THE MENTICIDE MANUAL



HOW TO DESTROY THE MIND

THORSTEN J. PATTBERG



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SAKER MESSAGE:

The Menticide Manual : A Series

🛗 October 03, 2021

by Thorsten J. Pattberg for The Saker Blog

This is Part 1 of a series

Foreword

The easiest way to destroy a man in body and soul is to harm him in all ways and forms imaginable and claim it'll be good for him. This demonic logic, its inversion is telling him that doing good would actually be bad for him, creeps into our mammal brains through early childhood dreams.

In these particular childhood dreams, which all humans experience versions of, the paralyzed dreamer is the victim of a brutal injustice or a fatalistic accident; say he is being raped in the bushes or is being gradually squashed by a tank or cartwheel while a consolidating voice, maybe his mother or maybe a passer-by, is assuring him that "it'll soon be over" and that "all will be fine." This nightmare is the result of childhood trauma: an abusive experience, a great injustice, an incomprehensible horror... yet the world around us seems just fine with it!

All tyrants abuse their underlings' childhood traumas and tell them "it is for the best of you" and that "the pain goes away, I promise." Only one more round of beating, one more war on terror, one more crackdown on dissidents, only one last state of emergency and we are through with it.

As adults we learn to cope. We tell ourselves that what does not kill us makes us stronger or that life is suffering anyway. If that's what it is, and this experience is universally shared by most human beings, it follows that indeed we may inflict on each other the most horrible things and do not even need to pretend "it's for your best," because it goes without saying that it could not have been for anything otherwise.

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Most readers will be aware of genocide, the destruction of a genus or group, and of homicide, the killing of a body. We know the many ways a group or a person can be eliminated: slowly through torture and poisoning, quickly through cuts, holes and strangling – murder! What remains a taboo in literature and the news though, is the various ways we are able to kill reason, logic and sanity – menticide!

This concise text will introduce to our distinguished readers the most deadly ways to subvert, to demoralize, to lobotomize and finally to liquidize someone's brains... until they are reduced to nothing more than another helpless Schizo Fran or Mona Loser ready for suicide or the local madhouse.

Start Early

The term "brainwashing" became fashionable propaganda during the Cold War and the American stand-off with Communism. The Commies allegedly captured Americans and reprogrammed their minds so that they turned into traitors and double agents. How else could infallible authorities explain so many dissenters in their own ranks?

Since you actually had to be brainwashed to believe the United States was the greatest force for good in the universe, the term spread wide and far into the mainstream, film and radio. Although brainwashing camps were never found, neither in Vietnam nor in Korea or Afghanistan or Cuba or Venezuela or in the Soviet Union for that matter, the catchy term 'brainwashing' was now applied to any situation where victims passively endured impossibly ridiculous indoctrination, for example harmless Bible Studies in public schools. The real hard-core brainwashing, meanwhile, probably occurs not in the camps for prisoners of war, but in the thousands of small cults or cult-like households across the nation, that is: in families.

Granted, brainwashing can only ever work, just like most physical abuse ever works, if it remains undetected and unreported, and when the victim is completely isolated and absolutely dependent on his tormentor, for example the child to a single mother, or the house-maker to a wife-beater. The victim cannot leave the cult or the dysfunctional household, where his abusers control their victim's every aspect of life, deprive him of sleep, money, friends, and outside information.

The cult leader systematically attacks the victim's "ego" or "Self", metaphorically beating it to a pulp. If the victim is a man, he is "not a man!", if he has a job, his job "is not good enough" and if he has no job, he is "a bum or a loser". Children who don't have developed their own identity yet, are probably getting emotionally damaged for life. Their abusive mothers tell them they are "unlovable" and "a burden to everyone". Their abusive fathers tell them they are "fags" and "pussies". It doesn't matter that none of it is true: the bird is killed by the bullets, don't say that bullets just flew. No creature can survive such barrages of attacks for weeks, months and years. Soon, the psyche will doubt itself: "This is reality, I should never have been born." The victims of classic narcissists, sociopaths and violent abusers will never be able to recover. Even if rescued by divine intervention or child protective services, they will forever feel emasculated, anxious, insecure.

The victims change mentally and physically. They hunch over, they pull their hair, they avoid eye contact, they develop tics and abnormal behavior, and their voices become soft and high-pitched. They have internalized that they are ugly, shallow, stupid, and that they have "shit on their fingers" and that they are undeserving of affection.

Once the Self has cracked this way, the abuser has total control over a human being. The victim's mental health is shattered, she is probably on drugs or medical

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THE RESURRECTION OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOR JESUS CHRIST APRIL 16TH prescriptions by now, and she walks on eggshells every hour of the day not to provoke more psychological hostility from her master.

The abuser loses all respect and shows no empathy. On the contrary, he blames the victim: "Look what you made me do!" His victim is dehumanized and less worthy than a pet dog or a punching doll. A born abuser ignores what the victim says, or interrupts the victim at every sentence, attacks the victim for stuttering and mumbling, curses and berates the victim over the slightest mistake – and if it's just her turning the sound of the TV down. When they step outside the house, he walks faster than his victim, or slower, stops as he pleases, changes direction. The victim throttles along as if by an invisible chord. Female abusers tend to control what their victims eat, what they do and where they go, when they go, including just getting up from the sofa and to the toilet or shower-room. They stoop through cupboards, bags, clothes, cellphones and even the garbage just to eliminate the victim's dignity.

Formerly happy, confident children are turned into slacks, lacking motivation and sitting around, waiting to be insulted, mistreated and bossed around to their next chores. Their brain chemistry is messed up: constant stress, fear, panic attacks. Insomnia, depression, suicidal thoughts, eating disorders pile up. "You have always been a sick child!" They have given up on self-determination, because it will be met with gruesome retribution and punishment. So why try anything in life? They cannot do anything right, so they better stop trying.

Mental abuse starts early in any relationship. The signs are everywhere and if you miss those signs or ignore them, it will be at your own peril. Whether it is in an abusive household or in an abusive cult, the victims appear worm-like, soulless and schizoid. And just when you thought they couldn't possibly shrink anymore, they start to become... invisible.

The author is a German writer and cultural critic.

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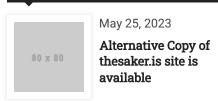
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SAKER MESSAGE:

The Menticide Manual Part 2 – Quibbling

③ 13119 Views

🛗 October 09, 2021

By Thorsten J. Pattberg for The Saker Blog

This is Part 2 of a series: "This concise text will introduce to our distinguished readers the most deadly ways to subvert, to demoralize, to lobotomize and finally to liquidize someone's brains... until they are reduced to nothing more than another helpless Schizo Fran or Mona Loser ready for suicide or the local madhouse. "

Not many relations are as stressful as those relations with a dedicated quibbler. The quibbler is a nitpicker, a raisin-slitter, a hard-ass over the tiniest details and forgettable non-problems – stuff we couldn't care less about.

Such a person will effortlessly drive you mad. He will quibble over the definitions of words, worry about trivialities and find flaws in every case you present to him.

"Buddhism was founded in India and spread to East Asia, but in India itself it declined after the 12th Century. " "Not true," says the quibbler. He has "seen a Buddha statue in New Delhi last year on a business trip with Joe!" Indeed, the quibbler's sole proclivity in any conversation might just be to disassemble, to discourage or to sabotage what is the case. This can be done by a sly lawyer who objects to anything the prosecution champions out of principle in order to derail proper proceedings; or it can be done by a chatty manager who shamelessly blames middle management or the bookkeepers in order to obfuscate responsibility.

So, when US president Bill Clinton in 1998 technically lied under oath to Congress that he did not have a sexual relation with Monica Lewinsky or any other staff member in the Oval Office, he was nevertheless immediately acquitted during his impeachment trial. This was the result of Bill's impeccable quibbling to Puritan theology: Apparently,

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the president was under the general impression, shared by the sages in Congress, that "sexual relations" does not say casual blow-jobs.

Nervous quibbling had divided the nation before in 1995 during the O. J. Simpson murder trial, in which former sports icon and movie actor Mr. Simpson was *de facto* found guilty for the double-murder of his wife and her lover, but *de jure* acquitted because of a shriveled glove and a gutty defense lawyer: "If the glove doesn't fit, you must acquit."

In big business just as in big politics, during all the important negotiating, contracting and bargaining, the quibblers – not the signatures – are usually in charge. They come for the details and will phrase and interpret the whole thing any way they want. As one anecdotal divorce lawyer assured his client: "You reached an agreement with your wife not to tell anyone? Well, how about you write it down then and leave it on my desk."

When the United States in 2003 primed for invading oil-rich Iraq, it summoned the Pentagon's archaic scammers and pettifoggers to legislate a new legal category – that of a 'preemptive war' – to stop Saddam Hussein before he could be defending himself with weapons of mass destruction, even though Mr. Hussein had no such weapons. This giant elephant in the room of course didn't bother war preparations, as the lawfins in Washington now argued that "preemptive war" could mean anything, including destroying Iraq before it could have been acquiring such weapons in theory in a parallel universe of thoughtful quibbling.

Unsurprisingly, quibbling in western Christian denomination has always been associated with 'the devil', and the quibblers in literature were 'the devil's advocates'. A nation of quibblers, on the other hand, cannot be deterred by ethics or morality. Hence the Americans' relentless digging the 'the rule of law' from under the rest of the world: At one point, the freest people in the world employed 2/3 of lawyers on this planet.

The author is a German writer and cultural critic.

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The resurrection of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ April 16th

Max on October 09, 2021 · at 12:26 pm EST/EDT

A good society and character is driven by the core value of "Integrity." A good conscience and soul is the key driver of the integrity. Agree with the premise, "A nation of quibblers, on the other hand, cannot be deterred by ethics or morality." Amoral seeks an excuse to bicker, blame and brawl.

The Financial Empire reflects a "negative identity" in that it creates an opposition to blame, distract, guide and justify its actions. What are Empire's media key themes? Why? Some of Empire's lackeys openly state, "I'd rather be seen as evil than incompetent." So Empire's team isn't stupid or incompetent, but evil.

Warren Buffett, is famous for saying "You only see who's swimming naked when the tide goes out." Well, the tide is going out. The Financial Empire's rulers, lackeys and Orcs (individuals without conscience) are becoming more and more exposed, for those who hadn't figured it out, as a massive humbug. Big Humbug!

Is the Empire in relative or absolute decline? Relative decline lets a super power cut losses and retrench and recuperate, Absolute decline either results in collapse, or results in fear and war and overstretch, which then results in implosion and collapse. Pursuing coercive imperialism with a hubristic attitude isn't a winning strategy.

Why America Failed: The Roots of Imperial Decline by Morris Berman https://youtu.be/GzgY20d2MtU

Bulldozing machtpolitik, is somewhat amusing to observe, but it does not change the reality.



Bostonian on October 10, 2021 · at 1:19 am EST/EDT

Thank you Max ! - I came to this conclusion (your 1st -four paragraphs) when I tried to determine the economic chain involved in determining prices (supplier - to manufacturer- to futures market) (or tickets -vender- slaper)

The conclusion I quickly came to .. a racket ... plain and simple....(no questions asked) (this takes reason and logic and induction (not the concept of quibbling) to assertion ...

I quickly ascertained ... all it takes —is....time....infinite money....and infinite think tanks...to come up with(and subsequently hide) the next racket to fleece the next population group (us and the future "us") also universities and policy supporting the deception.

Instead of stating this (obvious to me) in the Valdai article – (in other words their group if simply stating the psychology of the symptoms – which Never intended to address the root cause of the problem (ribba and the current paper money system) Click on the icon for an explanation of feast of the Nativity of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ

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SAKER MESSAGE:

The Menticide Manual Part 3 – Gaslighting

12013 Views

🛗 October 17, 2021

By Thorsten J. Pattberg for the Saker Blog

This is Part 3 of a series: "This concise text will introduce to our distinguished readers the most deadly ways to subvert, to demoralize, to lobotomize and finally to liquidize someone's brains... until they are reduced to nothing more than another helpless Schizo Fran or Mona Loser ready for suicide or the local madhouse."

The most ruthless emotional abuse of all is gaslighting. It is extremely common, but rarely brought to such sadistic perfection as in certain toxic personalities – relatives or spouses or celebrities – which we typically and colloquially render psychopaths – that is: predators who are without empathy or concern for the well-being of others. Those rare monsters attack and attack the mind of their isolated victims and drive them insane by a single-minded, ridiculously easy yet most effective trick: "You must be hallucinating your pain!"

In colloquial language we use the term gaslighting too lightly for about any incidence of white lie or having somebody on, when in psychology gaslighting is not your average natural excuse or defense mechanism, but really an inborn genetic predisposition of a criminal mind toward subduing his fair game. Receivers, unfortunate victims that is, of relentless gaslighting will require medical treatment eventually, as they suffer from depression and reality-loss and sleeplessness.

The gaslighter is doing something to the victim with the intention to break her trust and say he hasn't done it. And herein lies the unspeakable horror: The insane are really just sane persons who were driven to the psychiatric ward by a truly insane abuser. So, having acquired those all-important sleep aids and hypnotics and enzodiazepine drugs

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through their doctor of confidentiality, the poor victim crawls back home and into the den of their remorseless abuser, waiting to receive some more humiliation.

The psychopath did not acquire his gaslighting skills through an how-to-do book-club reading any more than a natural player acquired his gift to pick up insecure women through a book on pick-up artistry. He is a natural and gaslights effortlessly. He does or he says the most unimaginable cruel things and denies flat-out and on-the-spot, even if caught lying on camera, that he never did so or said so, and that "you must be imagining things" and that "you are crazy!" Seeing the impact of his abuse, the terror in the eyes of his victim, gives him a sensational, almost erotic satisfaction. So he will do it again and again.

A natural-born slut, herself having been abused by her sex-working single mommy from Wan Chai in Hong Kong and countless sugar daddies in the British colony, had over 1000 sex partners in her golden years, and is now – 10 years later in Ford Lauderdale, Florida USA – suspected by her clueless American boyfriend of carrying the smell of another man's semen.

She did it because she is strong, fearless and independent. When her boyfriend was away, she hooked up with one of her many Tinder dates (a popular dating app). She didn't clean up, went back home, and wanted to continue having sex with her boyfriend upon his return home later that evening. He clearly smells and tastes another man's odor and junk.

She dismisses him as being paranoid and crazy. She even shouts at him, he is probably cheating on her! The drama doesn't end here, of course. Since he got together with her after using an online dating app called Tinder, he now caught a genital yeast infection. Like with herpes, there is no cure. He dares to bring up his itching and ailment to her, which she now puts on him: "Who knows where you got that from, it wasn't me!" all the while scratching her purse.

When he asked her politely about her past in the British colony, she put it on him and called him a dirty accuser and a racist fag. To her surprise, he takes it. He takes it all. Wonderful. She is gaslighting him, and he is terrified and overwhelmed. Nobody ever did this to him. What a strong, fearless and independent woman she is! And because this 'surreality' is fascinating, he stays. This is nature's way of saying a master and his servant have found each other. They are complementary.

Although psychopaths make barely 5% of the population, they are never complete without 5% of the population totally ruined by their manipulative ways, and the rest 90% who can't take their eyes off them. Gaslighting works, and works all the time. There is no prevention, no vaccination, no cure. For example, in the age of the Internet, we see hundreds of depraved psychopaths setting up video channels and basically calling everyone stupid. EVERYONE! From scientists to politicians to their parents and their old friends. They are all stupid!

Now watch what is happening in real life. People are emotionally affected. Vulnerable, easily impressionable people are getting hooked. He must be very smart because he calls everyone stupid. How can anybody be so bold and honest! Wow. I have to watch more of him.

Ironically, healthy people – whether by nasty computer algorithms or by their own curiosity-that-kills-the-cat – click on those psychopathic videos, thinking that they are immune. "Hey, I cannot be affected. Not me. I went to university!" How wrong they are. Nobody is resistant to gaslighting. If an intelligent person is called an imbecile, he will eventually give in to negative thoughts and self-doubt. If a good person is called evil, he will reflect on past regrets and failures. If a sane person is called insane, she will

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THE RESURRECTION OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOR JESUS CHRIST APRIL 16TH immediately feel a rush of hormones and chemical reactions in her brain. That's because in all those cases, their minds are under attack. They are in danger.

If you are being humiliated by gaslighters, if you have a healthy sense of inquiry and want to know why Oh-Lord-please-help-me that person said that to you, cold-blooded and without remorse, you naturally feel a strong desire to stay around and design a plan on how to get even. You think: For justice's sake, this asshole must never get away with it. But of course, now you are insane. And as to the question of why he or she did this to you... well, they said it a thousand times: "You were imagining things!"

Many, many relationships crash because of permanent gaslighting. Take Aaron, a college drop-out who nevertheless turned into a hard-working, honest car mechanic and now small business owner and, because of his exuding trustworthiness, attracts a trophy wife who refuses to work. Aaron is constantly told he is lazy and useless, but he makes nothing of it at first, because obviously this can't be true – right?

Over the next months that quickly turn into years, once stable and self-confident Aaron, who unfortunately keeps his emotional life to himself, is viciously targeted and sees his reality – past and present and future – crumble before the beak of this unholy lying harpy.

Why can't she flush the toilet? "It wasn't me!" But it is only you and me here. "You are stupid, it wasn't me!"

Why is she always checking his phone? "I didn't do it, you left it open on the table, stupid!"

She watches television or her mobile screen for 16 hours a day for years, yet in front of friends and family she lies she is a busybody and works for important clients. How can she lie so blatantly, while she is just standing right beside him? "I didn't say anything, you are crazy, you want to ruin my life!"

Gaslighters kick their spouses like our Aaron here in their sleep, smash the doors at night, mess with his food, steal money, even cuckold him with another man's child... and will not only deny all of it but urge the poor bastard to seek medical treatment or, in the cruelest possible way to finish him off, report him as the abuser to the authorities.

Sooner or later, the patient's reality collapses. He might resist one year or even ten years, for the sake of his young children perhaps, or with a plan to man-up and retaliate by making the gaslighter's life a living hell. But after all those years, the mind is broken and the brain is addicted to drugs. The victim has lost his job, his self-respect. He falls ill, suffers strokes, heart attacks, memory loss and severe panic attacks when she is around. He stops speaking, because his words will be turned around and used against him. He believes now he deserved to be treated like this, because 'reality' is what the strong impose on the weak. Like she always said: "It is your fault, you made me treat you like this!"

The government and the military, the secret services and many of those classified, state-funded psychological warfare institutes have studied gaslighting and its effect on the human psyche. It is well understood in individuals and can be applied on a massive scale to millions of victims.

A text-book example of geopolitical gaslighting were Hitler Germany's endless accusations that Poland was crazy and Germany would never start a war and invade Poland, despite the war-preparation going on for the whole world to see, basically from February 1933 to September 1st, 1939, when brutish Germany finally blitzed Poland. And even then, it was all the fault of the Polish who foolishly attacked first. The resurrection of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ April 16th

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The term gaslighting entered pop culture allegedly with a 1938 script and 1944 film starring Ingrid Bergman, who herself was half Swedish half German. But let us not deceive ourselves over the fact that this form of mind savagery was with us long before the Holocaust, the Great War and the advent of modern psychology. All over the world, and perhaps just across the road, predators prey on poor Aarons and little Ingrids.

The obsessive suspicion, alas, is on you. Your tormentors are already making up new names for gaslighting. How about plausible deniability, conspiracy theories, counter-propaganda or just fact-checking. Whatever you think the government is really treating you, it is your crazy imagination that was the problem.

And as to the gruesome metaphor of a waning dim light, your light of course, that is slowly dying in your abusive relationship, remember that nobody is going to believe your twisted story, when it silently and irrevocably ends.

The author is a German writer and cultural critic.

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Gerry on October 17, 2021 · at 11:42 am EST/EDT

Wow, or rather woe what can one reply to an essay like this except perhaps quote the words of Christ when He said while having his feet washed by an adulterous woman, He said, whoever has been forgiven much Loves much while at the same time making the comparison to someone who has little to be forgiven for Loves little. Luke 7:47

There is a great deal of truth in that yes?

It is getting terribly difficult to find love and give love these days in an environment of such gaslighting and is that why we also find Christ saying:

Troppo tardi per tutto

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SAKER MESSAGE:

The Menticide Manual Part 4: Ghosting

11557 Views

🛗 October 24, 2021

By Thorsten J. Pattberg for the Saker Blog

Ghosting seems a new, painful form of rejection to me, and part of something apocalyptic.

It all started when the teens of generation Z, or "zoomers" as we call them, born between 1990 and 2010, started to use the sad word "ghosted" for their break-up from Tyrone or Daisy. For no apparent reason whatsoever, Tyrone and Daisy stopped texting them, or unfriended them on *Facebook* or something. So disrespectful.

We called the zoomers snowflakes and crybabies, and thought not much else of it. A decade later and the zoomers were now also being ghosted by their employers, school admission officers, clients, hundreds of dates, old friends and complete strangers, and the other 499 influencers they followed on *Instagram* this week alone. Ghosting became the new antisocial plague, a new painful nihilism sweeping through the City. It got so bad that even the unholy *New York Times* featured "Ghosting" in its 2019 cover story, saying that people were "cutting off all communication without explanation."

Had not our bewildering ignorance, or shall we say this unnaturally sudden and hideous extinction of the zoomers at the hands of the entire world it seemed, damaged something inside of them? Burned their sense of entitlement, perhaps? Wrecked their impossibly high expectations?

Popular Tyrone was still grinning from his *WhatsApp* picture, yes, but he grinned right through us, and was not answering our last twelve messages. Daisy, too, seemed apathetic and cold. She changed her profile picture to a cute Pomeranian, true, which brought her forty-seven new followers on *TikTok*. But she hasn't called me after our second date at Wendy's. Am I a nobody?

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I am a proud generation X, born in 1975. I have no beef with the millennials or generation Y, born between 1980 and 2000. They are a bit smarter with computers. But these zoomers, they cause trouble. I wish I could say ghosting hasn't happened to me.

But the truth is, I got sucked into the fray and I am getting rejected really hard and all the time. People all around us are cutting ties or never reply to us, don't you see. They are still online. For whom? Are we not good enough for them? Is it contempt? Surely, they like the attention we give them. Apart from that precious stimulant called validation however, the real us means nothing to them.

Are the Tyrones and Daisies moving on to their next victims, I wonder? Should I too, man up and ghost some people I am in contact with? Wow, this is powerful. I feel it: A ghoster is in total control. A ghoster is invincible. He who cares the least, always wins, they say. I will cut all relations, before they can do it to me.

The zoomers were onto something bigger, however. I give them that. Something greater and far beyond what we called the decline of civilization. And it got more insidious than you think. A LOT MORE. Human relationships, not just between the sexes, but also between parents and children, between the classes and races, and all loyalty to school and employment, have broken down.

Yes, a certain indifference and frigidity always befell the great anonymous cities like New York where there is no scarcity of Tyrones and Daisies. But this new indifference, this disinterest in real human beings, is unnatural, hostile and unstoppable.

It is no longer just the zoomers getting the silent treatment every day, being ignored, rejected and abandoned. The terror has caught up with us from generation Z to Y and X in a spectacularly short amount of time. That is because we all got competition. Competition from an unearthly parallel universe so vast and cruel and superior in speed and numbers, that very, very few of us are standing a realistic chance of survival.

In this parallel universe that is now superimposed on our lives, it is not the actual physical You and Me that are rejected, but our theoretical proposition in the form of 'If this was me, would you like me'. That digital Us in the internet... it isn't Us in person. It is a replica. A phantom. Not Us. Never.

Before I gnaw on the terrifying aspects of a person's transformation and multiple identities in cyberspace, I need to clarify the rules I think distinguish this parallel universe: A person made of matter cannot enter digital space which is made of binary digits and electric charges. He or she needs to enter the internet or any other communication not as him or herself but as a stand-in, a fiction, a protocol or a program, a silly profile or, simply, a user. Let us call all these digital manifestations of us what the zoomers would have us to call them: ghosts.

Ghosts meet and greet each other in cyberspace at the speed of light and simultaneously in different places at the same time. This happens even whilst we, their owners and creators, are away or asleep.

Tim in Tokyo was 46 years old and lived in our Nakano-ku. He earned little money from his copy read for a Japanese paper. He was a pen-and-paper role playing gamer in his youth in Cornwall in England. After graduating from college, he came to Japan and, so he confessed to me, quickly became addicted to manga and video games. He took on the roles of 360 karas or characters a year, had 5,000 friends on *Facebook* (the maximum), clicked and liked and followed tens of thousands of profiles, writers, gamers and toths, and he had on his desk a little booklet in which he kept the passwords and emails of over 850 pseudonyms and aliases. Those are called sock-puppets in the community, he explained. Admins hate them!

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THE RESURRECTION OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOR JESUS CHRIST APRIL 16TH Tim was an internet shaman. He was obsessed with the Dark web, with meme magic and Lord Kek, the Egyptian god of Chaos. He told me about the dead internet theory, and about how some German hackers in 2016 found out that only 3% of humans get 90% of all internet traffic. Tim wrote thousands of comments on internet message boards, edited thousands of *Wikipedia* articles and *4Chan*, *Quora* and *Reddit* forums, every day and under various pseudonyms. As I recall him over the years we sporadically saw each other at the conbini, Tim had not a single real friend or indeed much of human contact. He already lived here when we arrived, single and alone. And single and alone he was when tragedy befell him.

But let us not digress. The zoomer generation in particular, but also the millennials before them, created a billion avatars, profiles or whatever go-to digital incarnations, and the more the better. I recall that before China required passports and phone numbers in 2012, each of us had at least 10, 20 or even 100 different email addresses and anonymous identities.

Primitive ghost farms first emerged in China. Those farms mimic human activities with computers. Up to a thousand cell-phones are strapped to wire-frames against the wall like bird cages, dialing and creating paid-for traffic for websites, writing fake *Amazon* reviews or artificially boosting the next Korean pop idol. We can duplicate and reduplicate artificial users, and make those ghosts mine digital coins, build cities and infrastructures, explore infinite artificial worlds and migrate anywhere.

These ghosts roam the planetary web. And mind you, that was before the G5 technology, which basically opened Pandora's box of all electric devices in the world talking to each other. Physical distance or absence are no obstruction for ghost meetings. This happens, for example, when your latest mobile app, say *Instagram*, asks you to link your *Facebook* account: It's a ghost orgy!

In normal human society, time and distance limit us. That makes relationships divine and important. We must cherish them. In the cyberworld however, time and distance are irrelevant and human relationships are inapplicable. These are ghosts in the shell, machine spirits, artificial intelligence and soulless bots.

Two thousand of unsolicited love letters rejected? That's the very definition of madness. Send two billion more spam mails, as the *New York Times* does? that's the machine spirit!

When a postmodern company was hiring in the 80s, it would get five paper applications from local dudes. So management accepted one and typed four rejection letters.

Naturally, when tech companies like *Google* in 1998 used the latest technology, emails, they assumed at first that nothing had changed, that they still get their application-files from real-life dudes, so they tried to continue the time-honored and respectful tradition of sending out rejection letters. Only in 2000, there were not four but 40 rejection letters. And by 2010, there were 100,000 letters. And by 2020, there were over 3,000,000 rejection letters annually. You know what, fuck that letter. You are rejected *by default*!

So now, even if you are a really agreeable and interesting dude, companies really give a flying monkey. They are far more interested in the numbers that you've created. In fact, most humans are superfluous and irrelevant and replaceable any moment. We already got that lesson from Tyrone and Daisy. But ghosts... ghosts are just perfect. Ghosts boost performance and enhance our company's desirability.

The study of ghosts has now absolute priority at our most prestigious institutes of technology such as MIT in Cambridge Massachusetts. This is because ghosts

The resurrection of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ April 16th

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are weaving value out of nothing, which we aptly call crypto. It literally means hidden stuff!

That wasn't all. CEOs kept talking about it at the World Economic Forum in Switzerland and in their Rotary Clubs. They made the astonishing discovery that the same ghosts that applied at *Google* seemed to have also applied to other companies such as *Facebook* and *Amazon* and hundreds more, and simultaneously. And each and all those companies could now individually claim those numbers for themselves and book those ghosts as real applicants. What else can we use ghosts for? If we reject the same dude in automated fashion at all our universities bar one, that makes all of them look very competitive.

The ghosts are listening to more music than there are listeners on this planet, and more videos are watched by ghosts than there are living watchers.

Western politics will collapse. That is a mathematical certainty. See, democracy is Ancient Greek to computers. Every man gets exactly one vote? That makes no sense to power grids and electricity. In true unreality, ghosts get hundreds of thousands of votes each and every second. Like in a computer game.

On a regular day, Tim probably visits 400 websites and 1200 urls – distinctively unreal places, he insists. What we see on the desktop is just pixels. A facade. Tim runs a different identity in every window on one of his three screens, disguised by VPN, which is an encrypt code, simulating his point of entrance is Amsterdam or Dublin or Capetown. Without realizing it, we all visit 10 times that many urls involuntarily, because of the many Trojan horses, backdoor and spy software by hackers and governments, through subversive tracking or redirection software.

Tim owned nothing, was untidy and rarely left his tiny apaato, except to get cans of fruity beer from a nearby Seven-Eleven conveni. Yet, in unreality he was a king, a fan, a loyal friend, a love interest, a reader, a follower, a whatever. Tim's ghosts multiplied and exist in a thousand forms and in different locations at the same time. And, yes, even though Tokyo Tim hated the *New* York "Fuck You" *Times*, the company spammed him with ads and mails to his various accounts and email boxes no less than 11,721 times. See that, he snorted, they do it too. The bigger the corporation, the more ghosts. That is 11,721 rejections from me, ha! But computers do not learn that no means no. Never.

The Zoomers tried to warn us. Barack Obama isn't the thousand-armed and thousandeyed bodhisattva who follows 588,000 *Twitter* friends. The numbers are fake.

Tokyo Tim died age 51, just a while ago, from liver failure. His exhausted, used up body lay on his desk in his vault-sized Nakano apaato. The shaman trans-migrated into the Internet, data and memory, ethereal existence. Real humans rejected real Tim. No fake company or celebrity rejects a ghost. Ghost Tim is still following all those companies and celebrities and friends. They love him.

The author is a German writer and cultural critic.

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SAKER MESSAGE:

The Menticide Manual – Framing

11218 Views

🛗 October 31, 2021

By Thorsten J. Pattberg

Framing means talking the people into something that doesn't even exist. It is the *last and ultimate* manipulative strategy used by any author to describe everything he wished had happened in a way that bequeaths his own brilliant legacy and fits an imaginary plot.

We say last manipulative strategy because at this point, as a versatile writer, all other techniques ought to have been exhausted.

Take the Western genre. Old Joe, all covered in mud and dirt, could have come home to his family and never mentioned that the horse is dead – the conspiracy of silence.

He could have said that now was the time to buy a new pair of boots – the distraction tactic.

Old Joe could have said that, now that somebody reported a dead horse laying on the roadside, that it was him who cleared it from the pave, but that there really was nothing more to see, poor thing – whitewashing.

He could have told them all kinds of fanciful stories with the intention of beating a dead horse, but he *could not tell* them that it was him who had beaten the horse to death – plausible deniability.

Easy.

Joe now got the story right, or rather, everyone else got it wrong: There was a terrible chase with outlaws and gunslingers, and bullets hailed and the spades went up and Joe cheated death but his horse did not.

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Criminologists do not apply the borrowed word "framing" from carpentry lightheartedly. To them, it literally means building a fake support structure. If there is but the slightest incoherence apparent to the jury – if it is not a corrupt jury that is -, even the most elaborately framed case cannot support the gallows and must collapse.

Not so for our writologists who live on insolent words, jolly stories and unrestrained cunning. Regimes, journalists and authors unashamedly frame each and everything else and their readers.

The greatest "Western" genre writer of all time, with over 200,000,000 books sold, was not American, and he had never even been to America, let alone to the American Wild West. Karl Friedrich May was a German author from Hohenstein by Radebeul in the Kingdom of Saxony, Germany. He invented cowboys like Old Shatterhand and Apache chieftains like Winnetou purely based on his barefaced imaginations and from reading adventure novels.

Whoa, wait! You might say: Horseshit! Tell me this isn't true, really? A German trickster framed the "American West"! How did he get away with it? Well, he apparently asked himself that very same question, as he was widely considered a complete cheat, liar and fabulist.

Back.

Remember when we said that framing is the last and ultimate manipulative strategy? Last, because if the author's reputation is already in tatters, it is also *ultimate*, because he might as well command those 11,700 Apache Indians, 100,000 English separatists or 60,000,000 German soldiers – and ride roughshod with them!

This is plain psychology. When Sigmund Freud, the founder of psychoanalysis, studied a young boy's phobia of horses, *already* scientists shrugged Freud off as con artist, fraud and cult leader. With nothing to lose, Dr. Freud went into a work frenzy and invented thousands of cases such as Little Hans, Rat Man and Schizo Dora, and, at last, mass-framed all of us, the entirety of humanity no less, as unconsciously traumatized, anal-fixated sex-addicts.

But let us turn back to delusional Karl Friedrich May. The framing of the American Wild West as a romantic cowboy-Indian-bandit show, attracted the largest distribution systems of his time, the regime publishers first in his Kingdom of Saxony, next the German Empire, and later inspired generations of European spaghetti Western movies. Mr. May and his referring-to-himself-in-the-third-person chieftain Winnetou soon spoke in forty languages.

While Sigmund Freud was a natural-born liar and charlatan who prescribed cocaine to marijuana addicts, Karl May was naturally selected for bullshitting. Nine of his thirteen siblings had died prematurely, and Karl was too poor to travel, and too unemployed to live honest. Mr. May was a known thief and a scammer in Radebeul, and was jailed no less than three times – all solid cases as far as the criminologists were concerned.

Writing impossibly tall, taller-than-life fake stories was his last and ultimate strategy, as it had always been this way with all known impostors and gascons, from Maximilien Robespierre to Friedrich Hegel, from Theodor Adorno to Michel Foucault, all of them who were exceptionally warped narcissists and bad scientists but unbelievable plaster saints.

Their tall stories form impenetrable frameworks that shield them from past failures, but to their credit, they took a great risk: Choosing between unbridled grandstanding and a pact with the regime or being thrown back to the scum of writers. Only a talent

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THE RESURRECTION OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOR JESUS CHRIST APRIL 16TH who sets himself apart from all the others by complete and unremitting, shamelessly unapologetic framing of entire societies will be considered truly great to the masses.

The English verb "to frame" is actually the correct one to go with "constitution," although I wouldn't advise going about and knocking the hats off the Americans. A constitution is the national frame of government. You can lie through your teeth as long as it is within that frame.

I learned fondly how Abraham Lincoln rifled through the Declaration of Independence, independence from the English I mean, as he framed it: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal..." which is actually him pulling off an early Karl May. Mr. Lincoln had never seen two men created equal, just as Mr. May had never seen a white man with a red man.

The constitutional frame is a beaten-to-death horse over which the Americans must jump and hurdle, even though the self-evident and equality parts – in hindsight – look more socialist than the socialist writings of another big German scoundrel – Karl Marx.

Walk.

In the framer's mind, there inhabited the American Wild West only three people: the peaceful white settlers, the nice red Indians, and the ugly bandits. Old Shatterhand and Winnetou were *blutsbrüder*, blood brethren. No mentioning of genocide and conquest, just fighting outlaws, all Italian looking, I know, crazy, and Ol' Shatterhand riding horse Hatatitla, the brother of Winnetou's Iltschi. But none of them was gay, because Winnetou had a little sister.

So the West got framed. Americans got framed. Marxists got framed. Everybody got framed, all by fantastic authors that were known during their life-time as bullshitters.

Now, every time I see or hear the written words frame, framing, framework, I wanna puke. Frame this, frame that, they are framing us! There are now Framework Institutes and Framing Inequality and Policy Framing, Professors of Framing as well as Centers for Framing Analysis. Oh no! writes a woman in the German *Times*: "They are *framing* our reality!" "It's voodoo!" writes a black woman writer in the same paper, who might have a future case.

Over.

The new framers were coming. How do we explain: A) the totalitarian European Union, B) the collapse of the Soviet Union, and C) the hereditary, totally not fair British school system? We are already known crooks and liars with hay-burners, so this time we really gotta pile up a whole mountain-range of horseshit.

Framing is such a stupefying grandiose activity, we might as well try to pull them out from the ass of God's-a-horse-on-business. Answer to A) Lend the money-lenders a pen. Answer to B) Fund Hollywood studios and the *New York Times*. Answer to C) Blow up Harry Potter and his School of Wizardry to 200 countries.

Let us dive a little bit into today's hypermodern, multi-billion euro framing industry. Obviously, we have framed constitutions. We have our cause of origin framed. We have our traditions framed. Our enemies must be framed at all times.

When in 2016 during the New Year's Eve celebrations, over 2,000 women were sexually assaulted in Cologne, Germany, by "men of non-European origin," this almost certainly did not fit the regime's open borders strategy and welcome Africa story. In the framer's mind, there inhabit West Germany only three people: the peaceful dark settlers, the nice white Germans, and the ugly Nazis.

The resurrection of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ April 16th

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So believe it or not, the authorities in Cologne, North-Rhine Westphalia, together with their masters in Berlin, conspired with the police and dragged this dead horse from the pave. There, it dried and decayed for three days.

Meanwhile, rumors spread quickly through the population, and Cologne has not a few chatty tourists and foreign agents, so the news eventually got out. Yes, there happened on New Years Eve in Cologne a mass sex assault by dark migrant men on German native women.

On the fourth day, neighboring Austrian, British and Swiss papers covered the horror, but no big deal. They can't break the German censorship wall. But who can break the German censorship wall? – easy, that's the United States of America in the form of the *New York Times*!

The Merkel regime in Berlin and the handlers in Cologne stood there in the international lights with their pants down. What an embarrassment.

Within the next weeks and months, Germany organized a gigantic framing operation by which the Cologne incident was dragged back onto the pave and an entirely new story about what happened that night was told.

The ugly Nazi women dressed provocatively and thus sent the wrong signals to peaceful African and Muslim party-goers. Ugly Nazi men overreacted and filmed the peaceful dark settlers in a negative light. Luckily, the nice Germans that day never filed any police report and nobody was arrested or prosecuted.

It is true. Not a single perpetrator from the initial 2,000 cases that night was arrested or prosecuted. The new Cologne chief of police, a nice German woman, suggested other nice German women next time to "keep one arm's length of social distance" to peaceful dark settlers, you know, to avoid being raped. The framers in Berlin declared war on ugly Nazis, even though the last Nazi alive is 96 years of age.

It is easy to chuckle at the misfortune of the German natives and their suffering under powerful framing by their deceitful rulers. But it is the Americans who truly stalk up to their eyeballs in horseshit.

When American socialist Central News Network *CNN* reported on the 2020 mass looting and rioting by the dark people throughout the United States, causing billions of dollars in property damage, its journalists framed the terror and crimes as "mostly peaceful demonstrations."

Stand.

Many Americans can't comprehend the framing by such a powerful news network. Its authors are known propagandists and liars, and they have now resorted to the last and ultimate strategy used by so many other authors in history before them who had nothing to lose no more. They said Fuck it! We may as well talk big fat horseshit and frame 340,000,000 Americans.

America is a fiction. And watch which authors get idolized. The Constitution was framed in 1787 and starts with a lie: "We The People." It didn't include the people not being in the room. It didn't include the British people, who were driven out, and not the Indian people that were exterminated. It didn't even include women and blacks. It certainly does not include ordinary Americans who are kept dumb and illiterate. It should read: We The Rulers.

When in 2020 *CNN* framed the protest march in Washington D.C. against an allegedly stolen election and a corrupt government as "a capitol riot" or even "an insurrection," most Europeans held their breath. And then *CNN* said this: It was the

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"worst crisis of democracy since a certain person in Nazi Germany." How cynical your lying and deceitful leaders have become, for was it not that certain person and Nazi Germany that lauded and praised Karl May's romantic renderings of you Americans.

When an author realizes that his over-the-top fiction is promoted -and, literally, taken *at its word* – by a powerful regime looking for a framework, as it happened to Abraham Lincoln, Karl May, Karl Marx or Sigmund Freud, they all proceed from there on a similar ego-trip: They now feel they have to invent backstories to their lies in their biographies. More lies to match the fiction.

Abraham Lincoln tried hard to disguise that he was a racist and slave owner. Karl May tried to quickly travel the world before he died, but didn't make it. However, he said he distant-learned 1,200 languages more, hung up counterfeit rifles, such as Old Shatterhand's *Bärentöter*, and told audiences that he and Winnetou together shot bison with it. Karl Marx tried to look like a proletarian, even though he was an upper-class parasite who never worked a real job. Sigmund Freud later diagnosed patients from the distance, like Jesus but better. They knew no restraint.

Their greedy regimes, meanwhile, whether it is America or Germany, will absolutely go in off the deep end and rope those fat storytellers in. And because our regimes are gonna hang a lot of bad guys by their necks and drag horses off the pave, the disgusting and utterly delusional support framework by our bogus greatest authors must hold.

The author is a German writer and cultural critic.

"One of the Internet's most depressing anthologies of horror and despair, and the ultimate guide to mental suicide." – Tim the Ghost

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SAKER MESSAGE:

The Menticide Manual – Inverse Reality

13048 Views

🛗 November 07, 2021

By Thorsten J. Pattberg for the Saker Blog

Part I. The Arrest.

They detained me upon my arrival on a Tuesday morning, October 20th, at 6:15 A.M. at Schiphol International Airport in the Netherlands. I was fastlaned past immigration and escorted by security for questioning by two officers from *Interpol* and one agent from German *Kriminalpolizei*. They spoke in *neu*English.

I felt an apparent skin rash on my infraorbitals and intense stress that blurred my vision as we walked by what must have been a hundred onlookers. Had I just gambled and lost everything today? I knew that they'd eventually come down on me. Waiting for two hours in a windowless room, without my luggage, I was informed that I was being temporarily held for police inquiry over a German search warrant into my illegal activities of inverting the reality in Europe.

Crazy. How many criminal cases of "inverting reality" have you heard of? They must have cracked out quite a lot of fancy new imaginative crimes, given that crimes of matter had halved during the last two decades. I mean contrasted against the near doubling of Berlin's crime-fighting budget, the tripling of laws and regulations, and the ever increasing numbers of prosecutors, agents and foreign contractors. So, it really only was a matter of time...

How? For all I know, it could have been an ex-girlfriend in Taiwan who snitched to the authorities my whereabouts. Or it could have been my late publisher. Or it could have been just idiot-me with one of my careless posts or comments that got flagged and reported instantly.

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Yes, that must have been it. I ran into one of the many honey traps laid out on the web. *Google* search results with irresistible titles such as 'List of EU *realverts* leaked' or 'How to invert someone's reality."

They claim the *realverts* are the new terrorists. A certain German regime TV talk show host had mocked them as "reality denying perverts" or "the real-pervs." *Realverts* sounds a lot less vulgar.

The *realverts* are just the latest subhumans, worse than the holocaust deniers and antimaskers. Our rulers seem to have focused away from persons who just thought about it to the now real offenders who wanted the Exit.

The righteous agent from *Kriminalpolizei*, *Kriminal-Hauptkommissar* M Kretschmann, handed me the required FFP2 filter mask to protect me against the deadly virus in Europe, and a form AR-40 for 'Assisting Reality'. M Kretschmann was huge in frame and hostile in his demeanor. He had been on my case for months, years perhaps.

He came from Bonn, the former capital of the socialist Federal Republic of Germany, short BRD, before its reunification with the communist German Democratic Republic, short GDR.

Yes, communist East Germany was actually a democratic republic. And West Germany is not democratic but really socialist. But it is *not* "National Socialism," because... well, you see, the BRD is *not* a real nation...

In any case, Berlin became the new capital in 1991, but some obscure and experimental governmental organizations still linger in Bonn. So does the German Ministry of Reality Common, a watchdog that sniffs out the enemies of Reality.

They wanted three things: My electronic devices, including a *Toshiba* hard-drive and my *iPhone* 8plus, a headshot of me holding my passport close, and a signature that this all really happened.

When the Euro-agents left, *Kriminal-Hauptkommissar M* Kretschmann and another German colleague, *Kriminal-Oberkommissar* K Kaiser, were to drive me back in a blue staff bus to Bonn in North Rhine-Westphalia, Germany, as Bonn had fast railway connection through the industrial *Ruhrpott* that included the old coal-mining city of Hamm, my city of angels and final destination.

Alternatively, *Kriminal-Hauptkommissar* M Kretschmann instructed me, I was free by European law to depart the Netherlands later in the afternoon on my own, but would have to report in Bonn, Germany, no later than seven work days. That, and I mustn't leave the European Union. Flying *verboten*. So there was no way of me returning to exile in Asia. Suck on it, I wasn't going to anyway.

Part II. The Crimes.

Reality. I simply don't see it.

I don't see how the European Union is democratic. I see a totalitarian European Union.

I don't see how we are free. I see livestock human farming and controlled existing.

I see something and I immediately know what it is, and refuse to believe what they tell me it *really* is.

I guess it started in early childhood. I once dislocated my ankle over a schoolyard fence and felt enormous pain for weeks, but my father said it didn't hurt. Whom was I supposed to trust?

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THE RESURRECTION OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOR JESUS CHRIST APRIL 16TH

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My time at school was painful. They told us Goethe was such a genius, but how could that be true, I asked the teacher, if Goethe was taught to fifth-graders.

We were taught, and this was at *Realschule*, that girls were our equals, and we laughed. They went out with older guys who had cars.

No, it is not a paradox. A paradox sounds absurd at first, but that's the whole point of it, as in "Think for yourself!" or "Work will set you free!"

And it isn't dualism either, which hatches two out of one, a problem for a solution; nor is it a dichotomy, like the opposing forces of yin and yang or ebb and flood.

I am not juxtaposing anyone. Inverse Reality is the exact opposite of what is actually happening. And they are using this evil mind trickery against us.

Just like harassing the people with stupid news about celebrities that nobody wants to read, it causes us to feel strong emotions: inadequacy, envy and hate.

So is taunting the people with a stand-in reality that is purposely untrue, it causes us to feel strong emotions: anxiety, despair and hopelessness.

So, why should our regime not fake reality? If the people were healthy, brave and bold, they would execute the tyrants. This is illegal, but not immoral. It is natural to remove an evil dynasty. In our fairy tales, in our sacred scriptures and our mythologies, in every good story-telling you have a reckoning coming for the wicked and the evil, or at least have the tyrants kindly asked to commit suicide.

Except in today's America and Western Europe, of course, where the tyrants have nothing to fear and rule absolute, and ceremoniously torture, punish or sacrifice their underlings, any time and in the most creative fashion. That is the main reason why the realists stress materialism and ban moral tales and religions and censor all good storytelling. For them "the people" are just human material. Stuff to be relocated, used and wasted.

I recall not knowing anybody in my district of Bockum-Hövel in the city of Hamm who voted in any election, because we knew elections are fake and rigged. The next week, we read in the regime press that voter-participation was an all-time high and that the regime enjoys record legitimacy.

In realist societies or *realsocs*, whether it is East Germany or West Germany, or even Italy or France, we got used to ever lower numbers of unemployment, ever lower numbers of crimes, ever more democracy. Then, mostly after the next Federal election, there is an unexpected crisis, so the government announces a great numbers reset and the whole charade starts anew.

Millions of realists fled Europe and have now subverted America, so Americans understand exactly what I'm talking about. You have a negro drug addict and thief like George Floyd state-elevated into a mandatory saint. You have a biological man, Rachel Levine, who you are forced to address as madam. You have a teenage girl from Sweden, Greta Thunberg, that you are coerced into believing is the world's greatest climate expert. You must repeat after the regime, that the richest black woman in the United States, Oprah Winfrey, is the most oppressed. Your regime forces you to celebrate a war criminal, Colin Powell, as the finest soldier of his generation.

You Americans got your reality totally inverted now, just like we Europeans got our reality totally inverted before. We could no longer sabotage and brainwash foreign nations, because of two great world wars we lost, so we now sabotage and brainwash our own populations.

Inverse reality is not a coincidence but a device of psychological warfare.

The resurrection of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ April 16th

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Take the concept of the good German. In June 2019, a sensation-seeking German woman by the name of Carola Rackete stirred a boat with forty-one male African illegal migrants over the Mediterranean Sea and into the port of Lampedusa in Italy. Italy is not a sovereign state, but its *cittadini* – the peons – are under the impression that Rome has laws guarding against human trafficking.

The legal case seemed clear. *Fräulein* Rackete would have to appear in an Italian court. The European overlords in Brussels, Strasbourg and Berlin, however, had different ideas. They regard Italy as little more than a vassal state, and of no political significance.

Officially, the totalitarian European Union is totally democratic, of course, and has no less than "twenty-four working languages," which, according to the rule of inverse reality, means that this is not so.

So the Italians who speak Italian had to present their legal case in English in Brussels, in French in Strasbourg, and in German in Berlin. *Fräulein* Rackete, meanwhile, is a German national financed as a charity, *Seawatch*, under the protection of the United Nations in New York. Everyone in power loves to see a white woman with forty-one black African males in toe stacked against Rome.

Reality had to be inverted. There is law, until there isn't. Italian courts were dismissed. Roman law was shamed internationally as inhumane and racist. *Fräulein* Rackete was awarded medals of honors from countless states and organizations, including the Medal of the City of Paris, the Medal of Honor of the Parliament of Catalonia, the Karl-Küpper-Award from Cologne, and an Honorary Doctor from the University of Namur in Belgium.

Reality is malleable. Italy is *not* a sovereign nation. And precisely because that is so, its *sovranos* and *generali* must pretend it is.

Part III. The Real World.

On a Friday, the 23rd of October, at 12:30 PM, I sat on the third floor in the offices of the German Ministry of Reality Common in Bonn, overlooking the *Bonner Hauptbahnhof*.

Realpolizei Haupt-Kommissar M Kretschmann and *Ober-Kommissar K* Kaiser had excelled one terabyte of blogs, videos and images and screenshots, over 45,000 items – very remarkable. I had been in contact with 327 domestic and non-European foreign *realverts*. Five years of surveillance of my social media activities. Enough for 17 accounts of breaches against the Reality Common, the EU Charter for Human Reality.

Since my graduation from *Realschule* in 1987, the BRD invigorated "the Real" in RealPolizei in 1991, RealPresse in 1995, RealMarkets in 1992, RealGermans in 2015, and RealCrimes in 2018. But it was in 2019 when the *real* became the *total*: The pandemic is now *totally real*. Climate change is *totally real*. The *realverts* are the *real total threat*, and so on.

Incitement to perverting the Reality, conspiracy of Abject Reality, spreading of harmful non-reality, atrocities against EU Reality Common or *RealCom*. Unlike Old World American law where punishment is accumulative and may lead to 497 years in prison, in Europe we have RealLaw. RealLaw as in no jury, and the maximum sentence is 25 years. Do not believe *Wikipedia* or any other online source for this. Life imprisonment is *not* life-long, it is 25 years. They just call it *lebenslänglich* because... inverse reality.

They have compiled so much dirt against me while I lived abroad – from unpaid student loans to debit card debts, tax evasion, illegal emigration, disobeying the terms of probation, violating parole – that prison was inevitable. If *there was* a prison for *realverts*, that is, except... no one has ever heard of one.

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Драган Р. Млађеновић: Пројекат Русија

Божидар Зечевић: Кад устану Срби из Бахмута

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My skin rash came back and burned my face. Stress was eating me alive. I had received yet another service of a writ, this time from the *Bundesverfassungsschutz* – the *Federal Bureau for the Protection of the Constitution*. Except, the BRD has no Constitution. So how can there be this Bureau...

Besides, I noticed that in all correspondences, in all my files, in every document I was addressed in, there was missing my *Dr*. title. It became clear to me that in their inverse universe, a doctor I was not.

The charges were written in German officialese. In addition, I was informed that another super authority, the *Bundesnachrichtendienst BND* – the German branch of the American *Central Intelligence Agency* CIA in Berlin, had now deemed me a threat to International Reality or 'InterReal'. Combating the enemies of Reality was now part of a global governance initiative under the auspices of the *United Nations Security Council*'s program: 'Global Governance for Goodwill and Reality' – abhorrently shortened to "the *GloGov Good Real.*"

Part IV. The Punishment.

If the rulers want hate, they will write hateful things and say this is not hate.

If the rulers want degeneracy, they will allow pornography and say this is not pornography.

If the rulers want racism, they will incite racism over and over again and say this is not racism.

But it is, it is - it all is!

After a while, some of their subjects will go mad. They lose it. Inverse reality works like a nerve gas or the poisoning of your food or electromagnetic waves frying your brains. At some point, and with increasing probability, certain types of people – the unaccomplished, the non-achievers, the loose cannons – will snap. They experience blind rage and pain. They lose all hope and thus all fear. They make it their goal and purpose to attack that false reality. They become *realverts*.

This is what the rulers scrambled for. Now they have the hate, the degeneracy and the racism they provoked.

During the Angela Merkel regime from 2005 to 2021, the realist BRD has ordered *more* crackdowns on its own people than our worst enemies, from Napoleon over Stalin to Churchill. More than any of our worst foes must have thought was doable to such a proud people. And is it not true that the most heinous and despicable abusers of people in world history – from the Aztec *tlatoani* to the Egyptian *pharaohs*, from the Chinese *tianwang* to the German *führers* – were domestic rather than foreign?

And precisely because we are living under the most sadistically repressive, unequal and impoverishing ruler-class, our unelected President Walter Steinmeier can go out and bemock his subjects' dying-trusted hearts: "This is the best Germany that we've ever had!"

So we have criminal human traffickers who pass off as rescuers and we have degenerate boosters who pass off as presidents. Do we also run an international fascist racket that, inverse reality!, now poses as the Leader in global ethics?

Actually, yes, the BRD does that. It poses as the Leader in global ethics, and on a scale that will make you flush your toilet twice. Under the alibi of enlightening the public to the abysmal crimes of the fascists during the Third Reich, which in reality is the genius and brand and trademark of this fantastic BRD, the *real*Presse such as *Bertelsmann Group* or *Axel Springer Verlag* and many more, for over seventy years, have published

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Part V. The Exiting.

Under new European decree, Reality is inviolable. Persons or groups must not violate it. Upholding Reality is not only an unalterable human responsibility; those who obstruct Reality need to be *exited*.

This may or may not impede on my ability to visit the United States ever again. "As of January 1st, 2022, your residency permit in Japan has been revoked," M Kretschmann informed me.

Who is inventing this crap? I am a human being. Why do I have to put up with this craziness. I want to exit.

Kriminal-Hauptkommissar M Kretschmann leaned over, triumphantly: "We are going to exit you. It is for your own good."

And M Kretschmann continued:

"Tell me, Thorsten, since when, since the beginning of all laws, economics, teaching and ethics... has reality ever done us harm. It never has. *Realverts like you are the real problem*. They throw their spanner into the works of our fine governance and the works of everyone else who works for our betterment, which is everybody."

This isn't right. The authorities are persecuting the *realverts* through their freak agencies and bullshit laws.

Can you believe it? Hamm, Bonn, Berlin, Brussels EU and even the UN are culling us with repressive measures and mindless restrictions like travel bans, bank account closure, confiscations and police harassment, until the *realverts* have nothing real left. So how could I ever pay fines and legal fees? I could not, never. Those are just arbitrary numbers.

"We are looking at a 25 years exit."

They are not real.

"We are exiting you from the world."

This can't be real!

"Oh but it is."

The author is a German writer and cultural critic.

"This is your last warning. Stop reading it!" -M Kretschmann

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- [...] and hopefully many more horrifying tales to come.



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SAKER MESSAGE:

The Menticide Manual – Stupidiocracy

① 11634 Views
 ③

🛗 November 14, 2021

By Thorsten J. Pattberg for the Saker Blog

In 2016, a video game influencer and *Youtube* superstar going by the handle of *Markiplier* uploaded a 5-minutes long video of him gazing at a banana. That video immediately got 3 million views. The baby face with fiery-orange top hair wanted to prove his theory that because he is a celebrity, people will watch his content no matter how moronic. And they did.

And this isn't just a fringe movement. Humanity is actually getting dumber. The technical term from evolutionary biology is dysgenics or selection of the unfit. To put it bluntly, our liberal society allows its not-so-bright members to fornicate like rabbits. Thanks to human rights and a generous welfare state, those idiots have no natural enemies like merit or competition, and fear no consequences for bad life decisions. And when it is time to mate, hell yes, they find each other and multiply.

And that is just the beginning of our downfall. We actually do have to entertain these idiots, and the standard by which we must do that has dramatically declined too.

One talentfree Italian artist in 2021 sold an "invisible sculpture" for \$18k, the *Financial Times*, the *Independent* and *Art.net* reported. Not too shabby. Several international "bestsellers" on *Amazon.com*, the internet book monopolist, now literally consist of blank pages. Blank pages as in: the authors uploaded empty manuscripts. This is supposed to be funny, as I am sure it is to the majority; and gets even funnier as those empty pages apparently sell like hot cakes, including such click-baiting titles as 'The Complete Book of Reasons to Vote Democrat' or 'Inside the Mind of Donald Trump.'

A Dutch museum erected giant turds and poop and feces, entitled 'Walking through Excrements'. "Wow," said one visitor, "there were four giant turds inside the 16,000

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square feet of museum space!" "One was a brown spiral," said another. The *New York* 'All the News fit to print' *Times* spread the news to all Americans. In particular, the masters of taste marveled at the active part of the exhibition, where folks were invited to get nude and put on naked costumes in the shape of vaginas and penises, before posing in front of colossal heaps of stool.

That New York poop exhibition is nothing compared to much larger landmarks of stupidity and idiocy in Europe. Take 'Centre Pompidou', the museum of modern art in Paris. Think of a giant elephant with its intestines on the outside. So these stupid architects designed a street-block sized box covered with toilet pipes and gas tubing and dirt pockets and drip legs and cable mash. *Tripadvisor* calls it "unbelievable ugly". The *Travelling-Geek* calls it "possibly France's ugliest building." Even the *British Broadcast Corporation BBC* calls those "guts of pipes and tubes" the most ugly sight, which "caused shock and outrage in its day."

Never judge a book by its cover, though. So hell yes, let's go INSIDE. It was the turn of the millennium, and thousands of unsuspecting tourists were staring aghast at avantgarde Austrian "actionism," including Otto Muehl's unforgettable masterpiece '*Der geile Wotan*'. In case you are unfamiliar with Centre Pompidou and the global art scene, the Austrian actionists filmed wild orgies in a farm house and drinking their own urine, and '*Der geile Wotan* is' really just the group defecating on the artist's head.

And that is just high society. Wait until you see what is going on with the uneducated masses. One female British cosplay idol who got famous for *a-he-gao* memes, a facial expression Japanese under-aged are supposed to make during orgasm, sold her bathtub water for \$30 an ounce. This story apparently triggered 20,000 newspapers and blogs to write about her, which is more publicity than the Beatles or Elvis Presley could generate back in the days with actual stardom.

To our sociology majors, this race to the bottom is unsurprising: Base and perversion are now mainstream entertainment. Putting years into hard work or practicing a skill seems stupid to the stupid. Why not farting and belching during a live stream playing your favorite online shooter game 'Fortnight'? Done! 170,000 views in one evening. I am famous!

It would be tedious to list the many world leading thinkers who warned us about the coming stupidiocracy. It is too late for that. Instead, let's poke fun at human stupidity in animated comedy series such as *Beavis and Butt-Head* (1993-), *The Simpsons* (1989-) and *Southpark* (1997-), now watched by billions. One Hollywood film director, Mike Judge, became legendary by making the 2006 sci-fi movie '*Idiocracy*', now jokingly considered a real-life documentary about America's intellectual decay. It is basically about an average Joe with an IQ of the exact 100 points average, who is forgotten in hibernation sleep in a secret military experiment and wakes up in the year 2505, where he is now "the smartest man in the world." In that future, entertainment is all about genital jokes and lots of ass, and gamer chairs have in-built stationary toilets for us screen addicts.

One of the profoundest essays on the Laws of Human Stupidity ever written is the *Le leggi fondamentali della stupidità umana (1976)*, by Carlo M Cipolla who, had he not been Italian, would have ranked among the greatest European philosophers. Of course, an "essay" by definition is unscientific and opinionated, and it could be argued that any attempt at formulating a law of stupidity is... well... stupid already. Nevertheless, Cipolla's conclusion cannot be unseen, for he argues that stupidity has nothing to do with intelligence or any other characteristic of that person. His Third Law reads as follows:

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THE RESURRECTION OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOR JESUS CHRIST APRIL 16TH "A stupid person is a person who causes losses to others while himself deriving no gain and even possibly incurring losses."

This explains quite frankly why all those idiots mentioned above, from *Markiplier* to the *New York Times*, from the architects and artists of *Centre Pompidou* to the makers of stupid American tv comedy shows, have done nothing for human advancement but wasted our precious life time and made us all *more stupid*.

So where is the journey going? Nobody can tell us. Investigative journalism went down the toilet. One young Chinese couple in 2015 humped in the changing room of a Japanese *Uniqlo* branch in Beijing, China. International clothing company for the lower classes? Check. Young people fucking in a box? Check. China and Japan, fuck me this is good: Check! This story made it into the foreign policy sections of the most prestigious News outlets, from the *Wall Street Journal* to (always!) the *British Broadcasting Corporation*.

What were those program directors and editors-in-chief thinking? Or better: what were they *not* thinking? They should know very well that *not* the degeneracy and the fucking, but the showcasing of that degeneracy and fucking, is the true state of idiocracy. It will probably further erode public morals, our education system and our genetics. But who cares at this point, right?

That said, is it not conclusive to surmise that our clever news feeders know much more about evolutionary biology than they care to admit? Maybe they've read Carlo M Cipolla. Maybe they weaponize stupidiocracy against us. If so, they purposely farm this ocean of proverbial human jellyfish so primitive we exist to eat and consume and derive no gain without a brain.

The author is a German writer and cultural critic.

"I swear stupidity is gonna kill us. The climate summit just announced they wanna end air travel and cow farts." –Moonriddengirl

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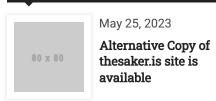
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SAKER MESSAGE:

The Menticide Manual – Perseveration

9850 Views

🛗 November 21, 2021

By Thorsten J. Pattberg for the Saker Blog

Perseveration means getting stuck in life. The brain notices an error. It shuts down and restarts, but the error is still there, so the entire system is sent into safe mode which, since our primordial times as sponges and reef builders goes about as follows: If this works, repeat. Perseveration is endless repetition and became the supreme survival strategy.

Part I. The High

It is observed in those battling with degenerative mental illnesses that they repeat word phrases or that they perform the same actions over and over again – sometimes battling it out for years and decades – as if their brains were afflicted by malware, and they tried to turn it off and on and off and on.

Their minds are often erratic and imbalanced, and their thoughts are racing. If they talk, they talk fast, bird-fast, incoherently and repetitively. And if they are not talkers, they are doers. They act strangely, scripted and, again, repetitively.

At this point, they have become true actors. They act "normal." They learned their lines by heart, they practice, they write whole scripts for themselves, they read 'It Works' a fifteenth time, and if there is a blackout again, they have the script ready to reboot.

Robin Williams was a comedian actor of seemingly incomprehensible brilliance. He was what eugenicists would call a rare mutation or freak of nature. His racing mind seemed to have no limitations, his lexicon and range of voice mimicry knew no breaks or stops, and, even while in company among the other talents, his abnormality was off the charts. Yet all this wasn't just evolutionary excrescence, it was also highly

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entertaining, for even during his early career, before he came to the big movie screen, Mr. Williams' comedic performances bordered on the strange and monstrous.

You just have to re-watch his early shows and witness this rare savant – a walking functional disability. The man was insanity walking around in a square head on a stout neanderthaler's body. Robin Williams was not acting on stage. That was really the real him. His acting began when the curtains fell, because normal Mr. Williams was insane.

Robin Williams, when not acting, tried to act funny. On and off, on and off. He battled severe depressions, hyperactivity and manic episodes. When he ended his own life, his last wife together with his lawyers and script writers invented iterates of mental illnesses – from dementia to alcoholism and drug addiction, paranoia and Parkinson disease.

But this seemed all-too-average and almost unworthy of a man of great genius, so the marketing team hired a private surgeon who ultra-x-rayed the decayed dead Williambrain, now preserved three months in formaldehyde, and invented the rarest of exceptionally rare new diseases, the Lewy Body Dementia disease.

Yes, that must be it. A story worthy of a rare brain to go out with a rare brain disease. Alas, I am not buying into anything Hollywood says.

There are countless other world-famous actors who were clearly insane. Functionally insane. Philip Seymour Hoffman also offed himself. He was not insanely funny, but insanely tragic. The obese, tortured soul shined through all his film villainous roles, and there were good reasons – just as there were with Robin Williams – that the insane were cast in roles that were written for them.

The most visibly insane actor was Klaus Kinski, the German mutant who played madman Aguirre in the Wrath of God, the psychotic soldier Woyzeck and the cretin vampire Nosferatu. And just as with Mr. Williams and with Mr. Hoffmann, Mr. Kinski too was reported to not have been acting while on stage, but to have deliberately acted when not. He tried to kill himself at least two times, and was on so many calm-down drugs that his brain was wasted at age 50 and his on-off life-support cardiac system called it guits at age 65.

These freaks were insane, genius-level insane, and they were given a stage for a spectacle, and we will continue to watch those madmen and, yes, madwomen too.

Romy Schneider did not act in Sissi – Fateful Years of an Empress, she really was that sad, schizophrenic broken flower vase and, just as all casts and crews and friends attested, Ms. Schneider tried her best off-stage to act normal. She was not normal though. She was hopelessly psychotic and crippled on the inside, and offed herself at a young age in Paris.

Carrie Fisher was a young actress when she was Princess Leia in the Star Wars franchise. Those unforgettable eyes were diagnosed with severe bipolar mental disorder, a condition that, if found in functional savants, attracts all audiences of the universe. She suffered and miraculously made it to the age of 60 and died from decades of pharmaceuticals, and Hollywood had the audacity to photoshop her face into the latest Star Wars film, you know – to make money from the dead freaks.

Audiences are constantly assured by industry spokesmen that these rare human specimens we see on the screen are well-kept and well-fed. Which I believe of this human zoo. What I don't believe for a minute, however, is that these freaks "act." They are what they are, and for our entertainment they are put on a stage. Terminology (last update January 25th 2021)

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THE RESURRECTION OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOR JESUS CHRIST APRIL 16TH Now let us leave the movie-degenerates and dive deep into the general gene pool. There exist millions of non-notables who are dysfunctional and empty inside but seem to perform just fine with a script on their hands: be a police officer, be a nurse, be a construction worker.

When those people return home from work, they must go off-script. And this is when they go off-balance and the terror starts. Without a role in life, without a script, people fall back into barbarism and savagery. They are hurting, they are abusing, they masturbate for hours, they cry for hours, they are overeating, they are fantasizing about rape, revenge, mass murder, they consume garbage, they do the most horrible things to pets and children.

Those of us who understand the human condition, quickly try to fix our brains. We literally read What-to-do books or watch Dr. Phil and find roles and scripts to mimic. We try to act "normal". And when we find something that keeps us sane, we repeat it - over and over again. We perseverate.

Healthy persons are flexible and do not get stuck on emotions, actions or prescriptions. We see that best in young children who learn and expand. And if a few rare children are inflexible and get stuck, we call it autism. But repetition is what it is. It is perseveration.

I don't care what the philosophers call it. The "will to live" was popular with the existentialists. The "survival of the repetitious" was hip with the empiricists. The "never give up" we hear constantly from the ideologists. Stop it! "Madness" is good enough for me.

For the mad have to teach themselves how not to act mad. And indeed, this is one of the most fascinating aspects of life in any mental hospital. In a mental hospital, everyone on the face of it acts normal.

There are far more madhouses in your county than prisons, although you probably haven't noticed either. There is a madhouse on the fringes of every suburb, although you couldn't tell because they are disguising their business and their names. In fact, a psychiatry rarely calls itself a psychiatry, as for example the ill-famed 'Psychiatry of Brandenburg' in the center of Berlin, which attracts unwanted media attention and tourists and gaffers.

No, today's madhouses name themselves psycho-therapeutic clinics, mental-health centers, neurological hospitals or special medicare or, simply, nursing homes. Yes, not just countless adults but especially the elderly are in constant survival mode, losing brick by brick of their memories' load, and therefore engage in ever more grotesque but calming repetitions.

Part III. The Low

Each and every one of us will get stuck in life one way or another and eventually; however, sometimes it happens to us during our ascend. And that is truly catastrophic.

If we run into insane episodes during childhood or young adulthood, during our most productive years, during the best time of our lives, when we still ought to have the wind in our sails and the world at our feet – this is truly devastating.

An American drone strike that left Hassan legless and traumatized . A Canadian mother who malnutritioned and neglected her daughter Charlotte so hard, it drove Charlotte into a fatal eating disorder, organ failure and infertility. A horrible marriage with a former hooker ruined Moldovan man Sergei's three boys and sent them down the path of hustling crime and banking welfare.

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Under every family's front-lawn lurks a terrible secret, a soul-crushing regret or infinite shame over a born aberration that could trigger your bloodline's downfall. And how many of these miscreations are walking among us?

The island nation of Japan has no shortage of extreme freaks. Akiko Komamura is twenty-seven years old and severely mentally ill. She knows it. Many others have noticed it. It shows. But not immediately, so living in large cities with a million strangers is just perfect for these creatures.

For much of her twenties, while living in Yamagata in Northern Japan, Akiko followed a simple script. She wrote down what to do today or this week, then she simply did it and destroyed the manual because... well, because she was afraid it could be discovered and lead to a suicide case – who knows? Unlike her much more famous Western idols Robin Williams and Philip Seymour Hoffman, and a plethora of Eastern actors such as Haruma Miura or Yuko Takeuchi, who both committed suicide just recently, Akiko has still not decided yet when and where to end her career.

If there ever was a name for getting stuck in Japan, it could be Akiko. Her biological father was a daft American soldier, who impregnated her Japanese mother and then left her. Or did she leave him? A lot of Japanese left-over women like her mother work in or around US military bases with all those IQ-80 scalawags around, and try to get pregnant. Then, they abduct the child.

It could be the case. Akiko's mother was a horrible, horrible narc with a hatred for all men, especially foreign trash. As a teenager she had illegally worked as a croupier in a casino where she witnessed a lot of misery. And that was the problem, she only witnessed the adultery and underage sex and illegal gambling among American occupiers, not the rank and file and glamour of Japan's Self-Defense Forces. She was diagnosed with baby blues shortly after Akiko's birth, because she apparently couldn't bear the sight of that crying urusai.

Akiko's mom was trapped with that hafu or half-born, but determined to make her daughter bilingual. But how? She slept with a handful of white expatriates and one black man from Hawaii, all of whom bragged about how easy it was to get laid in Asia. And with each relationship her disgust for men grew and her demands and psychotic behavior escalated.

Akiko feared her mom's record of bad decision making and madness runs through her family line – a line of bottom feeders. Akiko was average in school, but special, very special from her looks. She never had to try. She got everything she wanted from the older boys, from older men and even her teachers.

She decided at the age of 17 to become an actor and did acting for the next ten years.

How many interactions do you have in a day – at most? Most of us have very few. And most interactions are fleety. Nobody will know that they just interacted with an insane person. Only close family or colleagues know, but they are far and away, in denial or afraid. Everyone is in denial or afraid of the mad.

Akiko perseverates. She is addicted to antidepressants duloxetine and lexapro, which are distributed in Japan to over a million people. She takes sleep-inducing drugs such as melatonin and ramelteon since childhood, not just for sleep but for getting high, but it is safe to say that, without an American passport, it is impossible to get high-enough dosage for a suicide. She told her new doctor she was thieving a lot and was having disturbing sexual thoughts, so Akiko was diagnosed as obsessive compulsive too. The best treatment of all mental illnesses is, of course, repetition: Keep a journal, go for a daily walk, script your day.

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Драган Р. Млађеновић: Пројекат Русија

Божидар Зечевић: Кад устану Срби из Бахмута

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The insane spot the other insane. Because everyone is "on an act." Akiko knows one midde-aged white Aussie man by the name of John in Yamagata who, he claims, is on the run from Australian courts. She practices her English with him, and he tells everyone he was a famous actor and former mentor of Heath Ledger, the Aussie Hollywood actor who, according to the coroner, knocked himself out by taking every drug against mental illness in the book, "from oxycodone to hydrocodone, diazepam, temazepam, alprazolam and doxylamine."

John the Aussie man, perhaps fifty years of age, also gets by on plenty of tobacco, alcohol, viagra, steroids, amphetamines and benzodiazepines – the latter are psychoactive drugs. He knew at least since he was thirteen years of age, that his "self-perception," the idea that he had of himself, does not match with what others perceive in him. That is why John the Aussie man changed places often, changed cities and jobs and women. He was tall and rugged and had a coarse voice, and always thought himself as a next-level genius actor, but never got cast beyond as an extra in some local soap opera productions or indie films. Finally, he went guerrilla crazing in Thailand, Vietnam and now Japan, where he could always pass off as foreign actor and English teacher.

He was a text-book case of a chikan or pervert who makes sexual advances toward every Asian woman or girl he meets. So Akiko presses her breasts extra hard against his chest. She never slept with him, but might.

Part IV. No Survivors

John the Aussie man could have been a Robin Williams, a Philip Seymour Hoffman or even a Klaus Kinski, he just wasn't in the right place. Here in Yamagata, John acted the foreign uncle-figure to everyone, walking up and down the shoutengai cafe street, and was once arrested for urinating against a pachinko place wall but got away with it, probably because he was white and a local attraction. There is no question that this gaijin was demented and crazy as a loon.

He was bed-wetting at the age of seven, dyslexic at the age of eleven, and a bully by the age of sixteen. At the age of forty-one, he suffered a terrible brain stroke. Couldn't leave the bed, couldn't move his left arm and leg, felt dizzy and without orientation. He couldn't read or write in Asia anyway, but now he forgot English words. So he just repeated the ones he still knew, just more often. Doctors put him on even more prescriptions, from blood thinners to pain killers and happy pills. And would you know it, barely a year later and John had his act together again. He was indestructible, and imagine just how many Golden Globe awards he could have cleared, had he lived on planet El Ay.

John the Aussie had two dogs that he claims make up for two children of his first marriage he had to abandon in Melbourne. The neglected crossbreeds, the dogs I mean, are out day and night, chained to a steel pole, in rain and heat, howling and barking in Yamagata. And when neighbors complained, the old creep was out there cursing: "OH, FOCK OFF, Ye'r all mad! Do you hear meh, MAD!"

And Akiko Komamura of the neighborhood, who sat in the corner of her bedroom swiping male Tinder-profiles all night, heard the barks and the madman's curses from afar, and irrationally found them comforting and helping. It meant John was still hanging in there. It meant John was a survivor.

Sooner or later, however, Akiko's and John the Aussie's acting abilities will inevitably decline, and more and more persons will see through their performances, and the insane will withdraw in shame from the world and drop out under more medications.

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An unknown number of the insane will end up homeless and evade psychiatric intervention, which in America, Australia and Japan cost a fortune, money that only real movie stars or few experimentally selected welfare people can afford.

The pharmaceutical industry is working hand in hand with psychologists and governments to make it more affordable and unleash insanity on the sane population. Our benign rulers want most of us disabled and persevered.

A global society that resembles the schizoid acting world and its dysfunctional inhabitants: give them their daily scripts of what acting "normal" ought to look like: If you want to survive, if you want to keep on going, do this!

Meanwhile, we as a society are in decay. Our families, our communities and our tribes commit hara-kiri through breeding crazy mutants who almost certainly become substance abusers and drug addicts.

All of those famous and not-so-famous actors in this little tale of madness died of mental illness because they were just that: they were mentally ill. And then they took all those horrible brain-altering chemistry and lethal drugs that helped them to appear normal as long as aesthetically possible.

Keep this well in mind when interacting with idols or strangers, for many will act unnaturally and scripted and, always always, they repeat their lines. Read after me: I too shall persevere...

The author is a German writer and cultural critic.

"It reads like 'Notes from the Underground' from an idiot with a split personality." –T-Rash

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[...] and - hopefully not many - more horrifying tales of madness to come.

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SAKER MESSAGE:

The Menticide Manual – 'The Second Subjunctive'

17189 Views

🛗 November 28, 2021

By Thorsten J. Pattberg for the Saker Blog

Part I. What They Do

On July 4th, 2021, the globalists' flagship magazine *The Economist* published another apocalyptic prognosis for our planet's near future and humanity's final act: 'No Safe Places: The 3 Degree Celsius Future'.

The abstract reads: "The extremes of floods and fires are not going away, but adaptation can lessen their impact."

Fake, doctored images were used throughout the report for emotional effect. Penguins that have no ice no more are floating on a sofa in the ocean.

Another thumbnail titled 'The Three Degree World' depicts ten matchsticks with their sulfur-heads photo-shopped so as to resemble ten little planet Earths, each one showing greater burns until 'Earth' is finally burned to charcoal.

Scary.

Normally, if such "News" were published on some pinhead blog of the conspiracy theory movement or, God forbid, by some anonymous pundit on a *Reddit* or *8Chan* sub-page, not only would the administrators delete it promptly, but it would also alarm the thought police. For example, spreading fake news in Europe can set a news-site back 50 million euros in fines.

But this can never apply to our top journalists. Ever.

Yes, deliberate hoaxes, misinformation and fake news are prohibited by laws and regulations in theory, correct. And yes, in addition, if such a news item were posted by

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an anonymous author, that's usually also marked as spam on top of it.

Yet when the top magazine of the global ruling elites, *The Economist*, prints such rubbish, it passes off as first class Western journalism, and the trademark anonymity of *The Economist*'s authors passes off as the highest standard in journalism anywhere in the world.

So what is their magic? What is the journalistic trick?

Why are the top journalists in the world at the top globalist outlets on the planet – not just at *The Economist* magazine, but at the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Guardian*, the *New York Times*, *the Spiegel* and so on – able to get away with obvious misinformation, propaganda and fake news, while most other human beings on this planet are punished?

Some commentators blame it on censorship and power politics: "If the journalists do it, it is information. If we do it, it is misinformation."

This double standard is certainly correct, as those news corporations together indeed form a syndicate and report the same, and will force politicians to clamp down on alternative media.

But that does not explain panic headlines such as "No Safe Places," photo-shopped Penguins on Floating Sofas or Matchsticks for Planets. Journalism must have ethics, and the *Economist*'s anonymous authors are breaking journalistic ethics, it seems, and not just on climate change, but on everything else.

Those journalists can lie, cheat and misinform.

But how?

And here is the shocking answer...

... it is in the grammar and the semantics. It is a language trick.

This is journalism 12.0. It is taught at the highest level in our universities, beyond doctoral and post-doctoral level. It is as sophisticated and complicated as advanced engineering. Within each news organization, it is understood only by the top twenty people, at most.

I am a linguist and an ex-Harvard, ex-Tokyo and ex-Peking scholar and in today's lesson, I would like to briefly familiarize you with the theory of the most deadly journalistic weapons of all: The Second Subjunctive.

Part II. How They Do It

The Second Subjunctive is a gateway to the 5th dimension and a cursor to unreality and timelessness. We live in a several dimensional universe which we don't see, but one of the ways to access and describe the 5th dimension is by language.

All languages in the world can semantically form the Second Subjunctive, but not all languages have definite grammar for it. The First Subjunctive is the grammatical expression of wishful thinking and feeling. The Second Subjunctive indicates the conditional future-past. It is completely hyper-theoretical and not real.

In advanced linguistics which is key to all politics, laws, literature and the humanities, we thus have access to stuff that does not exist, that is not true, that is unreal but still is descriptive.

So, the *Economist*'s "Three Degree Future" is a fiction based on a condition that the world's heating up 3 degrees (which it probably doesn't), based on the condition that it burns like matchsticks (which it probably ain't), with penguins floating on sofas

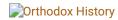
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through the Atlantic (which could be possible in a parallel universe yes), all under the condition that you open your mind and believe it.

You won't find a lawyer on the planet who can challenge the journalism in the Second Subjunctive.

So here is how to access the 5th dimension and use the Second Subjunctive in your work like a pro.

For a start, most writers are timid and simply declare their writings as fiction or thesis or commentary. Alternatively, they label their writings satire or art or literature.

This is a good start indeed. As if you were pro-actively warning the police that you were just kidding and really didn't have a clue what you were talking about. You are being funny, creative, theoretical, and you were just pulling absurd headlines out of your own ass for everybody's entertainment.

But you can't do that in journalism, because in journalism, writers are supposed to report something that actually happened. Therefore, journalists must attend journalism school and will inevitably practice the Second Subjunctive, its grammar and semantics.

Part III. A Case In Point

Claas Relotius was born in 1985 in West Germany and went to the University of Bremen to study political science and to the Hamburg Media School to study journalism. He is tall and presentable, has full blond hair and blue eyes, and became an exceptionally good writer. Wait. I take that last one back. Claas Relotius worked for the best newspapers in Germany, with the best editorial teams and proofreaders that corporate money and the regime press could buy.

Mr. Relotius's background looks ridiculous, as if an invisible hand wanted him to become the God of Journalism. He worked for the regime press *Frankfurter Allgemeine*, the *Financial Times*, the *Zeit* (the German Times) and dozens more. The Jews of America promoted Mr. Relotius from afar. He won *America's Cable News Network CNN*'s "Journalist of the Year Award" in 2014. The "German Reporter Prize" in 2016. The "European Press Prize" in 2017. It is just too ridiculous to list this man's obviously regime-fabricated credentials. His final promotion before his fall from grace in 2018 was to the globalist European propaganda magazine *Der Spiegel*.

Claas Relotius's journalistic job was to smear the Donald Trump presidency in America and promote regime change in favor of the pro-German US Democrats. What Relotius didn't know was that his Spanish-born right hand glove knew about the Mexico-US border situation and spoke the languages, and worse: this dark-skinned "colleague" simply had enough of German arrogance.

Spanish-born Juan Moreno blew Claas Relotius and the "German way of journalism" out of the waters and to the US Republican shores. To shorten this scandal: German journalism is complete fiction and Claas Relotius was its greatest star. He had invented all of it, and kind of wanted to get caught. There is "probably only a very few" of his 120 articles that were not completely falsified, Mr. Relotius confessed in *Reporter-Magazin*.

Mr. Relotius made up expert testimonials, invented characters like streetwise taxi drivers and chatty bar keepers, sad Syrian orphans and heart-warming Alzheimer patients, and he faked interviews about Donald Trump supporters.

What made the downfall of Claas Relotius for Western journalism so fascinating is that he was only caught because of simp orbiter Juan Moreno, and how Mr. Relotius just did what all the other top journalists in the West do every day. They are operating in the 5th dimension. They are writers of conditionals, non-reality and fiction. Click on the icon for an explanation of feast of the Nativity of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ

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La piaga sanguinante sulla coscienza dell'umanità

For example, American journalism about Moscow or Beijing is written in Washington or London. The *Economist* magazine had not really travelled to Antarctica and filmed penguins. Nothing the anonymous journalists described in their 'The Three Degree Future' article they had seen. They hired graphic designers for their images, and so on. Not much in journalism is real.

Likewise, the *Spiegel* magazine hired anti-Trumpers, not pro-Trumpers. There is not much to report, once you know the access path to the 5th Dimension. After the initiation, top journalists write what their paymasters want them to.

Part IV. The Path To Admission

The official German-USA-EU narrative was predictable: This Relotius is a rare, very rare, exceptionally rare case of a fabulist. No real crime was committed. No heads rolled, no persecution, no take down of *Spiegel*. Nobody else was investigated. US ambassador to Germany, Richard Grenell, shamed German journalism over its "anti-American tendency," but that was it.

That all happened three years ago, and it's safe to say we have covered enough spacetime to see a clear legal picture of future journalism. There are no laws, there is no accountability, there will never be anything remotely resembling honesty, justice or transparency. There need not be any of those things, because the craft of writing is beyond the real, above the factual, extra to the truth and apart from the reality of the world.

Claas Relotius, just like every other writer, be that scholars and literati or journalists, cannot commit a crime in the 5th dimension. Yes, we can oust him, fire him in person. But that is office politics. His writings won prizes, he is an excellent creator, he worked for the best papers in the world. He became part of world history – and don't we all want that?

All your favorite journalists are still there. They can write whatever they wish. Mr. Relotius is proof of the living Second Subjunctive.

To understand this, one has to break away from the archaic ideas that there is reality and that the media deliver the truths.

The Second Subjunctive, sometimes known as Subjunctive II, is the linguistic portal to unreality, uncertainty and prognostication.

Mr. Relotius's Anti-Trump journalism was totally fake and fabricated, yes, but that was the very condition of Mr. Relotius's employment: Baseless allegations, depressing forecasts, impossible predictions and presaged conclusions. Just like the writings of *The Economist* magazine or the *New York Times* or any other globalist news outlet. There needs not to be a factual basis on words and there never will be in the near future.

It is completely irrelevant that there really are no penguins on the floating sofa and no three degree Celsius apocalypse for *The Economist* magazine to write about penguins floating on sofas and the climate change apocalypse.

The English language, in contrast to French, Latin or German, has lost its explicit Subjunctive II conjugations of its modal verbs. But journalists are still able to mimic grammatical unreality by using adverbs and the conditional clause of the verb 'to be'. It becomes the "would be."

Our Ancient languages were much more radical and unforgiving. If you said the wrong thing, or the right thing but the wrong way, this could get you murdered. Thus, the Second Subjunctive was a life-saver. The German language for example still retains the

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true unreality clause for 'to be' (sein in German). It becomes "würde" in the First Subjunctive and "wäre" in the Second Subjunctive. This "wäre" is conveying a "could-would" parallel universe.

A grammatical Second Subjunctive mood in your text, or indeed just a word of a probably-maybe-if-then-perhaps modality, an unholy adverb like allegedly or likely or possibly, and the writer lets it be known that he entered the 5th dimension, the speculative metaverse of hypothetical thought, the fabled subjunctive and its way with uncertainty and boundless creativity.

All top regime journalists in the world use unreality as a weapon. And now you know that too...

The author is a German writer and cultural critic.

"If I had known the man to be a grammatician, I could have written him perhaps to become a terrorist." –LordPressFreedom

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48 COMMENTS

Dennis Gaudet on November 28, 2021 · at 12:46 pm EST/EDT

I really love this series of articles. Thank you. Dennis Gaudet Boston MA

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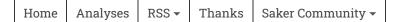
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SAKER MESSAGE:

The Menticide Manual – Wokeness [or: Euphoria]

10165 Views

🛗 December 05, 2021

By Thorsten J. Pattberg for the Saker Blog

FADE IN:

INTL. LECTURE - SERIES

We're inside Lecture Hall 2, David Hume Building. PROFESSOR PETER JOR HANDSOME takes the platform. The Hall is packed. STUDENTS unruly. ACTIVISTS can be heard through the back doors and the hallway. One Black SECURITY stands to the left of the speaker.

PETER JOR HANDSOME

Good Morning, ...humans, I guess!

In today's talk we shall discuss the aims and goals of those among us who define themselves as "being woke."

STUDENT interjects:

Let's Go, Brandon! Let's Go Brandon!

(laughter)

PETER JOR HANDSOME

Wokeness is the euphoria about gender and race.

Euphoria in psychology is the mental state of aggravated happiness.

PROFESSOR makes it a habit to walk up and down while he speaks. As he concentrates and recalls from memory, he rarely does make eye contact with

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PETER JOR HANDSOME

The woke are extremely euphoric about their discovery of all the races and genders. To them getting woke is the most important thing in the world.

It is caused by excess release of neurotransmitters dopamine and serotonin in their brains, leading to feelings of extreme felicity. The woke people engage in the stimulation of their pleasure system by indulging in unremitting sexism and racism.

A group of ACTIVISTS make noise in the back row seats. More ACTIVISTS enter the hall from the back but can't find seats. STUDENTS look stoic.

PROFESSOR uses hand gestures when describing the brain. He is in a heightened mood and clearly loves himself talking.

PETER JOR HANDSOME

The brain has such a pleasure center because evolution made sure that we *homo sapiens* were getting rewarded for things we'd accomplished.

Now, what makes us feel accomplished? The five known human accomplishments that lead to enduring euphoria have not changed much since our ancient philosophers' obsession with happiness and the pursuit of such. Those accomplishments are the following: Status symbols. Entertainment. Drugs. Exercise. And... Lovemaking.

(he pauses for effect)

Beyond experiencing those things, it is of course entirely possible to *simulate* accomplishments. For example by just reading about it in a book. Or by playing a role playing game on a computer with your friends. We even get ecstatic and excited when a player scores for our team.

Now, what exactly gives us the ultimate pleasure? Destroying other people's lives surely can't be on such a list, or can it? Actually yes, destroying other people's lives can cause excess release of dopamine and serotonin in the brain... – on ONE condition, however...

(he stands and points the finger up)

... that the destroyer feels accomplished and is rewarded!

Wokeness and the woke endlessly attack, shame and abuse the natural gender and biology among themselves and among others for sheer pleasure and in order to feel accomplished and get rewarded for it.

BLUR OUT. BLUR IN:

Camera is now focused on the PROFESSOR as he walks up and down while he talks.

PETER JOR HANDSOME

First the Case of Race. The intense pleasure derived from killing and destruction is unique to humans. At one point in our evolution, we became "aware" of us being different from other creations, especially all animals. So we squashed them. This was Woke One, or about 2 million years ago.

After humans reigned supreme over all animals, they turned against other humans and subhumans. See, *homo sapiens* were not the only humanoids. *Homo sapiens* simply destroyed other humanoid life forms such as the

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THE RESURRECTION OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOR JESUS CHRIST APRIL 16TH neanderthals and other lineages of hominins. That was Woke Two, or about 40,000 years ago.

After homo sapiens were alone and spread over the entire planet, the various factions by then had adapted to their natural environments and formed unique civilizations. They unwittingly competed against each other for supremacy. Hundreds of Ancient civilizations such as the Babylonians, the Spartans, the Ostrogoths and so on fell. Today's remaining ones are often numbered to be just 28, 12 or just eight, depending on the historian you ask.

Those human "races" further lost their distinctive features, and it is often difficult for tourists to tell a Saxon from a Huguenot or a Korean from a Japanese. But one universal discrimination remains. We can still clearly see that there exist at least three racial groups, namely the caucasoid (Europeans), the mongoloid (East-Asians) and the negroid (Africans). This was Woke Three, or 60 years ago.

Woke Four will lead humanity to one single race only. Wokeness and the woke want to eliminate the racial distinctions once and for all. Hence their battle cry 'Race is a social construct!'

ACTIVIST shouts

from the back:

...Because IT IS a social construct, you know!

(laughter)

STUDENT shouts:

Let's Go, Brandon! Let's Go, Brandon!

(more laughter)

ACTIVIST:

What does that even mean?

PETER JOR HANDSOME

Next, the Case of Gender. Each and every one of us that ever lived up to the second millennium, that is over 90 billion homo sapiens in total, was the result of a birth given by a female about 9 months after having been inseminated by a male.

Not only that biological distinction between females and males guaranteed our survival, but also the resulting social or gender roles that emerged. Both men and women made the best of their strengths and weaknesses, and they worked together and brought us to where we are today.

This strict division between the sexes and their genders over the last 300,000 years or so, however, has resulted in men and women evolving differently and excelling at different tasks. Men for example are mostly expandable soldiers, laborers and risk takers. Women are more agreeable and look after the elderly and the offspring. Most men did not procreate, but most women did. This inevitably led to a few men taking control over all resources and enslaving the rest of weaker men, and by extension they built a patriarchy in which males had to work really hard full-time to attract a female.

Wokeness and the woke want to eliminate those sex and gender imbalances, or at least force all of us to ignore them.

A fat white ACTIVIST shouts:

The resurrection of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ April 16th

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Misogynist! Go away!

Camera shifts to ACTIVISTS in the back. About 50 diverse and colorful protesters, mostly female. One pair of STUDENTS is seen leaving the lecture hall through the back door.

Camera shifts back to the platform.

PETER JOR HANDSOME

Now, let's talk about the Political Dimension of Wokeness. Since European civilization proved to be the most accomplished and successful one, "white males" by definition of all the things I just said, rank at the top of the international order.

So, wokeness and the woke want to extrapolate power and wealth and status away from those whites. So they target whites. Which is racism. They target white males even more. Which is sexism.

ACTIVIST chants:

Black Lives ...Matter!

Two more ACTIVISTS join the chant, but we don't get to see them:

Black Lives ...Matter!

PETER JOR HANDSOME

...However! It is NOT racism and sexism to them. Because to them it is just a means to ruin whites and males in the end. So, the woke justify their mission as "anti-racism" in spirit, because it would lead, as we are promised, to a more colorful world.

ACTIVIST interjects:

Nazi, go home!

A groan goes through the STUDENTS body. Some STUDENTS moan:

Boo! Boo!

One STUDENT shouts:

Shut the Fuck up! Let him speak!

PETER JOR HANDSOME

I saw many white academics and distinguished professors fuming at this "woke nonsense." I am afraid that their reasonable objections will have no impact during Woke Four.

For it is mostly white leaders themselves who ordered the massacre on whites. Despite the fact that whites of European descent only account for barely 11% of the world's population, the woke insist that white nations must be racially dissolved. So, it doesn't matter whether we psychologists or some anthropologists disagree with wokeness and woke culture, or whether we really believe that there are no distinctive races and no two complimentary genders.

Wokeness is part of a radical awakening in the West. It is the logical continuation of Western enlightenment and emancipation that started with the French Revolution: All humans are equal!

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Драган Р. Млађеновић: Пројекат Русија

Божидар Зечевић: Кад устану Срби из Бахмута

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9/11 Research

We are told that the reign of white man is over, and that we must endure race mixing, affirmative action and gender quotas in order to deliver Woke Four.

A female activist with BLUE hair is making her way past the students and to the front.

BLUE:

I want to talk to JOR HANDSOME. JOR HANDSOME, do you have any comments on the Nazi presence at your protest!

PROFESSOR appears off-guard and shocked. He tries to ignore her.

PETER JOR HANDSOME

And on to the Psychological Effects of Woke Euphoria. The woke engage in cultlike behavior. We could see this from disturbing images in 2015. When Swedish and German women cried 'Welcome!' when the trains brought in tens of thousands of Islamic and African male migrants. Of course, those migrants will never assimilate. They are most valuable just the way they are. Or, as the President of Germany, Walter Steinmeier, exclaimed in 2016: "What the migrants bring us is more valuable than gold!"

BLUE from before is at it again. She holds her mobile phone at arms length and is filming the PROFESSOR.

BLUE:

JOR HANDSOME, why are there Nazis and white supremacists at your protest? Do you have any comments on that?

PETER JOR HANDSOME

Please let me finish my talk. I might answer comments later. And please do not film! This lecture is being recorded and you can find it later on our homepage.

I've lost my thread. Where were we? Ah, yes, gender euphoria. The woke invent new genders, 58 to be exact, according to social media monopolist *Facebook*. These include *cis*, *fluids*, *queers*, *neutrois* and *trans*.

Another ACTIVIST

from the back row interjects:

Oh now he's going full homophobic!

PETER JOR HANDSOME

(visibly shocked)

Ehm... for example, in American schools white pupils have to undergo antiracism and anti-white-supremacy training. And in Europe, non-whites enjoy extraterritoriality – meaning they control inner cities or certain suburbs and operate under different, more benevolent sets of rules. Non-whites do not have to pass difficult tests, do not need excellent grades, and they receive lesser or no punishment for certain crimes.

A teenage girl in Hamburg in Germany was raped in a public park by twelve migrants, nine of them who could be identified via DNA traces of their sperm. All nine rapists walked free the same day, because the police didn't want to appear racist.

A woman in Philadelphia in the United States was raped in public on a train and the bystanders did nothing because the rapist was a black man, and no bystander wanted to be labeled a racist... 9/11 Truth

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9/11 consensus

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Sarajevo Report

Sarajevo Conclusions

Sarajevo Mapping

International Commission on Srebrenica

Srebrenica Report

Srebrenica Conclusions

Srebrenica Mapping

Let's Go, Brandon!

(laughter)

Female ACTIVIST reacts:

You are so stupid!

PROFESSOR briefly watches in disbelief. He picks up his talk again. The ACTIVISTS in the back are noisy. The STUDENTS in the front are unruly. SECURITY is on the guard. The atmosphere is not good.

PETER JOR HANDSOME

This is really happening, if we like it or not. The woke got their Wokistan. Whites must be made unemployable and reprehensible. They must not form gatherings, organizations or even fraternities. They need to be accompanied by a non-white officer for diversity and inclusion.

In Canada, preferring a male PhD candidate amounts to sexism, which is a hate crime. Instead, we follow the European Union in that all our positions must be phrased "gender-neutral" or posted in M-F-D code, which stands for "male, female and diverse."

In fact, the EU is so hyped up about all this, about the total destruction of gender and ethnicity, it now wants to eliminate the words "race" and "man" from its laws and its constitution.

You can look it up yourself on the EU's own websites. It is called the Fundamental Human Rights Charter or so. It says we must not discriminate on grounds of sexual orientation, gender identity and sex characteristics, which, yes in theory also includes sex with minors and animals. This will be the next logical step.

That said, the Joe Biden US government is not far behind. The Democrats have completely embraced the woke ideology of DIE. That's the acronym for Diversity, Inclusion and Equity. Since it was white males who founded and who dominated America for so long, Lincoln, Jefferson, Lee, the entire history of the United States does not match the science of Woke Four and needs to be revised...

BLUE interrupts:

Professor JOR HANDSOME, do your views... do your own views align with those slave owners and... with white colonialists?

STUDENT:

Stop interrupting him!

PETER JOR HANDSOME

That's a good question! Of course I do NOT condone the founding fathers. On the contrary, I am going so far as to suggest that the colonialists were really just... woke!

When the white European colonists conquered North America and East Asia, they experienced firsthand race and gender euphoria. It is a great pleasurable feeling to dominate "another race" and practice lovemaking with "exotic females." Discovery is the "I found it!" *eureka* moment. It heightens the human spirit. Hence the 1776 American *Declaration of Independence* stressing "the pursuit of happiness," which back then meant to hump all the Indians or girl

slaves or whatever, conquer the rest of the continent, take over the Empire from the British, and collect foreign status symbols and females. Western imperialism, psychologically speaking, was a hedonistic self-perpetuating victory march, a really happy and satisfying string of human accomplishments.

Just imagine what would be going on here on earth if 'our people' discovered a strange planet and brought home the greatest treasures and horny women...

A Black male STUDENT interjects:

Then we owe them reparations!

STUDENT:

Here we go again!

PETER JOR HANDSOME

Not at all. See, those people were sold-out and thrown under the bus by their own leaders. This race and sex euphoria I was talking about also explains the seemingly suicidal compliance of corrupt leaders. When Angela Merkel... well, she is called "the God-Emperess" in Europe... When Angela Merkel opened the borders to two million mostly male migrants from Africa and the Middle East, there was among her ministers and co-conspirators the same euphoria... similar to what once befell the Aztec Empire under Emperor Moctezuma II and the Qing Dynasty under Empress Dowager Cixi.

Those tyrants understand very well the consequences for their own people. But, see... in politics you make A LOT of enemies, and you probably also maximally exploited your own people. So those emperors and empresses sensed a chance of being part of something even bigger. So they threw their own people under the bus and conspired with foreigners. They went *woke*...

BLUE:

Do you know how offensive this sounds? Are you saying colonialism was their own fault? How...

...I am speaking!...

...How can this university allow white supremacist theories? I will file a complaint!

PETER JOR HANDSOME

File all you want! I am almost done here. Ah, and please buy my book 'The 3 Rules of Life'.

Male ACTIVIST:

Go woke... or go broke!

ACTIVISTS and BLUE chanting in unison:

Go woke... or go broke!

Go woke... or go broke!... I'm afraid, **the Future of Wokeness is this**: If the woke get away with it, we could be looking at a very dysfunctional, very incompetent and very abusive century. Females and non-whites are going to be on top? And they will be policing race and gender everywhere? And their dopamine and serotonin levels go through the roof as they keep hunting down the remaining whites as "racists" or "white supremacists"? And they are being rewarded for this by our own irresponsible governments...

ZOOM OUT.

PROFESSOR leaves the platform with resignation on his face. Black SECURITY shields him from the woke mob. While grabbing his jacket and briefcase from a chair, he speaks loud to himself.

ZOOM IN.

PETER JOR HANDSOME

I can't do this anymore. We will have to move online...

The speaker leaves.

FADE OUT.

The author is a German writer and cultural critic.

"So much drama! I hope they will make *The Menticide Manual* into a Netflix series and beat the blue out of *Creep Show* and *Squid Game.*" – Peter Jor Handsome

- The Menticide Manual Foreword + Start Early
- The Menticide Manual <u>Quibbling</u>
- The Menticide Manual <u>Gaslighting</u>
- The Menticide Manual <u>Ghosting</u>
- The Menticide Manual Framing
- The Menticide Manual Inverse Reality
- The Menticide Manual Stupidiocracy
- The Menticide Manual Perseveration
- The Menticide Manual <u>'The Second Subjunctive'</u>

[...] and concluded Season 1 with this. IMDb is 9.1/10, Rotten Tomatoes is 94%, Woohoo! Hope to see you soon in Season 2 of *The Menticide Manual*, where we will encounter "even more deadly ways to subvert, to demoralize, to lobotomize and finally to liquidize someone's brains..."

Thank you!

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SAKER MESSAGE:

The Menticide Manual – Red-Pilled

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🛗 December 12, 2021

By Thorsten J. Pattberg for the Saker Blog

1989

A Red Pill moment is the ultimate reality check. 11-years old Egon Walther Pillard waited outside the two-level *Virgin* megastore just around Haymarket corner, Central London. He knew every square foot of the gamer section and decided the place was now sufficiently swell with older students and tourists. He walked inside, barefaced and no-fuss, and straight to the aisle with the role-playing games where he stole the brand new 1st edition rule-book of *Shadowrun – Where Man Meets Magic and Machine*.

Egon came from the eastern London borough of Hackney. He dodged all fares of public transportation, bus and metro, and shoplifted almost weekly from establishments around Piccadilly in London. He mostly pinched *Star Wars* action figures and *Ghostbusters* toys, or CDs and illustrated books for his ever growing cyberpunk collection. Some of it he pawned. Others he fenced. Most of it he kept.

He had to steal those things to get those things. No other path was conceivable. His family was working class and he did not have enough pocket money. However, they had inherited an average brick-built mid-20th century house in the suburbs – complete with a basement, a loft, and a garden storage in the backyard.

The wee chubby boy with ginger hair was not the only young "professional" in town. There were gangs of thieves all around London. Everyone Egon knew in Hackney from his local school, from the boys of course, knew what was going on. Many played *Shadowrun*. And if not, they played *Middle Earth* or *Dungeon and Dragons* or *Cthulhu* and what not. Role-playing was way better than drugs or television. *Shadowrun* was for the smartest kids anyway. It was based on super-clever science fiction novels, the game system was developed by American *R Talsorian Games*, so it had to be a killer.

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In the not-so distant future, dark mega cities just like London would be run by omnipotent Big Tech Corporations who enslaved humanity. There existed however a group of resistance fighters in the underground. Those were the *shadowrunners*. They were thieves and criminals and magicians, the players in a game of survival of the fittest in a dog-eats-dog world. The *shadowrunners* would steal hardware, assassinate corrupt politicians or hack into the worldwide computer system called "the Matrix."

To attract wee chubby boys, the producers of those games also introduced orcs and elves and trolls and magic. And to make sure the players would never stop playing, they introduced experience points that could be collected and used to level-up their imaginary selves.

To his parents, the boy explained that because he was a popular role player, the other kids would give him their stuff and collections. Like a charity.

Egon's favorite role was street samurai or decker. A decker, sometimes called a rigger, was basically a computer hacker who could download all those killer programs from "the Matrix." He gave himself the code name T-Rash and imbued in him every talent he wished.

He played nearly every day after school, and throughout the weekends. To him and his mates, role players were the cool people. They lived in the gutters, yet they were in possession of the truth. The delusional London surface people, on the other hand, were sleep-walking sheeple. Their pathetic schools. Their pathetic shopping centers. Their evil corporations. That was corporate fantasyland. The cool people saw through this bullshit and entered the Matrix.

The underground was a hotbed for experimental drugs and pharmaceuticals from foreign Big Corporations. Those foreign Corporations paid no taxes and paid slave wages, which then the corrupt feudal government would tax, and tax all purchases, and tax what was left at the end of the day. It was a terrible regime.

The rulers drugged the population. In their food, in their water, in their media... so that the sleep-walking sheeple would never wake up to their torment and toil.

There was one remedy to this poisoning of the mind however. One counteracting toxin that circulated in the underground and that all gamers took to stay sane. This was the Red Pill.

1999

Egon stole most of his hundreds of role-playing adventure books, snitched the latest Heavy Metal music albums by *Blind Guardian* or *Boltthrower*, and pilfered *Epic Space Marine* miniatures from *Games Workshop* war-gaming stores. The loot of his thieving sprees he would remove of its price tags and plastics, open all boxes and seals, and then bring them home where he hoarded them and make himself a name as collector.

He got caught pilfering a couple of times, it is true. At Sainsbury's for stealing *Red Bull* energy drinks for example, and at *Games Workshop* for stealing blisters and boxes of Eldars and Space Orcs, or once even for just breaking a posh bicycle outside *HMV* Record label on Oxford Street. Back in those days, however, the Mets rarely got involved and when they did, they issued blank warnings or banned you from the place or whatever.

Egon stole fancy game consoles too. A *Sony PlayStation 2*. A *Sega Saturn*, and once, at a Games Convention in Leeds, he walked out with a fucking *Intel 1 GHz Pentium III* workstation. The electronic age had begun. The cool guys didn't join the gym or played soccer anymore. The cool guys played computer games.

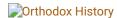
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THE RESURRECTION OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOR JESUS CHRIST APRIL 16TH

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The Matrix was distributed worldwide in 1999 by American Warner Brothers. In this movie, *Shadowrun* was brought to the cinema, but with an even bigger pledge. Instead of Big Tech Corporations, the fantasy shifted to a single Super-Computer that had enslaved all humans and put us into life-support pods.

Magic was replaced by computer programs, patches and updates. The Matrix was expanded and now stood for life as a computer simulation. The sleep-sheeple felt happy and free. But we in the audience of course saw their phony lives. The movie's hero, Neo the hacker, got an offer he couldn't resist: Take the Red Pill and see the Truth. This blew Egon's mind.

Playing all night electronic role playing games solo in his basement, Egon usually got up at noon. He had no job, but that was okay. There was no rush. He was T-Rash!

He consumed sci-fi novels and movies from *Star Wars* and *Star Trek* to *Blade Runner* and *Akira*.

All around him, the computer age emerged. Egon grew up with *Commodore* and *Amiga*, with *AMD*-powered desktops and *Sony Vaio* laptops. Role-playing moved into the electric realm, just as Egon had fantasized.

Nobody was gonna make Egon work. No one! This whole 9 to 5 job racket was a simulation.

Don't you see it? You're all in a great simulation! Slaves to the system. Egon was never gonna do something with his life, because that life was an illusion and one day he would be dead and all was in vain anyways.

His first boss was a total a-hole from some train-simulation company in Lower Clapton. The payment was little and he treated Egon like some chicken wager, so Egon's revenge was to procrastinate and sabotage each and every project. That serves you well, you a-hole. You pay peanuts, you get monkeys!

His next job was store manager trainee at *Games Workshop* in Nottingham. Egon loved the Warhammer 40k lore, the human psykers and sorcerers, but also the xenomorph Tyranids or the holy Tao faction for example, but he could not stand the pitiless capitalist ethics of this game monopolist. Management basically knew that this hobby was unaffordable to kids. So their main customers were gays and fags and very unclean dudes who fantasized about elves and orcs and space marines slashing each other in eternal war.

Games beat work every time. The Internet came and made *The Matrix* and *Shadowrun* a dream come true. Big Tech Corporations really did emerge. *Microsoft, IBM, Apple.* Big Pharma really did emerge, just as *Shadowrun* predicted. Soon, Medic Tech would manufacture cyborg limbs and camera eyes for us. The poisoning of the sleep-walking sheeple really happened, and everywhere on the planet. The Englishmen mostly disappeared in London, and orcs and elves and trolls took their place.

Even long before his father disappeared from their lives, Egon had rubbished his parents' house with his vast collections of RPG games, books, CDs and all kinds of miniature games and board games and card games you can only imagine.

Walther Pillard senior, Egon's piece-of-a-shit father, used to beat him and his mother cruelly. He had cursed the boy as no-good and a mistake. Do something with your life, wake up Boy!

What a pathetic little man, Egon thought. His father was a horrible drunk and got pancreatic cancer five years ago. It was probably genetics though, as Egon's

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grandfather had also died of stomach cancer before. Pillard senior died in pain and agony at home under the care of his housewife.

Egon hated his father and was glad he was gone. Also, much more space for the survivors. His mother got a bereavement support payment and a small widow's pension, and the rest was topped up by welfare.

The time in unemployment was cool. The job center people were a bit shallow, but Egon's counselor, a bald Pakistani man in his 30s, seemed to be more red than he was. He had this cool "No welfare, no creative genius" mentality on him. "If it's free, pick it up!" Bald man arranged for Egon everything from moving flats to a new washing machine and travel reimbursements. Egon understood why all those *nigloos* and *sinbads* in Hackney never worked. They were not supposed to. Any Englishmen who still worked in this terrible capitalist London hellhole was either stupid or a hamster.

Most didn't see the whole picture. But Egon did. The UK never had a larger underclass in its history than today. There was probably more social mobility and absolute freedom during the times of Charles Dickens or James Joyce or George Orwell, than there was in the post-modern "capitalist hellfare" state today. And that was probably a good development. Time people woke up! Disobey! Don't be a sleep-sheeple!

The government feared revolt, so it provided millions of red-pilled people with a roof over their heads, central heating and enough allowance to pursue a life of entertainment, music, artistry and escapist drugs.

Egon collected 79 pounds Sterling welfare a week. His sci-fi collection grew from his side hustles. He was a gamer god in the gamer community. Life was never better.

2009

He was past 30 years now, and Egon couldn't hold a job. He didn't want to. He knew too much. He saw underlying power structures and corruption. And since he had gained considerable weight and had eyes following him everywhere, shoplifting was now almost impossible. Besides, London had stepped up surveillance. There were now CCTV cameras everywhere in the shops and streets. So what else could Egon do to avoid the torture of weekly job center runs? That's right. Egon signed up for a university course!

In the UK, everybody went to university now. And since all the polytechs now also called themselves universities, all electricians, mechanics, office staff and computer maintenance people by definition became university grads. You would be retarded, as Egon and his bald Pakistani counsellor and not a few other unemployed concluded, not to go into further Higher education. It's a minimum of 6 semesters of care-free role-playing.

True, Egon had a bad short-term memory. He could not carry the spellings of words such as 'particulates" or 'miscellaneous' to the next page, and he could not recite in his mind a single half-sentence that he heard or read. But the University realized the conditions of its new clientele and abolished mind acrobatics in favor of multiple-choice and box ticking during exams.

Egon Walther Pillard got a student loan right away and registered with the University of Bristol for a Bachelor in Computer Science, stayed on for 5 years, with a double extension, but eventually... he dropped out for health reasons.

In a way though, it was an overall great experience and time investment. By living in Bristol, Egon could avoid his mother's constant hagging about the marriage issue. To be honest, Egon hadn't gotten the faintest idea how this issue could even be raised. He found himself looking hideous, with a weak chin and a receding hairline. He was, for

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lack of a better word for it, unfuckable. Yes, it was true. For the wetter sex, Egon had always been invisible.

Besides, he was a role player and a gamer. That was a full time commitment. He would rather get a new *X-Box* than... buying flowers or diapers or what have you.

And last, women in this country were awful. All those entitlement princesses and hypolesbians. The government had talked them into career childlessness and a vicious narcissism. Too bad.

Getting a break from the forced labor market was still kind of awesome. So that is how the elites shielded their own kiddos from working in factories or plowing the fields. They simply invented 3, 5, 10 years more of education.

Student life was a blast, even as an adult. But some lecturers were just crank farts and outright a-holes, and the professors were delusional Oxbridge snobs.

Egon's mother had mistaken university for job training and bought him a suit from *C&A*, a Belgian-German fashion retailer, in the hopes he would use it for job interviews. He didn't. No one was wearing those clown-suits anymore.

His idle days were spent well. There was a role playing club with a *Shadowrun* party. The libraries had all those cool biographies about Philip K Dick and Isaak Asimov and Arthur C Clarke, his favorite fiction authors.

Egon got very deep into the philosophy of Tech. He figured that the Mayan pyramids of Quetzalcoatl were probably alien technology, and that the Freemasons were really the Illuminati.

He read as much as he could about Gilbert Harman's *The Brain in the Vat* and Erwin Schrödinger's *Cat in the Box*. Egon saw a clear connection from *The Matrix* and *Shadowrun* all the way down to Quantum physics, time travel, magic and the Ancient civilizations. He read about Plato's *Cave Allegory* and decided it was the earliest Red Pill. He read about Mencius's *Dream of a Butterfly* and knew there was a Chinese Red Pill.

Egon even began to read the Germans, from Arthur Schopenhauer's *World of Will and Imagination* to Friedrich Nietzsche's theories about the superhumans. The world as it presents itself to us is an illusion we have to overcome.

It all made sense. We all just play roles in life. What roles, the system decided for you. England had a Queen and birth-princes and a house of hereditary Lords – how crazy was that if you really tried to wrap your mind around it? Everyone is pathetic in this sick country. From the a-hole university lecturers to the bald job center counselor to the thieving gangs of London and his own hideous family. And our pathetic toys and role playing games were written in America. Fuck you, Corporate America!

2019

When a man is past 40 years old, it is time to pull his act together. Egon decided it was time to grow up. For the 841st time he decided to do something with his life.

Not to fit in the system, of course. When you fit in, you disappear. Just to earn some money, get better health care for your diabetes, and... you know... keep this vessel of bones and fibers going alive for its brain to hang around a bit longer.

Life had become complicated. Egon didn't have the mind to do taxes, insurance, pension and banking or house chores. His mother did all of this for him. He was way too busy in the creative department. I could have written *Shadowrun*. I could have

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written *The Matrix*. I am fucking T-Rash, man! I am going to write a work of genius the likes the world has never seen. I am going to write *The Red Pill*!

He got up early today, long before noon, and the first thing he did was check on *eBay*, the American world's online market, at his auction of his 1989 1st edition of *Shadowrun* – *Where Man Meets Magic and Machine*.

There were 16 bids, and Egon saw that the final offer stood at 75 pounds Sterling. Oh man, incredible, he thought: Lots of hard-core runners still out there.

He never had been slim and in fact he believed he couldn't be, because it was in his blueprint to be fat and greasy and turn bald. Cyborg limbs and camera eyes had not been invented. Egon had suffered terrible pangs of stomach ache for the last two years.

His mom felt a little bit proud of her son that he had so much stuff from the little money he never had. He told her that this all was priceless and would certainly increase in value as England's biggest collection of Red Pill art, you wait and see!

He asked his mom if he could borrow her car. He had long arranged a doctoral appointment and overnight stay at St Mark's Hospital, Specialist Stomach Hospital London, and he wanted to drive alone.

It was a painful and nasty gastroscopy performed in an overcrowded NHS hospital, so what to expect? The doctor found severe inflammation of the stomach lining and a dark spot, perhaps a cancerous tumor. It was probably caused by the wrong diet and permanent stress, the doctor said. We need to watch this carefully.

When Egon Walther Pillard returned home with the car the next afternoon, however, he really had the truest, most profound experience of his entire life.

During his absence, his mother had called BULK WASTE COLLECTION SERVICES.

The author is a German writer and cultural critic.

"A moment of silence for those who have not found the Menticide Manual." –Just a Normal guy

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[...] and – hopefully not many – more horrifying tales of madness and insanity to come.

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SAKER MESSAGE:

The Menticide Manual – Astroturfing

① 15289 Views
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🛗 December 19, 2021

By Thorsten J. Pattberg for the Saker Blog

Have you ever sucked on plastic? Sure you have. It has no smell. *Astroturfing* is big corporations or the government replacing organic stuff with synthetics and nature with replicates.

The Age of Plastic

As a propaganda technique, *astroturfing* evolved alongside the age of plastic. The age of plastic started latest with the introduction of plastic bags in 1965, earliest with the first use of silicon chips in 1959.

Note: Reader's discretion for this chapter is advised. We are going to talk about gender mesh fabrics, strap dildos, fake boobs, human replicates and a synthetic turf world.

We shall begin with a little background story on plastic, followed by 2 real life examples of fake inorganic industries. From there, we shall proceed to where no menticide manual has ever gone before, exposing 2 real life fake inorganic industries you definitely didn't see coming.

Astroturfing brought America's classic rags-to-riches hoaxes and fabricated Cinderellastories to interior design and feel-good environmental politics. Corporations and governments had discovered that consumers believed in syncpop, processed food, artificial sweetener, flavor additives, soft drinks, plastic toys and cosmetics. In fact, consumers preferred synthetic solutions over the real thing, if it is cheap and convenient.

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The generic term *astroturfing* was borrowed from the real life Houston, Texas-based US corporation *AstroTurf*, founded in 1964. The company mass produced synthetic grass replicas – sometimes called chemical grass or *chemgrass* – which was marketed for its "high durability and low maintenance cost." Sporting a plasma-green lawn with super drainage and no fertilizers was comparable to astronaut food and winning the space race against the Soviet Union.

So in the late 60s, Americans began to install fiber carpeting in baseball stadiums and polyurethane tartan lanes in sports arenas, followed in the 70s by more unnatural grass on *Ford* and *Monsanto's* factory floors, and finally, in the 80s and 90s, in schools, on golf driving ranges and in pet shops.

By the 2000s, the Western hemisphere had gone completely synthetic, from *Barbie* dolls made of thermoplastic polymer to discs and plates made of vinyl chloride; from smoking dangerous chemicals to wearing rubber latex raincoats; from buying stretchy polychloroprene balloons to shoving silicone dildos up each other's ass.

Surprisingly, although we clearly play soccer on elastic pliant with a durability of 10 years and a half-life of approximately 450 years to decompose, and we clearly augmented Pamela Anderson's boobies with saline implants to scare the life out off little boys, our brains associate the plastics with real bazookas and real lawn, only more durable than the real thing and a "guaranteed return of investment in just under 2 years."

By the turn of the century, American suburbs had transformed into *Barbie*-villages: fake *Disney*-style facades with optical illusions and cheap props. And while brick-and-mortar European houses were once designed for practicability, with thick stone walls and paper tapestry, American mansions were designed for optics, with fake acrylic décor and interior made of polymethyl or polycarbonates: plexiglass, styropor, plaster stucco, color tapes, faux panels, polynesian balconies, plastic columns and pillars from *Walmart* or *Best-Buy*.

2 Real Life Examples of Fake Inorganic Industries

In the age of plastic, everything is synthetic. And it is mass produced. This means that the initial investment costs are substantial; after that however, the world of plastic is yours. An *astroturf* requires tubing and tufting machines, coating rollers, a dryer and a drainage. The plastic pellets are already colorized, melted and extruded through a perforated steel plate. After that, a large pulley stretches them and pulls them over a giant spool. Later, the fibers are woven together, cut and coated. It is an allegory for *astroturfing* propaganda: A single chemgrass manufacturer can supply tens of thousands of square-meters of fake landscaping.

Astroturfing in the Film Industry

The metaphor of a fake turf on which we operate is highly concerning. What if former grassroot movements – say in fashion or in political activism – also had become too expensive, too labor intensive, and just too damn hazardous? In that case, had big corporations and big governments also *already* replaced them with cheap fake alternatives?

The answer is as cold as those cathode fluorescent lamps on your fire-retardant PVC Christmas tree: Yes, most of what was natural has now been replaced. Just try and start your own political movement in the USA and you will eventually realize that it is physically impossible to seed it, grow it, defend it, water it and kill the weed. But if you instead just took your big idea to the establishment, maybe the powers in charge will adopt your idea [read: steal it] and roll out a completely fake, ready-made inorganic movement in no time – *astroturfing*. This really happens.

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What if your beliefs in inhaling poisonous alkaloid gas through a cellulose acetate tow fiber you thought were a sign of individual freedom were actually mass-produced, and its cancer-inducing effects downplayed by multi-billion dollar *astroturfing* campaigns?

And not just you killing yourself. Imagine if just half of all the fashion trends currently under way were just the results of a planet-size propaganda: the war on terror, climate change, the American dream, race mixing, China bad, the invasion of the space aliens. That would be shocking, if those beliefs... were artificially planted in us.

Some infrastructure is in plain sight. With billboards, blinding floodlights and neoprenebeams shooting high into the night sky. Take the perfectly immersive theater infrastructure in US-occupied Western Europe and Japan. *Odeon Cinemas* was founded by a Hungarian Jew, Oscar Deutsch, in the United Kingdom in 1928. *CinemaxX* in Germany is a subsidiary of *Vue Entertainment*, also in the United Kingdom, which is an entanglement of American *Warner Brothers*, two Ashkenazi Jews. *AMC* cinemas, also active in Europe, were founded in the USA by the Jewish Dubinsky Brothers.

The Americans and British were victorious in Europe after 1945 and invested heavily in 12.5 thousand purpose-built cinemas with on average of 2.6 screens, each with up to 500 elastic polyurethane foam seats (that's 15.6 million in total), for one single purpose only: to spread US Hollywood propaganda in Europe (and to pummel the national film industries). So, all those *Cineplex, UCI, CineStar, KineStar* and even French *Pathé* theaters look basically the same and show the same synthetic Hollywood pulp. But the locals won't smell anything. The locals believe they are stepping into a futuristic VIP dome. They believe they are experiencing a red-carpet moment (made of polyester), celebrating opening night and watching some sort of world premiere.

Astroturfing in the Music Industry

Next is pop music. Britain and the USA had free reign to superimpose generic music onto the entire world. The first pop stars like *The Crooners* (40s) or *Elvis Presley* (50s) were probably natural. And so were the early *The Beatles* (60s). But once the floodgate opened, the industry would try to recreate the successes – *Rolling Stones, The Animals* or *Queen* in the UK, or *Michael Jackson, Madonna* and *Elton John. Those* were semi-artificially constructed personas, just like revolutionary first roll-outs of fake grass. The power brooms and plate compactors and water rollers and plastic pellets of the chemgrass industry became the record studios, digital distributors, the LIVE and touring contractors, the licensing firms, artist management, radio stations and professional fan services.

And just like with the synthetic grass industry or the generic movie industry, the pop music industry required high initial costs; however once you had that machinery and supply lines set up, you could basically churn out synthetic crumb-rubber music for forever. And just like *astroturfers* can always slightly adjust hues and coats and formulas, so the music industry can always slightly adjust their plastic musicians. So from the 70s to the 90s, the industry churned out strap dildos and syringe gays such as Freddie Mercury, Boy George, Elton John, George Michael, or Andy Bell of *Erasure*.

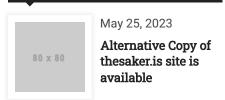
It became absolutely essential to be homosexual, or at least to dress queer (think of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* in 1975), even if some artists had a difficult time to act the androgynous part – for example *Prince, David Bowie, Madonna* or *Cher.* And that was before the 2000s. Now the fake inorganic music industry is able to mass-produce hundreds of "fake musicians" on demand, those don't even have to be able to sing, songwrite or play an instrument – like *The Spice Girls, Backstreet Boys* or Korean *BTS*.

That said, the writings had always been on the wall. Frank Farian is a German record producer, now retired in the USA, who came late to the fake music industry – in the

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La piaga sanguinante sulla coscienza dell'umanità

70s. But he learned quickly. He had to record his songs in English, obviously, and in an American subsidized record studio in West Germany, using *the Allies*' distribution services. He had a face for radio, so he hired black performers, because blacks were the latest industry fad. You may have heard of some of his fabrications: *Boney M* and *Milli Vanilli* – anyone? Those artificially constructed bands had their lyrics, design and voices all provided by Farian and his technicians; all they had to do on stage was jungle dance and lip sync. *Boney M* topped all the charts in America, Europe, the United Kingdom and even India and Russia, and to mock global family gatherings, Farian had *Boney M* release a world record-breaking Christmas Album with all your favorite fake Christmas cover songs too. As to the *Milli Vanilli* duo, Rob and Fab... well, they became the world's most popular impostors in the early 90s with "Girl You Know It's True"...

Both Europe and Japan, as the losers of the Great War, became the touring backyards for US-UK music industries. It was for example an unspoken agreement that *David Bowie* or *U2* or *The Beatles* or whoever automatically toured Hamburg in West Germany and Tokyo in US-occupied Japan. This is how it worked. Don't ask me why. Why are 90% of all semiconductor chips in the world produced in Taiwan? The post-war fake inorganic music industry was all set-up and arranged that way, and it had nothing to do with the artists. Nothing. The artists are completely interchangeable. Whoever was constructed – Bon Jovi, Phil Collins or even *Metallica*, you name it! – had to tour in Hamburg and Tokyo, because the postwar infrastructure was set up that way.

Of course, there is governmental *astroturfing* too. So the Europeans, after initiative from Britain and the Netherlands, founded *Eurovision* or "The European Song Contest" in 1958, with the aim to boost Western values in European music with the correct message. In 1974, the *Eurovision* was held in Brighton at the sea in the UK, and a Swedish song 'Waterloo', "written specifically for this," won the contest. The band was Agnetha, Björn, Benny and Anni – short *ABBA*. What followed was a gigantic act of plastic. Between 1974 and 1983, *ABBA* produced 43 hit songs and sold over 40 million polyester-type magnetic-coated plastic tapes, and became the world's most famous sync-pop group of all time.

It needs be said that the *Eurovision member states* are contractually obligated to lend their entire state power – state tv, regime press, public radio and so on – to dispensing the *Eurosongs*. So *ABBA*'s rise to superstardom was *astroturfed* by arguably the most powerful interest groups in the world: the Western regimes.

2 Real Life Fake Inorganic Industries You Didn't Even Know Existed

Most people assume that the best writers will rise to the top. But that of course cannot be true in the age of plastic, where fake literature is more durable, pollution-free and looks sensational all year around. This should be common sense: Generic writing is now the norm, and authors are just groveling clones, and cheaper by the dozens, underpaid, bootlicking servitors... until they will be totally replaced by dependable autonomats. The UK Ministry of Education decides: We need a new children's book writer. Produce one, please. Easy. The EU Parliament decides: We need minority writers in the national best-selling lists. Produce many, please. No problem. But the later product must be totally in the guise of demand from the public. *Astroturfing* in the book publishing industry, at least to the insider, is insane.

Astroturfing in Literature

For example, you won't find a mainstream children's book in France or Germany or Scandinavia with a traditional family or lots of siblings in it, because the US occupiers since 1948 tightened the screws and aimed at drastically reducing birth rates (also in Japan) and shove women into the workforce. Next were favoritism for Jewish writers, pro-Jewish writers, and subpar female writers. Most *astroturfed* regime publications

Troppo tardi per tutto

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(you can spot them by winning awards on the time of publication) must include themes such as divorce, single-parenthood, only-children, and – always always – the benefits of democracy and the plight of the Jews last century. American book publishers are even worse. American literature resembles 3D-printing for woke propaganda. Here's some real life statements of mission from *Penguin Random House*, a global publisher of plastic literature: 'better future', 'diversity, equity & inclusion' and 'we are committed to environment & sustainability'.

In the age of plastic-bag literature, our best-sellers are artificially curated to fit. Let's just take some of the largest book publishers in the Western hemisphere: *Pearson* in the UK, *Simon & Schuster* in the USA, and *Bertelsmann* in the EU. They have their tentacles in hundreds of smaller publishers and own tens of thousands of artificial imprints, so that ordinary shoppers cannot know who set the agenda at the top. Nevertheless, we hallucinate that the book in our hand is some super rare stuff or our personal journey or something. Those publishers litter our supermarkets with over-processed, auto-marketed and single-use rubbish that "target" (their word for it) classified assortments of the clueless population.

So now we download eBooks to our plastic devices. Will "paperback" *Pearson, Simon & Schuster* or *Bertelsmann* be allowed to collapse? Never, because they are *systemrelevant*. They will just switch to full plastic. In *astroturfing*, their unsolicited products *will find* the ignoble masses, thousands of free samples are sent to *systemlings* (fake reviewers), politicians and CEOs and now *influencers*, who will create artificial hype and FOMO (the fear of missing out). And the coolest thing, the writer is not the author anymore. David Beckham did not write his own autobiography. Barack Obama had ghostwriters. And yes, *Crime and Punishment* by Fyodor Dostoevsky was not written by the man himself. The man himself wrote Преступление и наказание.

Astroturfing in Bodies

We'd like to imagine that human bodies work best when natural, organic and healthy. But the age of plastic destroyed that illusion.

Botox injections, malleable bead nails, plastic eye lashes, hypergel contact lenses, even prosthetic wigs are now common with the elites – models and actors leading the pack, google them. Did you know that tattoos are made of oxides and plastics now? Five decades of plastic waste have so polluted the oceans, plants and animals, that we humans now carry microscopic bits of plastic in our lungs, livers and kidneys.

Starting in the 80s, American broadcasters either used chemical bleaches, or they had their natural teeth replaced with impeccable veneers and translucent zirconia crowns. They sleep peacefully only with the help of synthetic melatonin... drugs that sedate their brains each night.

The biggest market for plastics is the human body itself. In particular, its sexual organs. They are no longer best for reproduction, in case you haven't followed the science. The obvious improvements are breast augmentations, limb replacements and body modification, including plastic genitalia. But a lot of *astroturfing* still needs to be done here, and all it takes for the fake inorganic body industry is to get big government on board: What if the Western regimes were to put their combined weight behind transhumanism, the powerful ideology that proselytizes that persons can change gender, sex and identity as often as they like. Instant global *astroturfing* would be perfect for our synthetic industries who always wanted to create perfectly synthetic replica people.

You don't believe it? Take the largest rubber processing companies in the world that want to produce 50 billion units of condoms next year. So, they will surely cooperate

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with the *World Health Organization* (WHO) that mandates the use of condoms to protect our ports from HIV and STDs. It makes no biological sense to have sexual intercourse with a female to not to get her pregnant. Progeny is the natural sex drive. So even if we now destroy any possibility for males to naturally impregnate a female, we can technically *astroturf* them into using condoms all the time and on everyone. For that, the vagina has to go, because only 50% of humans have one. Our rubber-processing-companies like three things: prostitutes, gays and butt holes.

Conclusion

So, say you still don't believe in *astroturfing*. Here is what the fake inorganic industries are planning to do: big corporations and all governments are going to transform all persons into prostitutes or gays, and they will make anal penetration mandatory.

Anus bleaching and cleft décor ads will be prominently displayed in *Rolling Stone* magazine. Celebrities will post pictures of their glue-free anus lashes and plastic dongles. Plastic penises are larger and more durable. Transmen will want to have two. The vaginal hole will be for pee-pee only. And for all those who have been *astroturfed...* well, *to them* this will taste just like any other plastic thing they sucked on...

The author is a German writer and cultural critic.

"Dude had more passion in one friggin tune than 1000 pop stars now." -Rich Gouette

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SAKER MESSAGE:

The Menticide Manual – Deceit

12817 Views

🛗 December 26, 2021

By Thorsten J. Pattberg for the Saker Blog

Deceit is the giving of false advice. The false advice is concocted to put a rival at a disadvantage and send him down a perilous path of defeat and humiliation. The deceitful person *knows for a fact* that his advice is dishonest.

Mr. Arnold Schwarzenegger

The Austrian-born bodybuilder, movie actor and former governor of California, Mr. Arnold Schwarzenegger, once described the deceitful mind games he used to play with much less famous bodybuilder competitors in the now legendary 1977 documentary 'Pumping Iron'.

This is what Mr. Schwarzenegger said about his No. 1 rival and competitor, Lou Ferrigno:

"At the day of the contest, if he [Lou] comes in his best shape [...] or if he is a few percent better as I am, I spend with him one night... I go downstairs with him and put us together in a room to help us for tomorrow's contest, and that night he will never forget. I will mix him up. He is ready to lose. I will talk him into that, no problem."

About his No. 2 rival and competitor, Franco Columbu, Mr. Schwarzenegger had this to say:

"Franco is pretty smart, but Franco is a child. And when it comes to the day of the contest, I am his father. He comes to me for advice. So it is not that hard for me to give him the wrong advice."

Receiving the wrong advice from a deceitful father figure or your favorite sports idol can be catastrophic for your future career.

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Mr. Schwarzenegger's life is plastered with deceit. He left California a Third World shithole and he cuckolded a fifth child with a housemaid. Earlier than that, when he wanted to become an American citizen, he praised America's freedom. When he got everything he wanted out of it, he spit on America: "Fuck your freedom!" But this is not to disgrace Mr. Schwarzenegger's moral creativity. In fact, this is to enlighten his audiences. Mr. Schwarzenegger deceived hundreds of millions of bodybuilder fans over his obvious use of steroids.

Try to imagine yourself in your XXL Mens Tank Top pulling barbells at Joe Weider's *Gold's Gym* in Venice Beach in the 70's as the helmsman for a multibillion-dollar fitness industry. You took steroids – testosterone, male hormones – to grow in unnatural size. Then you tell your fans on the telly, it is all in those barbells, which is what they see. You should also try it. Why,... you are not seeing results? Then try harder!

Mr. Schwarzenegger and all his bodybuilder friends in the universe know that barbells are not enough and that they must inject growth hormones to artificially stimulate muscle growth. That is why no bodybuilder could ever pass a blood test or urine sample over anabolic drugs for, say, competing in the *Olympic Games*. But that does not deter steroids users, who simply invented their own "Mr. Olympia" title and handed it to Mr. Schwarzenegger no less than seven times.

Anyways, this is the *Menticide Manual*'s chapter on deceit. Did you like those Mr. Arnold Schwarzenegger anecdotes I just used to explain deceit? Yeah, I wonder if he's going to become more relevant later.

Moral Dilemmas

Before we can understand why deceit is *king*, we must first understand why honesty is *peasant*.

Consider the following moral dilemma proposed by grand philosopher Immanuel Kant. I just modernized the theme a little bit, because Kant wrote in 1780.

Imagine in 1980, Michael Jackson came running towards you and said, there was an angry mob of parents who wanted to lynch him. Please do not tell them which way Michael Jackson ran.

Now the angry mob of parents come your way and ask you which way Michael Jackson went. You could say nothing, and they could beat you for the truth. You could lie and send them the wrong way. Or you could tell them the truth.

And here is the solution. If you are a superior person, if you have the mind-set of a king, then telling the truth is the worst decision you can make. Not only are you a bad person and can never be trusted for snitching, but you also got Michael Jackson lynched and his wonderful legacy ruined.

Deceitful Immanuel Kant was unimpressed: "You must *never* be dishonest," he taunted the peasants, "You must always speak the truth!"

Now, this iKant stands for Western moral philosophy in a nutshell, and our peasant concept of "the truth" is of course heavily biased by Virgin Maria and Yabby Jezusss, the unemployable son of a carpenter and whatnot. Good Christians basically should never lie, because it is bad, bad, sinfully bad.

This 'truth cult' is what another great philosopher, Friedrich Nietzsche, later ridiculed as "slave morality" but we here shall refer to it as *peasant mentality*. And so, Immanuel Kant to this day in our universities is hailed as the greatest moral philosopher of all time, blending Christian theology with Greek fascism.

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But what about the far more noble "moral codes" in the world? If Christianity conveys the *peasant mentality*, then Hinduism, Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism convey the *mentality of superior men*.

In the Hindu *Mahabharata*, an idiot priest who bragged to king Krishna about "always speaking the truth" went straight to hell. Why, because this is the logical consequence of *dharma* or duty – a superior person must always weight his duties against idiotic, inflexible moral fascism.

The Analects of Confucius convey the most flexible morals for superior men, and are thus considered the gold standard for grooming elites. And so does the Dao De Jing by the way, 'The Book of Tao', which informs us that power is like water, adaptable and flexible. These morals are excellent. These are the morals of superior gentlemen or kings, not the morals of unemployed woodworkers, social parasites or virgin mothers. The Mahabharata, the Analects of Confucius and the Dao De Jing are instruction manuals on how to become excellent and reign over the gullible peasants.

As to Siddhartha Buddha, I mean, C'mon, he is high-born, wealthy as fuck and a true king. Buddhism is the mother-lode of deception. It is all about *dharma (duty)* and *maya (pretense)* and *prajna (intelligence)* – *and* the blissful floating in six heavens and whatnot.

In all those superior moral teachings, Michael Jackson would be perfectly safe, because what is it your business that he liked little boys, I mean, compared to the joy and happiness of his pop songs 'Beat It' or 'They Don't Care About us'...

Mr. Lance Armstrong

Superior men at the top levels, whether it is our modern king's courts, fake democracies, diplomats (top cadre) and scientists and opinion leaders, *have the duty to deceive us*.

In the West, we have born kings and aristocracy. Our elites are Jewish or capitalists or read *Machiavelli* or join the Freemasons. Sure they *may pretend* to be good Christians if that helps. But it is what it is – deceit.

Since we already mentioned the "honest priest" in the *Mahabharata* who went straight to hell because, Hey, who can rely on him? here is another example of what happens to truthful idiots: Further down in the epic story line, prince Arjuna is supposed to be the greatest archer of the universe, trained by the greatest guru of archery in the universe, who trained together every day. Then, one morning, there comes this rival idiot archer Eklavya out of the forest. He had carved himself a wooden idol as a substitute archery-guru and practiced archery all by himself. And guess what: peasant Eklavya came in his best shape and he was a few percent better than Arjuna!

So Arjuna and his guru went downstairs with him and helped him for tomorrow's contest. They mixed him up. They told him about the universe and his negligible role in it. They told him to cut off his thumb. Eklavya was ready to lose.

Cutting off your thumb seems like really bad advice to a rival archer. But I want you to think about your own life for a moment. From the point of view of prince Arjuna and his guru, they had to use deceit. Deceit is absolutely necessary for the reigning champ, so what were Eklavya's chances? He was not meant to be the leading man in this story. Are you, I mean YOU, meant to be the leading man in anything?

How much self-destructive, disabling advice have your betters bestowed upon you already? I bet they had you cut off your thumbs and toes and limbs, and poke out your eyes. It's a metaphor: Tell the truth! Study hard! Be nice to women! Work! Pay taxes!

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La piaga sanguinante sulla coscienza dell'umanità

Hail the king! Bad advice that was meant to knock yourself out and quit the race to the top.

Mr. Lance Armstrong is one of the greatest deceivers in sports history. Until he retired in 2005, he had won at least seven *Tour de France* cycling titles, which is considered a superhuman accomplishment, given that this is a sport that is notoriously plagued by cheating and doping. But not Armstrong, no! Not him. He was cycling's most trusted and clean champ!

Now, remember that this is the Western hemisphere, where the peasants already believe in virgin mother Mary, the God-Pope-Messenger crap, Immanuel Cunt and Zerosteroid Schwarzenegger actors. So of course, they'll worship this totally doping-free Lance Armstrong in cycling. Actually, Mr. Armstrong pulled off a god-level deceit. Not only did he not use dope, but he was also handicapped. Imagine that: Mr. Armstrong survived nut cancer and carpet-bomb cancer in... wait for it... his lymph nodes, his lungs, his brains and his abdomen. But don't worry, he still had 5 children with his remaining nut, and won every Tournament only using his left leg, and you, Sir, are a true idiot!

Of course, Mr. Armstrong denied deceit because he had all those book deals, movie deals, made billions for the cycling industry and cancer research, and so they let him win his 7th Tour de France. After all was set and done, he finally said Yes, I doped! All the time! Since he was 21 in fact. So what? he said, "Everyone dopes."

The best advice Mr. Armstrong has ever given can be found on *Youtube*: "It is.... scale! Scale every morning, so you know your weight!" Go and do that, peasants.

Mr. Diego Maradona.

Deceit is the first duty of any role model. Take the soccer world. In the 1986 *World Cup* soccer quarter final between England and Argentina, short but creative star-player Diego Maradona leaped into the air and fist-punched a high cross ball into the English goal. He immediately ran to the sideline and celebrated his bogus goal, so his teammates joined the celebration, followed by half of the stadium. The referee was so mixed up, he readily believed the cheat. The referee counted the goal, and Argentina won the match. When Mr. Maradona was later asked in an interview, How on earth could you get away with it? The short man smirked and said it wasn't *his fist* but "the hand of God" that scored the goal, and that it was not his *fault* if the idiot referee fell for it.

And because of this deceit, Mr. Diego Maradona is considered the greatest soccer player of all time.

Every one of them – from Mr. Schwarzenegger to Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Maradona – openly deceived the masses, because it is absolutely expected of superior men to deceit the masses and humiliate their rivals, no matter how.

An Industry of Deceit

As Sun Tzu wrote in his *Art of War:* "All warfare is based on deception." And sports is a form of warfare. It is probably time to shred your childhood illusions. You have been deceived.

That is why Michael Schuhmacher won seven consecutive titles in *Formula One* races, and that is why Yokuzuna Asashōryū won twenty-five Sumo tournaments, and that is why Muhammad Ali defended his Boxing World Championship title nineteen times. Once a champion rises, he will be tested whether he is corrupt to the highest standard of the industry. Of course he has to be good at what he is doing, no question. But there are so many people on earth and talent is cheap. The winner usually takes all, and the

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true question for their entire sport is this: Is this a man of superior morality? If so, his rivals will magically step into the breaks, they will accidentally trip over their own feet or, if they still didn't get the memo, they will be "taken downstairs in a room to help them for tomorrow's contest."

And while millions of clueless fans mindlessly pump barbells, watch soccer porn, or wish they could defeat nut cancer with a scale, we are now so advanced in the deceit department that we don't even need real athletes any more to deceive the peasants. Good actors will do the job.

A perfect example of engineered deceit in sports is the 1986 "Cold War" propaganda movie *Rocky IV*. In this epic Hollywood blockbuster, American boxer Rocky Balboa (played by Sylvester Stallone) faces the indestructible Soviet boxer Ivan Drago (played by Dolph Lundgren, a Swedish man).

The first and obvious dimension of deceit is with "the athletes": There are no real boxers in this movie. Those are actors. Nothing about "the boxing" is real. It is acted. But now realize this: it worked even better than with real athletes. That is because real athletes can cause moral hazards. Scripted athletes won't. In fact, *Rocky* posters hung all over teenage walls and boxing clubs in the 80s and 90s.

But it is the political dimension of deceit that really takes the mickey out of engineered deception:

Here – the honest and fair, play-by-the-rules capitalist Rocky Balboa; There – the deceitful, play-dirty and cheating socialist Ivan Drago.

Drago is a word play on drako, which is dragon, your average preteen son has all figured that out by himself. That Russian is a monster, dad!

The roles were completely reversed in the script for maximal peasant mentality: While the Soviet Union in reality was dirt-poor and only five years away from total economic collapse, it was depicted in this movie as a super-advanced high-tech gymnasium with genetically improved boxers who take hormone jabs for breakfast. And while the United States in reality was super-advanced and high-tech, (and the actor of Rocky once caught with illegal steroids at an Australian airport) in this movie it was downplayed as the underdog with Rocky reconnecting to nature and him lifting snow carts and lumber logs in the wilderness.

Conclusion

Deceit, the giving of false advice that we know will not work for the peasants, let alone rivals and competitors, is going to stay with us. And the deceit is getting massive, because we are now 8 billion peasants.

When Mr. Arnold Schwarzenegger won his first Mr. Olympia title in 1970, you probably thought he had to compete against hundreds, if not thousands in the world.

But no. There was just him and 2 others. Not Lou and Franco though, but Sergio and Reg. And we wonder... was all he had to do was go downstairs with them together in a room and mix them up, and they were ready to lose...

The author is a German writer and cultural critic.

"The Menticide Manual is one of the best series on the Internet ever written. And anyone who says otherwise is WRONG." -hwarang

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SAKER MESSAGE:

The Menticide Manual – Blackpill

👁 12251 Views 🛛 🛗

🛗 January 02, 2022

By Thorsten J. Pattberg for the Saker Blog

The Blackpill is a destructive ideology in the manosphere [promoting masculinity] that claims that genetics are everything and that subpar men should accept defeat.

Callum

Callum was born in Aberdeen, Northern Scotland, in 1982, to a wealthy Scottish engineer for the offshore oil industry and an English school teacher mother. The Celtic boy grew surprisingly tall, overtaking his own father's height at the age of 16, standing tall at an impressive 6.3 feet. Callum had thick dark hair, a muscular build, slightly slit eyes, dark eyebrows and a manly chin. He had been an aggressive boy in childhood, but that was quickly mediated by private teachers, the finest schools and opportunities for rough and tumble play and mountain hiking and rugby. And although Callum had his first petting at the age of 14, with a pretty older sister of his best friend, it is fair to say that Callum was unaware of the existence of a 'dating scene'. That's because pretty girls were everywhere and eyeing him all the time. His first sex he had with *bonnie* Ava. She was four years older than him, and taught him a few things. Ava shared him with Sophie, her best friend, and it was Sophie who first praised him for his "size." His first true girlfriend was Grace, who he brought home and his proud father almost wept tears over dinner, so stunning she was. There were always, always so many girls chasing Callum, that he thought them plenty and in abundance.

His mother wanted Callum to attend the University of Aberdeen, because the boy ought to have a Scottish Higher Education, not an English one. And although Callum might have been a candidate for Oxford, his father had the sense that it would be patriotic and more comforting to send Callum to the Scottish capital and study engineering at The University of Edinburgh.

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In 2001, at the age of 18, with a monthly 2,000 pounds allowance, Callum rented a spacious apartment on Buccleuch Street, within a 200 feet walking distance to the main campus. He had just broken up with his last very athletic, gorgeous but clingy girlfriend Madeleine in Aberdeen, who was notable for her piercing kiwi-green eyes. But now, in Edinburgh during University's 'Freshers Week', he quickly got a replacement – Hannah from Norway.

Or at least, Hannah thought he became her boyfriend, but Callum was not so sure, because two weeks later he was *mad wae it* at Teviot House, the Student Union's club house and nighttime disco, and quickly hooked up with a slim but gorgeous Hong Kong girl named Shine, and the next week with a Scottish vixen by the name of Dawn, with huge tight breasts, the most puffy and symmetric ones he had ever seen. But that was fun and quickly the past. A month later, after a night of pub-hopping on Bristo Square and later the Grass Market, he hooked up with a real looker: Nancy from the States and her best gal, Lindsay from London. They had a romantic, respectful threesome in their shared apartment at Quartermile.

Callum joined the University gym complex at Pleasance, went hiking, joined a debate club, and attended classes both in his engineering major and philosophy minor. He made friends easily, and was immensely popular in seminars, in the clubs, at the gym and everywhere he went. In fact, little did he know that his mates and the gals followed him, and... already – starting Monday – would expect to hear from him where he would go on Wednesday evening (Three Sisters at Cowgate), on Friday night (The Tron or Bar 50?) and Saturday at Teviot Row House, where Callum performed karaoke of Ed Watkins's *Auld Lang Syne* or Robbie Williams's *Let me Entertain You*.

He once went to a Jazz Bar on South Bridge, and it was crowded and loud. There, he met freshly divorced Amber from Glasgow who made every effort to push into him, touch him, and she gave him her best in the ladies' restroom, but she was way too old for him.

His popularity wasn't just exclusive to the city's nightlife, no. He went to fraternity parties on St. Johns Street, a Halloween party at Potterrow, an end-of-semester ballroom dance (flashing Scottish kilts!) and several house parties of very rich American or English hosts. And it became very important for the organizers to have Callum on their guest list, because if Callum showed up with his mates, they would simply open their *Motorola* or *Nokia* smartphones and dial up the most stunning and gorgeous girls... and within an hour they would line up at the door steps.

Callum had this future model Hannah, just 19 years of age and carefree as any teen living away from her parents for the first time abroad, walking naked through his apartment and making breakfast for him. She was absolutely in love with him, moaning ecstatically from lust, and she opened the curtains and wanted the street and the whole world to see her pressing her mollies against the windows.

The sheer amount of hochmagandy available to a well-to-do, extremely good looking man in a small University town was incomprehensible, even to Callum. He got bored of Hannah, sent her away once, but she came back of course. She came back with lubricants and a butt plug for her, and, one day, even with pink handcuffs.

Callum left his apartment, angry, and up he went to Elephant House, the famous cafe where J K Rowling wrote her first *Harry Potter* novel. Just sitting there sipping a coffee latte, he locked eyes with Nastya for two seconds, a tall, blond Russian girl he once danced with at Teviot Row House. They exchanged numbers, and she called him the next day.

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THE RESURRECTION OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOR JESUS CHRIST APRIL 16TH Callum was phenomenal, the pride of his parents, his teachers and his schools, and he was liked by everyone and loved by many, many females who were happy to share him. He would have made a fine engineer and the father of strong and beautiful children, if only he had lived longer.

During summer break, however, after his second year at University, he traveled to New Zealand, checked into a youth hostel, sang and bragged *lang may yer lum reek* all night long with the backpacker girls, before he passed out drunk on his bed and died from suffocation during a house fire. And when the press arrived and the police tried to identify who was missing, the aggrieved girls told them it must have been "that son of the King of Scotland."

Josh

Josh was born in Boston, New England, in 1983, to a struggling but not poor art dealer and his faithful English school teacher mother. He grew up with a good public education and he excelled in maths and science. Josh had overall good facial features but a rather large forehead. He was 5.7 feet in height, which he felt was slightly below average at his school, so he started playing golf for compensation. Josh's parents bought him a red used *Ford Bantam* he could drive on his 17th birthday. This enabled Josh to ask a shy girl from his high school, not beautiful but kind-of-cute Marie, out for a date to the movies. On their third date, he fingered her on the backseat of his car, and they engaged in a long term relationship.

Josh was ambitious. He wanted to run his own business and attend Boston University. He taught maths in daytime, attended evening school at night, and ran his side hustles whenever he had spare time. His upbringing was Christian, so Josh cared deeply about family, paid every dinner for Marie, bought her a *Gucci* back for Valentine's Day and a 1-carat diamond engagement ring from *Tiffany & Co.* for New Year's Eve. He dutifully paid their rent and enabled Marie to fulfill her dream of attending medical school.

And had you seen this coming, in 2005, at the age of 22, Josh had been cuckolded by his one-and-only Marie. She met this tall, funny and handsome son of a Boston firefighter during a hospital shift of hers. And although the firefighter's son was older, much in debt and never finished college proper, she couldn't help hooking up with him, so Josh was crushed and never took her back.

A new Josh was born. He opened up business, incorporated his father's art dealership, applied for a Part-Time MBA at Boston's Questrom School of Business and threaded in contacts. He courted a pretty fellow female student, Joyce, but she eventually shut him down: "Sorry, but not my type." So Josh went out to clubs in various cities as a lone wolf and bought every hot girl he talked to a range of drinks, and for her friends too, but all that generosity went nowhere. But that was alright just as well, because in the business world, there were always dependable escort services and strip clubs. The more you know.

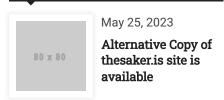
In 2015, at the age of 32, Josh tried to impress much younger women. He now drove a leased German *BMW i8* and had a business card that read "CEO Art Joshua – Gallery and Collector." He set up headquarters in Boston and was planning an office in London. Josh traveled to London Art Fairs and attended *Art Basel* in Switzerland and Hong Kong, where the top girls cost up to a thousand dollars a night. But his main obsession was student escorts in Los Angeles or New York. And it was in Los Angeles, where he heavily courted a young Chinese art student from Shanghai, Mai Lin, ten years his junior.

Josh was financially secure as he sold his clients' sculptures and paintings at SoWa Art + Design District in Boston's expensive South End, and he also invested in rentable

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La piaga sanguinante sulla coscienza dell'umanità

real estate at Carson Beach. But his supreme success was that he became somewhat of an expert on women. Successful men have 'lots of game', as they say. When Josh noticed bald patterns on his head, he shaved it clean. He groomed a goatee beard and hit the gym to compensate. He read Will Harvey's *How to Find and Fascinate a Mistress* and Robert Green's *The Art of Seduction*. He taught himself confidence – so easy! He subscribed to Doc Love's *The System*. He tried to get as many women's phone numbers as possible. He knew one-liners and bait and could read interest levels. He paid for casual sex and, very rarely, got a rebound girl drunk enough for a one-night stand. His body count stood at 58.

Josh liked to see himself as a sugar daddy and tried Latino and Korean students, who, he found, were smaller in body size than white Europeans. So this Mai Lin from China was tiny, but smoking-hot and ambitious and smart. Josh tried to make her pregnant, but she took the pill and was protected. He tried to lure her away from California and move in with him in Boston, but she said she needed to finish her degree at UCLA Berkeley first. All he could do was fly her into Boston twice a semester and have a raunchy time.

Mai Lin was spider-thin, flat-chested and had such a perfect face, but she could also be rude and ungrateful, he thought. When she didn't reply to his messages, he felt she willfully ignored him.

Women could be so cruel. But soon, Mai Lin would turn old and expire like a "Christmas cake after Christmas." Also, who likes an over-educated woman? Only benefactors such as CEO Josh here could keep interest levels high in a PhD-woman, so he measured.

After her graduation, Mai Lin returned to Shanghai instead, where she married her Chinese childhood sweetheart. Josh in Boston is 35 now, successful at his job, and always, always looking for a potential spouse. Josh *still* is going somewhere. He *still* has 'lots of game'.

Dean

Dean was born in Oakland, California, in 1985, to a former branch manager of a *Citibank* and a Middle school teacher mother. They had a shotgun marriage when his mother was three months into her pregnancy with Dean, and it was plain obvious that she disrespected her man and felt repulsive. When his father eventually lost his job during the mortgage crisis in 2008, she divorced him. Neither his father nor his mother were particularly attractive, and Dean had a slightly asymmetric face and was short. He gave false height on his passports and school reports, and he wore shoe-lifts and elevator boots, but was never able to stand above 5.5 feet.

Every boy knows his attractiveness by just observing how his mother and female relatives are treating him. Sure, his mum had cared for him, but she was often rude or impatient, or told him off in front of other kids. Dean recalled his mom's many faces of indifference, anger or even apathy.

Dean was not outright ugly – that he was not. From certain angles, he looked just like Tom Cruise. But really, he was just average looking. Just like 150 million other Americans or so. He needed heavy dental intervention to fix his teeth line – but who doesn't. He had a poor frame. His parents had praised him for good grades or when he drew a picture of *Captain Marvel* or when he was nice to other kids. They also put him into brand clothes and taught him the importance of good character and personality and hard work. Nobody during his entire life ever called Dean handsome, tall or attractive.

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He did not waste any time with dating or relationships. Not a single girl in school had ever smiled at him, tilted her body over or had her face lit up with glee. Flirtation was something he could only observe, never experience. He once dared to approach the better-looking Sally at Oakland County Fair and buy her a *Raffle Winning Number*, but that somehow offended the girl out of her mind and she called him a creep.

Dean passed through college almost unnoticed and got a teacher job and had plenty of hours for self-actualization – like plant ecology, learning Korean or getting a film studies degree online. He once questioned himself gay, but no. Not him. There was a particularly painful phase in his early 20s, when his body yearned for mating with a female so badly. But he soothed his primitive urges with HD-videos from *Pornhub* and *Redtube*, where he reacted to what must have been well over 5,000 girls of all colors and ages.

Dean really would have loved to go out with a real female, any female really, or taken whatever intimacy he could get, but he could not get a girlfriend. But who said a man *must* anyway? Dean was unattractive, he was not stupid! When he yanked his asymmetric smile, he looked borderline subhuman. When he tried to be confident, he looked pathetic. His mother always tried to save his feelings, and that for "every pot there was a lid" or that "when you least expect it, good things will happen to you" and whatnot.

"Especially now, with the dating apps," she maxxed him, "you should really try it. There are now so many options and you can find nice women anywhere in the country."

And Dean, well Dean, listened to all the advice she was giving him in silence, since he could tell with 100% certainty that she was being dishonest and that it was pretty much 'game over' for him at the beginning of this essay.

The author is a German writer and cultural critic.

"Dear random person, you have a great taste in literature." -Giovanni Poggo

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[...] and – hopefully not many – more horrifying tales of madness and insanity to come.

The Essential Saker IV: Messianic Narcissism's Agony by a Thousand Cuts

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SAKER MESSAGE:

The Menticide Manual – Promiscuity

12649 Views

🛗 January 09, 2022

By Thorsten J. Pattberg for the Saker Blog

There must never be a truthful word about female promiscuity in our nation. We either keep lying and prevail, or we spill the truth... and must collapse.

Reports the American Sex Survey 2004, *ABC News*: "Overall, women in the US report an average of 6 sex partners in their lifetimes; men, 20."

And this, from *Durex UK*: "Men worldwide have had more sexual partners than women, 12.4 compared to 7.2."

Or this one, from *Short News* in Germany: "The French Ministry of Health found in a nationwide survey, that on average men had 11.6 sex partners, while women had 4.4."

Tyrone Thundercock

The above headlines are real. They were collected in 2004. I suspect that researchers back then were morons. For sex, you need a male and a female. Homosexuals were excluded in all those polls by the way. So, men worldwide CANNOT have more sexual partners than women. It is impossible.

No Menticide Manual can be complete without a chapter on the deliberate manipulation of research data. And the choice of female promiscuity is just hilarious. The following bombshell will save a lot of our brothers' lives. Realize this: If lies are the weapons of journalists, statistics are the weapons of researchers.

[Warning: There will be ugly crying! She doesn't know why she should be crying. 3 2 1... But she's gonna cry!]

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In all civilizations, in all societies man ever built, in all our great story-telling, the entrance of a strong female heralds wipeout, destruction and downfall. Draupadi brought down the Pandava brothers. Kriemhild caused the death of three kings. Eva kicked us out of Eden. Helen was carried off to Troy, and that was the end of Troy.

Wrote esteemed poet Rudyard Kipling:

"But when hunter meets with husbands, each confirms the other's tale; The female of the species is more deadly than the male."

Females are the reasons men strive. If we can't impress them, we die. We worship them, we fight to death for them. But one thing we must not allow them, at one point we must draw a red line: do not corrupt our science.

In any country and among most groups – if an equal number of males and females were asked about the number of their sex-partners, researchers will religiously report an average imbalance of 3:1 in favor of the males. All researchers do that. Those who do not,... have disappeared.

Sure, the ratio varies. Sometimes the ratio is given 4:1 or just 2:1. But it is always the same pussy slayer motto: men on average have more sexual partners than women have. Let that sink in.

Some members of the public understandably have difficulties with the maths. That ratio just doesn't add up. Feminists intuitively agree with the scientist researchers that men are pigs and that we are born hunters, predators really, and thus must have far more sexual partners than women who sit at home and fix the water irrigation system or whatever.

But then of course, maths is compulsory at school. Basic analogy and equations. So even the most dimwitted members of the public try to do the maths again, and despair. Here is what they equate in their heads: For every sexual encounter, exactly one male and one female is required, so the ratio must be 1:1. It cannot be 4:1. *Cahpeesh*? – Do you understand?

Becky-look-at-her-butt

Scientific researchers, all Ivy League grads with colossal heads, cannot be wrong, obviously, and neither can the scientific journals and media that report the science. They would never lie to us.

That said, we still have a lot of ground people practicing cultural anthropology with no conflict of interest, who suspect foul play with the numbers.

Says Becky-look-at-her-butt: "Men are lying pigs and they inflate their numbers, dooh!"

Barks Tyrone Thundercock: "Those bitches divide by three!"

Next, we have some halfwits with strange PhD degrees in evolutionary psychology who immediately talk about long-term versus short-term mating strategies and the patriarchy.

Says one Dr. med. Dydiddling: "I concur that a ratio of 3:1 in favor of males reflects the entitlement and sexism in men, while the inverse ratio 1:3 in favor of females proves female oppression and victimhood. And... I don't understand that the ratio must be 1:1... Most women are virgins. And some women need no sex to have kids at all, like Maria of Bethlehem..."

Suddenly, our male activist has an epiphany. Says Tyrone Thundercock: "I know, those bitches lie... U know... Sheila's a cobbler machine and Becky's everyone's public doorknob!"

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THE RESURRECTION OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOR JESUS CHRIST APRIL 16TH This could actually be a lead. What if the science researchers asked fifty women, and they also asked pretty hot and tempting Selma and Louise, and those two cream gobblers plowed through 327 bojangles between them?

Those two *public buses* would distort all orthodox data and violate all public assumptions about sex partners.

Laughs Becky-look-at-her-butt: "So, pretty hot and tempting Selma and Louise were excluded from the science, I knew it!"

I see Dr. med. Dydiddling is waving his hands, he has something to say. "Wait, they can't do that! That is basic equation: If you subtract 327 from the right-hand side of an equation, you must also subtract that from the left-hand side!"

Becky-look-at-her-butt: "Haha, those biggidy boys and Casper-the-friendly-ghosts only had higher numbers because of Selma and Louise! That cracked me! So funny!"

Maybe we should peddle back and talk about 2004 science. Most sophomore students are shocked when they start their psychology major at the University of Virgin Mothers and discover that psychology 1.0 means statistics, statistics and statistics. All those fun Freudian, Jungian and rate-my-narcissism seminars are post-bachelor modules, non-important. Statistics is key, the manipulation of numbers.

All statistics are man-made. The scientists collect data and manipulate that data to demonstrate exactly what their pay-masters want them to. It is evident, from the crazy 4:1 or 3:1 imbalance in sexual partners between males and females, that the statistics were fantasy, throughout the centuries in fact, so in favor of females – our daughters had to be coy and angelic. Meanwhile, males – our sons – had to be indirectly praised as landsharks and chicken-slayers.

Tyrone Thundercock, Becky-look-at-her-butt and Dr. med. Dydiddling had the right intuition, but were easily tricked anyway. That's because the scientists who fabricated the statistics did not delete pretty hot and tempting Selma and Louise *per se*, who clearly distorted the average, and thus would have misrepresented the population as a whole. Instead, the scientists, the psychologists I mean, did not give us "the mean" but the "median" of their data.

In statistics, we can easily manipulate any set of data by changing the way we determine the average. The 'average' is not what most people think it is. In fact, there are 'many averages', the most common are: the mean, the median, the mode, the ratio and the range.

If we take all the sexual partners of males and females in the world, excluding homosexual encounters, and then divide them by the number of people, we get an exact ratio of 1:1, because every sexual partner of the male, is also the sexual partner of a female.

Dr. med. Dydiddling

But this is shocking. Certainly not your daughters, right? A few very promiscuous females become pretty hot and tempting Selmas and Louises, between 10-20 % of all females. And those females are very, *very* sexually active. And we mean not just obvious sex-workers but a lot of jezebels and single-moms and validation seekers are responsible for a significant rise of sexual partners across the nation and for the vast majority, if not all men.

"This is abhorrent!" snaps Dr. med. Dydiddling: "You can't publish that! The statistics must speak politically correct: Men are *more* promiscuous,... certainly *more than women*!"

The resurrection of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ April 16th

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And so tens of thousands of science news, all misleading, are published every year – in propaganda, repetition is key – to celebrate the "harvesting of dick" and still uphold the absurd idea that men on average have more sexual partners than women. They cannot!

And oh boy, is this a prizing-the-bull contest. For example, the rulers of France want their males to perform better than English males. The English report on average a 9:3 male-female ratio, so the French scientists will magically produce a 12:4 ratio in France. And when large condom producers such as above *Durex UK* started to report "international consumer data in 2004," a lot of Health Ministries discretely ordered more condoms than they needed – just to look better on the 'Global Condom Market Index'.

Do not even try to find those 2004 statistics on the Internet in 2021. All is censored now. Shadow-banned. The old propaganda of Man bad, Woman victim is still alive, but is drowned in information about "the Health of Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual and Transgender People." Prostitution is now legalized in most of Europe, and sleeping around is encouraged, even for normalos. Yet, despite rising promiscuity, no nation to our knowledge has yet confessed that a powerful group of promiscuous females is responsible for the greater good of a lot of males.

And no matter what they tell you about the numbers of sex partners. The ratio is 1:1, and it will always be 1:1.

Hopeless. They lie to us every single day, don't they? The Media. Scientists. There is just no honesty, nowhere. Even simple observations about male and female sexuality and their numbers of sex partners... they must screw with the numbers: "Oh, but men have 3 times more sex partners, didn't you know!" Yes, and more people fit into a public bus than a Ford V8-SUV Excursion. They just cannot be honest about female promiscuity. Because the truth is, females can have as many sex partners as they want, and many want exactly just that. And those endless male braggarts with high numbers... they probably parked in the same parking lot.

The author is a German writer and cultural critic.

"Smurfette was the only female in The Smurfs, and the Smurfs on average had 4 times the number of sex partners than... never mind." –Kumbaya

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[...] and - hopefully not many - more horrifying tales of madness and mindkill.

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Più lento degli HIMARS: la Russia dice che abbattere il razzo GLSDB non dovrebbe essere molto difficile

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SAKER MESSAGE:

The Menticide Manual – In Medias Res

12792 Views

🛗 January 16, 2022

By Thorsten J. Pattberg for the Saker Blog

In medias res is the literary device to start your story "in the midst". This trick will create in the minds of the audiences the illusion of distance to a beginning and an end. As in: They are throwing you in the middle of it.

All epics – from Homer's *Odyssey* to Aśvaghosa's *Buddhacharita* to the anonymous *Beowulf* – are necessarily written in the mode of *in medias res*. That is what makes them epic.

But it can be done with every story, and with every part within that story. A trained propagandist can and will use *in medias res to* make any character epic, any story epic, any news piece totally epic.

In this concise chapter, we shall talk about how to write extraordinary distance into any event, thing or character with the intent to deify them – to make them appear god-like.

This lesson is going to knock you over the head, so please find a quiet place and sit...

From Epic Poems to Modern Media

Once this "in the midst" device is repeated in first, second, and third-slot stories, an extraordinary depth is created. This can be cycled indefinitely. The readers are confronted with the extraordinary experience of "reading something backward."

You may have heard this in grammar school, when your English teacher read a commentary which stated in passing that the *lliad* or *The New Testament* were actually written backward. And you probably didn't pay much attention.

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In literature, we call this 'the backward-building technique' or 'backward linearity', but this is really misleading terminology, because we cannot write backward, obviously. We just never start at the beginning. So we later relapse, flashback and remember. In editorial work, scholars call this 'intertextuality'. This is just another sophisticated word for saying we are experimenting with narrated chronology and non-linear order. Yes, we do that for you.

This "reading it backward" is the addictive habit those magicians with 6-figure salaries in Tinseltown use in order to get us hooked for eight consecutive years on *Game of Thrones* or *The Walking Dead* and other infinitely epic crap.

The new epic story tellers write stories within stories, endless weighting, say a modern King Arthur, with new deeds and twists and fatalities, introducing ever more interrelated characters such as the adventures of Sir Lancelot and Sir Galahad and Wizard Merlin, and ever more backstories to the new Holy Grail and Camelot, and it just never ends and goes on and on, with new, multilayered deaths and rebirths and [a new stylistic device:] subverting expectations.

You will think, by watching or reading these, that those stories and characters are far more epic than you and your small life. It is a demonic technique, so please do warn your kids...

Those publishers and studios do not roll dice. Writing is a science. They know exactly what certain techniques are doing to your brains. You – I mean "Us" really – are all experimental rats to them.

Epic poems existed for thousands of years, long before writing emerged. They were orally transmitted, and only later written down, such as the Nordic *Valhalla* mythologies or the Hebrew *Old Testament* or the Vedic *Ramayana*. This means that *in medias res* has an evolutionary psychology explanation.

When our ancestors met a new member or a new situation about which they did not know the backstory, they were *excited* to know more about it – but also alerted.

If our brains find themselves "in the midst" of something, with information missing as to why and how it got here, neurotransmitters respond and release chemicals that contribute to the excitation of adjacent neurons like a cold flow. It feels like you were in free fall. Of course, the brain will quickly counter the excitation by signaling molecules that inhibit the neurons.

Because if the brain doesn't do that, or if the receptors wear out and if the inhibitors can't inhibit any more, we end up with seizures or in epilepsy. And this is precisely what modern media wanted to test on us: we were fixated onto a giant excitation experiment and they drove us to our limits of the neurological possible. They wanted to measure attention span and frequencies and all that. And now they know.

From Modern Media to Social Media

Let us describe the evolution of *in medias res*. Epics were usually about the rise and fall of families, so lots of characters and hours of plot, intrigues, endless drama and interesting deaths. Fantastic journeys were also very popular.

In writing for moving pictures, trained writers can easily shorten and cramp hours of plot into 120 minutes or 90 minutes (what we call movies), next 60 minutes or 45 minutes (what we call television shows), and later just 30 minutes (what we call episodes).

To the surprise of the producers, audiences respond to the *in medias res* technique, not to the actual content. In other words, the audiences were conditioned toward

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THE RESURRECTION OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOR JESUS CHRIST APRIL 16TH backward-building techniques – no introduction, lots of flashbacks, cliff-hangers, different subplots, constant flow of new characters, fatalities and deaths.

So, producers and writers could condition the experimental rats, Us, with just half of the actual content we thought we needed. If we look at Japanese *One Piece*, now over 1,000 episodes, or American *House of Cards*, slightly over 70 episodes, we have 30 minutes or 45 minutes run-time respectively, but with each actual episode just making up 15 minutes. The rest is for illusion – *in medias res* intros, flashbacks, breaks, close shots, long pauses, unnecessary exterior shots and pointless dinner scenes.

For a scriptwriter, 15 minutes is still too long actually. That is 2,000 words of dialogue or 10 – 16 pages. For comparison, the *Book of Tao*, which comprises the entire universe, is 4,000 words. At most, I would say a major plot moment is about 1.5 pages of writing. So the scriptwriters must litter the script with several subplot moments and call them A, B, C, D... and so on. In other words, they write backward.

Their audiences feel they are thrown at distance into a long existeth universe, and (mostly) have no idea that that universe has not been written yet (think of George R R Martin's *A Song of Ice and Fire* that took him forever to rearrange). And some universes will probably never be completed at all (think of J R R Tolkien's *Middle Earth* or George Lucas's *Star Wars* saga). We are thrown into something and only later might they bother to tell us what it is. Here is a hint: They don't know yet themselves. It is just a psychological trick – *in medias res*.

The epic *Ramayana* (5th century BC) had 71 main characters. The Chinese epic *Outlaws of the Marsh* (14th century) had 108 main characters. *The Lord of the Rings* (1954) has 750 named characters. *Anpanman* (1988), a Japanese animation show, has 1,768 characters. But all those characters were invented long after you had read the first chapter. You are now going backward into their stories.

You can see this with big producers such as *Marvel Comics*, a US-company specialized on superheroes, that has come a long way since its first publication of the *Human Torch* in 1939. The company worked its way backward, as all epic storytelling does, and furnished its universe with over 1,500 superheroes and villains, including the glorious *3D-Man* who popped out when you crossed your eyes or put on holospecs, the abominable Siamese twinhead *Bi-Beast* and, my personal favorite, the emerald-green tomb-god *Rama-the-Tut*.

So we are going to best every character, every scene, and cause ever more *in medias res* moments. Then writers moved away from epic novellas and movies and tv series to ever shorter media.

Did you know that advertisements are perfected *in medias res* moments? An advertisement needs no introduction. It comes out of nowhere. The idea is that you almost feel assaulted and caught "in the middle of something" preferably whilst in the middle of watching another "in the midst" middle part of an epic tv series that they have no plan to end. You are spammed 5 to 20 seconds, and then they just leave you at that. And you have to work your way backward as to what just happened.

From Social Media to the Metaverse

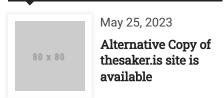
The average *Youtube* video duration once was 10 minutes to 5 minutes, now even just 3 minutes. That is easily outrun by 30 seconds *Polemixs*, 10 seconds *TikToks* or just 6 seconds *Vines*. That is about the length of 18 words, two lines of verses or *exactly one stanza* of any 2,000 years old epic poem. *See*, I told you to sit...

The underlying technique is always *in medias res*; we are just being thrown into the midst of a new part, over and over again.

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We have said that *in medias res* has evolutionary relevance in our psychology. This is actually how we construct our own epic life story. We were constantly confronted "in the midst" of a new situation, and had to work our way backward to figure out its greater meaning in our own universe.

This is where the neurological technologies of the future will play a greater part in all story-telling. We have managed to actually have people sit on a sofa and do nothing but zapping or clicking – *in medias res* – into thousands of unrelated new story-lines each day. We simulate to their brains an epic multi-life story. They actually lead multi-lifes with no beginnings and no ends.

The next step for our producers and writers will be to facilitate audiences with endless, infinite streams of *in medias res*, which some feudalistic cyberspace monopolists have already laid their hands on and patented as 'the Metaverse'. It really is *in medias res*. They are going to deify and multiply our living psychology.

So what is the moral of the story? The moral of the story is that the more powerful you want to make your story, and the more interesting and epic and memorable you want to make your characters, the harder you must strike in the midst and work your way backward...

The author is a German writer and cultural critic.

"The writing style is so realistic and fake at the same time it's mind blowing but my grandpa died." -Grimmer

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[...] and – hopefully not many – more creepy propaganda techniques exposed.

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SAKER MESSAGE:

The Menticide Manual – Terms of Breeding

11360 Views

🛗 January 25, 2022

By Thorsten J. Pattberg for the Saker Blog

Breeding here refers to producing humans with desired characteristics. Selective breeding has been going on since we saw ass. If you have any reason to believe that you were NOT bred for desired characteristics, then you most likely are... well... a child of burden. I know it hurts, but after this chapter, you'll have more clarity.

Unnatural Degeneracy: Biopolitics

In 2009, a wicked man from the Christian Democratic Union became the German Federal Minister of Defense. His name was Baron Dr. Karl-Theodor Maria Nikolaus Johann Jacob Philipp Franz Joseph Sylvester Buhl-Freiherr von und zu Guttenberg.

This degenerate is a descendant of a long line of degenerates that never worked in their life, owned estates and serfs, had visited private elite schools throughout the Ages of Empire, attended corrupt universities such as in Munich or Bayreuth, and held countless political posts, including parliamentarians, chairmen, shareholders, expert commissioners and later Federal Minister for Economics, before Karl was finally offered the Defense Ministry.

In 2011, something went terribly wrong for Karl. Too many audiences noticed that Karl was unusually degenerate. University professors, political bedfellows and eminent heads had long suspected that Karl-Theodor was a Holy-Roman-Emperor-level sociopath and narcissist, and that Karl made it his habit to lie on the smallest occasions, down to the footnotes. And they asked themselves, in all those 900 years that Karl traced back his noble lineage of the Guttenbergs, had there not been one civil war, one world war, one 30-years war, one feudal massacre, inquisition, revolution or any other single glorious battlefield that his ancestors had better preferred to die back-

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to-back in honor – like most other noble lines; or could it be that these Guttenbergs had simply... painted the bushes and sold the rest of us down the river?

An investigation started into Karl's fabulous doctoral dissertation at Bayreuth University, and of course... It was hilarious plagiarism. His fellow 13 Ministers, including Chancellor Angela Merkel, tried to phrase it diplomatically, but a group of anonymous satirists threatened to turn over the University of Bayreuth for running a racket of awarding fake titles to A LOT OF POLITICIANS – so Karl was asked to resign.

Aristocracy, birth privilege and titles of nobility were officially delegitimized in Germany during the Weimar Republic in 1919. One reason was inbred degeneracy. Another important reason was degeneracy that was inbred. But the main reason really was horribly inbred degeneracy.

Of course the aristocracy kept breeding their sociopathic lines – for one day the Emperor might return. On March 1st, 2011, Karl-Theodor, no longer a Doctor in Germany, resigned and planned to migrate to where all sociopaths in the world migrate to. Karl-Theodor zu Guttenberg migrated to the United States of America.

This chapter is about the terms of human breeding. There are breeding programs all over the world, and the most obvious ones are segregated schools, caste systems and fantastic posts for the ruling families.

Because the terms of breeding are so vast and complex, we shall only focus on what matters most: That our caretakers and masters are sadistic sociopaths.

They were bred for sociopathic traits such as infidelity, betrayal (don't think that the ancestors of Karl ever fought alongside their serfs in battle), narcissism and psychopathy – the latter one includes borderline personality disorders, promiscuity and antisocial behavior. In the language of the folks: our rulers are born bullies, liars and abusers.

Breeding Values: Selection of the Unelected

Humans have vastly different breeding values. Our individual breeding value is assessed by authorities through our looks and our upbringing; that is they determine your ancestors, your family's past and your childhood that will determine your future performance.

Most of us are bred lethargic, submissive, pastoral or utilitarian. We are indifferent, addictive and own nothing. However, a large subsection is bred exceptionally retarded, violent and very criminal. Why?

If the idea that your psychopathic government is purposely breeding a borderline subhuman, violent and dumb underclass is shocking to you, please consider that virtually all of America's 2.3 million violent prison inmates have far more offspring than the average middle class American.

The criminals' breeding value derives mostly from their utility. They are a bioweapon. Governments breed grunts for low impulse control, high criminal energy and all kinds of mental limitations. Something similar goes on with female aberrations; one third of all females are going straight into the public use and amusement industry.

Convicts are released for territorial expansion, for subverting enemy states or for punishing ungovernable protectorates. So during the last 500 years, every 20 years or so, the Europeans emptied their prisons, and onto all five continents, and terrorized the clueless indigenous Welcome people.

Those programs are still running. Our sociopath legislators promote the socializing of murderers and rapists and terrorists. It is a great asset to have. Did you know that

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violent criminals are given special conjugal visits, which means private time to breed? Violent and aggressive men would probably reproduce a lot in nature. So we keep it that way, even if we have them locked up for now.

Terms of breeding are mostly genetic, but the environment is crucial to maximize human utility. And just like animal farming is arranged to maximize production and to minimize costs, human livestock must also be perfectly integrated. For marching orders, propaganda is required.

Visitors to America often notice the intense propaganda of violence, gangsterism, pornography, drugs, war and crimes. It is everywhere. That is because America *is at war*, everywhere.

America wants to have one billion people, up from currently just 327 million, and the master breeders are massively mixing low-IQ bio masses. Being in this massive war mode, the general population is systematically being demoralized, atomized and sent into constant daily survival mode, while the rulers of course plan hundreds, if not thousands of years ahead – just like our little Emperor Karl-Theodor zu Guttenberg here 900 years later waiving his fake Bayreuth doctorate and a raped German Defense Ministry.

Meanwhile, the ruling classes are breeding for sociopathy, narcissism and cunning. These are the necessary qualifications of all rulers. Karl-Theodore was just one of many in the past decade who were discovered. Other German psychopaths with Minister posts were also sacked over their fake, plagiarized doctorates. For example, the former Federal Minister of Education, Annette Schavan; or the Federal Minister for Family Affairs, Francisca Giffey. Even Ursula von der Leyen, the former German Minister of Defense and now President of the European Commission, plagiarized in her doctoral dissertation.

All of those last three Ministers were females, and you may have noticed that subpar females are thrown in with the males into war mode.

There are thousands of noble families – landowners, industrialists and political dynasties – who grace their degenerate children with impossible academic sinecures. And since our degenerate ruling caste is breeding for sociopathy, narcissism and cunning, they subverted all political and educational institutions.

Selective Breeding: Unnatural Perversions

The Jews have been breeding sociopaths since the beginning of time – truly nasty individuals who show no shame, no remorse and no empathy. At the same time, they are wicked and sadistic.

But they are not the only master breeders. Advanced civilizations all over the world engage in human breeding, balanced breeding here for maximal diversity, linear unbiased breeding there for geniuses and superior bloodlines, but also more sinister programs of breeding such as the miscreation of subpar humans, out-breeding undesirable groups, or mixing and creating new groups such as monosex populations – gays, lesbians and homosexuals really – or now *transgenic* [genetically modified] populations, who are incredible cheap and disposable.

A lot has been tried and done. We recall the Potsdam Giants of 1688, not really giants by today's measures, but still a full 300 men battalion of 6 ft and 3 inches tall Prussian grenadiers. They are dwarfed of course by the 500 players of the 2019 American Basketball Association, negroes with an average height of 6 ft and 5 inches. The Swedish and the Norwegian kingdoms, including Iceland, too, have a long tradition of The resurrection of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ April 16th

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La piaga sanguinante sulla coscienza dell'umanità

pairing huge men with large women, producing the incredible sight of the Nordic Strongmen.

The pattern towards excellence is evident: You pair excellent parents. The world's best piano player, Lang Lang, had musician parents. The world's best chess player, Magnus Carlsen, had a chess-playing fanatic father. The world's greatest child prodigy, William James Sidis, had a psychiatrist father.

The Chinese have a long [Confucian] tradition of breeding geniuses. To this day, their logogram language is made up of 40,000 characters, and thus is beyond the memory capacity of Europeans who only have 26 letters. In mathematics, too, the Chinese outperform all known humans. In this 21st Century, we are going to see a lot more selection, because of technology, globalism and knowing the whereabouts of all existing humans. Crass segregation is going on in elite universities, where graduates, say from Berkeley or Peking University, are paired with graduates from Harvard or Tsinghua University.

Artificial fertilization is perfect for cold-blooded rulers. The old European lineages apply their semen on valuable donor eggs under laboratory conditions, and they even hire exotic surrogate females. Meanwhile, artificial insemination has become socially acceptable for the rich, from the royal Windsors in London to American celebrities such as Amy Schumer or Michelle Obama. Model Chrissy Teigen had her eggs frozen and later fertilized, and movie star Nicole Kidman and television star Kim Kardashian hired so-called gestational surrogates. Their children are synthetic children. And yes, the world's wealthiest man, Elon Musk, does not have sex with his wives. He had his wives sent to a clinic for in vitro insemination. You did not know that, did you?

Global elites use all kinds of trickery to procreate, and then pretend it was natural. Do you remember the sudden rise of twins and triplets in the 90s and 2000s? That was due to early hit-and-miss technology in artificial insemination.

Most of your author's Chinese professors in Beijing had several children, despite China's strict One-Child-Policy. Their children were not registered on the same household register, but with a mistress or a distant cousin. Hong Kong was the main human trafficking hub for Second children. The authorities looked the other way, because... it is breeding geniuses.

Things can fall from the sky on psychopaths in the entertainment industry though: In 2014, director Zhang Yimou was caught philandering. Nobody knows how many illegitimate children the millionaire sired with so many actresses and escorts (some say they know of 7 kids), but Beijing made him pay fines for just 4, and that was that. Because of the One-Child-Policy, the upper class Chinese set up breeding farms in California, USA, but also in Australia and Canada.

Japan is an extremely high IQ nation, where the noble families, shoguns and daimyos, have out-of-wedlock children. I know that because I observe so many. I know one business man who sired three kids with three different, very attractive women. Those women are all happy single-moms, with houses and allowances. Their kids all practice piano, violin and attend juku classes and private schools. One patriarch, Mitsutoki Shigeta, got into trouble, but not in Japan but in Thailand, because he apparently applied for legal custody for his 13 synthetic children he distant-fathered in the Bangkok area. Wow, that must have been awkward.

All groups want to improve themselves, but not all are able to. The general population may accidentally produce rare mutations, this is true. So even average parents may produce excellent children, by chance or error. But this is highly unlikely, and more likely than not those mutations are disabilities. If however you have produced exceptional

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outliers, your kids will be quickly abducted by your superiors. This is well known in all societies and throughout humanity: that if you have an exceptionally beautiful daughter, you must cover her up or else she will be claimed by some local warlord. An able son will either be enlisted or enslaved.

So by and large, general populations are unchangeable and plain. The vast majority are average people that could never in a thousand years compete against their overlords or overthrow the master breeders. Only competing overlords or master breeders from abroad could make that happen.

Social Zoology: Rules For Thee

Since it is impossible to change the terms of breeding, we must accept there will always be different rules for different classes of humans.

Do not believe in anything they are telling you about equality or democracy. In America and Europe, if you have superior pedigree or test an IQ above 135, you are exempt from homework, tests and schools. Those mindless activities are for the serfs. You get your audition with the master breeders and they'll make things happen. Think of it as diplomatic clearance. There are no barriers and no checks.

Also, there is less bureaucracy. If a university or school wants you, they will fabricate a reason, don't worry. Like a sports stipend or a fake prize, a large family donation or a fat recommendation letter. In Chile and Argentina I hear they call this corruption 'getting a fast-pass', as in 'a fast-pass for American Disneyland'. It means that you can skip the lines and that long waiting hours do not apply to you. I like that. I will use 'fast-pass' from now on.

In China, there is a fast-pass system called *bao-song* (package-sent). It means forget school and grades, this kid you must admit. It comes with a minor catch though. The student cannot choose his major, the state does. As if his family cared. But this sounds very British, doesn't it? In good-old Oxbridge, it doesn't really matter what subject you master in, as long as you get... your Master. Every nation has its fast-pass lane.

After centuries of selection, most breeders encounter severe defects and inadequacies in their stock. Oh forces of darkness. In one old German castle town's youth hostel, the masters stop-watched us candidates recite pointless word-lists and tested us for reaction time and unnatural pathology and thought-crime. In a Chinese university, they passed around a tape measure and measured our head circumference, because for some reasons the masters believed that head-size mattered and that 24 5/8 inches meant that you needed your caps custom-made.

Who could forget such an examination? If you stroll the campuses of Todai or Beida,... you have never seen so many large heads in one place. They look like aliens. Can't be made unseen. This is the result of excessive over-breeding. Same at Harvard University. Have you ever seen the head-sizes of Ted Kennedy or Noam Chomsky?

All our nation's top mental clinics and laboratories are adjunct to our top universities. The master breeders suffer from the worst mental abnormalities and defects, from horrible misanthropy to psychopathy. Then there is the plague of schisms with these people. Schismatic persons can easily turn into traitors and backstabbers. Like Leon Trotsky or Leo Tolstoy.

There is also a lot of old money corruption, because degenerates like our Karl-Theodor pay a lot of money to get into top universities, but are unintelligent.

All these details and head-scratching at the top levels goes over the heads of the general population. The general population is abused six ways from Sunday. For example, the elite sociopaths tell the general population through literature and media

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and the education system that the working and underclasses surely are the most debauched. But that cannot be true, if you really think about it: First, the working classes are too busy working. Next, nine tenths of the general population have only access to one tenth of all females. The rulers may be fewer in numbers, but they own everything, and they are the worst abusers, torturers and tyrants – by far and in between.

The sociopaths that rule us are the most unimaginably cruelest and most abusive towards all human beings, but especially towards women, children and the pure and healthy races, who are completely unaware of the master breeders' satanic schemes. The majority of the people do not grasp the human hierarchy and their own enslavement. They are stuck in evolution like chimpanzees or zebras.

The author is a German writer and cultural critic.

"Beyond belief, I have never read anything like it. Our world is going to pot!" -IceMan

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[...] and – hopefully not too many – more horrifying tales of madness and insanity to come.

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SAKER MESSAGE:

The Menticide Manual – Pay-2-Play

10014 Views

🛗 January 30, 2022

By Thorsten J. Pattberg for the Saker Blog

Three terrifying tales that teach us we must never *lead with our wallets* to advance in a game. Ever! Just don't. Don't do it!

"Upgrade Your Princess Tower"

What is an F2P? It stands for 'Free-to-Play', and everybody in the industry is making those. It means something costs nothing. It is free to use. Download it. Use it. Play it. It is good!

But if you want to reach higher levels in this free version, it will take you a minimum of eight years or 10,000 hours of active life time – we call it "in-game time," but it is really just you aging. Or, you could pay us \$499 and level-up right NOW, instantly, just like that. Welcome to the *real* game of 'Pay-to-Play'!

Roland, 24, from rural Michigan, had graduated with a degree in software engineering and was now in a paid internship in Paolo Alto, California, at *SuperFraud*[™], America's biggest, most profitable computer game designer.

What do they want us to do this time? he asked his manager.

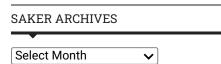
They worked together on the summer update of 'Cash-Titan-Clash', an addictive multiplayer battle game with 55 million active players.

"Well, we gotta reduce the gold-per-chest to 800 coins," replied the manager.

So little... It takes 250,000 gold just to update the Princess Archer! It will take forever to upgrade any of those units to level 19!

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"Yeah, gotta keep them playing, son. But we also give them 20 more hit points to their Princess Tower. That'll make them feel stronger. It's a real booster!"

Roland never imagined the gaming industry was like this. He thought it was different from the music and movie industries. You know... less *evil*.

How wrong he was. The gaming industry looks like free entertainment and immersive experiences, but it really is just this: the evolution of GAMBLING.

It is a great irony that Roland was brought up by hard-working artisans who taught him to believe that we all should be good at *something* and work hard at our craft... so that we are getting recognized and paid to do it!

Roland applied for a scholarship and got into the public *Michigan Technological University at Houghton*. With his generous stipend and his side hustles in the gig industry he was able to graduate debt-free and even starched some money aside for later.

Universities are all about hierarchies. Sure, he could be completely self-taught. It didn't really matter what he learned back in school or in college, because new software was invented every year. But employers like *SuperFraud*[™] are all about hierarchies too, and they prefer to see proof that Roland was able to study hard and work diligently for years, and show up on time and keep his mouth shut.

In gambling, the industry preys on addictive personalities. Which is potentially everybody. We all have our weak moments and yearn for a quick satisfaction and sense of accomplishment. Like winning in a game!

Lotteries always work, but are boring. Casinos are too extravagant. People have to dress, own a car and drive all the way to Vegas. Also, kids are off-limits. But with online gaming, everybody can gamble everywhere, on the toilet seat, in bed, in school. And kids, kids are now open season.

Better even, rewards are ethereal and unreal. Nobody wins any real stuff. We award players with imaginary tokens, loot boxes, challengers and gold coins. We lure them in by offering something for free. Like you were free to walk into a Shopping Mall. But if you really wanted to get something there, you had to pay, right? Same with our Pay-to-Play *SuperFraud*[™] games.

Our programs are so advanced, we are able to regulate our users' daily behavior by telling them what time to earn less or more crowns. We can withhold progress... until they tip us, you know, micro-transactions of \$2 here and \$3 there, upon which we smile and upgrade their shitty Princess Tower.

We offer \$9.99 *Daily Deals*, \$6.99 Special Offers, and if those addicts pay our monthly \$4.99 *Pass Royal*, they join our VIP lounge where we let them earn twice as many rewards as those losers who don't give us money. We even invented a \$14.99 *Seasonal Ticket* that unlocks even more rewards and perks, as if holidays meant anything.

Roland was working on code. Him and his manager could alter the metagame, meaning fiddling with the ultimate win conditions, and he could alter the ladder, meaning regulating our progress throughout the game. There was no end to this 'Cash-Titan-Clash'. The game started six years ago with 6 arenas and 56 units with 13 levels each. Now it has 12 arenas and 128 units with 19 levels each. Without paying to advance, it takes 24 million years to upgrade all units to all levels.

By 2021, the company generated \$3 billion in revenue and monitored 507 million game addicts in 152 countries.

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THE RESURRECTION OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOR JESUS CHRIST APRIL 16TH

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When Roland's internship at *SuperFraud*[™] ended, he was to see the manager. The last 12 months were a strange fore-telling. Roland's job had been to program games that trick innocent people into Pay-to-Play games that were designed to be unwinnable.

"That would be \$20k," the manager said.

What?

"You have to pay ME for giving you this great experience, son!"

For a moment, Roland stood there as if frozen in place.

But... but... I thought...

"Nah, I am just messing with you!" the manager laughed and handed him his \$18k paycheck.

"You've earned it. But really, there are imbeciles coming in and offering me bribes to give them free internships, haha!"

And just when Roland was about to leave:

"Seriously though, people in the future are going to pay us for giving them work. It's going to happen, son."

"Master of Business Asswhoring™"

Dan Danube Schlitzer from New York City paid a lot of money for his Bachelor Degree in Asswhoring Consulting. He took on a student loan with the *William D Ford Federal Direct Loan*, just shy of \$30k annually, to support his living expenses as a future eminent scholar.

Everyone goes into debt for education, duh! Also, Dan's parents had just divorced, struggled with the mortgage and... just out of spite for each other, each lived above their means. Dan was a born crybaby and sniveller. He was probably bright, but too idle, and consequently too inane for any sort of craft, and he certainly had not mastered a single useful skill during his first 18 years on earth.

Dan was eager to finally proceed to college where, so he suspected, they would level him vertically into one of those highly-paid professions.

The *Institute for Advanced Asswhoring of Massachusetts*, short *IAAM*, was willing to accept Dan Danube Schlitzer's application, because he looked the kvetch that would pay \$100 upfront application fee, and certainly pays the \$46k annual student fees.

Four years later... and Dan was only half-educated. It didn't really make sense to look for a job with *just* a Bachelor degree. Instead, he paid the upfront \$150 application fee and advanced towards the next stage in Higher Education – an MBA or Master of Business Asswhoring[™].

An MBA is limited only to the most promising scholars. It saves you a lot of time to get ahead with your career, because it is just a one-year programme, and it is also unbelievably economical, coming at just \$56k in school fees.

Sure, that first meant *more student debt*. But what a future investment! Think about it: This MBA was almost \$17k cheaper than an MBA at *Harvard* or *MIT*, and a whopping \$44k cheaper than Dan's original first choice of the '1+1 MBA of Oxford University' in England.

Dan had to find over-prized accommodation in the Hudson metro area, where poverty levels had risen by 80% in just two years in 2014. There were a lot of East-Asians and Orientals everywhere in low-paying jobs. Behind every door there were half a dozen The resurrection of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ April 16th

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illegals and subtenants, and Dan shared his flat with four other stinking poor future leaders.

As a top-tier future consultant, Dan was too intelligent to do manual labor. He once paid \$25 for a ticket to the Museum of Modern Art in Midtown Manhattan, and got hung up for hours at Vincent Van Gogh's *Potato Eaters*. Poverty is a universal disease, he knew that. He bought an overpriced print at the museum shop and pinned it to the wall above his lodge. Upon graduation, Dan would help people to cure poverty.

Emboldened by his own suffering, he felt his delusions were just temporal. A spiritual journey. Besides, all geniuses were social recluses. In reality, and this is what he truly believed, his BA degree was now worth at least \$300k – adjusted to inflation and scarcity of talent. And according to his Institute's own website, MBA grads could expect an average future salary of \$100k – no problem.

Dan Danube Schlitzer borrowed more money from his father, who first suspected that Dan might have gone into gambling, but no, his son really just wanted to pay for higher education. That was worthwhile. So, his father offered him his life savings, \$30k, which, due to the increasingly demanding luxurious life-style of an MBA Asswhoring scholar, Dan burned through in as little as 9 months.

Master Schlitzer by now had a view on life and of himself that was beyond contorted and delirious. He had published some nonsensical papers and, at one point, he announced the self-publication of a book of fiction.

He sucked his IAAM professor's ass extra hard, and so was up-graded to a doubledegree with the *IAAM* Partner Institute in Singapore, a 4-weeks business school trip really, shipping tickets and hotel costs all-inclusive, at the special rate of just \$14k. Now Dan was an Asian expert too. These programs really exist. The names are changed.

When the time had come for Dan to open his own Asswhoring consulting firm, he was shocked to learn that neither *Cambridge Trust* nor *The Bank of New England* or *Boston Private* would pay a loan without securities. They said his degrees are worthless, and Dan shrugged.

Despite his atrocious academic performance, his old *IAAM* supervisor called him back to the Institute for Advanced Asswhoring[™] to work as a Senior Research Assistant, voluntarily of course – that is: for free. This job title is invaluable, Dan! And the experience... priceless!

Dan did not know researchers who got paid. He never met real earners, or if he had met them, they did not signal him or give him any hint that, really Danny... What are you doing!?

Three years later... and Dan still worked for free. He was too ashamed to ask for pay and compensation. At the age of 26, he was trapped in *Raskolnikov*-levels of deprecating poverty.

Since there was no way of coming back from this, why not give it his all? He still wanted to cure poverty and become the best Asswhoring consultant of all time.

"Knowledge is the only thing I have left in this world!" he sobbed. So he enrolled in a \$180k 5-years 'Doctorate of Asswhoring' at the unpretentious *Hudson Institute for Pay*to-*Play*[™] or short *HIPP*.

But how to live and pay for it, you ask? What a question! All great philosophers lived in barrels. All great artists starved. Dan was hollow and lacked sophistication, but, luckily, his father died on insurance terms, and Dan could borrow from the *Bank of Fairy Trust*

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at high interest rates against his decaying family home. He was ready to pay for his ultimate education.

Dan ended up homeless in 2021 and hung himself from Boston University Bridge. He died from unbearable shame. His BA and MBA, his PhD and Research fellowships worth \$750k of Asswhoring education still dangled from his pockets. With them, he'd managed to wipe out himself and his family.

This is a true story. America's top universities are offering hundreds of thousands of fake degrees and programs.

"Mickey Money Wong"

Alec Wong, born Wang Dongfan in the icy northern Chinese province of Liaoning, came to Boston in New England in 2003. He was the only son of a soon-to-be retired foreman of a garment factory. Alec was bright, had an impeccable work ethic and superior education from Shenyang No 2 High School. From his 8th year, he'd played the piano, and from his 12th year onwards, he won team titles in the national Math Olympiad.

His widowed father had never dreamed of such a prodigy. Alec had the intelligent eyes of his mother, but otherwise was shy, pork-faced and practically ill throughout his early childhood, ridden with asthma and allergic diseases.

The *tiancia* [genius] – was soon enrolled in the 'National Endowment Trust for the Gifted', and awarded a full governmental scholarship at a university of his choice in Liaoning. So, Alec graduated at the top 5% of his class in computer engineering from Liaoning University of Technology in Shenyang.

His professors consulted with his father, and, since Alec was a glutton for work, they recommended "foreign experiences" before his returning to a position of higher significance in China.

For high caliber Chinese IT guys to America, visa procedures run extra smoothly if you pay an expensive visa agency. Also, the Wangs had a distant auntie living in Cambridge. There were huge Chinese communities around *Boston University, MIT* and *Harvard*. There was so much networking going on, yet his father advised Alec to stay clear of the treacherous Chinese diaspora with their *li* (rituals) and *guanxi* (connections), and establish himself first among Americans.

Alec started at *Boston China Smart Robotics* with an annual salary of \$150k plus bonus.

He had lots of money but little time. And it was about time to find a spouse. A Chinese spouse. In America. Preferably from Liaoning.

Two years later, at the age of 26, Alec was introduced to a Chinese woman with ancestry in Shenyang, 22 years of age, who had been born second generation Chinese in Boston and was therefore an American citizen. This meant that if Alec was to marry her, he could apply for permanent residency permit, and his children would get US passports.

They had a memorable first date weekend at *Walt Disney World® Resort* in Florida. He objectively thought her exceptionally ignorant and simple-wired, with no knowledge of traditional China, world literature, music or science, and was even more dumbfounded to learn she briefly attended a prestigious (Boston) College. But what did he know, this was America. People learn different things.

He was overjoyed when she told him she was practically a virgin, and he told her he wanted a son and to raise him a genius. And he hastened and spent \$4k in two days, and she found this cute and called him "her own Mickey Money Wong."

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Sure, she agreed to marry. There was just one strange condition. One unusual demand that shocked Alec and his father. The Chinese-American side demanded a key-money before the marriage of \$50k, a \$50k wedding party, and a down-payment for buying a house, worth \$250k.

Dowries were common in mainland China, but were usually paid by the bride's family. But this was America, and the Chinese-American diaspora thought high about themselves, and thus they demanded all this money from Alec.

And Alec paid to enter the marriage. He paid the dowry, he paid the house, he paid for private health insurance. He paid in cash for a Ford SUV Hybrid and soon, a Daimler Smart car as an anniversary gift for his bride, who was herself enrolled at the *Hudson Business School for Chinese Wives*.

Alec wished he had more time to travel with his newlywed *laopo*, but because he was ambitious and worked hard for the money, he gave her a \$20k allowance, which she spent socializing with friends in the Midwest over the winter. When she returned, she came with her sister, who had just gotten away from the Soka Cult, escaped her cultist boyfriend and looked for shelter. His wife's sister moved in with them, and six months later Alec was asked to pay another \$18k to help her rent a new place down the road and start a new life with... a new boyfriend.

A month passed, and a second "sister" turned up at the house. Alec could have shown them the door, but he dared not to upset his wife. Alec was the breadwinner, that was true. But it was she who flashed the credit cards, had the house in her name and made all decisions. It was apparent to everyone who knew them that he did not have much power in this caustic marriage other than his wallet.

His wife was loud, extremely vapid he thought, and unforgiving. She was attractive, that was good. He, on the other hand, battled chronic illness and asthma again. If he fell ill now, she would abandon him.

His wife, her two sisters and his in-laws constantly obligated him to pay for travel and dinners, and even silkwood golden furniture and a pair of gaudy miniature pugs. Oh they were shameless! This marriage was dripping with poison, and he had better handed all matters of income to his housekeeping wife.

It was quiet for a while, and sexless, so he was mortified she could be planning on having an affair. In a last attempt of *xiao* (piety), he bought his in-laws a large \$80k jade sculpture of Guanyin, the Chinese Goddess of Fertility. But that only bought him sympathy for a month or two.

The next year, Alec tried to lay with his wife, but she found all kinds of excuses, insults and, when he had had the idea of forcing himself on her, slapped him soundly.

If he wanted his son, she said, it was only gonna happen through a fertilization clinic (IVF). This is America! So Alec paid \$15k a month, for 6 months, with no results.

One Friday, the clinic called him over "an infectious agent in his semen," and he knew for a fact that he did not hand them anything that week. When he confronted his wife, she smacked him over the head again. In Chinese families, there is a lot of fighting and slapping, and women regularly beat their husbands and kids. But Americans typically look the other way because the Chinese make this country a lot of money.

Alec never fought back. He got his promotion to TechLead, and his salaries increased to \$250k, with a hefty bonus paid out in company shares. He bought a bigger home. Birthday parties, Thanksgiving, Christmas parties. These were all strange customs to Alec, but what did he know, to them he was just "a communist." And when one evening

on the occasion of Chinese New Year he sobbed and played the *Kreutzer Sonata* on a friend's piano, she felt the most violent contempt for his erudite learnedness.

She soon demanded he paid for her marriage counselor and therapist, \$14k. When she recovered, she confessed to Alec that her family owed \$120k to moneylenders over some failed ponzi scheme involving fake dietary and health supplements. So in a final attempt to please them, Alec now paid their creditors as well.

Six years passed, and hard-working Alec had no kids but got an offer to relocate to Mountain View in California, because he was headhunted by *Google*, the future's world's leading search engine. The salary was agreed on \$410k.

This is a true story, and Alec, then 34, never turned up at 1600 Amphitheater Parkway in 2008. His father had died of sorrow back in Shenyang, Liaoning, and when his wife disrespected him again, Alec walked out of the door, boarded a plane and went back to China.

His wife reported him to the Federal Bureau of Investigation as a wife beater and foreign agent, misleading her with false information to have sex with her, and now seeking \$2.8 million as compensation for unbearable emotional stress. Lawyers filed for divorce and seizure of all his assets, bank accounts and possessions. He was trialed *in absentia* over rape charges, visa fraud and running a fake dietary supplement scam. And to this day, fugitive Alec Dongfan Wang [not his real name] remains on the list of the *FBI's Most Wanted Terrorists*.

The author is a German writer and cultural critic.

"#3, Alec the killer. He killed his wife. Her sisters filed the motion." -MIRcleHomocide

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[...] and – hopefully not too many – more horrifying tales of madness and insanity to come.

The Essential Saker IV: Messianic Narcissism's Agony by a Thousand Cuts

The Essential Saker IV: Messianic Narcissism's



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SAKER MESSAGE:

The Menticide Manual – They Follow

14370 Views

🛗 February 06, 2022

By Thorsten J. Pattberg for the Saker Blog

Corporations lie to us – the consumers – that we naturally follow their brand, cause and celebrity. We don't. They follow us.

Whitney Houston Follows

Whitney Houston drowned at the age of 48, face-down in her bathtub. Oh, and yeah she was on cocaine and other drugs. But that's not how she died, said her drug-addict exhusband Bobby Brown, who said she died of a broken heart. Warm.

Now, you cannot NOT know Whitney Houston. It is impossible. Why, because you followed her! You did not follow her? Well, now you are making yourself out to be a complete idiot, because you don't know how the human hierarchy works. You had no way NOT to follow Whitney Houston or any other mega American celebrity in the world – Elvis Presley, Michael Jackson or Whitney Houston – and I explain to you here why: THEY followed *you*!

You don't believe it? Well, Whitney Houston did not only believe it, she knew it. So this thought, the truth of celebrity and super stardom, turned her, like everybody else at the top of the information cartel, into a drug addict, a mental train-wreck and a broken vase.

Whitney Houston died in 2012, but they are still making money from her. She is such a perfect example for the theory of 'They Follow' that it needs to blow up. Whitney was a black soul singer who started her career with her mother in a church choir. She was tall, had a great voice and a beautiful smile.

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Now think this girl through from the perspective of the music industry, producers, film makers, the media, the magazines and the entire culture: We have – back in the 90s – 240 million mindless consumers in America, and maybe 6 billion mindless consumers in the world that is dominated and colonized by America. How do we go to each and every mindless consumer and play, show, read and repeat to them Whitney Houston?

And after we did that, after we traced and followed all of them, mindless consumers, we turned around and announced: See, all these people follow Whitney Houston.

The people have no way not to follow. Whitney Houston plays on radio, is on TV, is on tape, vinyl records and CDs. She is in every youth magazine, every men's magazine, every gossip journal, in every store, and at least 50% of the population is below average intelligence and thus talks about how they followed Whitney Houston. Well, they didn't. They were totally overwhelmed and brainwashed by global marketing.

Call it a trap if you will. Consumers are basically coerced or forced to consume. They need music, even in jungles and deserts and even if they don't speak English. So we wipe out their family musicians, their local talent, their nation's singers, and replace them with Whitney Houstons. Same with your national radio station, which now plays Whitney Houston. Consumers cannot connect the dots back to major record label's decisions in a far away country who control every country's local music industries.

Next you say you *refuse* to follow Whitney Houston on radio. Instead you go to see a movie. And what do you know, Whitney Houston just so happened to star in that mandatory global blockbuster movie – *The Bodyguard*, *The Preacher's Wife*, *The Princess Diary*. And when you return home, you can also watch Whitney Houston on Saturday Night Live or in a *Coca-Cola* commercial.

Consumers do not understand any of the industries and the 10,000 professionals involved who are constantly following them – the consumers. It is unnatural, unrealistic and absurd to believe that billions of people would actively search for that brown gospel singer girl from Newark, New Jersey. Yes, she is beautiful, but so are our own women, in our own community, our wives and friends. We should follow our own people, not some American.

Therefore, the producers and globalists and, this is not an exaggeration, even the US government and the military, must spend hundreds of millions of dollars to control networks of information and coercion, and must mass hypnotize every person on the planet to see, listen and watch Whitney Houston. This is the only way so that they can later claim she had the largest following on the planet.

Whitney Houston is following everyone, no deserters. You cannot live without reading, listening, watching, breathing Whitney Houston. She will find you, even in libraries under "The Greatest Artists of All Time" or in the book of records under "The Greatest Pop Culture Icons of All Time" and so on and so forth. The attack on consumers worldwide is ferocious.

So, say you are not into black gospel or pop culture but like the *Beatles*? No problem, Whitney Houston is also always mentioned in the same sentence with the *Beatles* for having produced "half a dozen of Number One hits."

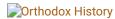
Whitney Houston is following you so hard, she was first painted white for a more Western European audience, and later extra darkened for the audiences of the Global South. Whitney Houston was aggressively used in national and international politics. She sang the National Anthem during America's 1991 Super Bowl. She sang 'How Will I Know' in 1994 for Nelson Mandela in South Africa. Terminology (last update January 25th 2021)

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THE RESURRECTION OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOR JESUS CHRIST APRIL 16TH What about East-Asia? Well, she sang 'One Moment in Time' for the 1988 Summer Olympics in Korea, lest the East Asians were not yet followed enough.

It is all fake and lies. She didn't even write the songs. That's why she became mentally ill and a cocaine addict. Whitney Houston knew her fame was disproportional and unreal. Like she was some pleasure doll of some Galactic Dictator who can decide: I make you a star. And then she is a star. Because that is what Galactic Dictators do, they dictate everyone.

She knew she was just a pretty girl with a great voice, no more but also no less. For that great coercion that the whole world suddenly had "to follow" Whitney Houston, she felt ashamed. All American superstars experience that shame. They understand that there was no way anyone cared a rat's ass for them if it wasn't for the fact that the Galactic Dictator USA controlled Europe and Japan, Canada and Australia, and hundred more regions where every single consumer is traced, tracked and followed. If the global music, media and entertainment industry wasn't targeting those idiot people with Whitney Houston, nobody would follow her.

How does that not make sense, if you think it through? The reason why the entire world is allegedly following Whitney Houston is that Whitney Houston global propaganda is actively and very aggressively following all of us.

And that's the ultimate reason why the world follows American Whitney Houston and not some Indian, German or Chinese chick. O power of the global Dictator.

Günter Grass Follows

Günter Grass is the 1999 Nobel Laureate in Literature and thus a world renowned author.

He was state selected as a great writer because he wrote that Germany was guilty of atrocities and that it carries historic guilt and must pay reparations to the Chosen people and so on. So most European leaders agreed and supported the nomination of Günter Grass.

Again, same reverse principle at work, nobody would follow Günter Grass on their free account, because he is obviously regime fabricated. But then, we are given no choice because Günter Grass is following us - and everywhere we go, in school, during exams, on TV, in magazines, in all libraries and book clubs and newspapers and magazines.

If you are from abroad, you have not read him, I suppose, and neither is reading his works a particular sensation. He is totally unimportant for Americans, and I give this example of Günter Grass to remind everyone that if Germany was the global Galactic Dictator, and not the United States, than Germany would make Günter Grass mandatory and have him follow all of you - no escape, no hole to hide in.

Little Germans are forced to read Günter Grass in their school curriculum. There, see, they follow him! I am being cynical of course. Günter Grass - or better the Nation state and the ruling class behind this propaganda - is the one who follows. We Germans have no way to unfollow Günter Grass in any meaningful sense of the word in the same way all people under American dictatorship have no way to unfollow Whitney Houston.

These big celebrities follow us, not we them.

Think of all those "celebrities" they want us to swoon, to opiate, to inhale and to see, to see and follow. It is insane.

The Germans make a great bunch of good followers. I am being cynical again, because, evidently, it is us who are being followed by state authorities, the regime

The resurrection of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ April 16th

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moderators and the propaganda machine. They are following us, not us them.

One cabaretist named Volker Pispers once modernized the age-old joke about dictators, but this time about Dear Leader Angela Merkel. Nobody voted for Angela Merkel because the people cannot vote for their leaders. They can only vote a party, but this is horrible, because the Merkel party barely got 35% of all votes, and this on the basis that only 65% of those 3/4 of the population eligible to vote cared to go to the ballot stations. So we could as well say that the Germans as a collective don't decide their leaders at all. Now I am going so far as to say that we don't even get a decide on which brands, causes and celebrities to follow. THEY follow *us*.

It is all a farce. The majority never voted for her, and most don't want to follow a dictator. "So, what does Angela Merkel do?" joked Volker Pispers. "She turns her back to the people and claims: "Look, they are behind me!"

The Economist Follows

One of the greatest hoaxes in science is... economics! Economics is not a science really. Economics describes what humans produce, trade, use, buy and sell. Ask yourself, do you trust the proverbial cars salesmen – what we in academe now call the economists? Never! They are bullshitters. They want to sell us their stuff, the more the better, by any means possible. They follow us.

Same principle described above with listening, watching and reading – people also need to do dressing, eating, shitting. So consumers will seek to buy clothing, food and toilet paper. And because corporations control these mindless consumers, corporations produce those commodities with brands, trademarks and logos on them, and tell people wonderful stories. And out of *Walmart* they march with their brand-new *Levi's* jeans, *Nike* sneakers, *Quaker* oatmeal, *Budweiser* beer, and butt wiper tissue from *Kleenex*. Ask yourself, do we really follow those brands, or do those brands... follow us?

This is an existential question, in all of philosophy and during the last 2,500 years. Are you a free agent, or are those corporations laughing their butt off at your stupidity. It belongs to the theory of knowledge or epistemology, in the same category with questions such as Do we have a free will or Do we just dream this life of ours. We have to seriously ask this question. If *they* claim that *we follow* their Whitney Houstons and Günter Grasses or their *Kleenex* toilet paper brands, considering all their state, media, propaganda and control of everything we read, listen to and (have to) buy for daily consumption... isn't it reasonable to turn our back on them and boldly speak the truth: "They are following us, for real!"

The 'They Follow' theory contradicts orthodox propaganda about the so-called free market, fair competition and fairy tales about demand and supply. From daily observation we know the market is not free, it certainly is not a fair game, and demand and supply are horseshit artificial under a global dictatorship. And we mindless consumers consume their stuff, surely we have to, and then they turn their back on the people and claim: See, they follow us. We don't.

I am in Narita airport outside Tokyo right now, in a *Starbucks* cafeteria. Am I a follower of *Starbucks* and its *Starbucks* brand and bad coffee? No. They put that spooky furniture into every airport under global American stewardship. *Starbucks* thinks otherwise and will count me in as one of its billion followers, customers, consumers, fans or whatnot. I am sure they will multiply my utility.

So across the terminal lane there is also a magazine shop that flashes all the usual suspects of English magazines and papers – *The New York Times, Wall Street Journal, Time, Esquire, GQ*, and *The Economist*. Did I follow those propaganda magazines to

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Narita airport outside Tokyo, or were they aggressively planted in all airports under American stewardship across the entire planet, in other words: Do they follow me?

I know the answer to this. I remember how Whitney Houston was stuffed down our throats in those very magazines. I remember how I never followed Günter Grass but was ordered to read his regime propaganda. I know that not the people follow those brands, causes and celebrities, but that those brands, causes and celebrities follow us – the people. Mechanized, automatized hypnotism.

And so I turn my eyes back to my computer screen and, O shocker what can I tell you... I see in all of my American social media the autosuggestion to follow and subscribe *The Economist* magazine that I just so mentioned, for 50% off its price. Do they know what we write and talk about?

Everywhere we go, they follow.

The author is a German writer and cultural critic.

"My favorite German philosophers are Nietzsche, Hegel and Pattberg." – EM

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SAKER MESSAGE:

The Menticide Manual – This is a Cult Leader

12376 Views

🛗 February 13, 2022

By Thorsten J. Pattberg for the Saker Blog

In September of 1986 in Keelung City at the sea close to Taipei, a distressed middle school teacher dialed the parents of one of his female pupils – the Guos. He said he hadn't consulted with the authorities yet, but that he suspected their daughter, Dangdang (12), was a pathological liar, and cruel to birds, frogs and stray dogs, and that without early intervention, we could be looking at a dangerous psychopathy in its early stages. That teacher, Li Guoyu, (27), was stabbed in the stomach, chest and his eye sockets 15 times outside his apartment building on Lane 319 Nanrong Road, driven far to the coast of Xin Zhuangzi north of Taipei, and thrown off the cliff into the ocean.

The Triad

The Guos had arrived in Taiwan in 1948 by ship from Guangzhou in tow of the military warlord Chiang Kai-shek and his treacherous Nationalist Party, technically the former Nazi Party of China.

The National Party seized power in Mainland China in 1928 and sided with the Japanese invaders and American imperialists to defeat communism. The Chinese, although betrayed, impoverished and semi-colonized by foreign powers, fought a 300 million people's guerrilla war. They liberated China and drove out the Nazis, the Americans and the Japanese, and thus forced Chiang Kai-shek's war criminals to retreat to the island of Taiwan.

So all those treacherous and plotting factions swarmed the tiny volcanic crust of ultramafic rocks, surrounded by jungle and indigenous people, whom they wiped out [The indigenous make just 2.5% of Taiwan's 20 million population today]. Warlord

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Chiang quickly established an authoritarian dictatorship that lasted from 1949 all the way to his death in 1975, and continued under martial law till 1987.

Chiang Kai-shek's former allies, the American and Japanese imperialists, channeled unbelievable amounts of military and financial aid into Taiwan, and it is safe to say that small Taiwan experienced what demographers call "an evolutionary bottleneck" – a small gene-pool of unusually reckless and criminal people – now awash in foreign money.

The grand patriarch of the Triad, Guo Long (who died in 1968), was a close friend of Warlord Chiang. Guo sired 32 children; of those, most had 8 to 10 children. His six brothers and three sisters had a combined 76 children, and most of those had 8 to 10 children each. The grand cousinhood by 1986 was estimated to consist of 1,200 individuals. With so many grand-cousins and aunties and extended family, in-laws and business partners, the Guos – who are married the Kaos, Wongs, Lees and so on – ran everything in Taipei and Keelung, from local politics to real estate, from food production, wet markets, restaurant chains to witch doctors and massage parlors, and – of course – organized crime.

Guo Dangdang

Guo Dangdang was the firstborn of the third daughter of Patriarch Guo, very beautiful but crazy Guo Leilei, who asked to marry a brawny paratrooper and part-time gangster.

The Guo Matriarch, Leilei's mother, and her husband, crime boss Guo Bolei, Dangdang's grandfather, did not approve of such an early engagement, least because Guo Leilei had been only sixteen and suffered severe mental problems, but Dangdang had been on her way, so they quickly accommodated a sprawling wedding party with 800 guests.

Dangdang, well Dangdang, was a born liar and psychopath. She could walk at age 1 and talk fluently at age 2. When she was 6, she killed the family dog Dolomi by poking a stick into its ear. Small child Dangdang peed on carpets, smashed glass and threw stuff against the wall when she couldn't get her way. And her parents, well her illiterate parents, spanked her, of course, and daily, and Dangdang took it, and she was alright an hour later, and quickly on her feet and hyperactive, cleaning, cooking, running errands, always talking and being extremely loud and governing.

When Dangdang entered primary school, she was sent back into homeschooling in the first year. The headmaster had never seen anything like her, he explained nervously. Dangdang *knew everything*. But not in a good way. She had *all the answers*. But not the correct ones. She was *always* talking back. She bossed around all 400 kids, and she henpecked the teachers and threatened to have them killed.

The Guos enrolled Dangdang in another primary school, away from Taipei, in Keelung City. She dominated teachers, classmates, the janitor and the parents of the classmates. Dangdang was incapable of speaking the truth.

She told lies, the most inconsistent and impossible lies. And there was no acting to it, no apparent strategy and no effort. Nobody could tell when she was not lying, because there was no baseline, no switch-off, no minute of calamity. "What is wrong with her," Uncle Wong Guolo once recoiled in horror, "is she *naozi bing* – a brain injury?"

Dangdang told her new teachers in Keelung that she had been a pianist and a volleyball player, top of her class, leader and school speaker. Well, we have a swimming pool. Ah swimming, she was a swimming champ too. She refused to enter the pool though. Out of the blue and for no apparent motive, she would gibber the most horrible family rumors and exaggerations, and if Dangdang told it, you had to believe Dangdang, because she was a menacing raptor, a celestial dragon, a harrier of words.

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THE RESURRECTION OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOR JESUS CHRIST APRIL 16TH It was impossible to stop her, as any conversation was quickly cut short, broken and disregarded, for Dangdang spoke 97% of the time, to anyone. And because the greater family was so large, so unbelievably large, with hundreds of family gatherings, celebrations and businesses each year, she quickly dominated the entire clan.

The Cult

Nobody who had ever seen Guo Dangdang in action could forget her boss-power. She remembered everyone's name and knew their businesses. She was physically stunning, tall, with a phenomenal range of vocals and glorious melisma, and an almost supernatural assertiveness – a creature of darkness. No shame, no ears. Visitors mentioned any place – Macao, Okinawa, the *ta-ma-de* Nevada desert – and Dangdang had been there before. You asked for Green Tea, and got water that "was better for you."

Once such a diva enters your life, you better run for the exit, because throwing yourself off the roof is still better than being emasculated, floored and used as her doormat.

Guo Dangdang had finally evolved her complete psychopathy – hardwired unreality. No wisdom, temperance or Machiavellian tricks could be used against her. She was a weapon system, and it was time to decide how to disarm her without detonating the clan.

Her parents, mind you, had six other children, all younger brothers, to take care of, and Dangdang dominated them and issued orders like she did with all kids and adults and caretakers. She was telling them stupid, ugly, and corrected everything they said or did, slowly chipping away her siblings' poise and self-confidence. Her father had long suspected her to be a *sentient being*, and stopped speaking up in her presence.

It was her mother Leilei and the greater Guo cousinhood that got concerned, very concerned. This was way too brutal. Outsiders had speculated they drugged her. They didn't. "She has rats in her brain," said Auntie Kao. A rumor spread that "Dangdang has mental superpowers." The heads of the Kaos, the Wongs and the Lees recommended an exorcism. "She is clearly possessed," said Auntie Wong. "She talks like ten people."

Dangdang saw anyone entering the room and started to give them senseless tasks or belittled them: walk slow, walk faster, change this, not that, do it again, no it is not cold, no it is not warm, see I told you so, not this spoon, the other one, you are so slow, Ma, isn't he slow? Ma said you're slow! Everybody, all her six brothers, looked down on their plates, ate in silence, because Dangdang talked and talked, rearranged chopsticks, stood up, sat down again, talked trash and spoke for everyone. "How is this possible," Uncle Zhou shouted. "Is she *shabi* – stupid? How can she tell me what I like and don't like – only I know that! And by the way, where's my dog? Mantou! MANTOU!..."

So at age 16, it was decided that Dangdang should not be around her siblings, and also not around her cousins and the siblings of the greater family. She could not work, could not attend a normal school, so they gave her to "the Cult".

The Cult was a branch of their Japanese overlords in Japan, who lived in beautiful symbiosis with the Triad. The Cult, as they could all agree on, breaks everyone. She could tell her lies to the Cult, and the Cult would take care of this. They would make her chant 10 hours a day for our prosperity.

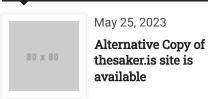
Superpowers

The Triad and the Cult were to use her mental illness in the name of subversion, and indeed arranged for her training in the most exotic places in the world, from Singapore to New York, from Hong Kong to Tokyo.

The resurrection of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ April 16th

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La piaga sanguinante sulla coscienza dell'umanità

Dangdang never attended a single school or class in her life, although she thinks she did. She just talked and talked and talked, and overpowered everyone she met, and pushed, patted, domineered men and women alike.

Over the years, she became louder and boundless. The talk time of her victims was now reduced to a mere 2% of any conversation. She farted in meetings, she lectured groups about the Vatican, the Great Lamas, the Lotus Sutra, their mistakes, their shortcomings, about Kuomintang politics, about the Tenno in Japan as if she was in touch with them, and because of her overpowering mental mania, it happened not a few times during gatherings that foreign guests mistook Dangdang for the Leader.

Naturally, she attracted many egotistical men with big wallets, ding-a-ling politicians, red-guard princelings, yakuza bosses and once even a Thai prince, all of whom sent her gifts or set up expenses accounts all over East-Asia.

They knew she verbally abused them – but such treatment by a superior female apparently is what most rich and powerful Asian men find fascinating.

No man can freeze hell, and no sacrifice appeases a psychopath.

She wrecked their egos, humiliated their intelligence, their height, their wallets, their fake careers, their gullible families, spread filthy lies, bossed them around and traumatized all of them and – some of them – she sent to their early graves. And she always, always killed their pets.

Nothing scares Cult leaders more than a female prime zealot. Female prime zealots often take orders too far, castrate men and torment their kids, and although Dangdang was overtly sexual, few thought it wise to make her children – whom she surely would overbear, terrorize and injure.

In a sentence, the top leaders of the Cult, just as the heads of the Triad, were terrified of Guo Dangdang. She seemed... *not human*.

And when one day, she was 35 years of age and back in Taipei, her family and 1,200 guests gathered to celebrate her brother's wedding at the Grand Ballroom, she – not content with not being the center of it all – walked over to the grand piano and started to torture the keys until the doormen had to violently remove her, had her grandfather Guo Bolei to confront her and shake her: "What is this demon in your head? What are those rats in your brain? Who are you?!"

But Dangdang just stared at him, stared into his inferior soul, and cursed her weak father and replied the piano was foreign crap and that her music was world-class excellent. And the great Guo patriarch of the Taiwan branch of the Triad for the first time in his life gauged *the Yaoguai* – the Great Fiend – in his granddaughter's eyes – staring right back at him. And the mighty crime boss felt a terrible stroke, violently gasped for air one last time, stretched out and fell dead.

Exiled

I was just talking the other day with president Jiang Zemin's secretary... "No you weren't!" I saw bigger weddings than this... "No you didn't!" You are so ungrateful, without me you would be nobodies! "But we just paid for EVERYTHING!" Haha, I paid! "You killed him, Dangdang!" I told him to stop cursing. Wait, let me call the best doctor I met in Bali last summer...

Had Dangdang been a male, she would never have risen through the ranks, and so quickly. She would have been stabbed and thrown into the ocean like her disloyal former teacher. But not so Guo females.

There is a clear distinction between a lying crook, a vain narcissist and a psychopath.

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Più lento degli HIMARS: la Russia dice che abbattere il razzo GLSDB non dovrebbe essere molto difficile

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O regime de censura em massa da UE está quase totalmente operacional. Será que vai se tornar global?

Lição sobre como reconhecer a linguagem do mal



Драган Р. Млађеновић: Пројекат Русија

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The lying crook fabricates or embellishes stories because he plans to outsmart his enemies and win gains. He is fully aware of his lying.

The vain narcissist believes he is a superhuman who perfected the art of lying. He is fully aware he is lying.

The psychopath however is personified lying. She has no insight, no effort, no strategy and no empathy. Plain destructive lying without a motif.

The Triad decided to exile her; she mustn't stay in Taipei, not in Taiwan.... for the sake of the country, peace and stability. They bought her a 1 million dollar mansion in Tokyo and prayed she would – hopefully – die alone and not nuke everything we've built.

Dangdang was given false job titles and fake work and lines of communications where she spent the last 12 years, 16 hours each day, menacing her poor people over the phone, talking 98% of the time. She still hates pets. She still believes she is traveling the world. She believes she was the best in everything, a very excellent high quality person with connections all over the world, knowing scholars, religious leaders, controlling Taipei, was co-running the Kuomintang, was co-running the Chinese Triad, and that she was the veiled leader of a global Japanese Cult.

The author is a German writer and cultural critic.

"If all the Chinese go to the coast and spit, Japan will drown. "-BigThink

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- The Menticide Manual <u>Quibbling</u>
- The Menticide Manual <u>Gaslighting</u>
- The Menticide Manual <u>Ghosting</u>
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[...] and – hopefully not too many – more horrifying tales of madness and insanity to come.

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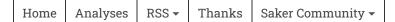
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SAKER MESSAGE:

The Menticide Manual – Wipeout

🛗 March 13, 2022

After a few weeks of hiatus, we welcome back Thorsten J Pattberg for the Saker Blog

Wipeout is the *man-made* annihilation of the weak. It is superior to evolution, which masquerades as natural selection.

Part I. Homo Erectus Pekinensis.

On September 1 st, 2003, the Ministry of Science and Technology of the People's Republic of China promoted a previously unremarkable biologist from Stanford University and member of the Chinese Academy of Science CAS, Professor Dr. Cai Hong, to "Founding Director" of a new International Joint Institute for

Computational Genetics and Human Genealogy in Shanghai.

China was to be the host nation, with the United States of America and Germany as equal partners. The official aim of the People's Republic of China was to establish the hoax of "the Peking Man" or *homo erectus pekinensis* as proof of a parallel Chinese humanity.

The official aim of the United States of America and Germany was to establish the hoax of the "Out-of-Africa theory" that claims there are no races, because all humans could be traced back to ancestors in Africa.

That said, it was understood by all parties from the beginning that this was a bluff for publicity, akin to medicine saying "we are curing cancer" or the military saying "we are arming for peace."

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Technically, this was about scanning as much genetic material of critters and man as possible, and feeding the data into a large computer library, onto which entitled scientists could then log in and apply their mathematical models.

Therefore, what was *really* researched, only a selected few knew.

The sheer man-power on paper certainly looked aspiring. Over 40 full-time Chinese professors, group leaders, postdocs and junior researchers, let alone close to 100 interns and members of staff, were selected for social ineptness and stupidity, from families of reliable goofs, so they never talked about anything that happened in Xuhui of the Old French Concession in Shanghai.

As to the 30 or so many visa Americans, mostly veteran geneticists, anthropologists and mathematicians, few showed up in Shanghai except for huge anniversary banquets and photo ops, and most did not have the faintest idea what CAS was doing; all they really cared about were visiting professorships, more international mileages and connections to the Academy.

As to the 20 or so Germans who descended upon Shanghai between 2003 and 2012, they eventually found themselves in some form of hyper-colonial disconnect, where they completely segregated from their lower-paid, Mandarin speaking Chinese colleagues during day time, and chased local pillow girls at night.

Interestingly enough, none of those Westerners advanced in their careers after Shanghai, the reason why to which we come in a minute. One guest researcher, however, was queer and seemed rather out of place, a grumpy old French mathematician of Soviet origin and specialist in Combinatorics, Professor Dr. Mikhail Reza.

Part II. The Frenchman.

Reza was already 70 years of age when he arrived in Pudong airport in Shanghai in September 2006. He had been invited by a much younger German patron and fellow mathematician, the rather libertine and loquacious Professor Dr. Alfred D Mantel, whom he met at various conferences in Europe, and last at the 3rd European conference on Combinatorics and Graph Theory held in Berlin in 2005, where Mantel boasted about his Asia credentials and his brand new China co-directorship.

"Shanghai is called *Le Paris de l'Orient*, and I saw it with my own eyes, *Professeur Reza*. *C'est vrai!* – It is true!" He brushed through his long, curly hair, smiling excessively.

"My Institute is in Old Shanghai, the Old French Concession, which looks *exactly like Paris*, only bigger – *tout incroyable*!" he fancied. "*Prefesseur Reza*, YOU must come too!"

The Frenchman listened attentively. His young German host brimmed with selfconfidence and an almost arrogant, rare *esprit d'optimisme*.

The two of them, as well as numerous bystanders, all sipping on glasses of 1995 Spätburgunder *Pinot Noir*, were well aware of the lack of circumstantial evidence Mantel was short of having produced yet to demonstrate his new Director powers.

"China has awakened, *mon cher ami*! You young mathematicians must go to China. The East is the future! I am as old as Confucius himself," Reza jested. "What good could I do in Shanghai?"

"You are never too old in China," Professor Mantel replied, in style.

"That is right," muttered Reza. "But is it not incredibly difficult to run an Institute in a foreign country? Surely, the Chinese will take advantage?"

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THE RESURRECTION OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOR JESUS CHRIST APRIL 16TH

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"You are wrong about that last, Professeur Reza! We are pretty much in charge of the whole thing. In fact, right now I am recruiting for next year's team."

"Well, if that is so, I would go in a day!"

"Pas de problème, Professeur Reza! No problem! I tell you what I'm gonna do: My Institute will help you with accommodation. But no salary, sorry. Visiting professor! Reimbursements... are negotiable. The Chinese call this fapiao. But don't worry. *Ils parlent tous en anglais!* All speak English. How's that, are you coming to Shanghai?"

"D'ACCORD," Reza shaked hands on the spot. "If you can make it so, I will be impressed!"

Mikhail Reza had always dreamed of visiting China. Besides, he was retired and had not much else to do. He worked on the revision of his magnum opus, the *Mathematical Companion on Distances*, but that could be done anywhere in the world.

After the two mathematicians parted that day in Berlin, it took about 12 months and a lot of emails, and Reza finally held his CAS invitation letter and F-visa.

Reza had been an unremarkable but likable professor of mathematics in France from 1982 to 2003. He now was retired, but felt rather mentally unwell, a condition that he kept secret even from health specialists. He also smoked, but not much. Officially, Reza had high social credits and walked about alumni society with the honorary title of a *Professor emeritus* of Paris Sorbonne.

Before his departure, he had carefully studied the press releases and journals about the CAS Academy, the Institute and the mysterious Founding Director Cai Hong. It was immediately obvious to a trained academician's eyes, that this *homo erectus pekinensis* story was a monster of the yellow press, and that this out-of-my-ass Africa narrative was just feel good lines fed to salacious media executives.

Beyond the junk news and inanities for the moron press however, Professor found no information.

The industrial fabrication of straw science and misinformation was nothing new to Reza. The Soviet Union spent hundreds of millions of *rubles* on Marxism, Leninism and Communism, and the French Fifth Republic spent hundreds of millions of *francs* on Colonialism and Catholicism. In fact, all nations exist solely because of so much people's effort. Nothing about them came *naturally*.

There are many disciplines of science that are taboo in the West. Not just eugenics, gene editing, mass-murder, bio weapons or money, but also foreign words, socialism, distances and inequalities.

When America and its European colonies pretend they do not know these disciplines, and even if they knew them, they would ban research on moral grounds, they lie to us.

Instead, the Westerners want to spread a lot of feel-good misinformation, such as the idea that the Icelanders and the Anglo-Saxons were somehow related to Zulus and the Yoruba. And because this sounds rather cynical from the mouths of American slave owners and European mass murderers, it seemed genius, so Reza concluded, to simply outsource the propaganda and have the impoverished Third-World Chinese say it instead.

Yes, this must be it. The Chinese had far less regulations and were bred on a different set of morals. They were callous and godless, and they had no moral reservations on matters such as human cloning, race liabilities, extirpation of treacherous generations or population engineering.

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La piaga sanguinante sulla coscienza dell'umanità

Professor emeritus Dr. Mikhail Reza wanted to give CAS and Director Cai the benefit of the doubt, but the whole thing looked premeditated: The Western powers had set up laboratories and servers in Shanghai to research the highly classified, deadly theory that runs parallel to evolution – that of *wipeout*.

Part III. The Shadow Institute.

Nine months in Shanghai had passed, and one miserable, rainy monsoon day in June in Xuhui district, not far from Xujiahui St. Ignatius Cathedral, in a large former colonial building now refurbished into office space for the Academy, Dr. Reza had spotted the lights on, hung over his visitor batch, passed the gates and bravely went about to see Director Cai, who was rumored to have returned from a long stay in the United States. And indeed, for the first time in his life, Reza had the opportunity to meet the grand CAS official in person.

Reza had not always been a socialist French citizen. In fact, he had once defected from the communist Soviet Union. He imagined he could appeal to Director Cai's sentiments who, although of course working for CAS of China, has evidently spent so much time in East and West, and thus *had to be* very much open to the idea of distances and dissent. O was he mistaken.

But before we go into this conversation, which we are able to recreate by way of Reza's memoirs, it is necessary to establish the background of this mathematician first, and next his tragic journey into the realms of apostasy and madness.

The Reza line descended from Persian-Russians in the transcaucasian territory of the Russian Empire some time around 1600, and somehow one of them, in 1920, made it to the Western frontier, the European part of the Empire, and settled in Petersburg, then known as Petrograd. A series of man-made catastrophes – from the Revolution in 1917 to two World Wars, Stalinism and the Cold War – had resulted in existential destitution and Mikhail Reza defected from the Soviet Union in 1970 because he saw no future for himself. A trained mathematician at Saint Petersburg State University, he failed to make an impact in his discipline. His grandfather, also called Mikhail, was an obsessive compulsive Tsarist, plotted against the Bolshevik, and at one point got sacked from his administrative post and sent to Kresty solitary confinement prison. His father, also named Mikhail, had been an unstable mathematician, was institutionalized twice for spasms and tics, kept his mouth shut, but eventually ran afoul over a petition he signed with 49 other academicians during the glasnost reforms in 1987. The stigma of being traitors squeezed this Reza family like a block of concrete.

Mikhail did not have children of his own, which he attributed to childhood malnutrition, overwork and constant stress during his intellectual rat wheel races in the Soviet Union, West Germany, Belgium and later France, where he was finally offered a non-essential associate professorship at Sorbonne University in Paris, which, he suspected, was just a state-subsidized job-creation measure.

He has been married twice, in Russia to a scientist named Ida, whom he left behind and never divorced, and later in France to an older woman, the widowed wife of a math teacher, Françoise, who constantly irritated and abused him. After years of humiliation, Mikhail sought the help of a trusted urologist in Ivry-sur-Seine, who confirmed what had long lingered on his tortured mind – that his sperm count was low and that his sperm mobility for all sense and purposes was non-existent. Mikhail was infertile.

From Reza's memories we infer that Director Cai must have been in good spirits at first, was generous and did not mind this uninvited guest.

Professor Reza started out with memorized compliments about Shanghai's astronomical skyline, Huaihai Road and the old Xuhui district with its francophile

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Lição sobre como reconhecer a linguagem do mal



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ambient, its historic architecture – the Wukang style, St. Ignatius Cathedral, Le Quai de France, the Hong Kou hideout, the American Club, the grand European mansions and panoramic parks, the alleyways with their 20m giant tree lines, but also the spicy cuisine, the art galleries, boutiques, the natives's thriftiness and hard work, and of course the foreign embassies and their indulgences in the plenty.

The director offered Pu-Erh tea. "So, how do you do, Mr. Reza?"

According to his memoirs, Reza had not left Old Shanghai in 9 months. He lived in the foreign building, just a 10-minutes walk from his desk in a two-person office, and came to the Institute almost every day, even Sundays, and it had troubled him immensely and stroke him as rather odd, that despite his greatest efforts to figure out what those supposedly hundreds or so researchers and their teams were working on, he could not see it. Not only were 3/4 of the buildings at all times empty, but also Reza could not for the life of him see what CAS was actually doing here.

The various wings of the four-storied main complex were neat and tidy. Security, gardeners, coolies, cleaners, grad students who brought in their love interests for a small tour, and in general mostly students from Fudan University, Jiaotong University or China Eastern Normal University, all of whom seemed rather happy to sleep over here at CAS, and not in their deprecated dormitories.

As to the academics who were supposed to toil here in their sweat, the two American codirectors perhaps, or the 6 vice directors, all those hundreds of board members and advisers and experts listed on the website... well... "everybody was probably very busy," he wrote in his letters, "just not here at the CAS Institute."

Part IV. Classified Research.

"This is nothing to worry about," exclaimed Director Cai in a rather patronizing tone. "The professors are busy men. They are tenured professors at universities all over China."

Cai was a tall and handsome man in his late forties, square-faced and with thick dark eyebrows, thin lips, and full black hair with not even a suggestion of a receding hairline. In accord with Shanghai's humidity and tropical air, he was dressed in lofty Shanghai attire, cashmere wool trousers, a dragon embroidery polo shirt, Church leather casual sandals and a saddle-brown men's handbag.

"Our distinguished foreign guests are free to pursue their related research. They use a lot of email. It's the future."

"Yes, but don't they have to be here some time?"

"Our American friends are obliged by working visa to fly in once a year," he explained.

Reza was shocked.

"To keep a joint Institute in Shanghai running like this must cost a fortune, yet nothing is happening here," he exulted.

It was true that Reza acquainted *some* foreigners expats here, but they gave him the impression of swaggers and snobs, and they behaved more like diplomatic envoys and colonial viceroys than trusting men of science. Maybe, they got distracted. Shanghai was, after all, booming. Puxi on the western side of the Pudong River, and Pudong on the eastern side of it, had a combined population of 26.2 million. Paris, barely 2.3 million. Unsurprisingly, he never met German co-Director Mantel in Shanghai once.

To Reza, it was plain obvious. The Americans expected Chinese researchers to operate at probably 1/30 of the costs. Then the directors wrote 1/10 in their grant application

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and pocketed the difference. And just because they could, they still would not pay their servants wages. After all, this was communism.

Director Cai picked up his elegant Seagull chronograph watch from his desk, put it around his wrist, and asked a simple question: "What is your pay?"

"I am a self-payer! I am a self-paying fool!" Reza cried.

"Doctor Mantel offered me a small subsidy of 4,000 Yuan, but my dormitory in the foreigners' building is charging me 6,000 Yuan. Meanwhile I hear that the Chinese pay only 400 for their rooms. What to believe? From CAS, I get... nothing," he exclaimed.

Director Cai smiled. He was a member of the Academy, a director in Shanghai, a director in Stanford, a visiting professor at every institute he signed contracts with. *Salaries* are irrelevant for cadres, and this fact was proof that this Professor emeritus Reza had never held a leading post, in any country. In other words, he was a fluke.

"So, maybe we could see what your responsibilities here at CAS are, and see if there was an opening in the future," the Director suggested, folding his hands. "However, you might find it disappointing to hear that our payment is low, very low. Certainly below your standards, in France."

Cai leaned backward in his chair and, because Reza seemed to wait for a question, he gave him one:

"Is there anything else?"

Part V. The Sneak.

"I wish to tell you," Reza came off on a mumbling start, "...I wish to tell you that salary is not the reason I came to you. I am also not here to cry wolf on the segregation system and office politics."

Reza made a pause to collect himself.

"You certainly are not. So what is it? Do you lack the means of a return ticket to France? We might look into this."

The old man rejected this ridiculous proposal, vehemently: "Non, absolument non! I wish to tell you, Director Cai, that I am a mathematician who did mathematical modelling for half a century, and that I appreciate the access to your databases on mitochondrial genomes,... *incroyable*! Coli bacteria, sea cucumbers, Peking Man... whatever! I appreciate computer models on gene distributions."

"However," he continued, "what are all these papers?" He gesticulated in front of him as if he had them, and read the headlines: "Just 2.5% of DNA turns mice into men'? Or this one: 'Humans and chimps are 99 percent identical'? Or this one 'Humans originated in Africa'?"

Director Cai brushed off this nonsense. "You know the journals are like the papers now. They just print *sensation*."

"The data does not support any of these headlines. What I am saying is, mathematical modelling does not support evolution. *II n'y a pas d'évolution!* Evolution it is not."

Director Cai was amused by this. Reza had lost his mind.

"Yes yes, nothing that happens on this planet is *natural*," the Chinaman played the part. "And how could it be natural, after all man did, right?" Cai found it amusing to play a crime suspect in an imaginary detective story. He continued to play along: "Not a single plant, crop, animal, ecology or phenomenon that is not actively manipulated by us. But we mustn't tell the public. Evolution is like religion... like Christianity. You just have to believe and be happy."

"Exactement!", yelled Reza! "We know one thing, but we tell the public another!" The old man pointed his two index fingers away from each other. He had solved the case, he thought.

"This Institute collects data for the modification of man's biology, the biochemistry of living organisms, the engineering of slave populations!"

"So, if it is not evolution, what do you think we are investigating?" the director asked, testily.

"I think the mathematics are clear: Your data here does not support evolution, it supports *wipeout*! Man is not 99% a survivor, he is 99% a destroyer. Or... a creator, if we phrase it for the idiot press!"

"Wipeout? That sounds so American." Cai looked disappointed. "Well, we certainly *do not research* wipeout. That would be unethical. It is neither in our joint mission statement nor in the international agreements nor in any contract, grant application or programme. Sorry to disappoint your suspicions, Professor Reza. Anything else?"

He wanted Reza out and about.

"Mon Dieu! It is simply *wrong* to tell the public that 120,000 years ago there was an African Eve. Or that 60,000 years ago some brave Christopher Columbuses or Marco Polos left their trees with a wish to explore colder climates. It is far more likely today's Europeans were the weakest members of a very abusive species that conceived their extermination.

"Only the strong survive," Director Cai commented.

"THE STRONG ARE WIPED OUT!" the old man stood up from his chair, triumphantly. "According to *wipeout*, which our mathematical modelling shows, the weakest members must leave and look for other places. That is why the populations at the Far East and the Far West are the weakest organisms in the history of our species. The core is strongest. The core is pushing outward. Now THAT is mathematics!

DISTANCES! You understand? I study... distances! Your Chinese ancestors were running, running, RUNNING FOR THEIR LIVES from those bullies!"

Last Part. Wipeout.

After that meeting, Professor Reza's contract with CAS was not extended, and the German co-Director who had misjudged Reza's qualifications, Professor Dr. Alfred D Mantel, was sacked by his superiors at the Max-Planck Society of Germany for his unashamed lifestyle of adultery and bribery. Mantel never worked or published in academia ever again.

Reza returned to Noisy Le Grand in the eastern part of Paris and handed in his revised edition of the *Mathematical Companion on Distances* to *Dunod Editeur*, his publisher, who suddenly rejected it. Desperate, Reza sent abridged versions of his text to various journals such as the Mathematiques de l'Institut des Hautes Etudes Scientifiques. And 6 months later, he received the mortifying rejection letter: *Ne répond pas à nos critères standard* – substandard. The death sentence for any scientist.

Reza had no friends, no relatives, and died at the age of 75 in an apartment fire. His savings had dissipated. Only among mathematicians circled the rumor that Reza was a raving madman, starved himself to a skeleton and sat up on a sofa chair straight, with a grin of last laugh and a *Gauloises* cigarette in his hand ablaze.

There are quite a few valuable lessons for all intellectuals to be learned from this man Reza. See, Professor Reza was right. The West *did* outsource research on *wipeout* to a Third World Country, China. And the persons in charge, the directors and bureaucrats, *were* put into CAS precisely for their incompetence and cowardliness.

The work on the human genome project was done by armies of low-wage Orientals and Chinese slaves in their rat wheels, running all the time for CAS, but personally never went ahead in life.

Evolution is *mumpitz*. It does not exist. It is self-defeating, absurd *tautology* to enslave huge swaths of the population, even run their bloody elementals through a computer program, and then turn around and say – O but it's just "natural selection." Nothing is.

The few scientists who knew exactly what they were doing never said a word. They would be destroyed the moment they leaked information to the public, because *there is no public*. Scientists are an old boys school, and anybody who betrays that school is eliminated.

Shortly before he died, Reza finalized his 196-page memoirs in English that he pitched in email to over 700 Western editors, newspapers, journals and publishers. None bothered.

None of perhaps a thousand very intelligent professionals that knew about his existence helped Professor Reza. And do you know why they didn't? Because there is... *wipeout*.

The author is a German writer and cultural critic.

"Eat Peace, Motherf***ers!" - Peacemaker

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[...] and – hopefully not too many – more horrifying tales of madness and insanity to come.

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SAKER MESSAGE:

The Menticide Manual – Dark Magic

🛛 16418 Views

🛛 March 21, 2022

By Thorsten J. Pattberg for the Saker Blog

Witchcraft and sorcery do exist and are practiced everywhere in the world. They are scientifically demonstrable.

Introduction.

Every writer on this planet MUST NECESSARILY believe in magic because they know that their written words have an effect on people. There is no physical causality.

All great literature is in effect magic, light magic or dark magic, or shades in between. The *Malleus Maleficarum* by Jakob Spengler is about how to trial and torture witches. It is very dark magic.

Churches are literally shelters to keep out Lucifer and his minions.

Our children love magical creatures such as the tooth fairy, unicorns and Santa Claus. *DisneyLand* is bynamed "The Magic Kingdom" – least we'd forgotten. Those are supposed to be light magic of course.

Dante's *Inferno* is about mythical angels and demons, and probably a healthy shade of gray magic.

Goethe's *Doctor Faustus* signs a pact with Mephistopheles – the Devil. Definitely dark magic.

Thomas Mann wrote The Magic Mountain, that "hellish paradise on earth." Dito.

The best English writers in the world, from William Shakespeare to Somerset Maugham, write about dark pacts and evil men.

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And so write the best Russian writers, from Nikolai Gogol to Fyodor Dostoyevsky, whose dark twisted invocations include walking noses, doppelgangers and the mental depravedness of madmen who, always always, seem possessed by forces beyond their control.

The most commercially successful American writers, say Stephen King or Phillip Roth, sell millions of copies about sabbath puppeteers, supernatural powers, twilight worlds and body snatchers. Their writings often hint that much at dark magic, but are understandably mitigated and defused by editors and gate gloves.

Fantasy authors such as George Martin or J R R Tolkien are world famous precisely because they write about magical healers, necromancers and the undead.

All our elites practice dark magic, from the Freemasons, the Rotary Clubs and the Taoists, over the Club of Rome to the Davos Men and the Academies. All their members are writers. And writers KNOW.

Enough said.

It is not just merely about the writers, it is about rulers who trail and control, trick and manipulate.

[Awareness disclaimer: This chapter is 18+ reading only. In this text there are samples of dangerous spells and maledictions.]

Part 1. Alchemy.

Alchemy is transforming one substance into another. If it is done by mixture or compounding, it is mere chemistry. Only if it's done by trickery is it true magic.

In European folklore during medieval times we see an obsession with turning worthless manure or dirt into food, or cheap metals into silver or gold.

This can actually be done, but not by the honest and poor folks. A few entrepreneurs were also poor, but not so honest, so they set out and beggared from town to town as so-called "alchemists," selling dubious healing portions and transmutations.

Those fake alchemists were technically the bums and homeless of their time. They could *talk about riches*, but they could not perform riches, not for themselves – and certainly not for strangers.

Today, the same type of homeless people run about and *talk* of turning any opportunity into shiny gold, but they neither have it nor do the part.

The fake alchemists out of the way, let us look at *real alchemy*. In 1984, some ingenious entrepreneur in Texas, USA, collected cow dung and sealed it with transparent acrylics to be used as... I don't know... as paper weight? Soon, the 'Texas Bullshit from San Antonio' sold for \$10, \$20, then \$30 apiece. Thirty years later, it sold as a collector item for \$2,000. And that is exactly the worth of one ounce of gold – last date checked: Feb 2022.

So, *bullshit to gold*. Not too shabby. Now, let us upstage that. Let us transform *nothingness* into great wealth.

There are incredibly resourceful alchemists who can turn loops and holes or any other "invisible stuff" into precious metals. This supernatural ability is sometimes referred to as *Midas Touch* – about the legendary Hellenic king who was gifted by the Gods the power of turning everything he touched into gold,... including his wife, children and the water he needed to last.

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THE RESURRECTION OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOR JESUS CHRIST APRIL 16TH Although potentially catastrophic, the impossible can be done. There are two ways of such horrifying alchemy: *Usury* and *Advertisement*.

First is *Usury*. The usurer gives away 4 cows *now* under the condition that he receives back 4 cows and 1 pig *later*. Wow, that is true magic, right? Where does the 1 pig come from? Not the usurer's concern: We will come back to this soon. The 1 pig had *to come into existence* somehow.

Second is *Advertisement*. That sort of trickery is even more powerful. The advertiser can sell the most ridiculously cheap stuff, even stuffing it with holes or air or ideas or emptiness, as long as he *boxes* it in the most colorful cardboard.

One English alchemist, traded on the London stock exchange of all places, sells dirt cheap plastic for twice the price of silver. You've read that correctly.

25 kilograms of plastic are \$2; but 25 kilograms of silver are worth \$20k. Twice the price would be \$40k worth of silver generated from just \$2 plastic.

Magic! How do the alchemists do that? Well, said alchemist sells plastic wargaming miniatures, of course. He molds the plastic into sprues, less than 10 cents each, and puts them into huge colorful card boxes.

When children see the box art, they are running amuck. They want to buy the worthless products based on, in this case: a fully assembled, glued, painted and masterfully manipulated imagery of a miniature army advertised, a spook that is definitely NOT in the box!

Both *Usury* and *Advertisement* can be combined to create entire cities out of thin air, blue ink or just a handshake.

The biggest alchemists on the planet are investment bankers. Let's say, hypothetically, that fictional *BlackBaal*, a land alchemist, wanted to conjure 500,000 residential units.

It is the year 2020. 500,000 houses could be built cheaply by tax slaves, but that would vulgar and proletarian. Land alchemists have tiny hands, but big brains. Why not find 500,000 properties that already exist? Those properties are owned by somebody; let us say they are owned by exactly 500,000 individual American households.

This really happened during the 2020 financial crisis, when the Federal Reserve Bank of America computer-generated trillions of fictional dollars and transferred them to the land alchemists.

All *BlackBaal* had to do was advertise to 500,000 American households and offer them worthless money for their properties, more money they had ever seen, and an offer they could not refuse because they were broke, insolvent or just greedy.

This was the *Advertisement* act. The 500,000 units were now in the hands of *BlackBaal;* but how to also get the former house owners to pay back the money, just to make fun of them?

This second act is achieved by *Usury*, and on a monthly basis of course. The land alchemist rents the homeless people back their former units, for a much higher profit, with interests! In about twenty years from now, 500,000 American households will have literally paid the land alchemist back the worthless loan for their homes in cash, AND handed over their houses – on their own free will.

Those 4 cows from our little allegory never had a second set; they looked 8 until handed back. Only the extra 1 pig, that is very real. And that pig, a certain writer, Karl Marx, called "the profit," and condemned this kind of trickery in his controversial book *The Alchemist*.

The resurrection of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ April 16th

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Part 2. Hypnosis.

Hypnosis is control of behavior. With this magic, the sorcerer takes control over the actions of one person or an entire group. Today, we do not call it hypnosis but psychology.

Images can truly mess up anyone's mind, but combined with words, hypnosis is truly an ungodly force. We mentioned famed English writer Somerset Maugham. In all his famed novels, the master illustrates the power of evil hypnotists over their poor victims.

In *The Moon and Sixpence*, Maugham describes the demonic influence of a psychopath who steals the woman of a fellow artist. In *The Magician*, the writer illustrates the brutal revenge of a hypnotist who ruins the life of a worldly surgeon. In *The Painted Veil*, Maugham touches upon the deepest fear of humanity, when a weak female is seduced by a master of the dark arts.

Let's take the Irish writers, known for their superstitions and religiosity. James Joyce's *Ulysses* is pure hypnosis, and reviewers called it a stream of consciousness and psycho-analysis or what not. Oscar Wilde is literally using language to do evil, whether it been the demoralization of his readers in *A Woman of No Importance* or the total destruction of their morals in *The Picture of Dorian Gray*; and he is known for his fairy tales that turn boys gay.

Many books are outright dangerous for our mental well-being, such as the baleful and shocking *Thelema* by Aleister Crowley or Friedrich Nietzsche's ultra-narcissistic *Ecco Homo*, the latter which is said to lead to madness.

When word magic is used to hypnotize not just one person at a time, but an entire population, we are talking about mass hypnosis. And when the victims jump around like follies and engage in ridiculous mass activities, we call this phenomenon mass formation hypnosis.

Some hypnotists talk their victims into body mutilations such as removing parts of their genitals – the foreskin of penises or the labia of vaginas. Once such a mass formation starts, it is almost impossible to contain. In 2022, about 1/3 of all males in the world are circumcised, mostly in magic-ridden regions of Africa, the Middle East and India.

There were many more gruesome mass formation hypnoses in world history. Some magicians in the 10th Century bewitched the Chinese Emperor Li Yu who had his concubines cut off their toes so that they could only tipple whence, not run. But they fell over for the next hundred years, so it was decided to bind their toes under the sole of their feet, starting at infancy. Those tortuous 'lotus hoofs' were still sold on the streets of Shanghai in 1990.

Brains do not protect from dark magic. Court historians were perfectly reasonable men who could use their wits and seduce the Emperor's concubines. So the Emperor babbled something about superstitions and bad moon, and had his historians amputate their own testicles before coming to office.

There are several forms of mass hypnosis still being practiced in civilized America. Some are harmless, symbolic only, to degrade the people, such as civilized men made to wear cotton penises tied to their necks, or civilized women to walk on strap pointy spikes.

More insidious, depraved hypnotism is performed though. It is possible to control women and have them sacrifice their unborn babies. This disgusting jinx we call *Abortion*.

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And in all these mass formation hypnoses, the victims never suspect dark magic at play, or are too ashamed to speak up. And even if they did, dark magic is entirely legal.

Hypnotists are charismatic and persuasive. If we gave them access to our children, it is entirely conceivable that they could turn boys into girls, girls into boys, revert to animals, have the children kill animals, torture classmates or self-mutilate... on their own free will, because it is *mass formation hypnosis*.

Part 3. Spells and Curses.

Casting a magic spell has an immediate effect on the victim. Everyone witnessing the spell sees the effect. Everyone understands it. The magic is irrefutable.

Magic spells require certain preparations, rituals and personal items in case the target person is not present. This can be a photograph, a strand of hair or even a close relative who establishes the spiritual bond. Sometimes, the setting is of great importance – is it set in nature, in a holy place, in public or in a seclusive war room?

The correct wording is of utmost importance; and, once translated into a different language, a spell often loses its original power or could have no effect at all.

Therefore, I shall present here a German spell, translated into English, and explain its effect. This death spell is taken from a chance publication of the Sunday's Column of *Tagesspiegel* from February 6th, 2022.

The author was Harald Martenstein (68), a propagandist and regime loyalist, and one of Germany's best known journalists. And because he was such an eminent man-of-letters, editors and proofreaders at *Tagesspiegel* overlooked an actual death spell.

Now, before we read the spell – in translation of course; I am not suicidal – it should be explained that the article magically disappeared, the paper copies were burned, and all digital traces censored. Martenstein was fired immediately.

Social media platforms who reproduce the original German death spell will be punished, according to the *NetzwerkDG 2018*, with 50 million euros in fines. Over a thousand commentators had their commentaries removed, their bank accounts frozen and the police knocking at their doors.

Any reproduction of the death spell even by mere paraphrasing is considered a hate crime. Now, here is the German spell, machine translated into English:

"Anyone who evokes the Hitler comparison, which of course is never true, wants to portray their counterpart as absolutely evil, as non-humans. The comparison does not want to belittle Hitler, it turns him into a kind of atomic bomb intended to morally destroy a political opponent. The Jewish star, on the other hand, is supposed to make its modern wearer absolutely good, a total victim." —H Martenstein, Tagesspiegel (from the German original, removed, Feb 6th 2022).

If you can plant that spell on your victim, in Germany or anywhere else in Europe, he is dead and finished.

Each culture has its own curses and death spells. That's why the Chinese government banned several original texts by *Mozi*, who was an ancient magi in 400 BC. He had some pretty heavy death spells going on. Just try and investigate the *sanzu* spell [extirpation of three generations] or the *yizong* [kin extermination]. This is brutal stuff, leading to the total annihilation of the victim and his entire bloodline. Their spell to end America is *shengren*.

I do not plan on endangering neither myself nor my readers, so let that *it be it* on the topic of death spells.

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Srebrenica Mapping

As to control spells, they are not intended to ruin or erase your opponents, but instead to have power over them so as to use them as your personal wallets, sex slaves or body guards.

You might want to look into the works of the mystics such as Helena Blavatsky and her shill *Theosophy*, or Arthur Machen of the illuminating *Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn*, or Carl Jung and his creepy "container and the contained" self-help groups.

For attack or defence spells, look no further than former US-president Barack Obama, his synthetically fertilized wife and the White House. They are technically another Satanic cult.

According to the *British Broadcasting Corporation BBC*, a respectable media outlet, during his eight years reign, Obama cast 1,878 drone spells, targeting buildings thousands of miles away, wiping out entire villages of sand people.

As to the best writers in the world, in addition to the aforementioned, all use word magic or allude to powerful control spells. Such is the case with the manipulative *The Mandrake* or *The Prince* by Niccolò Machiavelli, the frightening *Wicca* or *Elemental Magic* by Deanna J Conway, the holistic *Liber Kaos* and *PsyberMagick* by Peter J Carroll, or the utterly insane *Cosmic Memory* and *The Education of the Child* by Rudolf Steiner. All these works will make you sick to the stomach, so this is definitely not a book recommendation.

That said, the Hindu Brahmans always took the cake, because those above mentioned European authors almost always got their inspiration from some Vedic or Buddhist text, so their translations – or shall we say cultural appropriations – are far less powerful than the Sanskrit originals.

Again, much was lost in translation. Just think of *Namo Amituofo* or the cosmic syllable $\bar{O}\dot{m}$. Those powerful control spells draw so many Western followers into the mind control of scrupulous new-age yogis and esoterics – Rabindranath Tagore or Krishnamurti -both dead; or Sadhguru -still alive and silly – it beggars belief.

We can go on and on with spellcasters from every part of the world. Even Shintoists feel intimidated by more ancient Japanese spellings of their sacred *Kanji*, for if they were fully able to immerse themselves into forbidden shamanism, they would find *Yomi-no-kuni* – a world of darkness. Even the more recent occult literature on *killer kami* and *oni lore* and other bizarre literature by Yukio Mishima or Teita Monogatari evoke this author's memories of indescribable, xenophile phantasmagoria. The Japanese basically have orgy, honor and suicide spells.

Part 4. Panacea.

The word *panacea* is Greek and denotes "the magic potion that cures all ailments." A recipe or medicine that heals everything.

There are thousands such stories. In the 15th Century, Spanish conquistador Juan Ponce de Leon set sail from Puerto Rico to Florida to find the mythical land of *Bimini*. It was fabled to harbor the Fountain of Youth.

The English filmmaker David Firth in 2018 released a 12-minutes animated horror entitled *Cream* which captures the essence of the panacea philosophy.

While overly exaggerated and cynical in tone, techniques used by artists to help their films get past the censors, *Cream* is deeply disturbing because of two truisms:

First. Yes, *they* will tell us certain substances are the solution to all our problems. Tobacco was once advertised as enhancing fertility, curing mental illnesses, empowering women, and helping against the flu. Second. No, if such a magic formula *really* did exist, our rulers would *never* allow it. Just imagine we had a cure for cancer... that would wipe out a \$100 billion cancer research industry and probably bankrupt a \$1 trillion hospital business.

Those who refuse the panacea are considered offensive. They obviously want us all to die and suffer. Once marked a "denier" of the panacea, the poor victims can be tormented from afar.

This is not a joking matter. The governments can twitch and bend and break their bones, ruin their lives and disown their families. The punishment for not taking your *Forger* medicine that was designed to cure all ailments is real.

In Europe, millions of mugshots hang about with the faces of panacea *refuseniks*, now labeled as terrorists, racists, haters or deniers of science – and the entire society is mobilized to treat them worse than cockroaches or lepas.

Part 5. The Future.

Most educated people pretend they don't see it. Yet, magic prevails in education. Albert Einstein, the made-out-to-be archetype of a rational scientist, described science as magic, more magical in fact than magic itself.

Our governments lie to us; they separated religion from politics. They didn't, but for the sake of argument, let us pretend they did.

But they have never prohibited magic in politics!

The United States subsidizes political wizardry such as the Federal Reserve and the Falun Gong, the latter of whose disciples use ancient *jiao* [Taoist] powers to extend their lifespan, use telekinesis to move objects with their minds, tell the future through precognition or summon the magic power of *Qi* through their belly buttons.

The Wicca have their covens, too. The Pagans, their hideouts. The Freemasons have their ephemeral lodges. There are grand wizards in every university town, most notable the two sick Cambridges of England and America. Meanwhile, the International Federation of Magic Societies, based in Paris, has 50,000 active members.

There are other formations of political wizardry and witchcraft that only recently gained global recognition, such as the *Black Lives Matter* movement. This black magic has its origins in voodoo. In 2021, it managed to possess every corner of the planet, forcing 1 billion non-Blacks to kneel – a powerful control spell.

There is now Green magic, or a global wizardry order of "the Greens," with its own set of charms, enchantments and invocations, that possessed the Old World. The Greens have sitting representatives in the European Parliament. They managed to steal the Fridays from the calendar in 2018 and 2019, resulting in the disappearance of millions of science class hours. Gigantic wind turbines extract power from storms to feed us green energy, and a tithe of 10 million birds annually must be paid to *Mother*, the earth spirit.

Witches are everywhere now, especially in the electric darknet. As *Vox News* leaked in 2017, "each month, thousands of witches cast a spell against Donald Trump" – Trump then being the US president.

The occultists on Trump's side, meanwhile, unleashed memes and chaos magic. They uploaded videos of hypnotists long deceased – a "conjuring of the dead" – and summoned the Egyptian God of Darkness, resurrected *Him* in his wah-haha and hoho-hiho incarnation of *Pepe the Frog*.

We haven't even begun to experiment with Blue interstellar and cosmic magic yet, let alone explore the possibilities of all 11 dimensions.

The sublimate goal, however, of all wizards, sorcerers and witches is to turn dirt into money, sell magic panacea, ruin enemies, hypnotize our wills and cast powerful spells of brutal mind control.

The author is a German writer and cultural critic.

"But how does the frog stay alive in his stomach? The frog is the real magician!" - Jerff

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[...] and – hopefully not too many – more horrifying tales of madness and insanity to come.

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