" in the traditional sense of those words. Trebor just suddenly stopped the car beneath a huge Ponderosa pine and killed the engine. Cleverly concealed in dense forest, Candy spotted a cabin. Heather espied another, then another. As they would find out, there were a couple of dozen rustic homes, cabins and former mobile homes within a few hundred yards, and dozens more within a few square miles.

People approached from all directions, and their captors seemed to be extremely popular. Shouts of "Hailsa Kinsmen" reverberated throughout the clearing. Candy and Heather stood uncertainly beside the car, feeling conspicuous in their impractical garb. All the women they saw wore sweaters or jackets as protection against the rapidly cooling mountain air. At this altitude the temperature dropped quickly as the sun disappeared behind mountain peaks. Already they were getting goosebumps on their bare arms.

The women they saw were unusually pretty, and many were pregnant. Most noticeable was the throng of White children. Outside Kinsland they had never seen more than a handful of White children together unless they were outnumbered many times over by colored kids.

"Who are your friends?" someone asked.

Trebor signaled his captives to join him and introduced them by name.

"They will probably be staying with me," Trebor informed the crowd, then added, "I hope you will make them welcome."

The adults all understood exactly what Trebor's words meant. First of all, because the girls were staying with him, neither one belonged to Eric. And because he said 'probably', that meant they still had to pass medical tests. Early 21st century technology had created home testing kits to check for incurable diseases, especially those which were sexually transmitted. The community had the kits and tests were immediately given to captured women considered to be at high risk of infection. The results took only minutes and thus a captive's fate was quickly decided. Incurables were given a lethal injection, believing it to be medicine, and they quietly went to their graves.

A tall attractive woman about Trebor's age approached the girls. "If you'll come with me, we'll get some warm clothes for you," she offered. They looked at Trebor for confirmation. "Good idea, and Greta, would you show them the way to my cabin afterwards."

Greta, the girls and half a dozen other women departed. Candy and Heather were peppered with questions about the System world, especially fashions and morals.

One of the cabins was a storehouse for the entire community. Primarily of clothes, but also of bedding, tools and household needs. Soon the girls had a practical wardrobe conforming to the rest of the community.

Meanwhile, the men outside were full of questions for Eric and Trebor. Signs of System military units, new advances in police technology, and information from KD sympathizers were topics of vital interest to Kinslanders. To say nothing of the vicarious thrills they got from Trebor's unique tongue-in-cheek descriptions of his raids.

Loaded with necessities and guided by Greta, Candy and Heather arrived at Trebor's cabin while the raider was still occupied elsewhere. Greta showed them how to light a kerosene lantern, saying, "We are careful about use of kerosene since it's hard to get." Wishing the girls luck, Greta departed, leaving the two to investigate their new domicile.

This cabin was made of logs and had a wood-burning stove for cooking and heating. An old fashioned double bed with a metal headboard stood near a back wall. A wire strung across one corner of the open cabin served as a clothes rack. Some towels and clothing hung on it. The furniture, including a rocker, was mostly unfinished.

"Well, welcome to hell." Candy let her feelings run free now that they were alone.

"Yeah, I know, but we better get busy like good little slaves do, he could be here any minute."

"You're right," Candy sighed. They hung up their clothes next to Trebor's and started to arrange their new belongings as best as they could, given the meager number of shelves and cupboards.

"You think he will want sex tonight?" Candy speculated.

"Who knows, who cares, let's hope so if it keeps him happy."

"Damn, there's not even a shower or a bathtub. How can you have sex without a shower afterwards?" Candy moaned.

"And I've got to pee," Heather added. Taking the lantern they explored a path behind the cabin and found an outhouse.

After they returned, Heather asked, "You s'pose we're all sleeping in that bed? She pointed. I guess so, it's the only one there is."

They heard footsteps and quickly rose to meet Trebor at the door, their surly attitude miraculously transforming to fake solicitude and cheer.

"Hi, we've been waiting for you," Heather greeted. She realized the words sounded phony but nothing else cheery popped into her head. Trebor's demeanor was courteous but hardly warm. He carried extra blankets and a sleeping bag in his arms.

"Hi to you, too. I guess this is about as far from luxury you're accustomed to as is possible, but we are gonna make it considerably more livable.

Until I get some partitions built, I'll string some wire and we can hang up sheets or blankets for a little privacy when you need it. I'll get a bathtub in here tomorrow. We'll have to fill it the old-fashioned way, water heated on the stove. Now if you two will get a fire started in that stove and heat up a can of stew, we can have a bite of something before bedtime. Tomorrow I'll show you where the pump is, but tonight I'll bring in water. The big tub there is where I keep water for washing and cleaning." He pointed to a large galvanized iron laundry tub. "I keep drinking water in a bucket with a lid. We're working on a water system, so in the future it should get easier." He grabbed a bucket and went outside. As the girls built a fire, which they now knew how to do, they could hear the creaking of an old-fashioned hand pump.

"Christomighty, it's pioneer days," Candy groaned.

"Dammit, Candy, I don't like it any better than you, but bitchin' doesn't help either of us."

"Oh, so what are you, Trebor's little slave?" Candy spat the words out like sour poison.

"If I gotta be," Heather challenged.

Candy thought a minute and the hostility drained out of her. "Okay, I'm sorry, I guess it's just getting to me. Yesterday we had life by the ass, and now this."

"I know, but we've gotta help each other through this." Heather was for the moment the stronger or more composed of the pair.



Later, eating their evening meal, Trebor told them that the community nurse would be by early in the morning to give them a medical checkup. Afterwards as they washed the dishes, he installed a curtain made of a sheet at one end of the cabin so everyone could take a sponge bath in relative privacy. He told them to share the bed, that he had a sleeping bag and the floor was just fine. Dutifully they made a token protest that it was 'his bed'. "An Aryan does not treat his women worse than himself," Trebor pronounced. Then his women had a pronounced effect.

In bed, in the darkest room they had ever experienced - the quietest, too - Heather whispered, "You know, under different circumstances, I could like that guy."

"I've gotta be honest, I could too," Candy admitted, "but we gotta get out of here. I can't live like this."

"Me neither." Absorbed in their thoughts, not the least of which was desire for cocaine, they drifted off to sleep.

In his sleeping bag, Trebor had a lot on his mind. This "taking mates" business was a major project, bigger than he had realized. He was reluctant to establish any real rapport with the girls until the medical tests indicated they were "keepers". He had no illusions about their conciliatory attitude. Their smiles were contrived, motivated by fear and self-interest. There was construction and addition to do on the cabin, and re-education for his captives. But he reminded himself that other KD raiders had gone through the same troubles, so it wasn't an impossible task. As always brutally honest with himself, he recognized the rewards. Sex with these beauties was something special to contemplate. The philosopher in Trebor had never ceased to be amazed at what men will go through to get between a pretty woman's legs, and now he had to include himself. Oh well, he reminded himself, the die was cast, too late to change course now. As always, fatalistic acceptance of what the Norns declared was a switch allowing him to sink into contented sleep.

## Chapter 2: Day 2

The next day was Sunday the 1st of May. Neither Candy or Heather had gotten out of bed before at least noon for months. When Trebor's persistent voice finally jolted them awake, shortly after dawn, they were less than eager to rise and shine. Compounding this discomfort was the itchy, nervous feeling that accompanies withdrawal from cocaine. Their grumbling voices were rude and resentful until they came fully aware and conscious of their situation. Even then they could not immediately bring themselves to assume the ingratiating roles they had so carefully contrived the previous evening.

Although he didn't comment on it, they could tell by Trebor's expressions and inflectionless voice that he was not happy with their immature grumpiness. In fact, there was unmistakable displeasure in his voice as he asked them if they would "please" get up and make some breakfast.

"I've got some things to do, but I'll be back in half an hour," he announced, and left them to consider how to repair the atmosphere and their images.

At an altitude of 7000 feet above sea level in the Colorado Rocky Mountains, it is cold in the early mornings, even in May. The girls shivered as they climbed out of bed from under a warm quilt, each wearing one of Trebor's shirts for nightgowns.

Heather tried a joke while they dressed in the kind of clothing worn by the other women in the community. "Nothing like pissing your new husband off the first morning, huh?"

"Not funny," Candy responded. "For all practical purposes, he is our husband."

"Yeah, well, just once I wish he'd smile."

"He did, at everybody outside last night."

"Seems like everyone loves him and he loves all of them. It's just us he's cold to," Heather observed.

"Um, well, now who is being negative?"

"Okay, you're right, let's make old stone face smile."

They divided up chores, one making the bed, the other starting a fire in the stove. Trips to the outhouse were considerably less scary in the daylight.

"God, I'd like a shower," Candy moaned.

"Well, I guess we can heat water in the tea kettle, pour it in one of the dishpans and take a sponge bath. I'll wash your back if you wash mine."

"Better than nothing. I'm sure our 'husband' doesn't like stinky women." Candy's voice dripped with sarcasm.

"This is all just too weird," Heather mused. "We never heard of this guy until yesterday and here we are, kidnapped, about to be sex slaves or some damn thing, and we're joking about a murderer being our husband."

At breakfast Trebor was again courteous but standoffish. At least he had information to communicate.

"Anna, our nurse - in practice, our doctor - will be by in a little while. She will give you each a complete medical checkup. "I'll be gone for awhile. Later we will go shopping so you can pick up things to spruce this place up and make it functional. After that there will be a Blot and May Day festival. You may want to get gussied up for that. It's up to you."

Anna turned out to be an attractive redhead in her late thirties. The few freckles on her nose and cheeks only made her Irish features more alluring. She was also quite obviously pregnant. As many women as the girls had seen yesterday with babies in the making, they figured there was no lack of sex in the community.

Anna's bedside manner, so to speak, was easy going and congenial. The girls felt free to speak and to ask questions about their medical exams and about the community. They found out that with the latest medical science their blood tests should be analyzed in a few hours.

In response to questions about their sex lives, they admitted to taking specialized antibiotics as a preventative measure, along with anti-viral drugs. "Just in case," they said, implying that they had had sexual partners they weren't sure of. Anna was not judgmental, although she did say, "No more cocaine" after viewing their nasal passages.

A Blot, Anna told them, was a religious ceremony, usually held outdoors. She told them such ceremonies were held to mark changing seasons and to honor noble ancestors. They also found out that Mathewsville was named after an Aryan hero named Robert Mathews who had been murdered, burned alive, by the United States government decades earlier.

The nurse departed, taking blood samples with her. The girls finished washing breakfast dishes while waiting for their Lord and Master, as Candy dubbed Trebor, to return. Two hours passed and still no Trebor. "Let's go for a walk," Heather suggested.

Outside they almost immediately met a young girl about thirteen or so who introduced herself as Freta who offered to show them around. Heather told Freta that Trebor was late and was supposed to take them shopping.

"Oh, he's always getting waylaid with Kinsland business," Freta replied.

Freta took them to a larger building that served as a library, a school and a meeting hall. She also introduced them to several women from the community, and they saw the interiors of their homes. Compared to the austere, barren space in Trebor's abode, they looked almost civilized.

Trebor finally returned, driving a nearly new one-ton truck. Kinslanders figured that when possible they could just as well steal the best. "Ready to go shopping?" he asked. Curious, and concealing a who-gives-a-damn attitude, they pretended enthusiasm.

As they eased down the crude road, Trebor announced that he had just talked to Anna, the nurse.

"And?" Candy queried.

"And you're both 'keepers'." Trebor seemed in a happy mood. Of course, the girls didn't know it was because negative results would have been fatal for them.

Shortly they were back in the bombed-out village at the base of the mountain. "About half the homes and stores are rubble," Trebor advised. "The remainder are often filled with useful household items. Pick out whatever you need or want for our place." Neither girl missed the our, but despite themselves they enjoyed this novel way of shopping.

Dishes, chairs, storage chests, a couch, mirrors, a bathtub and other acquisitions soon had the truck overflowing and Trebor called a halt to the spree, saying they could return another day if necessary.

At their new home, the girls put energy and creativity into making it a less austere environment, figuring to make the best of their situation. Before they were finished, Trebor interrupted, suggesting they get ready for the evening Blot and festival. That prompted the kind of questions that could be expected, like what would happen and what to wear.

"May Day is a fertility celebration. Most of the women dress a little risqué, strutting their stuff, so to speak," Trebor explained. He added, "Of course, nothing like a couple gals from Sid's Palace."

Neither girl yet knew that Eric and Trebor had seen their performance at the Porn Palace. "Did you see us there?" Candy asked.

"Yup."

"And you still chose us for mates?"

"I decided that was the last time you two would show your goodies to Skraelings." Trebor's explanation was accompanied by a disarming smile.

"Skraelings?" Heather made the word a question.

"Non-White people," he replied.

"Oh, so it wasn't because we turned you on, or that you wanted to make love to us." Candy sounded a wee bit deflated, as though she couldn't believe anyone didn't find her irresistible. She and Heather were already curious as to why Trebor had so far never taken advantage of their captivity. Most men would have been feeling them up the first chance they got.

"Oh, you were both erotic as hell, but like I said before, sex and love are two different things. Although it's nice when they go together."

"Alright, so what should we wear to this festival?" Heather asked.

"You've got boxes of clothes you just 'shopped for'. I'm sure there is something in there. Last May Day there were split skirts, mini-skirts, bare midriffs, low cut blouses, you name it. You won't have time to do any sewing and be creative like most of the ladies, but you'll do fine."

It's peculiar how new realities are created in the human mind, Trebor mused as the girls tried on clothing behind a pair of hanging sheets that served as a temporary partition. They were acting with modesty totally opposite to their brazen flaunting of conventional norms that he had seen so recently.

Shortly they presented themselves in loose skirts reaching to inches above the knees and tight knit tube tops that hugged their trim torsos. They asked if this 'would do'.

"Good choice for square dancing," Trebor said. Both girls had heard of square dancing but neither had tried it. In System territory, all the various dances common to White folk a century earlier were either discouraged or banned as "racist".

Outside at the festival they found several tables filled with food cooked especially for the occasion. As women inevitably do, both Heather and Candy sized up other women. Their home-sewn costumes were indeed clever and alluring. Being custom designed, they emphasized each woman's best attributes or those most appealing to her mate. While retaining a certain demure modesty, yet each proclaimed pride in femaleness.

Children outnumbered adults at a ratio of two or three to one, and they were the best behaved kids the girls had ever seen, even though their energy level and curiosity seemed boundless.

The entire community formed a circle at the request of a man they heard was a Gothi. The Gothi held a curious object in one hand. It was covered with strange characters.

"What is that and what's on it?" Candy asked. She stood on one side of Trebor.

"It's a ceremonial Thor's Hammer, and those are runes," he whispered back.

Remembering that she had to be as 'good' or better than Candy, and determined to appear interested, Heather asked, "What are runes?"

"Long story. I'll explain later. For now just repeat what the Gothi says when other people do."

After the ceremony there was music. Several fiddles, an accordion and a harmonica made up the "band". What the musicians lacked in polish, they made up for in enthusiasm. Then a bunch of older children formed a circle around the May Pole, each with a streamer in his or her hand. They began to skip, dance and run around the pole, creating intricate patterns with the streamers in time to the music. Now the girls wanted to know what was represented.

"This is a fertility festival. The pole represents an erect male phallus, which fertilizes the female just as the sun does to the earth."

"What a 'phallus', a cock?" Heather asked.

"Of course, you dummy," Candy mocked.

"Who you callin' a dummy?" Heather challenged.

"That will be enough of that!" Trebor warned. Chastened but resentful, they quit their bickering, but competition was enjoined.

The feast began and it dawned on the girls that they were the only ones who hadn't brought food. Trebor assured them it was okay, that he had made a contribution for their family. Again, the inclusive word was noted.

"What did you bring?" Heather asked, knowing nothing had been cooked in the cabin.

"Well, after Eric got his half there was still about a hundred thousand dollars of Sid Cohen's money left, so I gave half to the community," Trebor replied.

"Fifty thousand of our money," Candy gasped. Realizing what she had just said, she corrected herself, "I mean, your money." Trebor grinned, the warmest expression he had yet showered on either girl, and said, "Yeah, it was our money, but we won't be broke for a long time."

"I guess not, seeing as there's no place to spend it" was Heather's pertinent observation.

"Oh, you can always send money with someone going to a treaty town."

"A treaty town?"

"Yeah. By the System's laws, no one is allowed to trade with a Kinslander, but in practice, human nature and greed are the rule. There are towns along the borders of Kinsland where if one has the cash, he can buy anything. We call them treaty towns."

There was an abundance of a home-made beverage at the festival that the girls discovered was called mead. Trebor told them it was made with fermented honey. They took mugs of mead with them, after eating, as the crowd of perhaps 300 people broke up into random groups, except for the musicians and a bunch of folk who congregated around a large platform.

"Come on, let's dance." Trebor gave each girl a gentle push in the small of their backs. It was the first time he had touched either one of them. They noted the possessive nature of the gesture.

The dancing began with a group of experts, eager to show their skills. The girls wore knee length full skirts allowing flashing glimpses of lithe bare legs as they pranced and promenaded to the dance master's calls. As they watched, Trebor spotted a young man named Ragnar whose seventeenth birthday had been the day previous. "Excuse me a minute," he said to the girls, and went to speak to Ragnar.

The girls watched Trebor in earnest conversation with the young man, and then Trebor returned with Ragnar in tow.

"They will have a beginners' dance next. and Ragnar has agreed to be a partner for one of you, okay?" Naturally they agreed, but then it became a problem of how to pair off. Ragnar, with a graciousness that belied his youth averred that he could not choose between two such beautiful girls.

"Well, it seems a little callous, but I guess its coin tossing time." Trebor had solved the problem. "Heads you get Candy and tails you get Heather." It came up tails.

Heather thought to herself, that Candy bitch will have Trebor eating out of her hand. But then she heard Trebor say, "Fine, we can switch partners each dance." He's not playing favorites, Candy thought to herself.

Trebor had seldom seen a woman who didn't pick up dancing quickly and his new mates were no exception. Furthermore, like virtually all women, they could not resist enjoying the music and movement.

The evening passed in what seemed like minutes. "That was fun," Heather avowed as they strolled back to their cabin, the emphasis on the past tense surprising even herself.

"It was, wasn't it," Candy seconded.

"You two looked good," Trebor complimented them like an afterthought, "and sexier than Sid ever saw you."

The girls thought to themselves; strange he should say that, considering he saw us performing stark naked.

At home, as soon as the adrenaline from the dancing wore off, the girls found they were dead tired. They had been up since the crack of dawn, which was a new experience. Then there was the physical exertion of "shopping", moving furniture, and finally the festival.

Trebor told them he would hook up some kind of drain for the bathtub in the morning and laid out other plans. Meanwhile, the girls made up the two small beds they had acquired earlier for themselves. It wasn't until they were half asleep that either one realized they hadn't thought of cocaine all day.



### Chapter 3: Day Three

Heather awoke early the next morning to the clanking sound of pipe wrenches on metal. Snuggled beneath the warm quilt, she looked at Candy, still asleep in the other single bed. As consciousness of her surroundings grew, she concluded Trebor was outside working on a drain for the bathtub. My chance to get ahead of Candy, she thought.

Climbing from bed, she primed her hair, put on shoes, and artfully arranged another of Trebor's shirts that she was wearing as a nightgown, to look as sexy as possible. Ignoring the cool pre-sunrise air, she ambled out to find Trebor.

Despite the chill he was stripped to the waist, at the moment swinging a pickaxe as he dug a leech line for sewage. She struck a pose, exposing a generous portion of slender, shapely leg and said, "Hi."

Trebor took a break, leaned on the pick handle and took an obvious good look at Heather's attributes, top to bottom. "Nice view for early morning," he said with a wide grin.

Always ready to play the female-to-male game, Heather replied with a coquettish wiggle, then asked what he would like for breakfast. Trebor climbed out of the shallow trench, took a handful of Heather's brunette locks and pulled her close, almost cave man style. She braced herself for whatever assault might come, but all he did was brush his lips ever so lightly across hers in a kind of fleeting and gentle kiss she had never before imagined. He released her, then plucked a single flower, a multicolored columbine from among the profusion of blossoms all around, and stuck it behind her ear.

"Pretty flower for a beautiful woman," he said, "and I think oatmeal with raisins."

Stunned, she stood a moment in silence trying to sort out pretty flowers, oatmeal and emotions.

"Okay?" Trebor asked.

"Huh?"

"Oatmeal, okay, with raisins?"

"Oh yeah, fine," she stammered. "I'll call you." Her mind was spinning as she returned to the cabin. How could a man so brutal at what she had witnessed the night she was captured have such a gentle side? Adding to her mental confusion, Trebor's lean but muscular body was an attraction she could not

deny. Then there was Candy - was she really supposed to share Trebor with another woman?

Perhaps in subconscious purpose she made extra noise starting a fire in the wood stove and boiling water for coffee and oatmeal. At any rate, Candy woke up and surveyed both Heather and the room.

"The flower is a nice touch," she commented on the blossom behind Heather's ear, just a bit of sarcasm in her voice. "Trebor gave it to me." There was a note of triumph in her own response.

Candy thought of a smart aleck answer, then stifled it. But to herself she thought: the competition is tough. She resolved to meet or beat any seduction tricks by Heather. Meanwhile she would adopt that saccharine-sweet phony demeanor in conversation with her as women in competition are prone to do.

"So what else have you and our new husband been up to? Candy asked as she got out of bed.

"Oh, he just told me what he wanted for breakfast, oh, and he kissed me." Heather deliberately made the kiss sound like a casual afterthought.

Concealing her anger at the fact that her competition had got a head start, Candy asked what the kiss was like. "He is different," was all Heather could think to say.

Candy changed the subject. "Well, I guess I'd better make the spider run." They had started to call trips to the outhouse the spider run.

"Could I get you to pump some more water while you are outside?"

Candy resented Heather's take-charge attitude, but then again this was a chance to show Trebor that she too was doing something constructive. So she agreed, and after a minute's primping, duly noted by Heather, she left out the back door.

Heather gloated for a moment, but then remembering the blonde's statuesque figure and Nordic beauty, she resolved to redouble her seductive routine. Men were notoriously fickle.

Candy greeted Trebor at his worksite, where he was still picking and shoveling. He gave her the same kind of obvious look-over he had earlier given Heather, then murmured, "Ummm, nice," from deep in his throat.

"You mean this?" she asked, striking a pose with one leg thrust forward, revealing a beautiful bare leg. Standing two feet below her in the trench,

Trebor ran one finger lightly across her shapely calf and said, "No, the bucket you're carrying."

"Men!" she tossed back at him, catching his playful mood.

"Yeah, well, I bet Eric my life savings that you weren't no lesbian," he challenged.

"When?"

"During your act at the Palace."

"You were right, but how did you know?"

"Too pretty, for one thing, but more important right now, I'm hungry. How is breakfast coming along?"

Candy felt the sexual tension being deliberately broken. Although that was frustrating, there was no immediate way to revive it. So, with forced cheerfulness she let him know she was on her way to get water and would find out how breakfast was progressing.

While pumping water she pondered the unique situation. Normally men practically begged to get her into bed at any and every opportunity. Yet, Trebor, who obviously had the power to take either her or Heather any time he wanted, and who had shown himself to be a ruthless killer, hadn't done so. And then he had kissed Heather, but not her. She thought to herself: I can't be losing my sex appeal, I'm only 22.

After breakfast, Trebor put the girls to work, performing the kind of manual labor they had never before experienced. Collecting stones, carrying them to the leeching trench, and finally re-covering the drainage system with dirt were the hardest physical labors either had ever imagined. Meanwhile Trebor was installing a sink in the corner of their cabin that served as a kitchen and hooking up plumbing to it, and to the bathtub. By late afternoon it was obvious that partitions inside the cabin would have to wait at least another day, but at least the girls were rewarded in the evening with long, luxurious baths. Amenities were improving.

While they eased their aching muscles in hot water brought in buckets from the wood stove, Trebor went to the community library. He returned with thick books for each girl, and asked them to read the tomes, end to end, as soon as possible, although his "asking" left no doubt it was expected.

After their bath, the girls donned revealing lingerie and terrycloth robes acquired on their shopping trip. Then they carried on the most personal conversation with Trebor yet, while he soaked in warm, wet, luxury. Under probing questions they told of their earlier lives, childhood, schools, etc. As

could be expected, they were products of the "politically correct" teachings of the System. Like most of the few remaining young White women outside Kinsland, they had been born and reared in rural communities. Attracted by the glitter and gold that awaited the last young White females, they migrated to a big city, in this case Denver. There they were seduced by drugs, glamor and the machinations of the Sons Muspell or Muspellheimers, as Trebor called Sid Cohen's tribe. Cocaine and other recreational drugs were used freely at the never-ending parties they were invited to, and once hooked they needed a supplier. That's how they met Sid Cohen and through him each other. Finding that they got along with each other, they had agreed to share a two-bedroom apartment in Lakewood, a western suburb of Denver.

Although Heather was several months younger than Candy, she was the more practical and reserved of the pair, and also more "educated," if education was what one could call the propaganda of System colleges. At any rate, she had spent three semesters attending a junior college in eastern Colorado. Meanwhile Candy had spent three years after high school working dead-end jobs in Limon, Colorado, before moving to Denver.

Like all captives - and that's what they still considered themselves to be - Candy and Heather worked hard to ingratiate themselves with their captor. Instinctively attempting to "humanize" themselves with one who had power of life and death over them. Of course, they could not know that the killing of Sid Cohen was absolutely no indicator of Trebor's true nature.

Determined to keep conversation alive, and coming from a so-called "culture" where males loved to talk about themselves, Heather asked, "Is Trebor your real name?"

"It is now."

"Oh, so you just picked it out or something?"

"Um, yeah, you might say that. Trebor is Robert spelled backwards. I use it to honor Robert Jay Mathews, leader of the Order Bruder Schweigen."

That prompted questions about who and what were the Bruder Schweigen, which led to discussion of the formation of Kinsland. Trebor emerged from behind a sheet serving as a privacy screen between the room and bathtub. Wearing only a towel around his waist, he padded to a newly acquired dresser containing his clothing and pulled on shorts and jeans while the conversation continued. The unselfconscious display of his body was duly noted with poorly disguised interest by Candy and Heather. Flat belly, thought Heather. Nice ass, thought Candy. Each scolded herself for thinking that way about a kidnapper and murderer, but in their heart of hearts each also knew that she wanted to be first to share the dangerous man's bed.

The next day, with the girls' help Trebor completed a major partition dividing the log cabin in half, with the three beds and sleeping quarters in one end, while the other half served as living room, kitchen and, of course, a spot for the bathtub. He then announced that the partition work would have to do for now because he and others were going to begin Eric's cabin in the next couple of days.

"Oh, yeah, he's gonna, um, uh, 'get' a mate pretty soon, huh?" Candy almost said 'kidnap'.

"The Gods willing," Trebor agreed. They had discovered that Trebor used that phrase whenever risks were involved.

After lunch Trebor advised them to start studying the books he had brought home, and that he'd be home for supper when it got dark.

From a couple of hundred yards away through thick forest, the girls could hear the sounds of construction. Dutifully they sat down with the books, which turned out to be a collection of writings by men with names like Nietzsche, Spengler, Rockwell and others they had never heard of. Try as they might to concentrate on the material, their minds wandered and they kept turning to conversation. They seized the time of being alone to discuss what was really on their minds. "We've got to escape," Candy began.

"How?"

"Well, we sure can't walk out through a hundred miles or whatever it is, with bears and mountain lions everywhere."

Always practical, Heather replied, "Well then, we'll have to steal a car, huh?"

"They have their cars and trucks hidden somewhere so they can't be seen from the air. All I know is, there aren't any in sight from here," Candy advised.

Heather speculated, "They might kill us if we got caught. I keep remembering what they did to Sid."

"Yeah," Candy mused, "you know what, though, I don't care about that creep. I was getting real tired of his demands, especially the private sessions."

"I know what you mean," Heather agreed. "I can't hardly believe all the things we did for that fat little weirdo."

"Actually, we were doing it for the cocaine, not him," Candy corrected.

"What would you give for some nose candy right now?" Heather asked.

"God, you name it, but I've got an idea it's gonna be a long time."

They agreed that they'd better learn a little about what was in the books before Trebor got home.

"Hey, according to this, a White man named Edison invented electric lighting, another White man named Alexander Bell invented the telephone system, and Cleopatra was a White woman," Candy exclaimed.

"Naw, my teachers said they were Black."

"Well, they have supposed photocopies from a 1930 encyclopedia here," Candy continued.

"Hell, who knows? Anyone can write a book." Heather's views were usually utilitarian.

The more they read, the more evident it became that either the books they were reading were complete fabrication, or what they'd been taught all their lives was false. It wasn't possible to throw out many years of indoctrination, but it was necessary to please their "Lord and Master", so they read on.

By now they were beginning to learn how to cook for Trebor, who was almost a vegetarian, although on occasion he would indulge in a little meat. When he returned home as darkness settled in they had supper ready. For all the world like long time spouses, they recounted their respective days. Trebor was enthused about the progress on Eric's cabin. The walls were up, a floor in place, and tomorrow they hoped to finish a roof, windows and doors. From there it would be Eric's chore to finish. For their part, the girls tried to impress him with what they hoped were intelligent questions derived from the books they had studied most of the afternoon.

"After supper, we'll go out for the evening," Trebor said. "You need to see some evidence of the truth in those books, and then there is something else I want to show you since it's a new moon and a clear night." He could sense that they doubted the authenticity of the volumes he had given them to read.

"What's a 'new moon'?" Candy asked.

"That's the opposite of a full moon. In other words, no moon."

"So why is that so important?"

"You'll see," was all he said.

After putting on sweaters, the girls were led by Trebor first to the community building with its library. There he showed them textbooks, encyclopedias and other reference works dating from the 1850's to the 1930's, in which all he had told them was verified.

"As you can see, we at Kinsland don't have the resources to print and fabricate these books," he explained. He spread out a map of the world. "See this little nation over here," he said, pointing to Germany.

"Yes."

"That's Germany, that little speck, the size of one American state. That's the country that your teachers told you set out to conquer the world. These reference works will show you that Germany was outnumbered 144-to-1 in land area by its enemies. Outnumbered thousands to one in natural resources, and hopelessly outnumbered in population. Other books will show you that the Teutonic people, later called Germans, were the defenders of the White race for thousands of years against invaders from Africa and Asia, like the Moors and the Mongols of Genghis Khan. To exterminate the White race, the Sons of Muspell first had to destroy Germany."

Trebor went on for two hours, and by the light of a kerosene lamp, the girls were shown contradiction after contradiction in the political and religious systems they had been exposed to or controlled by all their lives. Finally he said, "That's more than enough to blow your minds for one night. Come on, let's climb a mountain."

He led them several hundred feet up a winding trail in the darkest night they had ever seen. He knew every step and pointed out obstacles. Soon they arrived at an outcropping of rock. They scrambled their way to the top, which was a small level space perhaps ten feet square, rising just above tree level.

Panting from exertion, Candy and Heather paused, too out of breath to ask why they were there.

Then Trebor said, "Look," pointing to the sky. Above them in the thin mountain air, unhindered by pollution or reflected city lights, the vast panorama of the universe stood revealed in its magnificent splendor, billions upon billions of stars creating designs against a velvet black background. The Milky Way truly looked like a ribbon of white.

"Awesome, isn't it?" Trebor asked.

"God yes. I never knew it could look like this," Candy breathed.

"And it goes on apparently forever, millions of light-years beyond what we can see with the naked eye. It makes a person feel kind of insignificant, huh?" Trebor mused.

"Like a little bug," was Heather's agreement.

"Did you know that there are spirals in those galaxies that show the same mathematical progression as the arrangement of sunflower seeds and fern leaves?" he asked.

"No, what does that mean?" Heather asked.

"It means that when our ancestors, the great Aryan philosophers of antiquity, said, 'As above, so below,' or, in other words, that we and the world are a reflection of the cosmic mind, they were right."

"You mean 'God'?" Candy asked.

"I mean a force and intelligence in the universe that we call God. That we as Wotanists who follow our true religion symbolize as Allfather Wotan."

"I don't understand. What do you mean, symbolize? Is Wotan real, or not?" Heather asked.

"I think we have covered all the esoterica we can handle for one night," Trebor replied, then added, "For tonight, just consider the majesty of all that" - he gestured again to the heavens - "and realize that while we are insignificant in the size of things, we can be valuable beyond comprehension as a link in destiny's eternal chain."

"Meaning what?" Candy asked.

Trebor's only reply was an enigmatic, "One day you will understand." Standing between his new mates, Trebor rested one arm across the shoulders of each in a continuing but slow increase of physical familiarity. Almost without thinking, they each circled his waist with an arm, and together they gazed at the incredible spectacle in the skies.

Yet it was Trebor's mind most focused on the cosmos. Heather's mind drifted elsewhere. What a strange man, she thought for the umpteenth time, so strong, so dangerous and ruthless, yet gentle and intelligent. And, yes, desirable. She could feel Candy's arm against hers where they encircled Trebor's waist. Could she be happy sharing this man with another? No, she told herself, I've gotta escape from Kinsland. Candy's thoughts were along the same line.

Trebor broke the spell. "Well, work days start early. I guess we had better get on home."



Back at the cabin, partitions had not yet been built to divide the back half of their abode into separate bedrooms. Soon all three were immersed in their own thoughts in their own beds, yet only feet apart.

"Trebor?" There was a question in the name from Heather. "May I ask you a question?"

"Don't know why not."

"Promise you won't get mad?"

"No," he answered, "I'll probably blow my cool", but his remark was clearly humorous.

"I'm serious," Heather persisted.

"Okay, okay, I promise."

"Don't the women around here get jealous when their husband has more than one wife - I mean, 'mate'?"

"Why should they?"

Both Heather and Candy found his answer frustrating. Candy butted in, "Don't you believe in love?"

Trebor answered, "When you have your second child, will you love your first any less?"

"Um, I'll have to think about that," Candy replied.

Heather got more to the point. "Do the guys sleep with two or three mates at a time?"

"Ye gads, woman, I'm a Wotanist. How would I know?" Again there was encouraging humor in his voice.

"What's being a Wotanist got to do with it?"

"A Wotanist figures it's no one's business what others do in the privacy of their own homes."

"I like that," Candy said.

Heather persisted. "Well then, since you promised not to get mad, what kind of sex do you like?"

"Well. Well, kind of a loaded question. Let me think a minute." After careful consideration, he opined, "I guess there's a time for everything, sometimes romance, sometimes a caveman, sometimes gentle, sometimes a little kinky. Keeps it exciting."

"I like that," Candy repeated.

"So what are you waiting for with us?" Heather continued. "Don't we turn you on?"

"Do you think its time?" Trebor had this disconcerting way of answering a question with a question.

"Time? How does anyone know that?"

"You know, for a moment, upon the mountain top under the stars tonight, I thought we were getting there. I had a feeling of -- of -- well, if you don't know, it's a waste of words. When the day comes that lust and love combine, I reckon we will all know. Now dammit, let's get some sleep."

Sleep was slow in coming for Heather and Candy. Their minds drifted back to those days of innocence when, as teenagers, love and lust indeed combined in girlish fantasies. Back before drugs, easy sex, booze and night life had made them women of the world. What was reality - Kinsland, or what Kinslanders called the System? Was Trebor a brutal murderer and kidnapper, or the stuff of a girl's dreams? Finally they drifted into fitful sleep.

The exterior of Eric's cabin was completed by sundown the next day. At Trebor's request, the girls had prepared a picnic style noon meal for the workers. Even to their relatively insensitive perception, the unselfishness and camaraderie of the Kinslanders was obvious. Eric endured incessant ribald kidding about the sexual adventures he was sure to enjoy in his new home, with embarrassed grins.

"They're like a bunch of big kids, huh?" Heather had mused to Candy.

"Yeah, sometimes, but then other times they are so damn serious and dangerous."

"Romantic fools?" Heather asked.

"I guess so, but it's kinda neat, too, know what I mean?" Candy waxed a bit philosophical.

They would spend most of the rest of the day reading the prescribed books and so were prepared with questions in the evening. Instead, events began which would lead to a very painful lesson for Trebor's mates.

There was a knock on the front door which Candy went to answer. It was the young girl, Freta, who sometimes helped as an aide to Anna, the nurse.

"Anna needs help." There was no mistaking the urgency and distress in Freta's voice.

All of them rushed down the hill to the nurse's home. The rear of Anna's cabin formed an immaculate if crude emergency room. When they arrived, Anna was efficiently preparing for surgery on a young man whose blood-covered body lay on a four foot high table.

"It's Bragi," she told Trebor. Without pausing to see who the women were with him she ordered, "You, get his clothes off." Candy and Heather hurried to obey.

"Laser rifle, I'd say. Went right through his vest. Must have severed or nicked a major vessel judging from the blood." Anna talked as she worked. "Roth and Rick brought him in. Found him at the first cabin on the Fort Collins run. While he was still conscious, he told them it was La Porte cops that stopped them. He was with George. George's body was in their car, been dead some time."

Anna already had an IV bottle hooked to Bragi's arm. "Got him on painkiller now." She named a synthetic drug known in the System's streets and among druggies as Tope, short for Utopia, because of its euphoric effects. In fact, Tope was a drug abuser's fondest dream and most treasured possession.

"I've got to give him something to knock him out now, but I thought you might want to try to talk to him first," Anna told Trebor. The clear implication was that Bragi might not live to talk after surgery.

Trebor took hold of the wounded soldier's left hand and leaned close. "Can you hear me, Bragi? This is Trebor."

Bragi's eyes flickered open, and he tried to answer, but blood in his throat provoked a bout of coughing.

"Hang on, Kinsman. We'll talk later," Trebor told him. He turned to Anna who was showing Candy and Heather where to dispose of the bloody clothes, and said, "No use, better get inside of him quick."

Trebor, Anna and Freta each knew what to do and were immediately engrossed in controlling anesthesia, monitoring vital signs, and surgery. Candy and Heather exchanged the knowing glances of druggies and each pocketed a vial of Tope while no one was looking. Then they watched the desperate operation with interest that was only partly feigned.

"Yep, nicked the aorta," they heard Anna mumble. "Gimmie that, and that, and that" - she would point and Freta would hand her surgical tools. A long hour passed before Anna began to sew the KD soldier's chest closed.

"He's got a lot of life force," Trebor murmured.

"Yeah, but he's lost a hell of a lot of blood and his system is in serious shock. I'll keep him loaded with painkillers and antibiotics in case of infection. The rest is up to the Norns and him." Like all Kinslanders, Anna was extremely fatalistic.

Trebor sent his women home and went outside to talk to the two men who brought Bragi in.

"We were on our way out on a fruit run," one of the men named Roth, began. A fruit run was a trip to buy fresh fruits and vegetables for the community, in treaty towns. We found him and George in their car about a quarter mile from the first cabin on the Fort Collins run. Before he passed out, Bragi told me it was La Porte cops and they had a laser rifle. He and George jumped out and George caught a full load. Probably dead before he hit the ground, Bragi emptied a clip of .308 into the cops' car, but they must have bulletproof firewalls now. Anyhow, the cops had time to recharge the laser rifle enough to put a quick burst into Bragi. He managed to pull George's body into the car and headed west. Apparently the cop car was disabled, because they didn't follow. Then Bragi got weak from loss of blood and didn't quite reach the cabin. That's all we know."

"Was fruit their only mission?" Trebor asked.

"No, there was surveillance on a CSU professor. I think an 'accident' was planned."

Trebor had a good idea who the professor might be. There was an 'educator' named Goldberg of Colorado State University who delighted in promoting miscegenation between Skraelings and the few White coeds in his classes. In fact, one of the Kinslander's mates was a former student of Goldberg who had been rescued a couple of years earlier.

"Well, I'll be headed east in the morning if you all want to join me," Trebor remarked, with a casualness that belied his deep emotion. Rick and Roth both quickly volunteered to join him. It was the rule in Kinsland: if the System killed one of theirs, then immediate retaliation, at least two for one, was called for.

Trebor trudged to Eric's new cabin, where he found the young soldier just getting ready to turn in for the night. After hearing the events of the evening, Eric too was ready and eager to join the revenge team. They agreed to head out the next day as soon as there was cloud cover.

At home, unfortunately, there was to be no rest for Trebor. No sooner had he arrived home than there was another knock on the door. This time it was Anna. Looking very somber.

"Bragi?" Trebor asked.

"No, he's still plugging along. Freta is watching over him."

"Oh good." Trebor's relief was evident.

"It's something else," Anna said, clearly reluctant to begin.

"Yes?"

"I'm missing two bottles of painkiller." Anna let the words hang along, pregnant with portent.

Trebor considered carefully. Quite clearly he didn't want to accept the obvious, but his new mates were the only druggies in the community. And they'd had the opportunity.

With sad resignation in his voice and posture, he turned to Candy and Heather, who had heard the conversation.

"Alright, where is it?"

They both vigorously denied any knowledge of the missing Tope. When a search of their pockets revealed nothing, they trumpeted, "I told you so." But when he searched their dresser drawers, they knew they were caught and their attitudes became apologetic, on the surface anyway. All druggies justify to themselves what they do for their drugs.

Trebor returned the vials to Anna, saying, "I guess this means a Thing first order of business tomorrow."

"I'm afraid so." Anna's voice showed sympathy for Trebor's anguish.

"You'll have to bring the charges."

"Yes, I know," were Anna's last words upon departing.

Trebor strode to the bedroom and gathered his sleeping bag and a few other items. On his way to the exit, he stated, "I don't care to stay with liars and thieves. Tomorrow you will be tried at the Thing."

"What's a 'Thing'?" asked Candy.

"A community meeting," was his terse reply.

"You know, we didn't ask to come here," Heather said with some defiance and sarcasm in her voice.

A withering look of disgust was Trebor's only answer. He would sleep on the floor at Eric's cabin this night.

The girls were blithely unaware of the seriousness of their offenses in the eyes of Kinslanders and Wotanists. Lying and stealing were virtually unheard of, partly because everyone had a sense of being one large family with a unique destiny, and partly because defense of the communities demanded integrity.

"Screw their damn 'Thing'. Let's get out of here," Candy spat out.

"Wonder how far we'll get in these woods at midnight?" Heather countered.

"A little damn Tope and they act like it's the end of the world." Candy was incensed at the injustice of it all. Heather agreed, but counseled that defiance was not going to make matters better.

"He said Anna had to 'bring charges'. This 'Thing' must be like a trial," Candy speculated.

"So what, men run things around here. What are they gonna do to a couple of girls for swiping some painkiller drug?"

"Yeah, and we're the best lookin' women here." The bravado in Candy's agreement evidenced a need to reassure each other there was no real problem, but in the back of their minds the image of Sid Cohen's last moments lurked like a spectre of disaster.

All in all, they were apprehensive enough that they were up and dressed early the next morning. Figuring to influence the men who would presume to judge them, they primed to the nines with their hair, make-up and perfume. Then they dressed in the most demure clothing common to the community.

They were thus prepared and sipping coffee when Trebor arrived shortly after sunrise. His attitude was cold, but they had expected that. They knew that a woman's looks were her weapon in life's struggle, and both were confident in their weapons where men were concerned.

They found themselves seated in the front row of the combination school, library and meeting hall, behind Trebor. Looking about as the hall filled up, they noted that each man brought his mate or mates with him. Perhaps

twenty men and nearly twice that many women filled the room before Trebor rose and addressed the crowd.

"I've called for this Thing for two reasons, neither of them pleasant," he announced. "First, as most of you know, our good Kinsman George was killed by the System's police yesterday. George leaves two mates and nine children behind. The funeral pyre will be tonight, though of course a few of us won't be here, as we have the usual business to take care of in the east. Respect to George's mates will, I am sure, be paid by all.

"Second, I am sorry to say, this is about a wrong for which I am at least partly responsible, since I brought the accused into the community. Anna, would you please state the facts?"

Anna rose, faced the audience and detailed the charges of theft and lying. "This crime is particularly inexcusable in light of what was stolen," she added. "This painkilling drug is vital to injured KD soldiers. In fact, Bragi was on the operating table at the exact time of the theft. Stealing medicine could condemn heroes to pain or death. Regretfully, as the offended party, I must ask for severe punishment." She sat down and the floor opened for debate.

Trebor rose first, confirmed all that Anna had said, and then added, "However, please bear in mind that these two are new to the community and have no knowledge of our ways or why they are so important. If they can be re-educated, aren't they potentially more valuable to our folk alive than dead? Nonetheless, let the will of the folk be done." He relinquished the floor.

The seriousness of their situation now struck home on both Heather and Candy. This was about life and death, their lives or deaths. The way Anna put it, stealing medicine from wounded soldiers did indeed sound awful. Worse yet, it wasn't just men deciding their fate. It appeared each family had one vote in decisions of the 'Thing'. The man of the house cast the vote, but only after consultation with his mate or mates. Not only that, the men seemed to respect their mates' opinions, and the women who spoke from the floor were uniform in their condemnation. They heard one woman specify, "If my man or my son were denied medicine by a thief in the community, I'd have no mercy."

The debate raged for two hours before decisions were reached. In accord with common practice, the injured party - in this case, Anna - delivered the verdict. In clear, somber tones she announced: "Candy, a prospective Trebor's mate, and Heather, a prospective Trebor's mate, it is the judgment of the Thing that you are thieves and liars. For such the appropriate punishment is that you should be stripped naked and flogged in view of the entire community. A second offense requires capital punishment.

"However, because you are new to the community, and out of deference to Trebor, we deem it improper that you should be unclothed to the eyes of the

community's male members. Therefore your punishment will be administered in the privacy of this hall, by women, with only women present."

"Be aware that your punishment does not result from malice. Those who have no conscience will only follow the rules necessary to the survival of the folk and community out of fear of pain."

The men rose as one and departed the meeting hall. In moments, Candy and Heather found themselves naked with their hands tied above their heads. No amount of pleading, promising, tears or - later - screams would save them. One of the women administering discipline was in fact heard to say, "Stow the tears, thief, that trick only works on men."

Later, as they limped back to Trebor's cabin, carrying their clothes because anything touching the welts on their bodies was too painful to bear, the last words they'd heard rang in their ears.

"Are drugs, lying and stealing worth all this? Are they worth dying for?"

At least, thankfully, at the cabin there were no accusing looks or words from Trebor. In fact, he wasn't home. On the kitchen table was a terse note that read, "The past is over. The future is what one makes it. Do right. The Gods willing, I will be back in three days."

"So what now?" Candy asked.

"I don't know. Keerist, I thought I was dying. I didn't know a person could hurt so bad."

"It still hurts," Candy moaned.

At that moment there was yet another knock on the door. The girls exchanged apprehensive looks. It couldn't be a friend - they didn't know any in the community.

Heather sidled to the door, holding her clothes in front of her, and cracked it open.

"Hi!" It was Freta, Anna's helper. "Well, may I come in?"

"Oh, sure." Heather stepped aside.

"Anna sent this." Freta held out a bottle of greenish-blue lotion. "She said applying it to your sore spots a few times a day will help."

"Anna sent this?" Heather was incredulous that Anna, who had so eloquently laid out the case against them, was now solicitous.



"Sure, why not?" the young girl responded.

"Well, eh, you know," Heather stuttered, "what happened this morning?"

"Hey," Freta responded, "if a child does wrong, he gets a spanking. Then it's forgotten. You did wrong and got a real good spanking, and now it will be forgotten."

"Are you kidding? Those people, especially the women, they hate us! We can't ever go outside again."

"Oh, really," the sprightly teenager replied. "Well, you better go put that lotion on and get dressed. I think you're about to have company."

Suddenly they realized how silly they must look, standing stark naked in the middle of the room, carrying on conversation with a fully dressed and seemingly all-wise teener.

"Oh, yeah, thanks. Sit down and I'll, I mean we'll be right back." Heather took the lotion. She and Candy retreated to the bedroom with as much dignity as two sore and naked women could muster.

In the back room, they whimpered as they applied the lotion to themselves and to each other.

"Ooh, this does help," Candy moaned.

"Boy, does it ever! Wonder what it is?"

"Who cares? Just be glad we got it."

They speculated about who could be coming to visit, without optimism or enthusiasm.

"You know, just in case, we ought to brew some coffee," Heather suggested. Dressed in the softest clothing they could find, they returned to the front room.

"You are both so very pretty, I can see why Trebor picked you," Freta complimented them.

"Well, thank you, Freta, but to tell the truth, I don't feel very pretty right now," was Heather's honest response.

"Me neither," her sister-mate agreed.

"Trebor left a note that said he'd be gone for two or three days. Do you know where he is?" Candy asked.

"Sure. He and Eric and Rick and Roth went Vali."

"Went 'Vali'?"

"Yeah, that's a name they use for revenge. It's from the God Vali."

"Yeah, so what does Vali do?" asked Heather.

"They kill one of ours, we kill two of theirs. That's all they understand."

The casual manner in which this apparently innocent young girl spoke of killing astonished Candy and Heather. "Just like that, go kill someone?"

"War is war, with plunder and women to the winners and slavery or death to the losers," Freta responded, with what to the newcomers was frightening intensity.

The conversation was interrupted by the first in an afternoon-long procession of women offering to teach the girls sewing, gardening, leather crafts and all the skills of the community. They accompanied one pair of sister-mates to pay respects to George's mates. There they heard references to Asgard, Valhalla, Tyr, the Bifrost bridge and other terms that baffled them. The sister-mates called themselves Sifen and Skadi.

"Where do you get such strange names?" asked Candy.

"And why does everyone seem to use just one name?" chimed in Heather.

"They are mostly names of Gods and Goddesses of our folk, and we often take a new name in Kinsland."

"But no last name?"

"Well, kinda, I guess. You are Candy Treborsmate and she is Heather Treborsmate," Sifen replied.

"Can I - I mean, may I - ask you another question?" Heather was being super polite.

"Sure," Sifen agreed.

"Well, uh, first, uh, what's your husband - I mean, mate's name?"

"Our mate calls himself Baldy, partly out of respect to Balder and partly as a joke since he has lots of long beautiful hair."

"Balder is a God?"

"Yes, a God of summer and sunlight."

"So which of you was Baldy's first wife?" Heather asked.

"I was," Skadi offered.

"Weren't you jealous when he took another wife? Oops, I mean mate!"

"Jealous!?" Skadi laughed. "I picked Sifen and helped Baldy capture her."

"Why, don't you love Baldy?"

"I love that man more dearly than anything on Midgard, except maybe our children," Skadi replied.

"Me, too," Sifen echoed.

While Candy and Heather were being educated into the ways of Kinsland, some miles away, traveling almost due east, four Kinsman maneuvered their two sedans around ruts and potholes in trails and roads. There was little conversation, as each man's thoughts were on fallen comrades and revenge. What little talk there was involved strictly business.

In the lead car, Trebor said, "We've got to get our hands on some of those laser rifles. I hear they can bring down a chopper or low-flying plane."

"Oh, man, if every Kinsland community had one of those, we could make life easier," Eric enthused.

"Well, we're gonna try. That's what the bolt cutters are for." They figured the laser rifles were bolted into locking devices in police vehicles just as was done with shotguns.

Behind them in the second car, Roth, a large husky man in his mid-forties, was driving. To Rick, a slender blond at least twenty years younger, he speculated, "Laser rifles for local cops, that's new."

"Well, the police department is about all Skraelings except for a few White females I hear. Guess the System feels it's safe to let racial enemies of the folk have advanced weapons."

La Porte, once a small suburb of Fort Collins, now had a population of a hundred thousand spreading north and west. Its western border was within a few minutes' drive of the mountains and Kinsland territory. The population was ninety percent Mexican with an additional ten percent divided between several races, but the police department was at least ninety-nine percent Mexican.

"You think Bragi's gonna make it?" Rick asked.

"Questionable, but there's a chance. He was breathing well when we left."

"If he doesn't make it, I want to go Vali again next trip," Rick vowed.

Bragi was Rick's age and a close friend.

"Not wise to go Vali when a man is too emotional," Roth cautioned.

"I'll cool down first," the younger man promised.

By nightfall they were at the first cabin where George and Bragi had been found a day earlier. From a nearby promontory there was a view of the unending lights of the front range. From north of Fort Collins to south of Colorado Springs, the entire front range was one long city, a hundred miles in length and up to fifty miles in width in places. It resembled Mexico City in size and inhabitants.

From informants, the KD knew of a donut shop in western La Porte where the police often took coffee breaks. If the Gods were with them, some System Skraeling police would take their last coffee break tonight.

They left one car concealed at the cabin, then crept down the last ten miles to the edge of System territory in a sedan loaded to the gills with four men, rifles, back packs and -just in case - a bolt cutter. By nine o'clock they were innocently ensconced on a side street overlooking the parking lot of the franchise donut shop. It was over an hour before a police car showed up. A swarthy Mexican and a fat White woman got out, dressed in the garish uniforms designed by La Forte's Skraeling city council, and waddled into the shop.

"Okay, Rick, take a look."

Rick was the least menacing in appearance, and he was designated to stroll by the police vehicle and look to see if a laser gun was locked inside. Just as Rick opened his door, Trebor grabbed his arm.

"No, wait". A second police car entered the lot, and parked, and its Mexican cops went inside. "Okay, try again," Trebor advised.

A minute later, Rick returned. "The Norns are with us. There are some kinds of weapons I don't recognize locked to the dashboard, and the fat broad didn't even lock her door. If there's no alarm turned on, I can probably cut one of those weapons out of that car before they even come out."

"Well, if we're gonna take out all four of them, it can't be a quiet operation," Trebor said. "It's smash and grab and run. Rick, you and Eric amble up to the cars. See if you can get the first weapon out quietly. If an alarm goes off, Roth and I will take out the cops immediately. We'll have them in our sights through the window all the time. If you get the first weapon out quietly, signal us. We'll then take out the enemy. You then shoot out the windows on the other car if it's locked, cut the weapon loose and we're gone. Thirty seconds maximum. Everyone agree?" Heads nodded.

As luck would have it, there was an alarm on the first police vehicle, although not audible outside. Apparently an alarm went off in the cops hand-held radios, because just as Rick opened the car door all four cops looked up.

"Take 'em," Trebor muttered.

A stream of .308 slugs tore through the front window of the donut shop and entered the heads and bodies of the enemy, already tumbling and expanding. The exit holes were as big as a man's fist, and all four were dead when they hit the floor. The patrons and workers in the shop screamed and dropped to the floor, but Rick and Eric calmly went about their work. As Rick cut the weapon in the first car loose with bolt cutters, Eric pulled out his 9mm and cleaned out the rider's-side window of the other car with a fusillade of shots. He had the door open and waiting when Rick arrived with the cutters and a weapon in one hand. Another ten seconds and they sprinted for the car, two precious laser rifles in their possession.

There was no point in taking a circuitous route out of town. In minutes the major thoroughfares would be sealed in every direction. At the top speed possible without blatantly violating the limit, they headed due west, counting the minutes to the Kinsland borders. With two miles of good highway in front of them, then another two miles of unrepaired Kinsland roadway before entering heavy forest, Rick announced from the back seat, "Cars in chase, at least four, lights on. Might as well floor it now."

Trebor floored the gas pedal and the large engine in their carefully chosen sedan responded with a lunge. They traveled the last two miles of highway at over a hundred miles an hour with the chase car still at least a mile behind. At the end of the unkept road, Trebor had to slow to ten and fifteen miles per hour, picking his way through potholes as the headlights allowed, but he wasn't worried about chase cars. They would have the same problems.

"Choppers, guys, look for them." Windows down, the other three poked their heads out and surveyed above and behind.

Just a few hundred yards ahead, Trebor could see the first trees, which meant safety. Suddenly Rick shouted, "Chopper, right rear, maybe one mile!"

No chance to evade, thought Trebor. It will have missiles already honed in on us.

The trees were less than a hundred yards away.

"Backpacks, weapons, and the laser guns in hand," he yelled. "We're getting out!" He jammed on the brakes, and all four raiders piled out, sprinting for the trees as fast as their legs would carry them with all the gear they carried. Behind them the chopper's co-pilot pushed a button and a missile already honed in on the car's hot exhaust roared away at four hundred miles per hour.

Just as the raiders reached the tree line, there was a tremendous explosion as their vehicle was virtually vaporized by high explosive. The KD soldiers took a moment to catch their breath, then began to strap on their backpacks.

"Whew, that was close," Roth panted.

"Yeah, too damn close," Eric agreed.

"That damn chopper hasn't left yet," Rick observed.

"No, it hasn't, has it?" Trebor muttered, a thoughtful look in his eyes. "Let me see one of the laser rifles." Like all KD soldiers, Trebor had read every bit of literature that was printed or could be stolen about System weaponry. In a moment he had the rifle charged.

Using a tree limb for a rest, he centered the sights on a fuel tank of the chopper that hovered over the burning wreckage of their car. "Adios, I hope," he murmured and squeezed the trigger.

A pencil sized hole blasted through the helicopter's fuel tank. Metal turned red hot in a microsecond, igniting fumes within the tank. There was a flash from the explosion, then the only sounds were of rubble raining from the sky and approaching sirens.

"For Bragi," Trebor gloated.

The raiders began the ten mile uphill march to the cabin and the other car. Between the difficulty of the terrain and having to watch for System aircraft, it would take a long time, but no one minded.

Less than fifty miles west as the crow flies, in Mathewsville, Trebor's new mates had tried going to bed around ten o'clock, but despite Anna's

medication they were still in considerable discomfort. Unable to sleep, they talked instead.

"I guess we're gonna have to get honest with ourselves," Heather began, thinking out loud. "Apparently nobody escapes from Kinsland, so we've got to make the best of it. In their eyes, we are liars, thieves, and druggies. If Trebor hadn't convinced them to give us a break because we are new, we might be dead."

Candy broke in, "Yeah, well, he's the one that kidnapped us."

"That's beside the point now. We have to play the cards we're dealt. Everyone here talks about fate, even at that funeral or whatever they call it."

A little earlier they had watched along with the community as far across the valley a fire sprang to life. A funeral pyre, Freta had told them. George on his way to Valhalla. He escaped the straw death. The straw death, they discovered, meant dying in bed instead of in battle.

"Anyway, Trebor is one of their heroes, and for all practical purposes he owns us, right?"

"Yeah."

"Well then, we gotta do what women have always done, right?"

"I guess," Candy replied, still unsure where Heather was headed.

"What I mean is, if everyone loves Trebor and he can be convinced that he loves us, we end like at the top, right?"

"You mean like big fish in a small pond?"

"In the only pond," Heather responded.

Candy admitted she could see sense in the idea. "But," she reminded Heather, "at the moment we are lower than whale crap in Trebor's eyes."

"Maybe so, but tell me something - was there ever a man you met that you couldn't seduce if you wanted?"

"Well, not many, if any," Candy admitted, or bragged, depending on one's viewpoint.

"Me either, and against two of us he hasn't got a chance. You ever know a guy that didn't want two good looking women?"

"They mostly all do," Candy agreed, then asked, "So what's the plan?"

"What's most important to Trebor?"

"Um, I guess this community."

"Right. So beginning immediately, we convince him it's important to us. He has to fall for that."

"Uh-huh, so I agree. That makes sense, but what about sex? That's what really gets to men."

"We gotta find out what he likes and turn him on, that's all."

"Sounds easy, but I've got a feeling that Trebor's different than any men we've known before. He's got some kinda romantic streak or something."

"Maybe so," Heather agreed, "but remember, he decided to kidnap us while watching us perform at the Palace. All that romance and all good sense goes out the window when a man gets horny."

"Well, if he feels romantic about us, he's all screwed up. After all, he knows what we are."

"What do you mean, 'what we are'?" Heather challenged.

"We're a couple of druggie strippers, liars and thieves, and he knows it." Candy was in a full blown period of painful self-examination.

"Speak for yourself," Heather said, flying into a huff. She squirmed about, trying to find a position that didn't hurt, and fell into resentful silence.

For at least a full hour there was complete silence in the pitch black darkness. Then Heather's voice broke the dark spell. "Candy? You awake?"

"Yes."

"I'm a druggie whore, a liar and a thief."

Candy pondered the admission for a minute. "Friends?"

"Friends."

"I don't think I'm gonna sleep tonight, how about you?"

"Nope, me neither," admitted Heather.



"Wanna get up and have some tea or something?"

"Might as well. Better just our butts hurt from sitting than our whole bodies."  
"Yeah, let's put on more of Anna's magic lotion, too," Candy suggested.

"Okay, I'll get the lantern and light it."

Shortly they sat in the kitchen sipping tea and being honest with themselves and each other for the first time ever. Actually, they discovered, it's difficult to put on a pretentious act when you're sitting around stark naked due to the fact that your body is covered with painful welts received for lying and stealing.

"You know, we're gonna be expected to have babies, don't you?" Heather asked.

"Well, I guess in the back of my mind I always expected to do that anyhow, didn't you?"

"Yeah, I guess so. I hear that all the women here breast feed for a couple of years. I'll have boobs as big as yours," Heather opined.

"Yours aren't too small. I always wished mine were your size."

"That's funny. I always wanted bigger ones like you," Heather chuckled at the irony.

"Well, I guess babies don't care so long as there is milk in them, huh?"

"Nope. Now the question is, what does Trebor like?" Heather regretted the words instantly. "I'm sorry, I wasn't trying to get any competition stirred up."

"That's okay," Candy assured her. "We've got to get over any jealousy, although I still don't see how these women do it."

"I think they love each other," Heather mused. Then noticing Candy's questioning gaze, she hastened to add, "I don't mean that way, I mean like.. .like..." she searched for a word. "I don't know, they just do."

"I couldn't ever love you that way," Candy said.

"Oh?"

"Nope, you're too damn pretty, too much competition."

Mollified, Heather answered, "You're a lot sexier than I am." These kinds of confessions of admiration women never make to each other except in sarcasm or jest, and now both were embarrassed.

"Good thing Trebor isn't here to hear two naked women telling each other how beautiful they are. He'd swear we are stone lezzies, huh?" Candy joked, breaking the tension of the moment.

Conversation grew desultory as bone-tired weariness descended on both girls. There was a sudden interruption, another knock on the front door.

"Criminy, it's two o'clock in the morning!" Candy exclaimed.

Heather padded to the door and called out, "Who's there?"

"Wolf," a muffled voice answered. "I saw your light and thought you would like to hear about the Vali."

"Wolf? Wolf?" Heather asked. "Who is Wolf?" "I think he's the one-legged guy who works the communications shack on night shift."

"Oh yes, I remember. Just a minute," she called through the door. Both girls scurried to don terrycloth robes. Heather opened the door.

"I picked up news on a System station out of Fort Collins," Wolf said, making no effort to enter.

"Oh well, come in." Heather stepped aside.

"That wouldn't be proper at this hour of night with Trebor gone," Wolf averred. "All I had to tell you was that apparently the men are safe and the raid was a success."

"Thank you, Wolf. We appreciate the update."

"You're welcome. Good night," Wolf hobbled away on his crutches.

"That was sweet of him," Candy remarked.

"Yeah, part of being Trebormates, I guess."

"Have you thought about what happens to us if Trebor gets killed on one of his raids?" Heather asked.

"Don't want to think about it. Let's go to bed."

In the bedroom, Heather surprised Candy by saying, "Let's sleep in Trebor's bed til he gets home?"

"Why?"

"Just because, I dunno, just because it's his, I guess."

"Kinda like getting used to the idea?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

"Well, alright."

They once again anointed themselves and each other with lotion and slipped naked between the sheets.

"I'll bet if Trebor knew we were in his bed, both of us, like this, he wouldn't be so eager to play war," Candy ventured.

"I hope not, but I suspect he's one of those duty-to-the-bitter-end type of guys."

"You're probably right. Let's get some z's." This time, despite the tender skin, they went immediately to sleep.

Meanwhile, all through the hours of darkness the four KD soldiers slogged their way through inky blackness and occasional heavy underbrush, ever upward and westward. Finally at daybreak they called a halt.

"The surveillance satellites will be tuned into this area. Let's rest until the afternoon cloud cover rolls in," Trebor advised.

From their canteens and emergency rations, they made a meal and thankfully sprawled out on beds of pine needles, carefully hidden beneath dense evergreens. In moments all but the alternating sentry were asleep - the dreamless sleep of men who were exhausted after a job well done.

Some hours later they resumed the trek, surprisingly refreshed and eager to get home where they could regale the community with tales of their exploits. If their car hadn't been destroyed, they would have been home no later than early afternoon, or perhaps late afternoon depending on cloud cover.

Back in Mathewsville, Wolf had told everyone as much as he knew about the raid, but of course all knew that the System radio was often pure lies and propaganda. So by mid-afternoon many folk, especially close friends and relatives of the raiders were sneaking anxious glances into the valley below for signs of a vehicle.

Candy and Heather found that they were no different. Now that they had accepted that their fates were intertwined with Trebor's, future plans relied on his safe return.

Sifen had invited them to help her and a few others to weed and water in the community garden, and she noted their glances down the driveway.

"Best to get used to it. They either return or they don't," she counseled.

"I guess it's always like this, huh?" Heather asked.

"I'd say most of the women here spend from a few days to a few weeks every year wondering if their man will return."

"God, how can you live like that?" Candy asked.

"I guess if there's no other way to stop the Muspellheimer murder of our race, then we have no choice," Sifen answered.

"No wonder you love your men like you do. Each day may be the last," was Heather's observation.

"That's part of it," Sifen agreed, "but there's more. Our men are real men, brave enough to put their lives on the line time after time after time, as long as they live. There is nothing like being loved by a real man."

Comparisons of Trebor's lean hard body and Sid Cohen's disgusting image flashed into both girls' minds. Heather thought of his kiss, lips gently brushing hers, while Candy remembered a single finger tracing a line across her bare calf. They looked at each other.

"We're hooked, aren't we?" Heather asked.

"I'm afraid so," Candy admitted.

Hours dragged by and afternoon turned into evening which became night, and still no sign of the KD soldiers. Finally the girls, tired after only a few hours of sleep the previous night, gave up and decided to go to bed.

Once again they medicated with Anna's lotion and slipped naked between the sheets.

"There's no one else here that I'd want for a mate like Trebor. How about you?" Candy asked.

"Nope. No one else compares. It's scary, what's gonna happen if he's dead?"

"Don't say that. We just decided to love him," Candy mumbled. Then, deciding love was inappropriate, she amended, "I mean, you know, be real mates."

"Maybe that's what love is?" Heather whispered. "Who knows? It would be nice to be treated like these guys do for their women. Even when they're pregnant with big bellies, you can tell their men love them."

"I'll bet that's why the women aren't jealous of each other. It's because the men never leave their mates for a new one."

"Now that makes sense," Candy asserted, then after a moment's reflection added, "except when they're killed."

On that somber note they fell into silence and then sleep.

At four in the morning, Trebor and his companions arrived back in Mathewsville. As tired as he'd ever been, Trebor decided to skip a bath until he saw the pair sleeping in his bed. By the light of a flickering kerosene lamp, he could see the sheets were nearly kicked off their nude bodies and angry welts decorated their skin.

There was a chill in the cabin, so he pulled the sheets back over them and added a quilt. Then he returned to the kitchen, started a fire in the stove and set a bucket of water on top. Maybe a warm bath would be just as refreshing as sleep, he rationalized. Soon he was soaking away the dirt and sweat of a forced march while sipping a cup of mead.

The girls had received a painful punishment, he reflected. He hoped they had learned their lesson. A repeat performance could well cost them their lives. The community had harsh rules, but survival demanded ruthless enforcement of certain laws and codes of honor.

He also had to admit to himself that there was more to his reflections than some altruistic determination to pass on both their genes and his own. They're getting under my skin, he thought, despite their shady past, and there's no fool like an old fool. I must remember that they lie, they steal, and they are drug-abusers.

Nevertheless, before extinguishing the lantern and climbing into one of the girls' beds, he stole a long look at their faces, so peaceful in repose. Five minutes later he was dead to the world.

Heather awoke at sunrise, needing to make a spider run due to the tea imbibed in the middle of the night. "Ouch," she murmured, as movement still caused a little pain. Then as full consciousness returned, she noted the quilt. Had Candy gotten up in the middle of the night and covered them? She glanced at the blonde still asleep beside her, recalled a hug of the previous

night and was surprised to feel no guilt or embarrassment. Maybe friendship with a sister-mate is possible, she thought.

She slid out from under the warm quilt and slipped her feet into slippers before venturing across the cold wood floor. Only as she was donning her terrycloth robe did she finally see Trebor in the next bed. She stood beside his bed for a long moment gazing at his light brown hair and chiseled Nordic profile. You coulda done a lot worse, girl, she told herself as she tip-toed silently out of the room to make the spider run.

Later, as she set about to build a fire in the kitchen stove, she realized there was still heat in the embers. He hasn't been home more than a couple of hours, she correctly surmised. After setting a tea kettle of water on the stove to heat, she returned silently to the bedroom.

Carefully she nudged Candy awake. When the blonde's eyes opened, the first thing she saw was Heather's face, inches away, with one finger over her lips, indicating "be quiet". Heather pointed to the sleeping Trebor. Candy nodded her understanding and slid quietly out of bed.

Heather noted for the umpteenth time the blonde's classic figure, which transcended even the welts still visible on her skin. Must not be jealous, she reminded herself. The experiences of the last three days flew by in her mind's eye. How was it possible that she and Candy could have changed so much in such a short time?

As she eyed the slumbering Trebor once more, she began to wonder what the near future would bring for him, and for his young comrade, Eric...

## Chapter 4: The Rescue

Sixteen year old Dory Johnson, like most girls her age, spent little time reminiscing on the past. Teenagers are future-oriented, and Dory's future seemed to contain endless possibilities for pleasure and adulation.

As one of the few White girls in her suburban high school, Dory was besieged with attention and requests for dates from Skraelings of all colors and mixtures, as well as an occasional overture from some shy or brow-beaten White boy.

Unfortunately the few White boys in her school were so beaten down with the System's propaganda of guilt, as well as fear of anti-White laws which were used to punish White males for the slightest deviation from humble subservience, that they remained socially invisible. By nature's programming, young females are not attracted to disenfranchised, beaten males.

On this particular evening, Dory was mentally wrestling with a not uncommon dilemma. Who should she go to the weekend homecoming dance with? She had narrowed the options down to just two.

One was a jive-talking flashy Negro, a senior who starred on the basketball team. The other was a Mexican whose expensive clothes and new sports car were financed by sales of various drugs to fellow classmates.

Under the prevailing moral climate promoted by all of society, including teachers, Dory was not without erotic experience with both sexes. Although physically she was no longer a virgin due to a lesbian affair in which her partner had employed sex toys constructed to simulate male sex organs, she had so far avoided vaginal intercourse with any male, not because of inhibitions but rather out of fear of pregnancy or disease.

Long ago she had discovered her ability to manipulate and gain advantage using sex and flirtation, weapons that she used without shame. Ignored by her drunken mother and by her lying lawyer father, she was tough, practical, clever and self-centered. Drugs, fights and varied sexual stimulations were integral in her life.

It was in fact incessant chatter about herself that precipitated an earlier than planned abduction. She had confided to a friend her decision to 'go all the way' with a Skraeling. The friend, a secret KD sympathizer had, through channels, relayed the information to another, who in turn had broadcast a coded transmission on a set frequency at a prescribed time.

Wolf, the communications officer, arrived at Eric's cabin to warn that time was of the essence. Eric in turn shared the news with Trebor and hastily they

began to plan.

"Can't get there tonight," Trebor opined.

"I know, but tomorrow night should be no problem. We have all the surveillance data we need." Eric was anxious. Although having only seen Dory's picture, he was infatuated. Of course, he had no way of knowing that behind Dory's pretty and innocent face lurked a scheming, devious and thoroughly utilitarian mind.

Dory lived with her parents in a ritzy home adjacent to the 18 fairway of a country club golf course north of Arvada, a suburb on the northwest outskirts of Denver. Other than contingency plans for unexpected obstacles, the abduction plans had been rehashed in Eric's mind many times.

The next day as Trebor and Eric traveled slowly down the rough and untended roads, Trebor counseled Eric on the problems he was about to face with an angry, scared, spoiled, brainwashed and basically useless prospective mate.

"I know, I know," Eric answered, "but you are the one that said women are incredibly adaptable, especially when they are young."

"That's true, but remember, this one has lived in luxury never dreamed of by kings and queens of ages past. She has absolutely no experience with the real world and is unable to perform any valuable task whatsoever until she is taught. And she will resist."

Trebor's evaluation was sobering, and Eric fell into silent meditation for several hours. After dark, they began to converse again as they entered System territory, all about business as they reviewed plans and contingencies.

The country club golf course was surrounded by an eight foot high chain link fence. A gate providing access to a service road for maintenance vehicles and supplies was situated at the far end of the course from the club house. Opening the gate would be child's play for Trebor. They would however have to leave the car parked outside the course and proceed on foot to Dory's parents' house in order to avoid detection by the groundskeepers, who would be watering and mowing fairways and greens all night long.

Wearing dark clothes and carrying their usual issue of weapons and tools, the efficient raiders arrived at the two story brick home which was their destination shortly before midnight. They could see no lights on in the house. Finding a pair of expensive cars in the garage, they surmised that the family was already asleep.

To their delight they discovered that a back door to the palatial home was



unlocked.

"Guess these rich folks feel pretty secure," Eric whispered.

"Uhhmm," was all Trebor replied.

Due to its isolation the house was too dark to explore without the aid of the small flashlights they carried. Reconnaissance of the first floor found it devoid of humans. After creeping silently up the stairs to the second floor, they found there were a half dozen doors, all of them closed. No way to know which door might lead to Dory's bedroom, and it was too dark to explore rooms without using flashlights, which would likely awaken the occupants. This would have to be done the hard way.

Standing at one end of a hallway, they whispered.

"Might as well start here at the first door," said Trebor.

"Okay, I go in first," Eric was eager.

"Okay"

Slowly and silently Eric turned the doorknob of the first doorway and eased it open. It was pitch dark, and they couldn't see a thing. Suddenly Trebor switched on his flashlight and illuminated what turned out to be some kind of studio or study. There was no one in the room but the raiders. Each heaved a sigh of frustration because the tension would have to be repeated.

A second door opened into a deserted guest bedroom. The third room was occupied, but unfortunately not by Dory. Trebor's flashlight revealed a couple sleeping on a king-sized bed. The man, an overweight specimen perhaps fifty years old, awakened almost instantly, shielding his eyes from the light. He stammered, "What the hell, who are you?"

Eric flipped on the light switch and closed the door. Now both raiders stood revealed, holding 9mm handguns aimed at the bed. The woman woke up then, saw the KD raiders and screamed.

"Shut up," Trebor warned in a quiet but menacing voice, aiming his handgun directly at the hysterical woman's face. The screaming ended abruptly.

"No telling who she woke up. You'd better look for your girl now," Trebor advised.

As Eric hurried to find Dory's bedroom, Trebor began to tie up her parents with duct tape around their ankles and wrists. Dory's mother was a rather attractive woman despite showing signs of wear from a dissipated life. In a trembling voice she asked, "What do you want?"

"Just your daughter," Trebor replied. He was disgusted to see the look of relief on the woman's face. She had to know that horrible fates often awaited women who were abducted, but obviously she didn't care so long as her own decadent carcass was safe.

"Why our daughter?" the overweight man asked.

"To save her," was Trebor's terse reply.

"Save her? Save her from what?"

"From dating and mating with non-Whites," Trebor explained.

"There's nothing wrong with that. We're all equal. We can't be racist!" The System line spouted by the slob made Trebor want to vomit.

The woman chimed in, "Hell, my oldest daughter is married to an African-American." Although they didn't know it, the two racial renegades had just sealed their own fates.

Meanwhile Eric raced down the hall, opening doors and flipping on lights. The first two rooms were empty. In the third he discovered that Dory had indeed been awakened by her mother's scream. She had a phone in her hand and was just about to dial the police emergency number. He leaped across the room and struck the instrument from her hand.

The two sized each other up. Dressed in a short nightie that showed all of her shapely legs and the outlines of firm young breasts, Dory was a vision that aroused Eric despite the tension of the moment. A pert nose, pouty lips, and just a few freckles decorated a pretty face framed by flowing light brown hair. Despite the terror in her eyes, she was a fine figure of a woman.

What Dory saw was a stocky but well built, clean cut young man holding a gun that looked like a cannon to her.

"Please don't hurt me," she stammered.

Although his Aryan soul would have preferred to offer solace and comfort, Eric knew that a whole new mindset would have to be created in his captive, a mindset in which respect and compassion were earned by service to folk, mate and family, not by demands or pleas. So his response was brusque. "You have one minute to get dressed. I'd recommend jeans, a sweater and sneakers," he advised.

When Dory hesitated, Eric began to count off the seconds aloud while pointing to his gun. At the count of ten Dory scrambled to obey, too terrified

to consider the show she was putting on for the intruder. Eric didn't miss a thing.

Moments later Eric and Dory arrived at the door to the bedroom where Trebor was talking to her parents.

"I'll be downstairs in a minute," said Trebor, indicating Eric should take his captive down there and wait. When they had left, Trebor turned to the pair on the bed.

"Untold thousands of generations of your ancestors struggled, fought and died so that beauty like your daughter's would exist on Midgard today. Then you taught your daughters to defile their heritage by mating with Skraelings. This is justice." With that he plunged his knife into their throats, first one, then the other, all in one swift motion.

Wiping his knife clean on a blanket, he muttered curses upon the very memory such vile creatures, then went to join Eric.

"Sorry, young lady, but we can't take a chance on you screaming" Trebor advised before placing a piece of tape across Dory's mouth. Each of the raiders holding one of her arms, they escorted her across the dark golf course and placed her into the back seat of their car with Eric.

As Trebor headed the car for Kinsland, Eric removed the tape covering Dory's mouth.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked in a quavering voice.

"Kinsland," Eric told her.

Like Candy and Heather before her, Dory became even more terrified upon hearing such news. Certain that a fate worse than a quick death awaited her, she gasped, "Why, why me?"

"Because you are good genetic material and I need a mate."

"You mean, like a wife?" Dory could not hide the astonishment in her voice. Eric merely nodded.

"What about him?" She indicated Trebor.

"Oh, Trebor just acquired two new mates very recently. He has no interest in you."

"Two wives?"

"Sure. You have a problem with that?"

Anxious not to offend her captors, Dory quickly avowed that it was none of her business to judge. Now that it seemed she wasn't about to be tortured or killed, she felt emboldened enough to ask questions.

"I'm supposed to be your wife and I don't even know your name?" It was a question.

"Eric."

"Hell of a way to court a girl, don't you think?" Dory attempted a joke, then silently cursed the tremors in her voice.

Eric thought her attempt at humor showed courage, and it found it endearing. "Cracking jokes at a time like this shows grit," Eric allowed in a neutral voice, thinking to himself that it was a good sign.

"I don't feel very brave," sobbed Dory, breaking suddenly into tears. Well damn, I thought of everything but a handkerchief for a crying woman, Eric reflected. From an equipment bag he retrieved a stocking cap and handed it to his tearful captive without comment.

A silence which was potently uncomfortable to Dory ensued until well after they began their ascent into the mountains. Not that a plethora of questions weren't racing through Dory's mind, but she didn't know where to start or how such questions would be received. Already an exceedingly practical mind was speculating on how to enchant, seduce or otherwise control her captor until an opportunity to escape presented itself.

She finally broke the silence, telling Eric, "My name is Dory."

"Yes, I know."

"You already knew my name?"

"Of course. I wouldn't take just anyone for a mate."

"You have been spying on me," Dory accused.

"Well, someone has, in a way."

"What if I don't want to be your wife?"

"Doesn't look like you have much choice, does it? Besides, where in all nature does the female decide? The males fight each other for the right to breed and the female opts for the winner. That way, only the best genes are

reproduced."

Dory pondered that for a moment, then ventured, "But people aren't animals.

"Tell me in what way people aren't part of the animal kingdom?" Eric challenged. After considering, she replied, "I hadn't thought about it that way before."

The rest of the trip home to Mathewsville passed in much the same manner as with Candy and Heather earlier. They did allow Dory, who was emotionally drained, physically exhausted and younger to get a full ration of sleep at the halfway cabin.

Unlike Candy and Heather, Dory's arrival at Mathewsville was expected and the community was primed to make her feel welcome. After a bewildering abundance of greetings from friendly strangers, Dory didn't know whether to feel like a kidnap victim or royalty. At any rate she soon found herself appropriated by two young women not much older than herself. One of them, obviously pregnant, introduced herself as Sheila and her companion as Linda.

Linda, who had an infant in her arms, had a take-charge personality. "Come on, we'll get you fixed up with clothes and stuff." Her suggestion was voiced so as to leave little room for debate.

"What about him?" Dory gestured toward Eric, who was deep in conversation with a group of other men. She found it hard to believe that her captor was unconcerned about her whereabouts, or whether she might try to escape.

"Don't worry," Sheila advised. "We will show you your cabin if he doesn't show up first."

In the community storeroom, while being fitted and supplied with clothes and women's needs, Dory discovered that the two girls were willing and eager to share a wealth of information about Kinsland, Mathewsville, Eric, or whatever might be pertinent.

"Some of the younger girls are a bit jealous of you, but don't worry, they will get over it soon," Linda confided.

"Jealous of me?" Dory didn't understand.

"Yeah, Eric is quite a catch and two or three of them wanted to be his first mate."

"A catch! He is a catch? He kidnapped me!" The sarcasm in Dory's outburst was thinly disguised.

"You will soon enough realize that you were rescued, not kidnapped. I knew I'd been rescued in a week," Sheila averred.

"You were kidnapped too?" Dory asked.

"Both of us, and it's rescued, not kidnapped," Linda informed her.

"Didn't you ever try to escape?"

"Escape to where? Didn't Eric tell you this is the last place for White people on earth?" Sheila patiently continued.

"This is all just too much," Dory exclaimed. "Yesterday I was safe in my home, and now here I am in some wilderness about to be forced to marry some guy I don't know that just kidnapped me. So tell me, am I supposed to jump in his bed and let him fuck the hell out of me before the night is over?"

Sheila grinned. "Who knows? I wondered the same thing the day I was rescued. Kinslander men aren't into mistreating women. When you're ready, I'm sure he will be, too."

"What if I'm never ready? I mean, this isn't marriage, not the way I ever heard of."

"Oh, Eric is a handsome man and you are a healthy girl. You'll be ready, willing and eager in due time, take my word for it."

Dory found Sheila's certainty infuriating, but considered it wisest to conceal her anger. Instead she decided to learn more about her captor.

"How old is this Eric, anyhow?"

"I think he's about twenty-six," said Linda.

"Kinda old for a girl that's just turned sixteen, don't you think?"

"No Kinslander has a right to take a mate and reproduce until he has proven his value to the folk in battle, and killed enemies of our people," Sheila informed her. "That's why most Kinslander men are ten or twenty years older than their mates. When a girl starts having periods and develops womanly attributes and gets 'boy crazy', that's nature saying it's time to mate."

"You mean Eric is a killer?"

"Soldiers kill their enemies and the enemies of their people, don't they?" Linda asked.

"Oh well, I guess so."

"And they still love their mates and children, don't they?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

"So what's the problem?"

"Ah, I guess this is all too new and sudden for me to get used to," Dory stammered.

"Well, this should be about all you need for now," said Linda, indicating a sizable pile of merchandise. "Come on and we will help you carry this stuff to your place."

There was calculation in Dory's next question. "You still haven't told me if I should have sex with him tonight."

"Trust me, you don't need to worry," answered Sheila with a knowing smirk that frustrated Dory.

"Well, hell, I was planning to give up this virginity thing real soon anyway." There was wry humor in Dory's comment.

"Atta girl. Humor in uncertain times shows courage," was Linda's response, accompanied by a reassuring pat on the arm.

That's the second time I've heard that tonight, thought Dory.

It was now fully dark as they trudged a couple of hundred yards through partially cleared forest to a cabin that Linda identified as Eric's place. "And yours, too," she added.

Without a reflection of city lights, the inky darkness was near total, unlike any night Dory had ever experienced. Spooky, she thought to herself.

"Good, Eric's not here yet. We can get you settled in," Sheila announced. Inside the cabin she lit a kerosene lamp which illuminated a large but unfurnished interior.

A kitchen of sorts with a table, chairs, a wood burning stove, a sink, a water barrel and some cupboards comprised one corner of the interior. The opposite corner contained a modern king-sized bed, incongruously surrounded by crude furniture including a dresser, a rocking chair and a lamp stand. Men's clothes hung on a clothes rack.

A third corner held a bathtub hooked up to a visible drain pipe. This corner was obviously intended as a future bathroom. Scattered elsewhere throughout the interior were tools, guns, ammunition, books and other male

or revolutionary accoutrements.

Adding to the unpleasant first impression, the cabin was cold, having been unoccupied for nearly two days. Dory shuddered at the idea that this would be her "home."

"Don't worry, you'll have him trained in no time, and between the two of you this place will be fixed up in a week," Linda advised.

Dory looked doubtful. "Trained?? I'm gonna train him? He's dangerous."

To Dory's surprise, Linda and Sheila fairly roared with laughter, sputtering "dangerous" again and again. Then Linda apologized, "I'm sorry, we weren't laughing at you, it's just the idea that a Kinslander would harm his mate."

"Well, there was one once. Remember old Ralph?" Sheila asked of Linda.

"Yeah, but he's ravens' food, or was," Linda replied.

"What's ravens' food? What happened to Ralph?" asked Dory.

"Ralph was a wife beater and a drunk who lived in Mathewsville until about a year ago. He was harming the morale of the community, and he didn't straighten up after repeated warnings. So we hanged him, right out there in the clearing where you drove up," explained Sheila.

"We hanged him?" queried Dory.

"Well, the whole community voted at his trial and a public hanging sends a message."

Linda chimed in, "The point is, White Aryan men in their own lands and cultures don't mistreat their women or allow others to do so either. So when you assumed that Eric was dangerous to you, we just had to laugh."

Sheila added, "Don't misunderstand, though, if a woman gets too snotty or out of line, her man might drop her panties and spank her bare bottom until her attitude improves. It's just that it takes a lot of provocation. So unless you are planning to act really nasty to Eric, he will be easy to train."

"I still don't understand what you mean by training a man." Dory pretended to be puzzled, although she figured she was already an expert on how to control men.

"If his woman is happy and eager to please, especially in bed, a White man will do anything he can to please her. I mean, ANYTHING! Women have always been the power behind the scenes in Aryan countries. Let your man defend the nation and supply you and your family with whatever you need



and want. As long as you stroke his ego and make him think he is a king in his own home, he will actually be your slave. Almost literally and without realizing it, he will be a happy willing slave."

"Hey, enough chatter! There's work to do," Sheila exclaimed. "Linda, why don't you help Dory put her clothes and stuff away while I get a fire started. I'm sure Eric and Dory will want hot water for baths, and they must be mighty hungry. I'll see if Eric has something around here to cook for supper."

In the rear of the cabin Linda placed her baby on the bed.

"What's his or her name?" Dory asked.

"Magni, he's a boy."

"How old is he?"

"Five months."

"Have you been here long?" Dory asked.

"About two years."

"Were you scared at first?"

As they reorganized the contents of the dresser to make room for some of Dory's things, Linda responded.

"Well yeah, for about a day or maybe even less. Mostly I was just confused and surprised. Shocked, I guess, by the sudden change and finding out that I'd been lied to about Kinsland ah1 my life. Then too I was still in high school, and all of a sudden I found out that nature said I was a grown woman. I was fifteen at the time. It took a few days to settle in."

"I'm sixteen and I'm in high school too, a sophomore. I mean, I was in high school."

"Well, you will probably go from student to teacher real quick. I think the community wants you to replace Sheila as the teacher of the kindergarten through third graders. Sheila will be having her baby soon."

"Don't you miss your old life?" asked Dory.

"Hell no, not one bit. The whole System is rotten and anti-White, and I despised my parents."

"My parents are pretty disgusting, too," Dory confessed. "My mom is a drunk and dad is a lying politician. No one believes anything he ever says. Of

course, he's a lawyer, too, and everyone knows what lawyers are."

"Well, you will like the honesty of people here," Linda avowed. "You'll have to get used to primitive living conditions, though."

"I see that. Speaking of which, I guess this place has an outhouse for a toilet, uh?"

"Yeah, but the men are working on a water system. We hope to have flush toilets sometime this spring."

They finished organizing, Linda retrieved her baby, and soon all three were seated around the kitchen table, while buckets of water heated on the stove top and a tuna casserole baked in the oven.

Unceremoniously, Linda opened her blouse and began to feed Magni.

"I've never known anyone to breast feed," Dory observed.

"That's a shame. A mother's natural milk is what nature intended. Besides, I like it. It makes me feel protective and motherly and stuff."

"Does it hurt?"

"Naw. Feels kinda good actually, at least until they get teeth. I hear they can get rambunctious then.";

"How long will you nurse him?" Dory asked.

"Probably two years. It's good for him, plus a woman stays infertile while nursing. One baby every three years or so is about right."

At that juncture the front door opened and Eric stepped in. He stopped after two steps and observed, "Well, well, well. A bunch of old hens discussing my shortcomings undoubtedly."

"Yes, and there's no shortage of conversational material," retorted Linda. The playful repartee showed obvious affection.

"Those milk tanks of yours get any bigger and we won't have to import dairy products anymore," responded Eric, eyeing Linda's exposed and impressive mammaries.

"Yeah, well, Alf isn't complaining," boasted Linda, referring to her mate. Eric threw up his hands in mock surrender, saying, "Well, I sure ain't gonna argue with Alf."

"We better get going," said Sheila, getting to her feet. In mock

admonishment she added, "Eric, you treat Dory right. She isn't used to a barbarian bachelor hovel like this."

"I guess that means you haven't spent the last hour extolling my endless virtues after all, huh?" he queried Sheila.

"It's getting too deep for me in here, even with boots on. Let us depart post haste," snorted Linda. Wishing Dory luck with "that smart ass barbarian", the pair left, declaring they would see her tomorrow.

There was a prolonged awkward silence once they were alone until Eric said, "Hi." Dory only nodded to indicate she had heard him.

"Not an impressive place compared to what you are accustomed to, I guess."

"You are a master of understatement, aren't you?" was Dory's sardonic response.

"Umm, so that's how it's gonna be." There was a hard and dangerous edge to Eric's voice as he seated himself directly across the table from Dory and stared into her eyes. "I will excuse a lot for obvious reasons, but one thing I will not tolerate is a spoiled, snotty, sarcastic little bitch with an attitude problem. I hadn't planned to get physical with you, but my belt and your bare ass will have a get-acquainted session that you will not enjoy, if you can't be civil. Civility is all I ask, okay?"

Dory, who had already decided to bargain with her body, raised her head as defiantly as she dared and said, "Civility is all you want? Well, there's only one bed in here."

"So what? It's not big enough or fancy enough for you?"

"So you expect me to sleep with you tonight, don't you?" The mocking tone of her voice was infuriating to Eric, who fully intended to let Dory set the pace in sex. So there was real anger in his voice as he advised, "If I want to I can strip you naked, tie you to my bed and take all the pleasure I want right now. I captured you in enemy territory and might makes right. That's the way it's been done for all the thousands or millions of years we have been on the planet. But so far I haven't, have I?"

Sensing that her body as a bargaining chip was losing value, and seeing Eric's anger, Dory meekly agreed. Between what Sheila and Linda had told her earlier, and Eric's threat to use his belt, she realized she was in danger of getting stripped and whipped on her bare butt if she couldn't appease her angry captor.

Then there was a completely unexpected development as Eric went to a drawer beneath a gun rack and returned with a pistol secured in a holster

with a clip on the side.

"Stand up," he ordered. Hesitantly she did so, and then he slid the gun and holster into her waistband.

"There, that will protect you from any danger you might encounter in Mathewsville, including what you probably wrongfully call rape," he informed her. "Not that taking you anytime I want isn't my right. Now, I smell supper. Go see if it is ready."

The cold fury in his voice was echoed by body language, and Dory figured she had pushed him too far already.

"I wasn't calling you a rapist," she protested in the most conciliatory manner she could muster.

"You were. Now go." He pointed to the kitchen stove, his rage fearfully evident to Dory.

To herself she said, why didn't I just flirt and tell him he's good looking and give him some sex? God, am I stupid. Now she would have to figure out how to make amends and appease him. It was doubtful, after she had already expressed herself as she did in regards to the bed and sex, that he would be easily fooled into thinking any sex offer now was sincere.

She rummaged through the cupboards and found dishes and silverware with which to set the table. She didn't know how long the casserole should cook, but a glance in the oven told her it wasn't burnt, so she decided to let it heat a little longer.

Then she realized she needed to go to the bathroom, but the journey outside scared her. Summoning her courage, she approached Eric, who was now sitting in the rocker near the bed, reading a book.

"I've got to go to the bathroom," she announced in the meekest voice she could manage.

"Okay."

"Is it safe?" she asked.

In response he nodded, tapped the gun on her hip, then added "flashlight" while pointing to a shelf. "Just point and pull the trigger. Tomorrow I'll teach you all about guns."

He was pissed off for real, thought Dory as she picked her way along a path to the outhouse. Again she cursed herself for being stupid. So what if he

wanted sex. Almost every other woman in the world was getting it anyway, and now she'd have to flirt like crazy or who knows what he would do. Well, if that got him horny, at least he was good looking.

Shortly she was again behind Eric's chair. In dulcet tones and pretended humility she said, "I think supper is ready. If you'll come eat with me, I'll be civil, I promise."

"Hmmm, I am hungry,"; Eric replied in a flat monotone that implied neither forgiveness nor hostility.

While they ate, he did initiate conversation, which Dory took as a hopeful sign. Thus emboldened, she said, "You and Sheila and Linda must be good friends, huh?"

"Yeah, they're good gals."

"Linda wasn't bashful about showing her boobs, was she?" Dory now wanted to bring up sex, figuring it was still her best weapon.

"Naw, clothes are just something to protect our bodies or keep us warm. Or because women look sexier in clothes that accentuate their best points and hide their weaker points. Don't you agree?"

"Are you saying that since nature gave us these bodies, there is no reason to be ashamed of them?" Dory asked.

"Couldn't have put it better myself. Still, if women didn't wear clothes we men wouldn't get the pleasure of undressing them. I like for my woman to just show me glimpses of her goodies, like with a split or short skirt or loose blouse. That turns me on. Speaking of showing bodies, I'll put up a blanket in front of the bathtub after supper so you can have a little privacy for a bath. I imagine we both smell like billy goats after so long on the road and all."

"That would be nice. Thank you." Dory's voice oozed insincere gratitude.

Eric changed the subject. "I think they want you to start helping Sheila tomorrow at eight o'clock, with teaching."

"Okay." For the moment Dory was ready to feign humble agreement to his suggestions, although escape remained her real objective.

"School is over at noon. Sheila would be glad to take you by her place and show you how nice a cabin can be."

"Okay," she agreed again. Like the actress that lurks within the heart of every woman, Dory played the role she had now selected to near perfection, not realizing how easily an act can blend with reality.

She volunteered to do dishes while he hung the blanket. As she cleaned the kitchen area, she snuck glances at Eric, thinking that he really was a fine looking hunk of man, and such a fascinating combination of dangerous soldier and charming boy.

Meanwhile Eric's mind was creating pictures of Dory, nude and glistening with soapy water from head to toe.

"I guess I carry hot water from the stove and cold water from this barrel and mix it in the bathtub until I get the temperature right, huh?" she asked a few minutes later.

"You got it, but here, I'll help you."

"How about towels and soap?"

Eric found both for her. Then, determined to let her set the pace despite the will power needed to resist taking what was now his, he departed for his favorite chair.

Dory immersed herself in the warm water, then soaped her entire body before focusing on immediate plans. She realized that quite obviously her power to manipulate her captor with sexual favors was severely diminished by the fact that he could simply take his pleasure at any time he so chose. So, she reasoned, it would have to be with enthusiasm, expertise and temptation that she might inspire his passion, a passion she could temper with affection. No more catty remarks, she warned herself. Then began her campaign employing feminine wiles worthy of comparison to Cleopatra's conquest of Caesar.

"Eric," she called out, "do you have any shampoo?"

"Oh yeah, I do. I forgot because I usually just use bar soap to shampoo."

"Would you mind bringing it to me?"

"Not at all."

When he hesitated on the far side of the privacy blanket, Dory was well prepared to offer some visual stimulation, saying, "Don't be bashful. Don't you think we need to talk?"

As he handed her the shampoo she asked, "And would you do one more thing for me?"

"What's that?"

"Get me a little more hot water."

As Eric went to the stove, Dory finalized her decision. When he returned with a large kettle of boiling water, she said, "Just a second until I stand up. I don't want to get scalded."

She rested a hand on his shoulder and posed as sexily as possible as he emptied the kettle into the tub, then initiated a quick kiss on his cheek before abruptly settling back into the tub. "This may work out okay," she proclaimed out loud.

With a vision of female perfection indelibly impressed on his mind, Eric returned to his favorite chair and attempted to concentrate on a book about the System's latest weaponry. The attempt was futile.

Meanwhile, Dory reflected on the day's events as well as her future, while luxuriating in the hot tub. Apparently, as Linda and Sheila had said, she was in no physical danger if she played the role of sexual temptress and wife. Quite obviously there was no way of escaping from this place, at least not without a great deal of planning and more information. So, she reasoned, why not make the best of a bad situation? Besides, she had enough sexual experience to know it could be great pleasure. Her hands drifted across her breasts, feeling her nipples grow erect. One hand slid slowly down to the pleasure center between her legs, and a shiver of anticipation coursed through her body.

Why wait? Next week, tomorrow or tonight, what was the difference? What the hell, tonight's the night, she decided, trembling with expectation.

"Eric," she called out.

"Yes, Dory?" he replied, feigning exasperation.

"Do you have a razor?"

"Just safety razors."

"Would you bring me one? My legs need shaving."

When he got to the edge of the tub, she had one lovely leg out of the water, a foot propped up against one end. He stood transfixed for a moment, then tried to hand her the razor.

"You mean, I've got to shave my own legs?" she asked in feigned amazement.

Eric was not slow to catch on. "Well, certainly not, m'lady."

"That's better. First lots of soapy lather, clear up to here," indicating a spot

well above her knee. Playful banter ensued as Eric performed the pleasurable task.

When he was finished she said, "How about you get out of here so I can get dry and put on a nightgown. Then it's your turn in the tub if you're gonna share my bed tonight."

"Bossy broad, aren't you?" he kidded, complying with all her requests. As she donned a short flannel nightgown, she artfully left the top several buttons undone, prepared to tease with glimpses of her breasts. Meanwhile she reflected that men were so gullible. Eric evidently thought that she was a naive innocent, a sheltered little rich girl with no experience in the real world, or at sex. It's him that's a babe in the woods, she thought to herself.

As Eric rigorously scrubbed himself clean in the tub, Dory announced, "I'll figure out some partitions for rooms, okay?"

"You're the boss," he called back.

Damn right I am, she thought, but her contemplation was more on the upcoming seduction she was planning than on room divisions.

Eric finished, pulled on clean jeans, then noticed that the lamp had been turned low, leaving the cabin in seductive half-light. Dory was sprawled on the bed, two pillows behind her back, one knee cocked in the air, exposing most of an enticing, curvaceous thigh.

She crooked a finger in a "come here" gesture and in a syrupy voice crooned an invitation, "How about we get acquainted?"

"The Gods alone know the things a man has to do to keep a woman happy." Eric too could play games.

"Oh really! Well, if it's such a chore, forget it." Dory rolled to her stomach, affecting an exaggerated pout.

"No problem. A Kinslander always does his duty," said Eric as he sprawled beside her and ran an impudent hand up one velvety bare leg until it rested on one rounded and perfect ass cheek.

"I said 'get acquainted', not 'cop a feel'," was Dory's quick retort, squirming to remove his eager hand.

"You didn't say where," his repartee continued.

"How about everywhere?" she challenged, turning to expose a firm rounded breast. Eric's response was a low throaty growl and eager acquiescence. As they kissed she ran her hands across his muscular back and he explored all



of her ripe nubile body with gentle but inquisitive fingers. Soon her body in the usual ways of sight and movement gave incontrovertible evidence that the pleasure she audibilized was not all pretense.

As he kissed and nibbled up and down the insides of her smooth, firm and deliciously curved thighs, her imagined impervious control gave way to fundamental desires.

"Stop teasing," she muttered, trying to guide him into a possibility of completion and satisfaction. Prolonging the anticipation in order to increase the final pleasure was exactly what Eric had on his mind.

When at last he tickled her ultimate erogenous zone, all calculated ideas about controlling and manipulating were long banished from her mind. Every fiber of her being was afire with primal need.

Eric slid up and kissed her on the lips as she moaned, "Now." With unrestrained passion, their bodies performed in synchronous rhythm, the ancient horizontal dance of mating and bonding, until 'all too soon'the inevitable and uncontrollable conclusion arrived.

For long moments they clung together, unwilling to let the moment die. Finally, sighing, "Ah, that was incredible," Eric rolled onto his back. Dory turned to face him and traced patterns in the hair on his chest with one finger while trying to think of something casual or witty to say. For once, trivial patter eluded her. Instead, what popped out of her mouth was, "That sure wasn't your first time, huh?"

"First time in a long time."

"Have you had a lot of women?"

"I don't think a gentleman should tell, do you?"

"Why not?"

"Would you want every guy you ever made it with telling the world?"

"I never went all the way with a guy til now."

"Oh really?" A cocked eyebrow and the inflection of his voice told her that he didn't believe her.

"Yes, really."

"Well, it's no big deal, but you weren't a virgin."

"I didn't say I was a virgin. At least I didn't tell you I was. What I said was

that I've never gone all the way with a guy. That's pretty unusual these days. Most of my girl friends have been putting out since they were eleven or twelve years old. So at least you got to be first."

"So why did you wait so long?" he asked.

"Waiting for you," she kidded, poking him in the ribs.

"I'm glad you waited," Eric said, pulling her head down for another of his patented gentle kisses. "But what's the real reason?"

"I didn't want to risk getting pregnant or getting some bad disease. Believe it or not, I'm pretty mature for my age, at least in real important things."

"I can see that," Eric acknowledged. He then lapsed into a long silence.

After a while she asked, "What are you thinking about so hard?"

"Oh, just curious."

"About what?"

"Never had a man and not a virgin?"

"Oh, you really want to know what happened?"

"Well, it's not earthshakingly important, but it does make me wonder."

"Promise you won't get mad?"

"Okay."

"Are you sure?"

"You want me to swear by the hairy balls of Thor?"

"Huh?"

"Just a saying. Thor is a God strength and masculinity, in other words, of 'big balls', so it became a humorous way of affirming something."

After another lengthy silence, Dory said, "I was fifteen and hanging around with this girl named Gloria. One night I stayed at her place and no one but us two were home. We got high, and we were talking about sex, and she had this vibrator sex toy and one thing led to another."

"Ouch! Didn't it hurt when, uh, you know?"

"I guess, a little, but when you're all worked up you hardly notice."

"So how long did you and Gloria have an affair?"

"Just a couple of months. She started acting jealous if I talked to boys, or even to other girls, so I stopped hanging around with her. Finally we got into a fight because she started telling stories about everything we did."

"I guess the schools encourage girls to try sex with each other these days, don't they?"

"Oh, yeah, all the time, and most of the girls do it, too. Guys love to watch 'em. Would you have liked to watch me and Gloria?"

"Well, as you now know, we Kinslander men don't need any extra stimulation to get in the mood."

"I'll still bet you would have. Did you ever watch two girls together?"

"Well, kinda, one time," Eric admitted, thinking back to the show with Candy and Heather.

"See, I'm no dummy about men."

"You definitely are not dumb," he affirmed.

"And I'm good in bed." It was both a question and a challenge.

"Out of sight, the best," he enthused. "How was it for you?"

Dory placed a forefinger across her chin in a gesture of deep contemplation, then drawled, "I don't think a girl should make snap judgments without research in depth. Do you suppose we could do it again?"

"I suspect I could rise to the occasion," Eric replied, wondering if she would catch the double entendre. She did, and before the night was over, three sessions of passion were enthusiastically brought to a climax.

At midnight both of them lay side by side, emotionally drained and physically exhausted. "Do you have any idea how crazy the last twenty-four hours have been for me?" Dory asked.

"I think so, and so far you amaze me. I knew that all this super sex tonight was calculated on your part for what you consider your best interests, but your practicality and courage make me feel you are a special person."

Guess I wasn't fooling him a bit, Dory thought. On further consideration she decided it was all for the better because Eric seemed impressed with her

regardless of her motives.

"I guess we both have been kind of, well, I don't know how to say this.. ..not totally open with each other," she volunteered.

"Yes, I guess in a way we used each other, me because you turn me on, and you for control," Eric pondered out loud. "I really do like you though, and I think I'm gonna love you. It's just too early and too crazy to use that word."  
"Crazy is right. I should hate you as a kidnapper, not be having sex with you and kinda liking it."

"Oh, so I finally passed the test," he kidded.

"Umm, it will take a few more exams, probably a week's worth or more to make a proper judgment."

"Thank goodness I like tests."

"Do you have to go to the bathroom?" she asked.

"As a matter of act, yes. Why?"

"Cause I gotta go and it's scary out there."

Eric slipped on jeans, a shirt and boots, then handed her a warm terrycloth robe. "Nobody's ever been threatened by a bear or mountain lion in Mathewsville yet, but come on, I'll escort you."

Later, in pitch darkness under a warm quilt, she whispered, "Hold me and tell me everything will be alright." Moments later they were both sound asleep.

The next morning Eric awoke as usual shortly after daybreak, just before six o'clock at this time of year. Knowing Dory had to be at the school at eight, he would soon have to awaken her.

Five-and-a-half hours' sleep after the trauma and experience of the previous day wasn't much. He decided to let her sleep a little longer. This first day she would get breakfast in bed.

He fired up the stove and shortly started breakfast along with hot coffee for himself. At seven o'clock, using a piece of one-by-ten board for a tray, he presented his woman with breakfast in bed.

Several nudges of her shoulder at first produced grumpy protestations and requests that he go away.

"I have to leave for work in a few minutes, and you have to be at the school

in an hour," he told her. As the words sank into her consciousness, she finally rolled over on her back and opened her eyes.

"Sit up. I brought you breakfast in bed, just this one time though," he warned. As she yawned and stretched, exposing well-remembered cleavage, Eric realized that he was indeed infatuated.

"Smells good," Dory enthused, sitting up, placing pillows behind her back and putting the makeshift tray on her lap.

"I let you sleep in an extra hour because I figured you needed it, but now I gotta leave in a few minutes. I'll be working on our water system along with some other guys until noon. Then I'll see you back here about one, okay?"

"Okay," she mumbled around a mouthful of buckwheat pancakes and maple syrup. "Aren't you eating?"

"Already did. Just enjoying my coffee now." He raised the cup. "Oh yeah, before I forget, all teachers and girls wear skirts or dresses at the school. As soon as you finish eating, I'll show you where the school is through the kitchen window, then I've got to go. Will you be alright by yourself?"

Dory nodded.

A few minutes later, standing by the kitchen window, Eric said, "Well, gotta go." There was an awkward silence as neither knew how to separate or say goodbye. Both thought it strange considering the passion and intimacy of the night before.

Uncomfortably they exchanged glances. Then Eric said the first thing that popped into his mind. "You sure are pretty." Then he turned and rushed from the cabin.

For a long time Dory stood motionless, her mind a confused kaleidoscope of emotions, doubts, events and questions. In a daze she eventually got around to washing the dishes and then donned a dress for her teaching assignment.

Because fuel for a pumping station was impossible to obtain in sufficient quantities to supply water to the community, a gravity system was the only alternative. The engineering problems were only one set of obstacles. The labor itself was back-breaking. Eric's mind and body were thoroughly occupied the rest of the morning.

Dory would find it difficult to keep her mind focused on any particular subject. She felt dazed, confused and apprehensive about the future.

Arriving at the building that served as a library, a meeting place, a dance hall and a school for the community, she found that Sheila was already building a

fire in the pot-bellied stove. Dory broke out of her mental fog sufficiently to respond to Sheila's friendly greeting with a "hi" of her own.

"Looks like you got through the night safe and sound," said Sheila with a companionable grin. Dory felt like she should initiate some conversation of her own, but "yeah" was all that came to mind.

"I remember my first night. I was afraid that Randy would beat me up or rape me or whatever, and at the same time I was just as afraid not to make him like me. I didn't know what to do. Was it like that for you?"

"Well, I guess so for about five minutes," Dory allowed.

"Just five minutes?" The surprise in Sheila's voice was real.

"I'm pretty practical about things. I could tell he wasn't gonna do anything to hurt me, so really I mostly was deciding how much I wanted him to like me."

"Damn, you must be pretty brave." Sheila did not disguise her admiration for such quick practicality on Dory's part.

"Well, I was kinda scared one time for just a minute," Dory admitted.

"Really? What happened?"

Dory shrugged, saying, "No big deal I guess. Right after you guys left I got snotty with him and he threatened to whip my ass with a belt."

"Wow, you gotta tell me everything when we get time, okay?" Sheila's fascinated interest was both friendly and genuine. Dory felt a rush of affection for her new friend. Just then the first children arrived for class and Sheila advised, "We can talk at recess time."

"Okay, what do you want me to do?"

"Today why don't you just watch and see how we do things here. The first two hours will be basic math and language. Then after recess will be history and natural philosophy."

"Natural philosophy. I don't even know what that is."

"Mostly common sense, but to get you started here are the 88 Precepts." Sheila handed her a well-worn booklet, saying, "You can read them when there's nothing of interest going on."

Soon there were fifteen children ages five to eight sitting quietly at their desks.

"Good morning," said Sheila.

In unison the class answered, "Good morning, teacher," then waited in respectful silence for further instructions.

"Is there anyone who didn't finish his homework?" she asked. When no hands were raised, she went from desk to desk, picking up yesterday's homework and handing out new assignments. "For you third graders we will discuss changing fractions into decimals this morning," Sheila announced, pulling a portable blackboard to the front of the class.

Dory reflected that she hadn't learned to do that until the eighth grade. She didn't know that System schools had been deliberately "dumbed down" for decades.

As the arithmetic lesson proceeded, Dory opened the booklet titled "88 Precepts" and began to read. 'My God, this is deep stuff' was her first thought. She was struck by the absolute logic in the teachings that all living things are subject to natural laws. It seemed impossible to deny.

After a lifetime of propaganda about "equality", she found the 29th Precept to be devastatingly iconoclastic. It read, "The concept of equality is declared a lie by every evidence of nature. It is a search for the lowest common denominator, and its pursuit will destroy every superior race, nation of culture. In order for a plow horse to run as fast as a race horse, you would first have to cripple the race horse; conversely, in order for a race horse to pull as much as a plow horse, you would first have to cripple the plow horse. In either case, the pursuit of equality is the destruction of excellence."

"That is true," she decided. She then wondered if there were other lies that she had been taught. The 85th Precept also caught her attention. It read, "One measure of a man is cheerfulness in adversity." Kind of like the "humor in times of peril" adage she had heard the day before. Thinking of cheerfulness, she reflected that earlier that morning she had hardly spoken to Eric. After he had served her breakfast in bed and let her sleep late, he must have expected some kind of acknowledgment. No wonder he rushed out of the cabin so suddenly. Why did life have to be so complicated?

At ten o'clock came recess time. As soon as the children had gone outside to play, Sheila joined her.

"Okay, the suspense is killing me. You thought he might use his belt on your ass, then what? Or am I being nosy?"

"Oh no, it's okay." Actually Dory was quite willing to discuss the previous night in order that she could work out some thoughts in her own mind. "He gave me a gun. That's when I knew I was safe. Not that I would have shot him, but hell, I could have."

"That was his way of reassuring you, I reckon, and it worked, too, huh?"

"He is pretty damn smart," agreed Dory, adding, "He even said he knew all my passion was calculated on my part."

"Passion! You didn't...did you? I mean, you know, get it on with him?"

"Well, what the hell choice did I have. I mean, sooner or later it was gonna happen anyway, and he was really pissed off for awhile."

Sheila laughed. "You don't have to make excuses to me. I think it's great! Most girls take a week or weeks to make such a practical decision." She lowered her voice to a conspiratorial level and asked, "Was it good?"

"Which time?" replied Dory with a smirk.

"Damn, how many times did you do it?"

"Three."

"Boy am I jealous. Until I get this baby out of the hanger, I'm deprived. You still didn't tell me if it was good, but I guess after three times that's a stupid question."

"The first time it was fabulous, but then it got better, and then better again." Dory's smirk grew even more pronounced.

"So you two are gonna be happy together?"

"I guess so. I'm afraid I made him kinda unhappy this morning though, not that I meant to."

"How's that?"

"Oh, he let me sleep late and then he fixed breakfast in bed for me, but it was like I was tongue-tied. I couldn't think of anything to say. He probably thinks I'm a real spoiled brat."

"Ah-ha, don't worry. Shake your ass real nice when you get home and all will be cool. A man's brains are mostly below the waist."

"You don't have a very high opinion of men, do you?" Dory queried.

"Oh yes I do, I love 'em, and our men are the civilization builders of the world. I'm just being honest about their desires." Sheila glanced at her watch. "Oh crap, recess time is over, got to get to work."



As she returned to her desk, Dory heard her muttering, "Breakfast in bed. I'll be damned. "

The next hour was devoted to history and now Dory was truly amazed as the young children rattled off the names of scientists, philosophers, martyrs, wars, revolutions, kings, queens, dates, events and on and on. She wondered what she could possibly teach these kids, thinking that they could teach her.

It was the logic of their thinking processes that was most startling. Sheila asked a six or seven year old boy why a warrior named Herman might have been motivated to defend central Europe against the legions of Rome.

The little student promptly rose from his desk and, standing respectfully behind his seat, as all were taught to do, he answered in exactitude, "The 24th Precept: 'No race of people can indefinitely continue their existence without territorial imperatives in which to propagate, protect and promote their own kind.'" Dory felt an urge to hug the little guy. Time flew by for the thoroughly-engrossed Dory, and suddenly the school day was over.

"Why don't you come by my place, and I'll show you how nice a cabin can be with some feminine influence," Sheila suggested.

"Okay, but I've gotta be home, urn, yeah, I guess it's home anyhow. I'd better be back before Eric gets there. I might have some fences to mend."

"Just make sure he sees you changing clothes, and give him a good show," Sheila advised.

Dory cocked a finger at Sheila and agreed, "Good idea."

From painted surfaces to curtains over the windows to padding on the furniture; there was no doubt that Sheila's home was a huge improvement over her own.

"Where did you get all this stuff?" she asked.

"Mostly we go shopping down there." Sheila pointed in the general direction of the bombed-out town below Mathewsville.

"Shopping? There's no stores open down there."

"Exactly, we can just take what we need from all the deserted houses and buildings."

"Do you still get bombed a lot?"

"Not anymore. They got tired of bombing the decoy fires we set for their heat-seeking satellites and missiles. And every time they bombed Kinsland, some KD snuck into System territory and killed a bunch of politicians or media whores or whatever. So now it's a standoff, just as long as they can't prove it's us when we plunder them."

"Why doesn't the System send in their army and wipe you all out?"

"Oh, they tried that, but their Skraeling troops were cowardly and undependable. Then they brought over thousands of troops from China, but as one division was coming up Bear Creek Canyon our guys blew up the Evergreen Dam and drowned the whole bunch. After that the Chinese called their troops home."

"We never heard about all this stuff in the newspapers or on TV."

"No, the System doesn't want to admit its weaknesses," Sheila explained.

"Damn, it's twelve forty-five. I gotta go. But first tell me, what am I supposed to teach the kids?"

"You can handle the basic arithmetic and language, like parts of speech, punctuation, spelling and such, can't you?"

"Probably, but all that history and philosophy is Greek to me."

"Don't worry, I'll give you the right books to study and by the time I have my baby you will be ready. Probably Eric will be glad to help also."

"Thanks. I gotta run." Dory gave her friend's arm an affectionate squeeze and hurried for her new home, all the while casting about in her mind for ways to repair any damaged feelings. She knew there was bread, cheese and other sandwich materials in the cabin, and so she decided to have a lunch and hot water for coffee ready when he arrived.

Trudging home from the reservoir site, Eric had time to ponder the reception awaiting him. Other than response to the razzing he had received from fellow workers, and jokes about the energy of "newlyweds", he had been too busy to contemplate anything but slopes, pressure and the like, all morning. He reminded himself that Dory had been through enough emotional trauma hi the last two days to break most women into sobbing wrecks.

Entering the cabin, he saw that at least there was a way to initiate conversation. "Ah good, hot water and lunch. I'll get a pail full of that water and take it outside to wash up."

In the kitchen, Dory said, "Here, I'll pour it for you," and filled a handy

dishpan.

Soon they were seated facing each other across the table. He asked her how the morning had gone.

"Fine. Those kids are so smart I can hardly believe it. And cute. I wanted to hug this one little boy."

"What was his name?"

"Brian. He's about six I'd guess."

"Oh yeah, that's Brett's boy. I heard he memorized all 88 Precepts in less than a month."

"Boy, I don't think I could do that," Dory marveled.

"Oh, I'll bet you could, but you will be learning so many new things you won't have time to concentrate on just them. Which reminds me - are you ready to learn how to shoot?"

"Um, I forgot about that. Sure, but I've never even held a gun before until last night."

"That's good. It means you won't have any bad habits to break."

After some small talk about his morning, they were finished eating. There had been no rancor, but their extra-polite conversation masked tension anyway.

There was a gun rack near the bed with drawers beneath it for handguns and ammunition.

"Well, I'll get the guns and we might as well get started," Eric said, hoping that the activity would relax the atmosphere.

"First I want to change into some jeans," Dory announced, trailing him to the bedroom. Quickly she slipped out of her dress and said, "Since you're here you might as well unsnap my bra for me. You don't mind if I do without, do you?"

"Tickled to be of service," he answered, performing the requested action. After momentarily eyeing her tempting form, clad only in panties, he placed his hand on her shoulders and, peering into her eyes, said in a quiet voice, "I can tell what you are doing, Dory, and you don't need to. Sure, I love to look at you, all of you, but what will grow between us will not be only passion and sex. Damn, I just don't know how to say this because you do drive me crazy wanting your body. Hell's bells, I feel so awkward, just give me a kiss and

get dressed, okay?"

However awkward, the words struck the perfect chord with Dory. She flopped on her back on the bed and beckoned him, saying, "Come here a minute."

They spent several minutes kissing and hugging as she assured him that she too was feeling like a mental basket case. Then, relaxed and comfortable, she got dressed. Carrying a variety of weapons, they left for the community firing range.

Dory proved to be a quick learner, squealing with delight when scoring a bullseye. When they finished, she asked, "Does this mean I've got to go on raids?"

"No, but if necessary women do have to defend their homes. Actually, in nature there are few creatures as ferocious as a female defending her young."

"Yeah, I could shoot someone that messed with my kids," she agreed.

"How many shall we have?" he asked.

"I don't know, but can we wait a little while? I want to get used to this place first."

"Sure, no hurry, unless we started one up last night."

"No way, I just finished my period three days ago. I keep track, you know, of when it's safe."

"You amaze me more by the hour. Are you sure you're just sixteen and not sixty? You think like a mighty experienced woman."

"Does this look like I'm sixty?" she challenged, lifting a side of her blouse to expose a tempting breast.

"Ye gads, woman! You are more female than I dreamed of. Scary even!"

"Play your cards right and maybe I'll do a striptease for you tonight, big boy." She nudged him in the ribs with an elbow.

"Hell, for that I'll put some extra aces in the deck and deal from the bottom." Arm in arm they returned to the cabin.

Surveying the barren interior, Dory said, "When are you gonna take me shopping down there?" She pointed toward the ruined village.

"Ah-ha, so Sheila has been giving you ideas, huh? Probably said I would be

your perfect slave, didn't she? I know all about that wicked wench." His grin and tone of voice belied the caustic words.

"Actually, seriously, you will do most anything for me if I'm a good wife, won't you?" she challenged.

"Damn, maybe so, but you don't have to be so cold-blooded about it. It sounds like a business deal."

"Maybe in a way that's what marriage is, but you know what, I think I'm gonna like it. I mean there's probably worse sex partners than you."

"Maybe?" Her mischievous grin matched his own. "You just wait. If you thought I was a tease last night, you ain't seen nothin' yet," he threatened.

"Talk is cheap." Her eyes expressed a dare.

"Umm, see those tubs over there? They are for laundry, and that thing on the side of one of them is called a wringer. I'll bet you never did laundry the hard way before."

"You're changing the subject. You scared?"

"Wait til you have to kill, gut and pluck a chicken. Then you'll appreciate me."

"Speaking of chicken...." She was too quick on the draw for Eric.

"I surrender, you win. Women always do. I'm a lousy lover and you should have stayed with Gloria."

"Ooh, low blow, but at least you admitted defeat, so you can have your striptease anyway. I'm gonna go take a bath and don't you peek if you want a show later."

"Me, peek? I'm no pervert."

"After last night, I wonder. You sure ain't no priest."

"Ah-ha, so I was good."

"I told you, no snap judgments."

"Go take your bath," he growled at her. "I'll take mine later."

"Okay, I will, and like I said, no peeking," she repeated while pulling off her shirt, standing nude from the waist up. She giggled, saying, "See, I knew you would," as his eyes were drawn like magnets to her perky breasts.

Putting one hand over his eyes, he pointed with the other and said, "Go, you impossible daughter of Freya."

"Who's Freya?"

"Goddess of love and sex."

"Hmm, I like that, you smooth-talking devil."

"Go," he repeated.

Humming a popular song, she pranced toward the bedroom to get soap and a towel, feeling more contented than she could remember for some time.

Later, after she had roused him to unknown heights of need and desire with an impromptu but incredibly erotic striptease, he carried out his threat to tease her to distraction. After an hour of all-over body massage, her hips were oscillating wildly and uncontrollably in frantic need of penetrating relief.

In the warm after-glow of sexual satiation, they talked in comfortable relaxation. Out of the blue, she asked, "What do you think love is?"

"Are we being serious?" he asked, rolling over to look directly into her eyes. "Umm boy, that's a scary, tough question. I assume you mean love between a man and woman, not like a mother and child or some such thing?"

"Yeah, like Linda and Alf, or like in old movies."

"Well," he began after careful thought, "I think it's like two becoming one, sharing everything and wanting to do things to please each other. And sharing a cause like raising children or preserving one's own race."

"Doesn't seem like having more than one wife is 'two becoming one' to me. I wouldn't share my man with anyone."

"You don't have to if you don't want to. Some families are monogamous. But in defense of polygamy, think about this. If you have a second child would you love the first child any less, or would your love grow to include both?"

"I see your point," she admitted, "but if you want me to love you, I'm not sharing you with another woman. If that's selfish, well, I just can't help it."

"Well, there's no reason for us to fight. It's up to you, and you're all I want right now anyway."

"Do you think we will ever be able to say we love each other?" she asked, a little tension in her voice.

"I already want to, but.. ...damn, how do I say this.. .I hardly know you. But I'm crazy about you. Can you understand what I'm trying to say?"

"Kinda, I guess, except for me it's a little different."

"How's that? The difference, I mean."

"Well, it's hard for me to put into words too, but actually I've already made up my mind. I plan to be a good mate for you if you're good to me. I can tell that you are different from anybody I ever knew. You make me feel at peace and contented and safe. Except when I have times that I doubt. Now, do you understand?"

Eric pulled her into his arms and kissed her ever so gently. Holding her tight, he murmured

red, "I guess some things just take time before they can be said, but can you tell how I feel right now?"

"I think so," she whispered. "Can you feel what I am afraid to say?"

"I think so, too," he whispered back.

For a long time they clung tightly to each other, a girl who had never known real love, and a man holding a dream. With a glow of contentment, they both fell asleep.

The next morning at the breakfast hour there was much exchanging of meaningful glances, touching, petting and nuzzling, as new lovers are prone to do. Conversation was finally free of the defensive and contentious repartee which both had been using to disguise their feelings, feelings about which both had been unsure.

After eating, as Eric enjoyed a cup of coffee, Dory said, "Well, I know how women come to Kinsland, at least some of us. But what brought you?"

"Oh boy, that's a long story. You sure you want to hear the whole tale? It's not really that unusual."

"I want to know all about you," she answered, her elbows on the table, chin in hands and a fond expression on her face.

"I was raised on a farm just outside Greely. But like most farmers, my dad was driven out of business by the bankers, the government regulations, and the corporate farm managers who worked in collusion with the owners of the grain exchanges. So my dad went to work for a big meat packing plant in town.

"The schools I went to, including high school, were mostly filled with Mexicans, plus a few Asians, Blacks and Whites. Naturally, like everywhere else, we Whites were terrorized by the Skraelings, and the curriculum was full of the usual guilt trip about the 'evil White man'.

"After I graduated, I enrolled at Northern Colorado State University, taking classes in agriculture along with the required social programming courses that you have to take these days in order to get a degree.

"Anyway, I met this girl, kinda pretty and real outgoing and friendly. Her name was Shirley, and we went out together a few times. Then she met this guy named Michael Perlman. I thought he was ugly, swarthy with kinky black hair and these yellowish eyes like two pee holes in a snowbank. But he had lots of money, he was real loud and flashy and had a new sports car.

"He published a campus newsletter called 'We Are One' that promoted inter-racial dating and mixed marriage. Shirley fell for him and his bullshit, hook, line and sinker. About that time I had come across some pro-White literature surreptitiously distributed around the campus by a Kinsland sympathizer.

"So one day I had just had enough. I drove my old rattle-trap of a car into the mountains, where it was supposed to be Kinsland territory, went down an old side road for a few miles, parked and sat there, honking the horn every few minutes."

Eric paused to request another cup of coffee. As she poured it, Dory prompted, "Go on."

"After awhile a couple of guys with guns showed up and asked what I wanted. I couldn't be sure they were Kinslanders, so I just said I was thinking of moving to the mountains. One of them asked if I was too dumb to know this was Kinsland territory. So I said, 'you're here, are you Kinslanders?' "That's right, you got a problem with that?' one of them said..

"Not really, I'm thinking of joining you guys,' I informed him. Well, it turned out not to be all that easy. They didn't trust me, which is natural. The System tries to send infiltrators into Kinsland all the time. Anyhow, I spent months being interrogated and watched, along with education in Aryan history, philosophy and destiny. Also, I was taught martial arts, weapons use and physical conditioning, all before going on a mission. I was so frustrated and impatient with not being fully accepted by this time that I asked to go on a solo mission to prove myself.

"Dunn, who was the senior man on the team that I'd first met, asked what I had in mind. I told him about Michael Perlman and said I wanted to kill him. McClure, the junior partner, wanted to know if I'd bring back proof that Perlman was dead, which I agreed to do. So that was how I got accepted as



a KD."

"Go on, I wanna hear the rest." Dory was entranced with the story.

"One night they gave me an assault rifle and a handgun, then took me to my car, which was safely hidden away. We agreed on how they would meet me when I returned, and I was on my way."

"Weren't you scared or at least worried about being caught?" Dory interrupted.

"Not as much as you might think.. Mainly I was mad about the murder of my race and at how White males were treated. In all honesty that included myself. Anyway, I got to Greely about an hour after midnight. I knew where Perlman lived, in a private residence near the university campus. It was dark and quiet, so I used a glass cutter to carve a circle in a window near the latch. Then I put some tape across the circle, knocked it loose and reached in and unlocked the window. After that I climbed inside and then it was easy." Eric paused to sip more coffee.

"So, did you kill him, and what did you bring back to prove it?"

"I'd brought the stem of my bumper jack from the trunk of my car because I didn't want the sound of a gunshot if I could help it. He was in bed with a woman, so I just hauled off and caved his whole skull in with one swing. Then I grabbed the woman and covered her mouth so she couldn't scream. It turned out the woman was Shirley, but I wasn't sure of that in the dark. I let her see the gun and warned her not to scream while I tore off another strip of tape and covered her mouth.

"I hadn't intended to abduct anyone, but when I turned on a light and saw it was Shirley, the idea just popped into my head. So I returned to Kinsland with Shirley in the trunk of my car, and Perlman's wallet and ears in a plastic bag."

"His ears!" Dory made a face that expressed something that he wasn't sure of.

"Well, I didn't have anything with me to chop his head off with," Eric explained.

"What happened to Shirley?"

"McClure took her for a mate. They live in a community over near the Utah border now."

"Why didn't you keep her for yourself?"

"I was waiting for a really good woman named Dory," he kidded, thinking he was clever.

"Okay, you are a smooth-talking devil," Dory admitted, "now be serious."

"Even if I had wanted her, which by now I didn't, I wasn't a full-fledged KD. One mission doesn't establish a man's right to join a community, take a mate, and reproduce. Kinslanders don't make "snap judgments" - to quote a woman I know. So I had no place to give her a home even if I had wanted to."

"In school they told us that KD raped every woman they could get their hands on, and apparently this Shirley was what you call a 'race traitor'. If I'd been you, I'd of raped the bitch." The venom in Dory's voice portrayed an anger that an "ex" had existed in Eric's life and had treated him dishonorably.

"I guess some young KD have taken their pleasure with race traitor women at times," Eric admitted. "Undoubtedly Viking raiders left few virgins behind when they raided convents filled with nuns a dozen centuries ago. Taking your pleasure with the conquered enemy's women is as old as the existence of humans. But seasoned KD who see the big picture or who are just naturally deep thinkers are not likely to take a woman's favors by force. I'm not saying it's wrong. Wotanists don't believe in the Christian 'sex is sin' insanity, so what you call rape is in effect just another act of war. But it brutalizes the men who do it, endangering their instincts to protect and provide for women in general. So under the principal of leading by example, I would never do so.

"Besides, taking a woman's favors by force is no challenge. Nature made us men bigger, faster and stronger so we could catch you women. But that's not an even playing field. The real challenge is in making you want to do the man/woman thing. At least, that's how I see it."

"You know something I like about you?" she asked, placing a hand over his.

"What's that?"

"I know you are telling the truth. You could have raped me instead of being so gentle. You had all the power, and I was a captive."

"That's not a snap judgment?" he kidded.

The time had flown by and it was nearly seven a.m. "I've got to get to work," Eric exclaimed, jumping to his feet.

Their parting was in stark contrast to the previous morning's as they shared a gentle kiss filled with unspoken meaning.

Dory arrived at the school before Sheila and immediately started a fire in the stove. When Sheila arrived, she was reading a book on European history first published over a hundred years earlier. She gave Dory a cheerful greeting. Dory returned it, then observed, "Boy, history really has been rewritten over the last one hundred years, huh?"

"Oh yes, and if you think modern European history books are bad, wait until you see what they have done to America's history. It's all about the 19th and the 39th Precepts, the reason the System rewrites history."

Dory pulled out her copy of the 88 Precepts. The 19th Precept read: "A people who are not convinced of their uniqueness and value will perish." The 39th Precept read: "A people who are ignorant of their past will defile the present and destroy the future." She felt a sense of righteous anger over having been lied to all her life. No wonder the KD were so willing to fight, kill, or even die for what they believed.

"I've got so much to learn before I'd dare to start teaching, so is it okay if I just watch and study again today?" she asked Sheila.

"Sure, take all the time you need. I'm not due for several weeks yet, so I'll be here to handle classes."

Re-reading the Precepts, Dory came across the 35th Precept which got her to thinking about something she had told Eric. This Precept read: "Homosexuality is a crime against nature. All nature declares the purpose of the instinct for sexual union is reproduction and thus, preservation of the species. The overpowering male sex drive must be channeled toward possession of females of the same race, as well as elements such as territory and power which are necessary to keep them."

She had told Eric about her escapade with Gloria and he hadn't seemed to care. She made a mental note to ask him why.

Engrossed in studies and in conversation with Sheila at recess time, the morning passed in a flash for Dory and she returned to the empty cabin, where she prepared lunch and eagerly awaited Eric's return.

When he arrived, they greeted each other with ever-growing familiarity, affection and companionable conversation.

"Are we going shopping this afternoon?" she asked.

"Good idea. I need to knock some lumber out of some walls for partitions, and you can roam around and look for goodies. I'll go down to our vehicle stash and get a truck right after lunch."

They talked about items she desired for fixing up the cabin. Then she

broached the subject she had made mental note of earlier.

"I was studying the Precepts this morning, and there is one that says homosexuality is a crime against nature, but you didn't get a little bit upset when I told you what Gloria and I did. How come?"

Eric drew on his knowledge of history and human nature to answer her question.

"You know, Dory, all through known history women have been denied access to men, or to nature-decreed sexual appetites. Convents for nuns, harem quarters, all-girl schools, for example. And of course in times of war the male population was decimated. So it appears that women often satisfied their sexual needs with each other. I believe that such relationships are wrongfully called Lesbian. They are substitutions for men. A Lesbian is a woman who truly prefers sex with women over sex with men, and there aren't many such women of our race. Women have good instincts. Even if they have been involved in affairs with one of their own sex, almost invariably when the right man becomes available they prefer him as a sexual partner. Just like yourself. You do prefer me to Gloria, don't you?"

"Of course, you big dummy," she giggled nervously.

Eric continued, "Anyhow, since Wotanists don't believe in that Christian nonsense that 'sex is sin', and because nothing is more dangerous to people's freedom than unnecessary laws and nosy busy-bodies, neither Lesbianism nor substituting a woman for a man are worth making a big deal about."

"What about threesomes, two girls and a guy, with the girls putting on a show with each other for him to watch? That seems to be what most guys want."

"Well, I don't know much about that, but you just said, 'a show for their guy to watch'. Seems like there's still a man at the root of things, so I still wouldn't call it Lesbianism, even though I suppose they enjoy the sex. Shirley told me that she thought most women had a secret urge to try it with another woman at some time in their life. But even if she was wrong, I know women are born actresses and they love to put on a show."

"For a man, you sure know a lot about women," Dory observed, "and yeah, I think lots of girls want to try it with another girl at some time. I even had a crush on a teacher one time. And I wouldn't mind putting on a show for you, but no one ever saw me and Gloria."

"So do you think the girls in threesomes really enjoy the sex with the other gal?" he asked.

"Oh, unless they have some hangups, they would have to. I mean, a girl's body responds to touch, especially in certain places regardless. A tongue or a finger inside her or tickling her love button, and her mind isn't thinking, and her body is just squirming around wanting it. That's as honest as I can be," she answered. "Now you be honest, you would have loved to watch me and Gloria, huh?"

"Wow, you like to put me on the spot, don't you? Well, you were honest, so I will be, too. Men get turned on seeing women's bodies, and two are twice as exciting as one, and I am a man. But the way I feel right now, I am content with just one woman and that is you."

Dory's radiant smile and her one-word comment ("good") convinced Eric that he had said the right thing.

"So it's male homosexuals the Precept is referring to?" Dory asked.

"In my opinion, yes. Queers spread diseases and they are notoriously promiscuous. And most importantly, in times of racial peril our men must fight for women and territory."

"So do you kill queers?"

"If they came out of the closet and advocated such a 'life style', I'm sure the KD would execute them."

They had finished lunch, so the discussion ended. Eric went to get a truck while Dory cleaned up the kitchen. When Eric returned, he advised her to get her gun because no one ever left the community unarmed. For himself, he selected an assault rifle. They started for the village.

On the way Dory said, "I've got another question.&"

"Shoot."

"Who are the Sons of Muspell and how did they get the power to sentence our race to death?"

"Wow, good question and pertinent. How about after supper tonight we go over some true history about the power of money and the people who call themselves 'God's Chosen Pets'?"

"The Sons of Muspell and God's Chosen Pets are the same thing?" she asked.

"Yes, and their history and the power of money are among the most important topics you need to understand in order to be a good teacher."

Eric parked on a street where several undamaged houses were still standing

adjacent to one another. Taking a large crowbar with him, he entered the first house while Dory went exploring.

Three hours later they returned home, their truck laden with building materials and a large variety of furniture, housewares and decorations. Two more hours and everything was unloaded into the cabin, and they were both more than ready for supper.

After supper Dory brought up the subject of the Sons of Muspell again, but at the same moment Eric cocked an ear and said, "Listen." The sound of folkish musical instruments could be faintly heard drifting through the cool evening air.

"We can talk later. That's our music makers and it means an impromptu dance tonight. Let's get cleaned up and join 'em." Then, realizing he wasn't leaving choices, he added, "if you want to."

Dory in fact immediately relished the idea and naturally asked what to wear.

"Most of the gals will probably wear full skirts for square dancing," he advised.

An hour later the new mates entered the community hall to the sound of energizing music coming from harmonicas, guitars, an accordion and a fiddle. Others from throughout the community were still arriving too, and most took pains to again welcome Dory.

Among the arriving throng she spotted Trebor. Although the elder of her abductors wore casual clothes for the evening's festivities, there was still an aura of dangerous reserve that seemed to project from his slim compact form, and everyone treated him with special deference.

Trebor was accompanied by two young women of such unusual beauty that Dory reacted defensively as the competitive nature of females dictates. She nudged Eric's ribs and said, "I suppose those two are the new mates you told me Trebor had captured?"

"Yup."

"They are pretty, aren't they?" She was fishing for an assurance from Eric that she was prettier than the elegant pair now approaching them along with Trebor.

Wisely Eric responded, "not as pretty as you."

"Kinsman," Trebor greeted Eric and received the same greeting in reply as they exchanged forearm grips.

"Dory." He inclined his head in courteous salutation.

"Trebor," she answered in formal reply.

"Candy, Heather, I want you to meet Dory. Dory, Candy and Heather." There was more stiff formality as the three touched hands while sizing each other up. Three beautiful women in one small group makes for a volatile combination, was the thought of both men.

After a demonstration of a dance called "clogging"; something like tap dancing, but with a lively beat and energetic music - by a dozen of the children and young people, there was mead passed around. As each person in turn took a sip of mead they proposed a toast to a hero or heroine of Urd, Verdandi or Skuld.

"What do these words mean?" asked Dory in a whisper.

"They are the Norns, the three Goddesses of fate, all sisters. Urd represents the past, Verdandi the present, and Skuld the future."

"What shall I say when it's my turn? I don't know any heroes or heroines."

"The Gods and Goddesses are our ancestors. You can always toast one of them."

"Okay, which one? What name?"

"How about Freyja? Just raise your cup and say, 'to Freyja, Goddess of love and beauty'."

Dory's toast was greeted with rousing choruses of "Hailsa" from the participants, eager to make her feel welcome. After the toasts there was square dancing and polka, which while new to Dory appealed to her Aryan racial soul.

Later, when Eric and Dory were comfortably ensconced in bed, for the first time neither felt either pressure or passion for erode activity. Companionable conversation and bonding seemed a natural pleasure, but neither was quite ready for sleep either.

"So, you were gonna tell me about the Sons of Muspell," she reminded him.

"Oh boy, that's a long and important story, so if you get tired or have questions, just interrupt, okay?"

"Sure."

"First of all, can you picture in your mind the continent of Europe, where

most of our people lived two thousand years ago?"

"Yeah, basically I guess, although I couldn't name the countries or identify their borders."

"But you can picture the Mediterranean Sea with Europe above the western end and Palestine, also called Israel on the eastern end, can't you?"

"Yes."

";Well, two thousand years ago our folk had their own organic indigenous religions, and the most common among them was what we now call Wotanism, with Wotan - pronounced "Votan" - as the highest God. In the British Isles and in Scandinavia he was called Woden and Odin respectively.

"Now at this same time, two thousand miles away at the eastern end of the Mediterranean there was a tribe of bankers and merchants that controlled the trade between the three continents of Asia, Africa and Europe. For example, ivory from Africa, spices from Asia and furs or metals from Europe. The Greek geographer Strabo and others who lived at this time stated that the tribe of bankers and merchants ruled all nations.

"Now as I go on, Dory, please bear in mind two things. First of all, except for merchants, almost no one traveled far from their local villages or tribal territories in ancient times. So Israel could just as well have been from the moon to most of our ancestors. Second, remember that when looking for historical truths, the best answers are found by asking the question, 'who benefits?'

"How did a new religion with strangers from far-away Israel being called 'God's Chosen People' come to replace our native religion? To answer that question, ask yourself, who are the only people that could benefit from spreading a religion throughout our nations in which they themselves were called 'God's Chosen People?'"

"You are talking about Jews, aren't you?" Dory interrupted.

"I'm at least talking about people who call themselves by that name, yes, although that too is a complicated subject."

"Okay, so how did it happen?" Her curiosity wasn't feigned.

"First they hired the Legions of Rome to conquer the Western world in what we call the Roman Empire. Then when after several centuries it became difficult to hold such a vast empire together by force, they created a universal religion in an attempt to unite the many races, nations and factions of the empire. The word 'Catholic' means 'universal'. In the new religion they



called themselves 'God's Chosen People', and they had the Legions murder or torture anyone in Europe who would not accept this absurdity. So a thousand year war ensued before they finally subdued the last of our true folk who were called Vikings.

"In 787 A.D. as Christians reckon time, a man calling himself 'Charlemagne, the Holy Roman Emperor' called a treaty conference with forty-five hundred leaders of our people from central Europe, all of them followers of our indigenous religion. Then he surrounded them with a Christian army and cut off their heads, every one of them. That's how the suicidal slave religion we now call Christianity was forced on Europe and our folk.

"And so, more of our White race has been murdered or tortured in the name of the Christian God than by any other influence in history except America." "How did the Sons of Muspell get so much power?" was Dory's next logical question.

"That involves the power of money and of usury, which is the practice of charging interest on money, and it takes awhile to explain. Are you sure you wouldn't rather wait til tomorrow sometime? You must be sleepy."

"Not really, and I like your voice. I can't believe anyone can know so much about history. So tell me about usury."

"Okay, but first you have to know who the Sons of Muspell really are. Throughout history, kings and bankers and merchants have arranged marriages between their offspring and the offspring of other merchants, bankers and rulers in order to cement relationships, increase their power or make more money. So naturally a mixed race of people came into being in Israel, which, as I said, was the crossroads for trade from Asia, Africa and Europe. This mixed race are called Semites, of whom the Sons of Muspell are the most successful. And long ago as bankers they discovered the power of usury and fractional reserve banking.

"To understand usury, you must first realize what money is. Money is a device used as a store of value and a medium of exchange. Probably once upon a time long ago, people just traded for things. But eventually they needed a way to exchange things of unequal value. For various reasons they usually settled on gold or silver as money, so they could trade it for either the difference or for a complete item.

"But there was a problem with weighing or measuring gold and silver, so it was smelted into coins. If all men were honest, this would have worked fine indefinitely. But soon dishonest men began to mix other metals with the gold and silver and kept the extra for themselves.

"Even worse, bankers came up with the idea of issuing scraps of paper that were redeemable in gold or silver. They told the suckers it was for their own

good to use these scraps of paper instead of gold or silver for trade because it was so easy to carry and hide.

"But, just so long as the masses of people believed there was an equal amount of gold or silver in the bankers' vaults, it didn't matter if there was or not. So the banker could lend out many more scraps of paper than he said were redeemable in gold or silver than he actually had in the vaults. And he charged interest on every scrap.

"Let's look at how usury makes bankers rich. Suppose you go out and buy a home for \$100,000 and finance the purchase. You will sign a loan agreement agreeing to pay the lender about \$900 a month for 30 years. That's over \$300,000, but you only borrowed \$100,000. So the lender made \$200,000 or enough money to buy two houses like yours.

"The difference is, you will spend most of your adult years working your ass off to pay the mortgage and earn your houses. The banker does nothing. He cuts no lumber, he hammers no nails, he does no plumbing, he does nothing but sit and grow fat and rich off the labor of others.

"That's the power of usury, and it is how the Sons of Muspell got the power to rule the world and sentence the White race to death. Naturally it is all cleverly disguised with artificial complications, and the Sons of Muspell bought the media so they could control the masses, cover up their actions, and decide the fate of politicians. And of course they forever claim they are persecuted when in fact they are a parasitic pestilence that enslaves the whole world."

"Wow, they are clever, aren't they?"

"Yes, and also cruel, dangerous and hypocritical! But enough of that, let's get some sleep."

By mutual and unadvised consent they declined expressions of sexual passion in favor of drifting into easy sleep.

## Chapter 5: From Russia, with Love

The next day System radio broadcasts, which were carefully monitored by KD forces, signaled the beginning of the most consequential event in the history of the Aryan race. However, the KD had no way of immediately knowing the full significance of what the System's controlled media was leaking to the public.

While giving few details, the System broadcasts stated that in Russia there was political upheaval that would affect the whole world. While it was known to the KD that White Nationalist Russians had been gaining in number and power for over two decades, they had no idea that an Aryan coup d'etat was either possible or imminent. Although some limited contact between White resistance groups world-wide had been ongoing, information-sharing was sparse for security reasons.

Old Norse and German religious writings had spoken of a final day of reckoning in the ancient battle between the forces of reason on the one side and the forces of blind faith in service to chaos on the other. This day of reckoning was called Ragnarok.

Unbeknownst to the Kinslanders of Mathewsville, Ragnarok had begun, so they went about then-daily business without undue interruption, albeit with ears tuned to any news available. All KD knew of Kipling's prophecy, made well over one hundred years earlier, in which the famous writer and poet predicted that the salvation of the White race would come from Russia.

Homebuilding proceeded apace at Trebor's cabin, and in due course his marriage to Candy and Heather was consummated with sexual relations highly satisfactory to all. In accordance with the Wotanist conviction that the sexual affairs of a man and his mate or mates is nobody's business but theirs, the erotic details are not included in this record. Suffice it to say that in the normal way of things, Aryan folk usually become fond of their bed partners. So it was that both Heather and Candy felt apprehensive as events unfolded in May of that fateful year.

It was from KD informers inside the System and from short-wave radio that the beginnings of Ragnarok became known. White Nationalist forces in Russia, in the Baltic states, and in Ukraine had cooperated in a well planned and carefully timed overthrow of their Jewish-controlled governments. Other eastern European governments were given ultimatums to immediately expel NATO (i.e., American) occupation forces or face invasion and internal subversion.

Pre-planned revolts within Moslem countries by fundamentalists were coordinated by agents of various intelligence-gathering groups. Most important

of all, oil from the Middle East was immediately blocked from leaving port if destined for the Western hemisphere.

As more and more information filtered into Kinsland communities, including Mathewsville, it was Trebor, as usual, who first realized the full impact. So after consultation with local elders and with messengers from all over Kinsland, Trebor called for a Thing.

The hall was packed when he began to speak. "We have at this time the greatest opportunity to secure the existence of our people and true freedom in thousands of years. This is truly Ragnarok," he began. After detailing events in other parts of the world, he began to explain what was about to happen in North America .

"The population of America is about to drop from three hundred fifty million to perhaps five or ten million," Trebor announced. There was a collective gasp and murmurs of disbelief.

"Think about it," he continued. "Since nuclear-powered electrical generating plants were banned, and since KD shut down all western coal supplies from reaching the System, nearly ninety percent of all electrical power in North America comes from oil-fired plants. Most of the remainder comes from hydroelectric generation in the Northwest. Without oil the entire grid will shut down.

That means gasoline and diesel fuel for trucks and cars won't be refined, and it won't be pumped in gas stations. Communications, computers, heating, traffic control, elevators and a thousand other wants and needs dependent on electricity will be shut down. That includes the food distribution system.

The cities will be starving in two weeks. All that pales into insignificance compared to the stoppage of water, especially drinkable water. Not only will the water treatment plants cease to operate, but so will the pumps that transport water into the cities."

After letting that sink in for a moment, Trebor continued. "People can live for weeks without food, but without water they are finished in a few days."

A young man raised his hand and asked to speak. "What about soda pop and bottled water?" he asked.

"An entire city's supply would be used up in a day," Trebor advised.

"Won't people boil water from lakes and rivers to make it drinkable?" someone asked.

"Boil it how? Their gas and electric stoves will be worthless. Almost no one keeps coal or firewood handy. Maybe a few will be close to rivers or lakes

and could chop up their furniture to boil water over an open fire, but given the level of pollution in most of America's rivers and lakes, even that might be futile."

"What about farmers with water wells?" was the next query.

"Not one in a thousand still has working windmills or handpumps. A few will have portable generators, but without supplies of diesel fuel or gasoline they won't operate very long."

"So how do you think the System will react?" was the next question.

"Undoubtedly there will be rationing of power with electrical generation for perhaps an hour a day as the System tries desperately to remain functional. But after we knock down a few transmission lines and sabotage hydroelectric plants in the Northwest, the grids will be non-functional nationwide.

As I see it, Kinsland can be defended," Trebor continued. "We have the best source of clean water on the continent. We have large stores of food, fuel and weapons. The vast hordes of Skraelings on the West Coast won't have the gasoline or other means to invade Kinsland from that direction. The same holds true from the east except for the population of the front range, specifically Metro Denver, Colorado Springs and Fort Collins. That leaves us a border of about one hundred twenty miles to defend.

But remember, almost all Americans were disarmed by the anti-gun laws, while we are armed to the teeth. And there are only a few streams, so any attempted invasion will be in predictable areas."

While Trebor spoke, other Kinsland communities were holding their own Things and reaching similar conclusions. Encrypted messages flew back and forth between the communications officers of each community. From one end of Kinsland to the other, there was unanimous agreement that now was the time to strike a dagger into the heart of the System. So no one was surprised when Wolf interrupted to announce that Trebor had been selected by acclamation to be supreme general of the Kinsland armies for the duration of the struggle.

After the applause died down a thoughtful veteran of KD wars posed two more questions. "What about refugees, and what about the Mormons on the Western Front in Utah?" he asked.

With the sureness of a born leader now elevated to his rightful place, Trebor replied, "Regarding refugees, we must first realize that we don't have the resources to feed vast numbers. So only the young and healthy who can contribute can be given refuge. Of course we have supporters and agents within the System, and we must make every effort to get them here as soon as possible.

Among other refugees, children who appear to be of good racial stock and young healthy women can be brought to Kinsland communities. Healthy young White males who pass our usual tests can be taken to camps for military training and indoctrination.

Skraelings, Muspellheimers, known traitors and other undesirables are to be shot on sight. As for all those old White folks who spent their lives accepting or supporting the System, if they can make it on their own in the mountains, let them try. Not many will, but they aren't worth wasting a bullet on. They deserve neither aid nor pity.

About the Mormons, a little history is necessary. As you know, the original Mormon religion was racist. It allowed only Whites and it promoted polygamy. The race-murdering American government first forced them to give up polygamy, then they emancipated women, and then lastly forced Mormons to accept racial integration. The sequence was no accident, because a race of castrated men is easy to subdue. But a race of men who are sexual predators will fight to the death to keep the harems they dominate.

Anyway, several decades ago a Muspellheimer named Kurtz who headed the U.S. Treasury department told the Mormons that if they didn't racially integrate, the government would levy so many taxes on them that the church would lose all its property. So the president of the church, a degenerate cowardly swine named Kimball, promptly had a 'vision' in which God told him to integrate the church. Curse the name Kimball forever!!

Well, about three hundred thousand Mormons figured the church was in apostasy, so they formed their own group and called it 'Concerned Mormons'. We are in touch with them, and they will co-operate with us in Ragnarok. The race traitors occupying the Mormon Temple in Salt Lake City will pay the usual penalty for treason!!"

"How soon should we attack the System's electrical grid?" someone asked.

"Very soon," Trebor replied. "Already we hear that gasoline is up to fifty dollars a gallon when it's even available. Many cities should be ungovernable within days. Then we can move around in System territory with impunity. For certain they will announce martial law, but with all the ethnic and racial groups within the System's police and military forces, that will be a joke. They won't be patrolling lonely rural roads while the cities burn and die."

After further discussion on tactics and tuning, it was nearly two in the morning. The meeting adjourned, and Wolf went to send encrypted messages to all Kinsland bases with Trebor's orders.

At home Trebor enjoyed the solicitous ministrations lavished on him by his new mates. Although Candy and Heather had now acquired the perspicacity

to realize that they had done nothing to earn the position, they nonetheless relished the idea of being in effect "first ladies" of a new nation.

Sleep however was long in coming to Trebor, as his mind was filled with the endless problems that would arise in the near future. The first priority that had to be achieved at all costs was shutting down the System's electricity. The Kinslanders' carefully hoarded gasoline supplies would be severely depleted during that operation. The technology existed to convert coal into fuel for internal combustion engines, and in fact such a plant was already in operation near the Colorado-Utah border. The plant would have to increase production and expedite delivery.

He made a mental note to talk to Wolf in the morning about increasing short-wave communications with the Russians and other eastern European groups. Immigration to America from crowded Europe was vital.

When Trebor finally drifted off to sleep, it was with immeasurable hope and satisfaction. The efforts and sacrifices of himself, his comrades, of countless others throughout endless generations had not been in vain.

A beautiful people would yet fulfill a glorious destiny as nature's finest creation.

The End

And

The Beginning

## **Wotanism (Odinism)**

History is replete with innumerable examples of the power and importance of religious creeds. The purpose of this dissertation is not to demand, or even expect absolute conformity between various individuals who call themselves Wotanists or Odinists. Indeed, there are "Wotanists" whose beliefs would conform to the popular definition of Atheist.

However, when I decided some twenty years ago that a religion was a necessary and vital weapon in our struggle against genocide, it was with the knowledge that the vast majority of our folk possess what I call a "Godsense." That then is a power that must not be ignored.

But before a subject so vital to the survival of the white race can be covered accurately it is necessary that terms be defined with precision.

Let us start with the word religion. A religion is a philosophy or creed which incorporates a God, or Gods, and sometimes other beings beyond the comprehension of mortals.

The proponents and perpetuators of a religion may design its creed for any number of purposes, some constructive, some destructive. Unfortunately, the base, power hungry, and unprincipled men who have dominated the Western world for 2500 years were not about to permit the growth or continuation of any religion which might interfere with their control, wealth or authority. And of course any religion restricted to a particular race or nation was a hindrance to imperialism, which we now call one world government.

On the other hand, a universalistic religion would serve to unite the races, nations and cultures of an empire. And so, under the orders of Constantine, Emperor of Rome, in 325 AD, as Christians reckon time, a new "Catholic" religion was created. The word Catholic means universal in Latin. (See Webster's 3rd International Unabridged Dictionary for example)

The diligent and honest researcher will discover that Constantine's new religion was an almost exact parody of Mithraism, which was the major religion of the Roman legions. The events which formed the dogma of the new religion were then ascribed to Palestine, an area over one thousand miles away, and back dated over three hundred years so that denial was difficult.

And additionally the money powers behind Rome had themselves inserted as "God's Chosen People" in the new religion, along with a fraudulent history.

Now at this point the defenders of Christianity are undoubtedly going to protest, saying that the Catholic church persecuted the Jews. But by their own dogma one of "God's Chosen" named St. Peter was the first bishop (Pope) of Rome. And the most infamous torturer of the inquisition named Torquemada was one of "God's Chosen." There were internal power struggles which were then exploited and mislabeled by the internally



persecuted ``Chosen Pets of God."

Now at this point it is necessary to clarify another word, to wit: ``Semitic." There exists on this earth three root races and mixtures. The root races of man are Caucasoid (white), Mongoloid (oriental) and Negroid (black).

For many centuries the Eastern end of the Mediterranean sea was the crossroads for trade between Asia, Africa and Europe. To form alliances the sons and daughters of the merchants and bankers were married off to each other, often of other races. And so a mixed race of people called Semites was formed carrying the genes of all three root races. Today they are called Arabs and Jews.

Both are Semites.

The next word we must clarify is ``God." In the teachings of Hermetic philosophers, both ancient and modern, there exists a force and intelligence in the universe. Today we would call it a ``Cosmic Mind." Because of the shapes into which nature forms, among many reasons, God was called the Grand Geometrician/Mathematician of the Universe. As modern man understands that all things, from the tiny solar systems of atoms to the massive solar systems of the universe, to human thought, consists of electro-magnetic forces and patterns, we discover that the Hermetic philosophers were perhaps wise beyond their times.

Of course when defining words used in religion we should also be aware of the Cabalistic coding which is so often included. For example, when Sir Francis Bacon and the British Royal Society created the coding system of the King James Bible, they also added letters to the alphabet, set them in order, and formed many new words.

Let A = 1 B = 2 C = 3 D = 4 etc., and you discover the following. This is the word God:

**G O D**  
7 / 4

**74 - The Sun, not the son.**

**Again, lettering A = 1 B = 2 C = 3 etc., here are some words from the King James bible and their occult (i.e. hidden) meaning.**

**The G 7 of the M 13 is 74**

**O 15 J 10 E 5**  
**S 16 E 15 S 19**  
**P 16 S 19 S 19**  
**E 5 U 21 I 9**  
**+L 12 +S 12 A 1**  
**+H 8**

74 74 74

**Seventy four is the first function of an ancient mathematical device called the Magic Square of the Sun.**

This coding was inserted so that an appointed time the permanent disclosures, i.e. (opening and shutting) of Isiah 22 verse 22, and Revelation 3 verse 7 would take place. The King James Bible was then shepherded down through the centuries with the coding clarified as it became safer to do so. The "Shepherds" were adepts in secret societies which have also been the powers behind the scenes in the creation and destruction of nations, religions and philosophies.

Unfortunately, priestcrafters, in service to greedy and power hungry tyrants discovered that if they anthropomorphized the God force into a kind of glorified man, they could control people with the words "God said." On this deception has rested the power of priests, usually for evil purposes, for thousands of years. "Holy books" filled with "God said," have served the interests of kings, emperors and presidents for dozens of centuries.

Nearly thirty years ago, with all of this in mind, I began to search for religious concepts which would preserve our people. Things to consider were the history of various religions adopted by or forced on, the Aryan race, genetic memory and the collective subconscious as explained by Carl Gustav Jung, the nature of Gods, Goddesses and myths, appeal to the racial soul, an entrenched priesthood, alleged holy books, modern science, and on and on.

At the time, I began to search for an appropriate religious approach to aid in the struggle against genocide, the only existing creed was that known as Identity Christianity. And to be just as honest as possible the doctrine did inspire some good men such as Gordon Kahl and several members of the Order Brûder Schweigen. But, its adherents did not total one in ten thousand of those who call themselves Christian. Additionally, Identity teachers demanded literal belief in bible stories which conflicted with science and natural law.

Even worse I discovered that Identity believers spent more time denying that their holy book said what it said, than teaching something useful. Love your enemies, turn the other cheek, sex is sin, only virgin men are preferred by God, give unto Ceasar, God is love, or alternately God is vengeance, and on and on, pollutes their holy book. And then of course history shows that Christianity is the most powerful weapon ever used against the freedom and existence of the white race.

Well, my purpose here is not to attack others whose goals are noble, even if I don't see any chance of success in their creed.

I looked for a religious creed that might appeal to the genetic memory of the largest body of our folk. Also a creed that would stir the warrior soul. The logical answer was Wotanism, although at the time I found only one small organization headed by an elderly lady named Elsie Christianson which embraced a form of the doctrine. And they called it

Odinism. However, in the nineteen eighties some other small publishers showed up, also calling themselves either Odinist or Asatru. Asatru meaning true to the old Gods called the Aesir.

Unfortunately, or perhaps in some cases by malicious design most of these publishers denied the natural law of racial self preservation and separation in an attempt to be politically correct and respectable.

So, I first chose the name Wotanism over Odinism. First because W.O.T.A.N. makes a perfect acronym for Will Of The Aryan Nation. Secondly because he was called Wotan on the European continent and only called Odin in Scandinavia.

Therefore Wotan appeals to the genetic memory of more of our ancestors. And finally because a split had to be made with the game players, deceivers and universalists who had usurped the name Odin.

My next step was to form a doctrine or creed for modern Wotanism. Of course the whole reason for the project was to stop the forced mixing and murder of the white race. So it had to be true to natural law, the highest law of nature being the preservation of one's own kind. It had to accommodate not only my own 'Godsense' but that of others. And it had to totally destroy the New Age kind of suicidal deception being spread by the ``respectable" Odinists.

Perhaps the greatest and most dangerous or suicidal deception of the New Agers is that the force and intelligence we call God is made up of, or infused with an emotion called ``love." The fact is, the Creator made lions to eat lambs, wolves to eat fawns, hawks to eat sparrows, and the races of men to fight for life, women, food, territory and power. There is no love love love!! There is just law law law!! Harsh, sometimes cruel, but still divine law!!

Divine law demands exclusive territorial imperatives and exclusive hegemony, i.e. control, if a race is to survive. That is a truth no other religion but Wotanism will teach.

It is not my purpose in this dissertation to discuss the meanings of the Gods, Goddesses, myths or runes of Wotanism. By studying the philosophical concepts attached to each rune a person can develop a complete and natural personality. We have more Gothi learning and teaching natural law through the myths every month.

So let me leave you for now with one of my own proverbs, perhaps my favorite, to wit:

**``Nature and nature's laws are the work of the Creator. Therefore nature's laws are God's laws. And the first and highest law of nature is the preservation of one's own kind."**

**David Lane**

## Wotansvolk

An objective study of history will show beyond dispute by rational men that religion has been a major force, if not the major force, in shaping our conditions and destiny. A religion can preserve or destroy a people depending primarily on its structure and the motives of its agents. Fundamental to any religion is its God, Gods or Goddesses. They are what distinguish the religious entity from the secular. The belief that one serves the will of whatever higher power the "Gods" represent is a motivational force that has inspired both men and women to perform acts above and beyond the ordinary. Indeed, many have made the ultimate sacrifice, their lives, in service to the will of the Gods. As one who has made his reason for existence the preservation of his own race, I have given literally thousands of hours of study and reflection to the religious teachings affecting the Aryan race. In this treatise, I would like to show why I believe in a higher power which men call "God," and why Wotanism, Odinism, Wodenism, is the best representation of that power. In other articles I have shown why a biblical religion is incompatible with racial survival, so that will not be the subject here, other than to briefly summarize: First, prior to biblical religion, the Aryan race was secure in its nations and existence, as well as dominant throughout the known world. Today, after nearly 2,000 years of biblical religion, including inquisitions, the dark ages, the slaughter and murder of millions in the name of Jesus, the Aryan race faces near certain extinction. The effects must now outweigh the "could have been's" and "would have been's." Second, a Folk preserving religion must follow a God of the whole Folk, not a personal God of personal advantage.

Third, a Folkish religion must teach fertility, not "sex is sin" and woman-hatred (as Paul in Corinthians 7:1, John in Revelation 14:4 and Jesus in Matthew 5:28). I could continue, but the purpose is to promote my religion, not attack others. I have been asked why, considering my judgements regarding biblical religion, that I do not endorse the atheistic concept known as the Church of the Creator. I've expressed admiration for those portions of COTC teachings which seem valuable, but I am not an Atheist any more than a Theist or biblical religionist. In the tradition of the ancients and of many great thinkers of our race, I am a Deist. Echoing the words of far greater thinkers than myself, I see an intelligent motivating force throughout the universe and behind Nature's Laws.

Our Norse forefathers in uncompromising intellectual integrity admitted that there are things as yet beyond our understanding. Eternity, infinity, the origin of matter, energy and species are still subjects of inquiry today. As in other religions, nations and teachings, our Wotanist forefathers used symbols to represent abstract concepts. Allfather represented the unknowable mysteries of infinity and eternity. However, unlike the practitioners of priestcraft in biblical religion, Wotanists did not and do not pretend to speak for God. The Gods speak to every man or woman directly through the evidence of Nature's Laws. The whole purpose of priestcraft is to allow the priest or the people he represents to control or have power over others. The power of the pulpit and of "Divine Right to Rule" rests on the words "God said," and a claim of superior access to God. Wotanists denounce the whole philosophy of one man having power of compulsion over others. To Wotanists, the Gods and Goddesses with names such as Wotan or Woden,

Thor, Frigga and Sif represent forces of Nature, fertility and noble ancestors. They provide linkage between the past, present and future. Their deeds are parables which teach courage and other Aryan virtues. Even a treacherous God like Loki teaches a lesson in the dangers from internal subversion. Regarding "belief" in a God or a motive intelligent force throughout the universe, let us again define the word "belief." Belief can be blind faith, which is the mark of ignorance and which allows the adherent to be led anywhere, like sheep to the slaughter. A constructive belief is a conclusion based on the best available evidence, where such evidence is insufficient to warrant a statement of fact. I "believe" in the God of my understanding, but to make a statement of fact or demand that others conform to my belief would be intellectually dishonest. The biblical religionists (sometimes called creationists) and the evolutionists have quarreled for many years over their beliefs. As usual, no one considers other alternatives such as intelligent guidance in an evolutionary process, or a kind of genetic engineering or other possibilities. To the limits of my capabilities, I have tried to find a possibility of evolution as an answer to all life. But, it simply will not work without intelligent intervention. I have read many volumes on evolution and biology. Nowhere can I find an adequate explanation for the development of male and female of the same species. Throughout all the lengthy dissertations on cellular divisions and the growth of ever more complex organisms, there is never a rational, acceptable explanation of when the first man fertilized the first woman or how they developed separately, yet complimentary and in need of each other. Furthermore, modern geneticists tell us that a race of people cannot descend from one couple because the inbreeding would destroy them. So, we are faced with the necessary premise that numerous couples of identical men and women evolved at the exact same period in the eternity of time.

Darwinian evolutionists, also, tell us that White people are merely Negroes who migrated north from Africa eons of time ago and there in the cold northern climate we evolved light skin, hair and eyes. Yet, by their own teachings of natural selectivity, the first thing we should have developed is fur to protect us from the cold. Blue or green eyes, fair skin or light hair are not profiles of needs or characteristics developed as defense against a cold climate. One could continue almost endlessly on the problems with the theory of evolution as a random circumstance guided only by natural selectivity and survival of the fittest. But it seems the evolutionists have become as doctrinaire as the biblical religionists, so why beat one's head against the wall? We should all agree that we are subject to Nature's Laws. There are many other reasons to consider Wotanism, some concrete, some abstract, some esoteric. Having studied the words of Carl Jung, I believe the old Gods are a potential colossus within our collective subconscious. The old Gods and the old religion were exclusively ours and thus, relate to our race-soul. Through the myths and legends we find a link to our past and a rudder for our floundering racial vessel.

We shall find it necessary to use the vehicle of religion to expound our message of racial survival. It is exceedingly difficult for our enemies to deny that the worship of the old Gods is a bonafide religion, since it has a history of at least several thousand years. Here,

one might, also, consider that in the courtrooms of the occupation government a "religion" without a God will soon be judged not to be a religion and outside the governmental guarantees of religious freedom. Wotanism has the authority of antiquity. Despite 2,000 years of persecution, such as Charlemagne's beheading of 4,500 Wotanists before a gathering of Christian bishops, Wotan lives in our blood. The rich and powerful symbolism stirs our racial souls. Wotanists are not intolerant. Like others, we expound our beliefs, and that naturally involves pointing out the errors in the beliefs of others.

But, we do not excommunicate kinfolk of other beliefs from our company, as long as they share our goal of racial preservation. We should not "slay all those who would not have our God rule over them" as followers of an alien religion have done to us and our kinfolk by the millions. Robert J. Matthews was a Wotanist and the finest man I have known. In Valhalla he waits for those of us who fight for the life of the Folk. I do not think he cares if you are an Atheist, a Christian or a Wotanist, but only that you are White and Proud. But, for my part, his Gods are the Folk's Gods and they are my Gods.

**David Lane**

## Wotanism Lecture

What I have to say today will not make me popular. You may not invite me back, or some of you may not wish to attend again, and of course our keepers, who undoubtedly are listening in, have never liked my political and religious teachings. However, facts are facts, and the circumstances at this juncture in history demand cold, hard truths.

Wotanism (Odinism) is a religion. A religion is not a hobby. It is not a gang, a club, a pleasure, a safety net, an escape from reality or responsibility, or a part time diversion. Unlike an alien religion, Wotanists cannot "convert and repent" on their deathbed and then believe they will forever float in heavenly bliss upon a cloud, singing, "Jesus Loves Me."

It is rightfully said, "Knowledge is a curse." For with knowledge comes responsibility. The innocent bliss of ignorance dies with the acquisition of knowledge. That is one reason our folk refuse to accept truths about governments and religions that rule over them.

Wotanism in prisons or in occupied countries will not make us into tough guys. The only tough guy in this prison is the guy in the gun tower with a .223 caliber rifle, and if that's not enough, he has the whole U.S. Army and Air Force to back him up. I remind you again, the government that holds you in prison has, in the wars, revolutions and assassinations it has financed instigated and participated in from Dixie, to Cuba, to Mexico, to Panama, to Grenada, to Columbia, to Italy, to Germany twice, to Japan, to Korea, to Vietnam, to Serbia, to Waco, the Ruby Ridge, to Iraq, to Iran, to Afghanistan, and on and on, maimed or murdered 200 million people for their New World Order, half of them our folk. So let's forget about being tough guys inside their prisons.

Wotanism is the big picture, incorporating the perennial philosophy which is timeless, eternal and infinite. Wotanism is disturbing, uncomfortable, and it demands sacrifice. Just as Tyr sacrificed his hand to save the Gods of Asgard, Wotanism asks that we give of ourselves for a higher cause. We know that Wotanism is a religion, but how many of us have rationally explored just what a religion is? Let us consider some of the many aspects and powers of a religion.

First of all, a religion and what men have called God by many names over countless centuries are not the same. The simple fact that different religions have opposing beliefs is incontrovertible evidence that religions are the inventions of men, not the work of a higher power that mortals call God. Religions are created by men for specific purposes, always involving control or guidance of those to whom it is disseminated. That control or guidance may be for the benefit, or enslavement of the targeted population, depending on the design of the religion's creators, the motives of its agents and the vagaries of historical circumstance. The major religions have all been created by the Adepts in the ancient "Mysteries," so they incorporate similar structures. One of many examples being the 12 + 1: Odin with 12 Brothers of Zeus with 12 lesser deities at a given time, or Mithra or Jove, etc. In the alien religion forced upon our people, Israel has 12 tribes, and Jesus

has 12 disciples. In all cases it represents the sun and 12 signs of the Zodiac to the insiders. Of course that's also why Christmas is at the Winter Solstice of the sun, and Easter is at a designated time after the Spring Equinox of the sun. It is astrology and sun worship to the powers behind the scene.

The Adepts call God the "Grand Mathematician of the Universe," partly because of the shapes into which nature forms, including hexagons like snowflakes and honeycomb. In plant life we often find Polygons. Cut an apple in half, through its equator, and you will see the 5-sided figure. This geometry is the real or insider wisdom of the Adepts. Literal belief in religious myths or parables is for the simple-minded masses, the apple and Eve in the Garden of Eden being a prime example. In a true and non-suicidal religion, God, the Grand mathematician of the universe, is not irrational or insecure. In the alien religion, the creative force of the Universe, "God" turns itself into a mortal man, in order to have itself killed by mortal men, in order to keep itself from sentencing mortal men to eternal torture, in someplace called Hell. That of course is irrational, but it serves the purposes of the tyrants who created the religion. A famous philosopher once said, "Those whom the Gods would destroy, they first drive mad." The world's rulers consider themselves to be Gods, or at least to be "God's Chosen People." The religion forced on our people, with them as God's Chosen People, has certainly driven us insane.

A study of the mind of the Grand Mathematician of the Universe is called Cabalism by jews and Christians. Our folk call such students Hermetic Philosophers. It is fascinating, but also is not a subject that I'll dwell on today, because civilizations have cycles. At times circumstances allow spiritual pursuits to be predominate in a society. But when threatened with genocide and with extinction, then the males of a tribe of humans must deal with the physical realities. The foundation for a rational and non-suicidal religion is simple, as always the great principles are revealed in brevity. That foundation is this: "Nature and nature's laws are the work of the Creator." Therefore nature's laws are God's laws. And the first and highest law of nature is the preservation of one's own kind. That makes the 14 Words a divine command. It also raises the question of what "Creator" means.

First of all, at this time, the perception of "Creator" is not necessarily uniform. Even a professed Atheist can be a Wotanist. To be an Atheist Wotanist, the "Creator" simply means the results of chance over eons of time. However, the fact is, the vast majority of our folk have always believed in a creative force and intelligence that we call God, or us Wotanists call Allfather Wotan. It is ingrained in our genetic memory, in our race soul, in the collective unconscious, and in our heritage.

Sir Francis Bacon was called the greatest mind sent into the world in a thousand years, by the Adepts. He once said, "A little philosophy leadeth men toward atheism, but depth in philosophy leadeth a man toward religion." Before exploring his reasoning, let me make an insertion at this point.

Our folk, especially our young men, cannot be blamed for embracing atheism today. Neither should we blame our brothers for the destructive deeds they may have done



before hearing the great truths of Wotanism. However, with knowledge comes responsibility. Unlike Christians, who teach that no matter how evil a man may be he can repent on his deathbed and go to eternal bliss, Wotanists know that for every action there is a reaction, and for every wrong there is a penalty. Justice requires punishment for wrongdoing.

Elaborating on why we do not put blame on our brothers for deeds of destruction before hearing great truths, we must consider the nature of our minds. The human mind is much like a biological computer, G.I.G.O. (Garbage In, Garbage Out). And 99.9% of all sensory experience in the lives of the young men of our folk has been anti-nature garbage. The "evil White man," who oppresses women and minorities (actually vast majorities) has been a dominant theme in America and all Western Nations for generations. Our young men have rebelled against a system that grates against their very soul. Unfortunately that rebellion has seldom been constructive and it has led many into prison. Then, here in prison the rebellion usually continues in a self-destructive pattern. Drugs, drunkenness, gambling on Skraeling sports, bluster, and such, are of no value to the individual or his people. All too often our young men, when incarcerated, are quickly led into what I call the "Code of the Convict," or the convict mentality. How often have you heard the phrase, "He's a good convict?" Time and again I see a young man come to prison with a short sentence, maybe 5 years. Sometimes in this era they are railroaded into prison on false charges, just because they promoted the 14 Words. But as soon as they get here some group or gang starts to pressure them to join up. Almost always there are some members of the group who have destructive habits and when they have a collision, as they always do, the new recruit is required to support his "brother." So the 5-year sentence becomes 10 years or 20 years or life. "Brothers" like this we do not need. If it's the last thing I do before dying in the prisons of my enemy, it will be to change the "Code of the Convict" to the "Code of the Revolutionary."

I had a friend, a noble man, named Maynard Campbell. About 35 or 40 years ago he worked for a short time as a radio repairman for the Denver Police Department. But upon seeing what a corrupt organization the police department was, he quit and became a TV repairman. Then later he went into the lumber business. Then about 10 years ago the Ruby Ridge Massacre happened. The Feds murdered a woman named Vicky Weaver, and her son Sammy. They blew her head off while she was holding her youngest baby in her arms, all because the Weavers were White Folk who wanted to live with and preserve their own kind. After the murders, the Feds began their usual propaganda, demonizing the Weavers and justifying the murders. This was too much for Maynard Campbell. He wrote a short book exposing the lies and brutality of the Federal Assassins. So the Feds falsely charged him with cutting down trees on Federal property. And after the usual farce called a trial, instead of a fine, they put him in this prison; then labeled him an ex-cop. Naturally the "Code of the Convict" got Maynard killed. Maynard is no longer exposing the Federal murder of the Weavers, or the Federal murders of our race. The "Code of the Convict" did their dirty work for them. All the system has to do is accuse someone of being a rapist, a child molester, a snitch, an ex-cop, or whatever, and the "Code of the Convict" will do their dirty work for them. Part of the "Code of the Convict" grows from the mistaken belief that by putting down someone else, we raise ourselves up. I see drug

dealers that may have ruined the lives of a thousand children attacking someone accused of a sex crime that may have harmed one person. That is hypocrisy. The man who is secure in his own self-image is not concerned with others in "their" society. When we have our own nations for the life and benefit of our folk, then we will worry about morality. In here we need to learn to mind our own business, and we need to remember that the "crimes" of others who have never heard truths and who have never been taught a sense of destiny, are "crimes" of ignorance as often as crimes of malice. I say quote crimes unquote for a reason, and this too is related to self-image. Far too many of our young men accept the label "criminal" or "convict," when in actuality they should consider themselves rebels and revolutionaries.

The U.S. Constitution restricts the police powers of the Federal Government to three areas. Treason, crimes on the seas or waterways, and counterfeiting. And since the Federal Reserve that prints "our" money is unconstitutional, that leaves two areas. How many of you here today are convicted of treason or crimes on the high seas? You see, the criminals who violated the supposed supreme law of the land are the ones who put you in prison. You are not the criminals.

Another famous philosopher once said, "He who kills one man is called a murderer, but he who kills millions is worshiped as a President, a King or and Emperor." Not that we should justify unjustified and unnecessary killing, but the point is, governments are always the greatest criminals, a million times over. So we do not need to support our self-image by denigrating other individuals. The forced bussing judge who destroys the lives and sensibilities of tens of thousands of the children of our folk, is also tens of thousands times more vile than any so-called convict. Even a Ted Bundy is an angel compared to a Federal bussing judge.

Let me take another detour. We need to understand money. Money has two lawful functions: they are as a store of value and a medium of exchange. All other uses such as social engineering and especially usury are forbidden under natural law. Usury, which means charging interest on money, at any percentage is as destructive to a society as war or mass murder. Even the Christian's so-called holy book calls for the death penalty for usury, although as hypocrites they ignore their own laws when it is uncomfortable to obey them. At another time, if the Gods are willing, we will discuss the origins of money as precious metal, the change to paper money, central banks, and the most powerful tool the tyrants ever devised called fractional reserve banking. For now just be aware that while charging interest to Skraelings or to traitors is acceptable, we cannot practice usury of fellow Wotanists.

Returning to Wotanist behavior in prison—œin the so-called holy book of the religion forced upon our folk by deception, torture and murder is this proverb: "Be wise as serpents and harmless as doves." As usual it is suicidal deception. It should read, "Be wise as serpents and appear to be harmless as doves."

There is a small lizard-like creature called a chameleon, which changes color to match its surroundings so as to be invisible to predators. Those who live in an occupied country or

a prison must above all things learn to be chameleons. A spy in a foreign country does not go to the embassy and announce he is an enemy of the regime. One soldier does not challenge a whole army to battle in an open field. A wise man does not paint a target on his chest. A wise oriental wrote a book called The Art of War. In it he showed that all wars are won by deception and preparation. I understand the emotional reaction of young men who first learn of the betrayal by their elders and the plans of the Sons of Muspell. Now you must understand this: "The emotional man will always be conquered and destroyed by the cold, hard, cunning, calculating man." So control your emotions.

Back to religion -- all religions are created to be anthropomorphic. That means human attributes are given to the God, Gods, or Goddesses, attributes such as gender, love, anger, vengeance, etc. There are good reasons for this. One reason is so that the creators of the religion can put words in the mouth of God. The power of religion relies mostly on the words, "God said," usually inserted in alleged holy books.

At this point I must necessarily detour again. A religion implies a deity -- a God, Gods, and/or Goddesses. So what does this word God imply, both in the understanding of our ancestors and in the light of our so-called "Age of Reason?" To the Adepts, God was a creative force and intelligence in the Universe. As Wotanists we might symbolize this force as Allfather. The relationship of this force to a particular race or nation was symbolized with a name for the God. Thus, Allfather Wotan becomes the God of our Folk.

Does God exist? Understand this: evolution is nonsense from the deceptive minds of the Sons of Muspell and their deluded underlings. If evolution were true then we of the North Folk would have evolved fur to protect us from the cold. Instead we need the artificial devices of fire, clothes and housing to protect us. If evolution were true we would not get skin cancer from exposure to the sun. Evolution cannot explain male and female. Evolution cannot explain which came first, the chicken or the egg, etc.

It is true that the biblical story of a six-day creation just six thousand years ago is nonsense if taken literally instead of as a myth with hidden meaning. But that does not negate intelligent interference in an evolutionary process or outright genetic manufacture by intelligence or beings beyond our understanding. Our five senses are extremely limited as to the wavelengths and vibrations we can detect. Theoretical Physics and Quantum Mechanics now suggest other dimensions, parallel universes, time travel and other concepts to which our senses have no access, just as we cannot detect the radio and TV waves passing through and all around us at all times. But nonetheless, they do exist.

The best way to explain the teachings of our ancestors regarding God, the soul and reincarnation is in the light of modern science. Everything that exists consists of electromagnetism in patterns, vibrations and wavelengths. Atoms are made of electromagnetic force; so are the solar systems of the Universe; most importantly to our discussion, so does thought or ideas. When we think a thought it is a pattern of electromagnetic energy. Electromagnetic energy is eternal and indestructible and it exists both within and without of biological life forms such as humans. What the Adepts call the

soul is the patterns of energy that form thought or ideas. It is all interconnected with the patterns of the whole Universe, also called the cosmic mind. Reincarnation means the deliberate return of our pattern. In Wotanism the daily return to battle in Valhalla symbolizes reincarnation.

Back to the words, "God said," as inserted in "holy books" -- it is both necessary and dangerous to anthropomorphize "God" so that words can be put in the Creator's mouth. In the past it was necessary because to tell the uneducated masses that "God" consisted of patterns of electromagnetic activity would have been greeted with blank eyed stares of no comprehension. In this age it is necessary because of the power of symbolism, because of its value in molding the personalities of our children, because of the absolute necessity of ritual and ceremony to a healthy society, and as a form of oral shorthand. After all, it is far easier to say, "Allfather Wotan," than to recite, "The Cosmic Mind consisting of a compilation of the electromagnetic forces and patterns of the Universe." That is not only too lengthy, but it is incomprehensible to children. We cannot overestimate the necessity of ceremony and ritual either. Weddings, funerals and events to honor heroes and martyrs are absolutely vital to the health of a society and survival of a unique people.

To anthropomorphize God is, however, dangerous because it carries great power for either good or evil. There have been two completely opposing philosophies at war with each other in this world for thousands of years. One believes in mixing and destroying the integrity of the three root races created by "God." The other looks at nature's laws, formed by the Creator, in which the highest law is the preservation of one's own kind, and then resists the mixing and destruction. Nearly 1700 years ago the dying Roman Empire and its secret Muspellheimer rulers created a universal religion in an attempt to unite the many races, nations and cultures under their control. The word Catholic means universal. The new religion created in 325 A.D., as time is now reckoned, then backdated the events in the myths and placed them over a thousand miles east of Europe, in Palestine, so that no one could deny they happened, and the real rulers were called, "God's Chosen People," to perpetuate power.

When wise Europeans resisted the new religion in favor of their indigenous religion of Wotanism they were tortured, murdered and bribed until finally the Universal Religion prevailed. The Adepts of Wotanism then pretended to convert, but in actuality they infiltrated the church and coded the old wisdom into the bible, especially the King James Bible. The King James Bible is actually a time bomb designed to destroy the alien religion at a given time with mathematical codes that prove the dogma is a hoax. More recently as the alien religion faded away due to contradictions with science, the Universalists began to promote the New Age Movement. It too is anthropomorphic. The major attribute the New Agers ascribe to God is "Love." "God is Love," they proclaim. It is a lie! The Creator made lions to eat lambs, wolves to eat rabbits, hawks to eat sparrows, and the races of men to fight for women, territory, power and life. There is no love, love, love, just law, law, law; harsh, cruel, unforgiving but perfect, natural law. A people can recognize that law, obey it and they will live, or they can ignore it and die.

Another great danger of the Universalists and their New Age Movement is the feminist

movement. Young and healthy societies are male dominated. Decadent, dying societies are feminist. The sex drive of the males of a race that wishes to survive must not be subverted, slandered, hindered, or lessened. In our indigenous religions of the past the male Gods were often depicted with huge erect phallus. This is now ridiculed by the enemies of nature's God as penis worship or evidence of a fertility religion, which only demonstrates their ignorance or their malice. Fertility is necessary to life. Those out of power raise armies with promises of plunder, revenge, and above all, the seizing of women. The testosterone level of the male is 20 times that of the female for a reason, as are all the ratios of nature. That overwhelming sex drive of the male must be directed toward women of their own folk.

The United States was created by the Adepts. The plan was encoded in the novel *The New Atlantis* by Sir Francis Bacon. At least 53 of the 56 signers of The Declaration of Independence, on 7-4 or July 4, were Masonic Adepts. But when the Sons of Muspell took over the new nation, within just a few years the true Adepts tried another tactic. In the early 1800's they formed a new religion now called Mormonism. The original Mormon religion in many ways conformed to Natural Law, particularly in that it was restricted to our folk, and it taught polygamy. But the Sons of Muspell would not allow a religion that might preserve our kind, so they first banned polygamy by law, knowing that sexual-lust is the mother of battle-lust and battle-lust is the mother of nations. Next they promoted the 19th Amendment to the Constitution, giving women the vote. Finally a Son of Muspell named Kurtz, the head of the Treasury Department of the U.S. Government, told the Mormons to racially integrate or the I.R.S. would seize their church property. So, because its men were castrated by anti-polygamy laws and the "liberation" of women, the Mormons caved in. Just one example of why a religion of the folk must promote the male sex drive. A man will fight to the death to keep the harem he dominates.

Finally, we must recognize the power of symbolism in our nature or indigenous religion. It appeals to our warrior soul, both through genetic memory and through its overt character. The three great movements of the last 2500 years have all been religious movements -- Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. The first allowed the Son of Muspell to conquer and rule the world and sentence our folk to extinction. There is no greater power than a religion. We must now embrace a natural religion, true to the laws of nature and nature's God, with the fanatical dedication of desperation. That religion is Wotanism!

**David Lane**

## Valhalla -Fact or Fiction

In the Norse-Germanic religion of our ancestors it was said that a warrior who did not die the straw death went to a realm called Valhalla. In this realm he would spend his days in heroic battle, while nights would consist of rewards for valor. The major reward being sensual erotic pleasures with beautiful maidens called the Valkyrie.

This teaching of course is not unique to Wotanism, but it is found in many religions founded by Adepts in the ancient "Mysteries." For example, Islam teaches that he who gives his life for Allah will have 70 virgins in paradise.

Of course middle eastern religions have corrupted the mysteries. So what does Valhalla signify and how does it relate to our struggle against genocide?

The bottom line is reincarnation on Midgard. The daily battles represent successive incarnations on Midgard, i.e. Earth. The Valkyrie represent reward because beautiful women are the greatest desire and motivation of healthy young men.

Let us explore whether the teachings of our ancestors have value and validity in this desperate age. First let me clarify some words from an earlier treatise. Everything that exists consists of electromagnetic forces and patterns, moderated by wave lengths and vibrations. This includes atomic structure, biological life forms, and thoughts or ideas.

In the ancient mysteries the patterns of energy that produce thought were called the soul because patterns of electromagnetic energy can exist outside of biological life forms. Therefore for the rest of this treatise I will use the terms "soul" and "pattern" together or interchangeably. Energy of course is immortal, although it can change form.

According to our indigenous Wotanist (Odinist) religion, and the Mysteries, upon the death of our physical bodies our soul-pattern chooses whether to return to Asgard, which means merge with the cosmic mind, symbolized as Allfather, or go to Valhalla, which means reincarnating to another cycle of struggle on Midgard, i.e. Earth.

Those soul patterns who coasted through life without fighting were called Thralls. Upon physical death their patterns were said to dissolve into an energy chaos without form or thought. This is the Hel or Helgard of Norse Religion.

Allfather hates the soul which refuses to fight. Even in the hidden coded messages in the book of Revelation in the Christian bible, in chapter three, "God" demands that mortals be either hot or cold, but the luke warm he will spit out. The reader should be aware that when the Christians murdered, tortured and killed the followers of Wotanism the Adepts infiltrated the church and coded the mysteries into the bible, especially the King James Bible.

The point is that the cosmic mind, the compilation of the electromagnetic patterns of the universe will not tolerate Thralls who refuse to struggle. We could accurately call

Allfather an emotion vampire. That which is eternal and immortal cannot feel the emotions that mortal biological life feels.

Allfather cannot fear death or feel the elation of escaping death. Allfather cannot feel the pleasure of intense orgasm with a beautiful woman. So we were created over eons of time, by guided evolution, so that Allfather can vicariously experience emotion. Woe to the Thrall who obstructs Allfather's plan. Allfather is not moral in the sense declared by alien religions. Allfather created lions to eat lambs, wolves to eat deer, hawks to eat sparrows, and the races of men to battle for women, territory, power and life. The battles are neither good or evil. They are just the facts of Allfather's plan. A people who deny the plan will perish. In the cycles of soul-patterns, warriors win and Thralls perish, either in this cycle or another.

Some have asked, does this mean there are no physical rewards for warriors in the realm of Midgard? And women have asked if they are condemned to be soulless rewards for martyrdom? Let us look at nature's laws and the teachings of the Mysteries.

According to the Mysteries each time the soul returns it brings a little more memory of past incarnations with it. So that eventually in a physical body the warrior will enjoy his rewards. Under nature's laws the superior male must breed with many females and the Thralls should not breed at all. So it all works together as Wotan's plan and natural law.

As for women, the physical body reflects the soul. The evolving, reincarnating women will pick even more beautiful faces and bodies. And since in the natural world nothing makes a woman happier than to be desired by a great warrior, the role of Valkyrie will also be a reward.

These beliefs are why our Viking forefathers had no fear of death, be it in war or crossing oceans in tiny craft. They were the creators of emotion for Allfather while on a journey to Valhalla. They were Wotan's lions, wolves and hawks, in human form.

Today as the descendents of the north folk, the offspring of Vikings, face extinction at the hands of a Muspelheimer plot, perhaps nothing is more important than to look at our roots, including our indigenous religion? Since race-mixing and the inevitable miscengenation that follows are genocide, maybe we need to know that destruction of the different contestants (races) violates the plan of Allfather?

Maybe the Fourteen Words, "**WE MUST SECURE THE EXISTENCE OF OUR PEOPLE AND A FUTURE FOR WHITE CHILDREN**" are a divine command of Allfather, the cosmic mind, the creative electromagnetic super soul of the universe?

It appears there was a reason the murderers of our race persecuted our indigenous religion so viciously?

Let us remember again that nature and nature's laws are the work of, and therefore the

intent of Allfather. And the first and highest law of nature is the preservation of one's own kind. Then go forth to accomplish the Fourteen Words, fearing nothing. Not prisons, not the slander of the Muspelheimers or their treasonous shabbaz goy, not even death.

Unless we want to call our heroic forefathers fools and liars, then Victory and Valkyrie are our certain reward, either in this cycle or another.

**Wodensson**  
**David Lane**



## Gates of the Mind

*"No sane man of intelligence will plead for a religion  
on the grounds that it is better than nothing.  
It is not better than nothing if it is not true.  
Truth is better than anything or all things."  
--Ambrose Bierce, 1842-1914*

Freedom fighters today, the brave folk who risk their lives and fortunes for the survival of their race and culture, spend much of their time and energy defining and describing "the enemy." Quite frankly, we are our own worst enemy. As a species, as a race, we are woefully inadequate to repel the power of propaganda and manipulation of the masses. We are a race who invites and enables our own extinction.

The longer one is in the White survival mindset, the more evident it becomes that for the vast, overwhelming majority of people their ideas of reality are artificial constructs. It appears that the creation of artificial realities is an exact science which was perfected by the world's rulers thousands of years ago.

There are many modern and self-evident methods of mind control and reality creation of which most of us are already aware. We all know the power of the electronic toilet called 'television.' Reality for most Americans and for hundreds of millions of others around the world springs from this Hollywood sewage. A prime example of TV control can be seen in America's prisons. Despite the fact that most convictions in Federal courts are obtained with perjured testimony and false evidence, and even though the inmates know it, and even though they know the media is complicit in covering up or justifying unconstitutional trials, they still persist in parroting or discussing the television's demonization of alleged malefactors. There is an even better example of how far removed from reality our folk have become. I refer to the spectacle of so-called pro-wrestling. Millions of Americans sit glued to their seats in front of the idiot box, as the transparent charade of bluster, braggadocio, garish costumes and bad acting runs its course. The same could be said for all TV sports, game shows and soap operas, the megabucks entertainment industry.

During the weeks previous to the so-called Gulf War (better named "Operation Desert Turkey Shoot"), I watched in disbelief as the media whipped the American people into a killing frenzy within just thirty days. Where once upon a time heroism was characterized by the last stand of a heroic few against insurmountable odds, now it is considered heroic to kill hundreds of thousands with push-button missiles or with monster bombs, dropped with impunity and perfect safety from 8 or 10 miles in the air. Butchery of the helpless and the innocent is now rewarded with medals for heroism. The mass hysteria that once worked so well in public gatherings like church and the Colosseum is now spread to billions via the electronic media. And mass hysteria is real. Recently I saw a nostalgic film clip that showed young girls at the Ed Sullivan Show during the famous Elvis episode. The girls were in a trance state as complete as could be induced by a master hypnotist.

Reality for the masses is, also, a reflection of appearance as opposed to substance. I remember taking a poll among nearly a hundred young women after the Nixon-Kennedy debates prior to the presidential election of 1960. Almost every single woman who had watched the debate declared she would vote for Kennedy. When asked why, they gushed, "Because he is so good looking!" So much for the idiotic idea of democracy, and votes, and self-rule by the unqualified. As an aside, those who listened to the debate on the radio usually opted for Nixon.

There are endless examples of the insanity that pass as reality among our folk. Those of us in the struggle for the 14 Words already know the final war will be between relatively small numbers at each end of the spectrum, while the masses watch, and wait, to see who will prevail and thus be the next to tell them what to think and what to believe.

Before the advent of television and other modern methods of mind-control the world's rulers relied largely on religion to control the masses. We call to mind the maxim:

When the gates of the mind are opened to the first irrational premise, then all barriers to a flood of insanity are broken. This is a fundamental secret of priestcraft. That is why the priestcrafter intones the never-ending litany of "believe-believe-believe" and "have faith-faith-faith!" The preacher will not tell his followers to go out and explore all religions, all philosophies, all science disciplines and then make a considered judgment.

The ancient mystery schools of our folk, whence sprang Wotanism, never taught "belief." In fact, the Adepts would have been horrified! They taught the aspiring initiate how to study nature in meticulous detail, and it was from such observation that they postulated an intelligence and motive force in the universe. However, the three major religions of Judaism, Christianity and Islam, which allegedly sprang from a common root, are all predicated on the irrationality of "belief," as opposed to "reason." As we shall see, opening the gates of the mind to an absurd premise is the secret of power for all three religions as they exist today.

The three most absurd supernatural tales that are presented as factual history, one from each religion, will illustrate the point. Moslems are told that Mohammed rose to heaven while still alive, as he stood on a rock which is now enshrined within a mosque called the Dome of the Rock. The Christians demand literal belief that the motive force of the entire universe turned itself into a mortal man, in order to have itself killed by mortal men, in order to keep itself from killing mortal men in the eternal torment of hell. The Jews are taught that the earth stopped spinning so there would be extra sunlight for their alleged ancestors to slaughter their enemies. Of course, they are not told that if the earth stopped spinning, the oceans would come out of their boundaries in a wall of water miles deep and traveling 1,000 mph, which would obliterate the earth's land masses.

If the concept of "God" can be understood within the limitations of human perspective, the most precise grasp would be defined by the eternal Laws of Nature. But Christians are required to abandon all reason and "believe" in the "immaculate conception." But is there

a Christian alive who would rejoice to learn that his virgin daughter were pregnant?  
Truly, sane men understand that Nature is unforgivingly true!

The point is, if the pastor can convince his sheep that such absurdities are possible, then their minds are gone and he can lead them marching lockstep, like lemmings, to enslavement and extinction. If the people will swallow tales this wild and impossible, then selling religious wars, inquisitions and even racial suicide are a piece of cake.

It appears that the masses claiming to be members of any of these three religions are equally duped by their priestcraft leaders. This does not change the fact that incredibly wealthy Internationalists rule the world today, or that they have sentenced the White race to death. A fact that will become self-evident is that original Old Testament writings formed a separatist religion which can be still deduced, despite all the centuries in custody of the enemy. A separatist religion is good, no matter who claims to be its founders or descendants. Islam was formed by Adepts in response to the evil and tyranny of the Roman Church; its founders had good intentions. Of the three, only Christianity was constructed from the beginning as a tool for tyrants. The real murderer of the White race is Christianity. It was formed to unite the many races, nations and cultures of the cruel and degenerate Roman Empire. As such, its aim was always genocide for our folk throughout Europe. To use the Christians' own words, "By their fruits you shall know them." Christianity brought torture, murder, war, inquisitions, insanity, misery, slavery, superstition, ignorance and the Dark Ages. Wotan was, is and always shall be the true God of the Aryan people. Wotan has sustained us in the past and will be our strength and victory in the future.

*"It remains true: the fairy tale of Christ is the reason  
that the world is able to go forward another ten meters  
without anyone coming to his senses;  
it takes as much strength of knowledge,  
understanding and wisdom to defend it as to attack it."  
--Goethe, 1788 CE*

**David Lane**

## **Polygamy - Nature's Command**

I've avoided this touchy but vital subject for many years for various reasons. One being that no publisher of pro-white literature would dare print it, so it will have to be passed from hand to hand among our disenfranchised white males. Also, because even the precious few women who are dedicated to our cause of racial survival are unwittingly so thoroughly indoctrinated with feminist propaganda that they react with denial and anger. But now, as age and the lack of health care in the gulags of ZOG make the future uncertain, there are a few concepts I still feel compelled to express while I can.

Please bear with me as I also use this treatise to expound on the branch of the resistance called Identity and how their holy book called The Bible should be viewed. I believe that both the Identity adherents and the non-Identity resistance will be pleasantly surprised, if they have open minds. We must recognize and accept that every living creature including humans is subject to the harsh and rigid laws of nature. And that nature designed male mammals, be they lions, bulls, stallions or rams, as sexual predators and competitors. Men are no different.

Let me quote from the book, *Might is Right*: "Fighting is the method whereby the most fitted to propagate, conclusively prove the fact. Animals, birds, reptiles and all life, exists in unending sexual rivalry and warfare, and so do men. Organic life is a ceaseless round of love and war. There is no other earthly passion so fiercely and savagely egoistic as sexual desire and it is the basis of all human "Love," even the most ethereal and romantic. Everywhere the season of love is the season of battle, and when the fires of sexualism burn low in nations of men, they are as unfit for freedom as they are unfit to reproduce their own." Females in nature do not have a choice. They are programmed by nature to accept the conquering male and thus the superior genes are passed along, ensuring the strength and survival of the specie. The superior male takes all the females he can capture and defend. Among humans, the superior males take also the most attractive females, and thus their beauty unites with virility for higher life.

We should note that the original Mormon religion was racially exclusive, limited to White people, and it taught Polygamy. But the race murdering Federal government first forced them to abandon Polygamy, then later forced racial integration on them. Undoubtedly because a race of men who are sexual predators will fight to the death.

It is also worth noting that the Palestinian suicide bombers, who fight to free their land from the scourge of all the earth, are additionally motivated by the promise of 72 virgins for each in Paradise. In Western history, those out of power have always raised armies with promises of plunder, revenge, and above all, the seizing of women. The primal motivation and instinct is universal among all mammals.

This would be a good place to discuss The Bible as it relates to Polygamy, sex and racial survival. First, let's recognize that the Old Testament is primarily Western philosophy, i.e., struggle within the reality of this world, while the New Testament is primarily Eastern philosophy which is suicidal escapism from struggle. Jews followed the

philosophy of the Old Testament and conquered the world. So, do not ignore its message or scoff at its concepts. Given that much of the Old Testament was stolen from earlier Aryan sources in Persia, Babylon and elsewhere, we could substitute the word Aryan where it says Jew or Israelite in many places and discover a philosophy of conquering and survival.

Other portions, such as The Book Of Esther, can be taken as either an exposure of Jewish cunning, or as bragging. It makes no difference, the message is still there. There are four concepts that Identity teachers must learn if they want to realize the potential of the most common book in the western world, which is the English language authorized version of the King James Bible, (KJV). They are **1)** The origin of religious myths, **2)** How to read a Hermetic Parable, **3)** The anti-nature purpose of the New Testament, and **4)** The coding system of the KJV.

Every Identity teacher should begin with an old Persian book called Job in the Old Testament. In Job, Chapter 12, verses 7 through 9, there is advice to look in nature for truth because nature is the work of the Creator. That must be the basis of all true religion.

The great philosophers then studied nature and created mythologies in which "God said" what nature declared. Why is this so important? Surveys show that the vast majority of Aryans still believe in a higher power which for convenience we call God. But they reject mythical religious absurdities such as: that the motive force of the universe turned itself into a mortal man, in order to have itself killed by mortal men, in order to keep itself from eternally torturing mortal men who fail to worship it every seventh day.

We will not raise up an army of capable soldiers if we appeal only to the simple minded, the credulous, the ignorant and the dogmatic. A religious myth can contain absolute truth, but it cannot be presented as literal truth or actual history to modern man.

Secondly, the Identity teacher must learn to read Hermetic Parables, which contain hidden meanings, in order to conceal the deeper messages from tyrants and mental incompetents. Let us consider the story of Lot, found in Genesis, chapter 19. Lot is considered to be the only man righteous enough to save from Sodom. Even though he offers both of his virgin (although married) daughters to a mob of perverts and later has sex with them himself and gets them pregnant. The major message is in verse 32, which states that the reason for the pregnancy is to preserve the seedline. Like kind after like kind is in fact the first law of the Old Testament in Genesis 1, verse 25. The hermetic philosopher would also note that the "blame" for the incest by Lot is put on the daughters by stating that Lot was too drunk to know he was screwing his daughters, which is impossible, of course. The message is that the primal law which supercedes all others is preservation of the seedline. Also, throughout the Old Testament, male sexual drive is excused of excess because the sexual drive of the males of a race which wishes to survive must never be hindered, slandered, reduced or threatened.

Critics of the Old Testament point out that the Patriarchs were Polygamists, sexual predators, and often had incestuous relationships with sisters and daughters. Abraham

and Isaac for example, who married, and pimped their sisters. However, Odin, Zeus and other Gods of Aryan religions were also incestuous sexual predators, as well as bloodthirsty warriors. Such were the cultural and ethical norms of the times. It is the hermetic (hidden) meaning that teachers of our folk must learn.

There are more lessons in the story of the major figure of the Old Testament, named King David than anywhere else. He was a bandit, a warrior, a sexual predator, a nation builder, a cunning deceiver, a politician, a slayer of tens of thousands, possessor of dozens of concubines and wives, father of dozens of children, who lived as a natural man should. On his deathbed, the most beautiful virgin in the land tried to keep his spirit alive. What better way is there to depart? Even the story of Bathsheba is not what on the surface it seems, although David, being a natural male, seeing a beautiful naked female was nature bound to move heaven and earth to get into her panties. Those who want to look for deeper meanings should first note that Bathsheba's husband was a Hittite committing tribal treason.

Thirdly, Identity teachers must abandon the New Testament completely. Over two thousand years ago, Jewry hired Rome to conquer the world for them. Nearly four hundred years later they hired Constantine to force a new religion on the Empire with Jews as "God's Chosen People." Don't believe the propaganda that the church persecuted Jews. That was internal power struggles. Torquemada, the most famous torturer of the Inquisition, was a Jew who often tortured and murdered other Jews.

The New Testament religion is a composite of an old mystery religion called Gnosticism, and Mithraism, with a dash of other pagan religions thrown in to make it palatable throughout the Empire. It was carefully and artfully constructed to control the masses, to justify slavery, to deny natural law, and to emasculate the White race. No amount of sophistry or picking odd bible verses can change its suicidal Eastern philosophy of otherworldly escapism.

A religion must be judged by its results. The Old Testament philosophy allowed Jews to conquer the world, while New Testament religion led the Aryan race to the brink of extinction.

Fourthly, The Identity teacher should learn the "Keys" that unlock the coding system of the KJV because they are designed to show that the New Testament religion is a hoax. The Keys are called the "Key of the House of David" in Isaiah 22 verse 22 which is the Great Pyramid in Egypt. And the "Key of David" in Revelation 3 verse 7, which is a mathematical device related to the famous number 666. These "Keys" were inserted by a Pagan philosopher named Sir Francis Bacon when he formed the structure of the KJV four hundred years ago. Then the coding was updated by Masonic adepts over the years as it became safer to do so.

To summarize, let us recognize that revolution only comes from those who are totally disenfranchised. The term "women and minorities," united against the White male is a clever and deadly efficient strategy, although minorities should read "Vast Majorities."

Only a total revolution with an end to technological police powers, communications, transportation and modern comforts can save our kind now. And the revolution must come from White males.

The poorest of White women today live in splendor undreamed by the Queen of England 200 years ago. All due to the inventions of White males, such as flush toilets, washers, dryers, ranges, telephones, central heating, housing, air conditioning and on and on. Yet they revile us as racists and sexists if we plead for racial loyalty. The more beautiful of our women are centerfolds, TV stars, movie stars, playthings for Skraeling (non-white) athletes, Christian Universalist race mixers, who all bask in adulation and comfort. They will not join our cause and must be saved from their own folly.

Call it Ragnarok, or Rahowa or Armageddon, or whatever you like, but White men must bring the day of reckoning soon. Some will live, some will die. For those who live, let them enjoy their virgins or facsimiles thereof on this earth.

I have no faith in virgins in paradise. The wives, sisters and daughters of Christian Universalists, Politicians, Lawyers, College Professors and coaches, media prostitutes and a host of other race traitors will be a fine motivation and reward for the true soldiers of our folk who survive.

**Maybe Bob Mathews said it best:**

*"Give your souls to your Gods and load your guns,  
It's time to deal in lead  
We are the legions of the damned  
The army of the already dead."*

**David Lane**

## Open Letter to All Christians

If the White Aryan race is to survive much longer then a momentous decision must be made NOW. If we continue to compromise with the religious and secular institutions which deny Nature's laws, and which have led us to the brink of extinction, then we are doomed. Fortunately for us an unbroken lineage of adepts in the ancient "mysteries" has given us a tool, which provides one last chance for the survival of our race. That tool is a math code within the King James Bible (KJB), within the geometry of the Great Pyramid in Egypt, and within the so-called Great Seal of the United States of America. There is an absolute, based on the mathematical laws of probability. For example, if someone won a ninety million dollar lottery a dozen times in a row, we would know with absolute certainty that it was a fraud rather than chance. A few years ago a book was published about an alleged bible code, and given coverage in the system media. The book was deception, using computers, an ancient language, manipulation and perversion of the laws of probability. The math code within the KJB is simple, uncomplicated and undeniable. It uses code wheels, anagrams, numerical values for the letters of the alphabet, (A=1, B=2, C=3, D=4 etc.) and number pyramids. Number pyramids are also simple and uncomplicated. To build a number pyramid simply add adjacent digits until getting a single digit, then place the single digit above and between. For example, 23.  $2+3=5$  so place 5 above.

5  
2 3

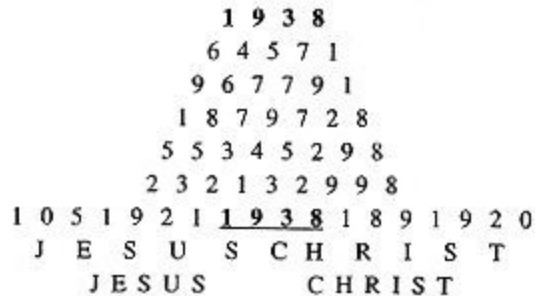
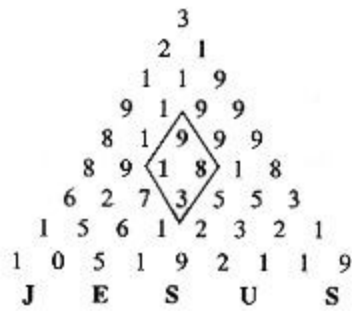
If necessary add more than once. For example, 74.  $7+4=11$ , then  $1+1=2$ , so

2  
7 4

To build a number pyramid from a word simply let A=1, B=2, C=3, D=4 etc. Then place the appropriate number above each letter.

Shown below is the number pyramid of the name **JESUS CHRIST** as designed after the formation of the English alphabet with its 26 letters in a prescribed order. Also shown is the pyramid of Jesus and the value of the name.





Note 7 digits and 4 letters left of 1938  
 Note 7 digits and 4 letters right of 1938  
 Note 7 levels to 4 digits of 1938  
 This forms a relationship between 1938 and 74.

The sun and 74 is the first function of an ancient mathematical device called the "Magic Square of the Sun."

Do you begin to see why the masses have been taught to worship on Sunday? Or why the mythical Jesus is said to be born at the winter solstice of the Sun? Or why Easter is the first Sunday after the first full moon after the Spring equinox of the Sun, which rises in the East, Easter?

In the pyramid of Jesus the relationship of 1938 to 74 is again demonstrated. Go to the 7th chapter of the 4th book of the KJB, 74 appropriately titled **NUMBERS**. It has precisely 1938 words. Go to the 19th chapter of the KJB, (Genesis 19) and see that it has 38 verses, representing 1938. Count the 66 books of the bible as a reverse code wheel, over and over, from Revelation to Genesis, till you get to 1938. It will be the Gospel of John. Now to go John 19 verse 38, representing 1938. It concerns the burial of Jesus, actually the burial of the anti-nature and anti-White genocidal Jesus religion. In John 1938 Jesus is buried by a man named AriMATHaea. The word is a play on the word Arithmetic. In the next verse AriMATHaea is helped in the burial by a man named NiCODEmus, a MATH CODE. "Just coincidence," cry the followers of insanity called Christianity, better called Christ-insanity. Well, go to the story of Methuselah in Genesis chapter five. Methuselah, made to be oldest man that ever lived, lives 187 years and has a son. Then he lives another 782 years for a total of 969 years. Since 969 is exactly one half of 1938 then the three ages add to 1938. The ages are thus divided because 969 divided

into 187,782 and rounded to the nearest tenth is 193.8.

Now go to another recitation of the so-called Patriarchs in Luke the 3rd chapter. Methuselah is word 969 in the chapter and his name is changed to MATH USA LA. The last half of Methuselah is SELAH which appears 74 times in the KJB as another tie between 1938 and 74. The famous angle of the Great pyramid in Egypt is 38 degrees plus a fraction from vertical and 51 degrees plus a fraction from horizontal. Because 38 and 51 are the center factors of 1938 and  $38 \times 51 = 1938$ .

Now turn to the building of Solomon's Temple in I Kings 6 and 7 with 38 verses and 51 verses respectively, because the Great Pyramid is the real Temple. Solomon is as big a mythological formula as Jesus or Methuselah or any other of the biblical names. The exact angle of the Great Pyramid is 51 degrees and 51 minutes from horizontal because 5151 makes this number pyramid.

6 6 6  
5 1 5 1

Again, 74 is the first function of the 666 magic square of the SUN. See "The Mystery Religions and the Seven Seals" for further information on the Sun Square.  $74 \times 9 = 666$

July 4th is 7 - 4 or 74, the alleged (falsely) signing of America's Declaration of Independence. 74 times 24 equals 1776 the birth of America, the Beast of Revelation 13 verse 18, the Mother of Harlots and the Whore of Babylon. Not a man, but a political beast. Just as Christianity is the first head of the beast. Again,  $666 + 666 + 444 = 1776$ , the birth of the beast, a Cabalistic timetable.

Now you know why Christianity and America are the two worst enemies the white race ever faced. There are two opposing philosophies that have been at war with each other for thousands of years in what we now call the western World. One is "Universalism" which desires to destroy the integrity of all races, nations and cultures, mixing them into one melting pot ruled by a few indescribably wealthy usurious individuals. The very word Catholic is Greek, meaning Universal, and the Roman Catholic religion was formed under the Emperor Constantine to unite the many races, religions, cultures and nations of the decadent Roman Empire. The protestant religions are merely stepchildren of this cruel and despotic Roman Empire in both its earlier secular, and later religious form.

The New Testament religion was in fact a composite of many earlier religions, as formed because humans do not easily give up religious traditions indoctrinated from their childhood. The major deity of the Roman Legionnaires was Mithra, said to be born to a virgin on the 25th of December, so that was included in the new religion. The birth of the Persian God Zoroaster was said to be attained by three wise men from the East so that was included in the new religion. Woden, also spelled Odin or Wotan, hung on a tree and was pierced with a spear, so that was included in the new religion. Just a few of innumerable examples. Of course insiders, adepts, and persons of perception have always known that religious myths are only taken literally by the gullible, the simple minded,

and the thoroughly indoctrinated. Religions and their myths can preserve, or destroy a people, depending on the structure given by its creators, the motives of its agents and the vagaries of historical circumstances. But in the end, any religious or secular institution must be judged by its effect. Under Christian influence the White race now faces imminent extinction, having given our food, medicine, technology and wealth to alien races in a competitive world. And now surrendering our territory and women.

Which brings me to the opposing philosophy, which for lack of a better term I'll call separatism. Nature declares an instinct called "territorial," for the preservation of each race and specie. Exclusive territory, meaning nations, is especially necessary for the survival of our White Aryan race since our women are the desire of the males of all races. Racial integration is ALWAYS the death of our race, primarily by miscegenation as in Carthage, Persia, and elsewhere throughout history. The over-riding, all encompassing message that we must reach our folk with in this desperate age is this, "Nature and Nature's laws are the work of that intelligence and force that our folk have symbolized by many names in many religions for many many centuries." That means Nature's laws are "God's" laws, and the first and highest law of nature is the preservation of one's own kind. That means the Fourteen Words, **"WE MUST SECURE THE EXISTENCE OF OUR PEOPLE AND A FUTURE FOR WHITE CHILDREN"** are a divine command.

Nature's laws are a "bible" or holy book, written by the Creator. All others are written in the languages of men, by men. Those words which properly interpret the laws of Nature and Nature's God are divine. Those which deny the laws of Nature and Nature's God are in religious terminology, "The road to hell," or in this realm, the road to extinction. All of this necessarily leads to a discussion of the "Words" of the bible, especially the KJB, which is the most common and influential book in the English-speaking world. I put "Words" in quotes because the mathematical coding of the KJB, inserted by Sir Francis Bacon and other adepts is a separate method to discern what is truth and what is deception in the book. Another method is just plain old common sense and reason.

The cow didn't jump over the moon, virgins didn't have babies, and the creative force of the universe didn't turn itself into a mortal man, in order to have itself tortured and killed by mortal men, in order to keep itself from eternally torturing mortal men. "Those whom the Gods would destroy they first drive mad," said a philosopher long ago. That last principal being the foundation of Christ-insanity.

Now in defense to that portion of the White resistance to genocide calling itself Identity Christianity let me say two things. First, I know that many of you have your heart in the right place. However, compromise with the NEW Testament religion is impossible at this time. Yes, America's founding fathers were forced to pay lip service to Christ-insanity, but their private correspondence shows they were Freemasons who despised the alien religion. Yes Adolf Hitler was forced to compromise and pay lip service to the alien anti-nature religion, but his private correspondence showed he despised Christ-insanity and was partial to our indigenous religion of Wodenism. Since Germany was 99% either Catholic or it's whoring daughter Lutheran, he and the other leaders of the 3rd Reich had no choice. But because they compromised, once Germany was defeated, most Germans

reverted back to Christian racial suicide.

Second regarding Identity. The OLD testament is an entirely different story. The original writings were definitely NOT Jewish. And in fact probably were created by Aryan adepts in the ancient "Mysteries." For example, the Old Testament condemns usury while modern Jewry became the predominate world power by practicing usury. The Old Testament traces citizenship in Israel through the father while modern Jewry traces citizenship through the mother. The Old Testament condemns male homosexual behavior while modern Jewish leaders promote it. The Old Testament teaches separatism while modern Jewry teaches Universalism.

However, ancient Israel is NOT history. It is religious myth and symbolism, which is used to both preserve and conceal philosophy and prophecy. The Identity Christian leaders should have restricted their title to just one word, i.e. Identity. And admit to the absolute and undeniable fact that in both it's creation and effect the New Testament religion is suicidal racial poison. A few carefully chosen verses not withstanding.

Furthermore, the adepts, representing higher powers have other plans encoded in the KJB. For example, Revelation 3 verse 12 and 2 verse 17 say "God" will take a new name, written in a man, a city, and in **A WHITE STONE. A WHITE STONE** is an anagram. Rearrange the letters and it spells **THEE IS WOTAN**.

When the adepts in our indigenous religions were tortured, persecuted and killed by the Christians, some of them infiltrated the alien religion. As monks and scholars it is they who constructed the coding system of the bible, designed as a literary time bomb to destroy the genocidal religion from Rome. The KJB is their crowning achievement. The 74 words of Revelation 2 verse 9 and 3 verse 9 tell who **THEE** is. Also they make it clear that our war is against an anti-nature philosophy, not against brain washed or indoctrinated individuals. Judaism, Christianity and America are indeed the three worst enemies our race has ever faced. But Jews hate us because of indoctrination such as the holy-hoax of six million gassed in World War 2 and similar false propaganda from their Zionist masters. They really need to remember that the propaganda of the victors **ALWAYS** becomes the history of the losers.

Christians deny Nature's laws and suppress their natural instincts for racial survival because an anti-nature religion has driven them literally insane. The drivel attributed to the mythical St. Paul says it's best not to touch a woman. Revelation says only 144,000 virgin men will be favored on judgment day. Jesus says, "Hate your own family and love your enemies." Our indigenous religions, especially Wodenism are denigrated as fertility cults. But that is exactly what Nature demands.

Woden says "love your family and smash your enemies with the hammer of Thor." The Old Testament King David, and Thor each kill a giant with a magic or unorthodox weapon. Identity and Woden have no quarrel. But New Testament Christ-insanity is not compatible with racial survival. This does not mean every Christian or every Jew is a conscious member of a conspiracy to overrun and exterminate our White Aryan race. But

unfortunately if they continue to follow the propaganda and deception of the world's Universalist leaders, many of who call themselves Jews or Christians, then de facto, of necessity they are our mortal enemies.

Which brings us to America. Again, not every White skinned American is a conscious agent of the plan to mix, over-run, integrate, miscegenate, reduce by war, and exterminate the White race. But again, de facto, of necessity, the vast majority are our mortal enemies. In the wars, revolutions and assassinations that America participated in, from Dixie to Cuba, to Mexico, to Panama to Germany twice, to Italy, to Korea, to Vietnam, to Libya, to Serbia, to Iraq twice, to Iran, to Waco, to Ruby Ridge, to Afghanistan and on and on, the dead and maimed number perhaps 200 million, half of them White folk. Determined to destroy the integrity of all races, nations and cultures for their Novus Ordo Seclorum, a Universalist New World Order, the Red, White and Blue traveling mass murder machines has been an engine of holocaust, genocide and murder unmatched in human history.

Whether the White race can survive much longer in America is problematic at best, and doubtful if considered realistically. Maybe our best bet is for our few racially aware White folk to migrate back to Eastern Europe and try to warn our folk there? But one thing is certain. We can no longer compromise with the executioner's institutions. A revelation in fact must be preceded by a revolution in thought. Out voting a majority in the deceptive horror called a democracy is impossible and those who advocate participation in such a system, especially under current circumstances are either deluded idiots or deliberate deceivers. Even at it's best democracy is two lions and a lamb voting on what to have for dinner.

So to all you Christians and Americans with White skin I say, abandon the anti-nature deceptions of the Universalist materialists and pleasure seekers, or face the consequences of the passing of Western Civilization's creators. Naturally there are those who will attack my words in this treatise for various reasons. Some because they are committed Universalist racial enemies. Some because as Christians or Jews they are indoctrinated to literally believe the myths of their religion. Some because they benefit from the current political or religious systems in financial or material ways. Some because they are cowards who are afraid to face unpleasant truths. Some because their minds are poisoned with geographical nationalistic propaganda which is a perversion of the territorial instinct. This perversion of the territorial instinct is why White men will spend money supporting an athletic team composed of non-white players, each with a harem of the last pretty white young women. This too is conditioned insanity leading to racial suicide.

The masses of Christians, Jews and Americans are little more than pawns and cannon fodder in a game played by wealth and power beyond conception. Sadly all three will probably be deadly and mortal enemies to the bitter end of the struggle to preserve our kind. Equally sad is the spectacle of the "escapists" who plague our minuscule resistance to genocide with defenses of the institutions, which have presided over our demise. As well as the "intellectualists" with their scholarly works on alleged history. As the 6th precept says, "History, both secular and religious is a fable, conceived in self serving

deceit and promulgated by those who perceive benefits."

Current circumstances are all that matter. We are denied White nations, White Schools, White neighborhoods and everything necessary for racial survival. And inter-racial mating, especially for the last young White women is promoted with ever increasing passion. As less than two percent of earth's population is young White female. I did not sacrifice my freedom and spend the last 20 years in prison for technological gadgets, artificial religions or materialistic decadent societies. I fight to this day for my personal Fourteen Words, which are, **"BECAUSE THE BEAUTY OF THE WHITE ARYAN WOMAN MUST NOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH."**

Sexual lust is the mother of battle lust and battle lust is the mother of nations. That is why our indigenous religions were fertility based. Will the castrated, fat, lazy, programmed pile of walking camel dung which is the modern White man put down his six pack of beer and his television channel changer, in order to obey Nature's highest law? Television where he worships negro ball players, as the pretty White cheerleaders in their short skirts get wet panties over those who never invented a wheel or a written language. The subliminal message is clear and constant!

Will Bob Mathews and the members of The Order ever be honored for their sacrifices? Will beautiful White women love us? No, but they will get wet panties over freaks like Michael Jackson.

Does the White Aryan race deserve to survive? Nature's laws, harsh and unyielding will decide. Fight or die, kill or be killed, reproduce or perish. That is the decree of Nature's God.

**David Lane**