

‘SING WHILE YOU RAISE YOUR BOW..’



These creatures are to be destroyed, utterly, humiliated, disgraced, mocked, ridiculed.

Can't all be hanged, can they, prosecuted, struck off. That's why they all gang up against me, the protection and promotion and perpetuation of evil

If they weren't all evil, they'd have demanded animals were struck off, prosecuted.

So what do they all have in common? They think bestiality is normal, responding to words with violence. They think we are all to be ruled by psychosis, stupidity, ignorance, criminality, because the psychotic, stupid, ignorant and criminal would be really offended and upset at being told there is anything wrong with them and conveniently human garbage is not on any account to be offended or

upset. They believe in the great god Authority. Authority is not to be questioned, challenged or of course ignored. Authority rules from on high and cannot be required to give account for its decrees. Authority and power are their sole criteria for the governance of human affairs. Virtue lies in obedience. Consequently they take no responsibility for their actions and do not think they have done anything wrong. Probably at least 60% of them are adherents of filthy dirty little fascist death-cults of obedience, impervious of course to the fact that England is not religious and where it is does not want to know about the ravings of flat-earthers, other of course than in the vile freak minority monkey-holes out which they crawl. They want the overthrow of democracy. They hate freedom. They hate democracy, think it evil to question Authority. They desire the imposition of fascism. They have no concept of individual liberty; they assume all people are property, either theirs or that of their masters and mistresses, to do and be and think and read and write and say only what our masters and mistresses deem permitted. They have of course no ethics whatever. They are sly and cowardly, refuse to speak in the open, devoid of all principle or integrity, having no ethics. They lie. They hate anything that is not vile, anything upright, honest, open. Fact means nothing to them. Reason means nothing to them. They are entirely intellectually and morally corrupt, walking disease, rotting flesh. They either have no intellect, are incapable of handling

ideas or are perfectly capable of handling ideas but think the NHS should be run by intellectually incapable ignorant criminals, fascists, psychopaths. They are in their entirety a fifth column of traitors committed to the destruction of this free and democratic country, the destruction of the University. They think they universities are or should be trade schools for the mentally damaged, 'safe space' where the sick and stupid are protected from ideas, being intellectually incapable; the intellectually confident of course love new ideas, especially ones they think garbage, and relish the prospect of demolishing them. They are bestially ignorant and think they know everything; psychosis makes them incapable of learning. In any case they have no intellectual curiosity, no desire to find out about the world; Authority has explained it to them and Authority cannot of course lie. They are suspicious of books, which may contain ideas and therefore lies contrary to the statements of Authority. These lies may be distressing and should be suppressed. They have no concept of independent examination of ideas or of thinking for themselves. Independence of heart and mind they regard as evil. They think Pol Pot was right. Education lies in learning a trade, learning to wield tools. Arts degrees teaching the use of the only tool that matters, the one between the ears, are silly nonsense. Consequently they have stewed ape-shit between the ears and have no concept of fact, of reality, of that which is reproducible and demonstrable. Such garbage as an animal might insist is reality, whether its delusional notions of life, the universe and everything or its delusional notions of its own brilliance or probity is not to be challenged by fact. They are completely criminal since fact and individual sovereignty mean nothing to them, others are property to be disposed of according to our masters' whims.

They are the vilest and most repulsive rabble of filth it has ever been my misfortune to meet, or in other words the perfect citizens of a totalitarian nation.

The worship of evil, the worship of filth and corruption and bestiality and treason, of lies and criminality and stupidity and ignorance, the protecting and upholding of vermin, has been allowed to wreck my body, pollute my and Katie's lives, pollute England.

I want them all crucified.

And I have a way of getting what I want.

Look at all the doctors and nurses who don't think crippling a woman is anything anyone need do anything about, anything that matters, don't think the destruction of a life, the destruction of the university, the destruction of democracy, the destruction of England are anything anyone need do anything about, anything that matters. Look at how they all love filth and corruption, protect and uphold filth and corruption. Look, dear world, at the filth, look at bottomless cold insolent deliberate bloody evil of these creatures, look at their total rejection of the norms of a free, democratic and civilized society, look at their total contempt for a woman's body and mind, for language, for fact, for reason, look at their total contempt for the tax-payers who pay them, look at their total contempt for the University, look at their sickness, their quaint belief they may not be questioned, look at the psychopaths who think they order the world from behind closed doors.

I invoke Artemis. I invoke Athena. I invoke Aphrodite. I invoke Apollo. I invoke Eris. I invoke Pan.

I invoke Athens, which is something different again. I invoke Socrates. I invoke Plato. I invoke Pythagoras. I invoke Pericles.

Stuff that up your fucking arses and die from whatever it is you would die from with the anal outlet irretrievably blocked – you're the doctors, you tell me.

Greece in all her aspects is dangerous. The critical questioning mind, the search for truth she represents are not again to be crucified dead and buried by the fucktards of the 'Abrahamic faiths' with their delusional fake 'certainties'. Mediaeval Islamic scholars, being distinctly non-fucktard, discovered Greece nearly a thousand years ago. I think it may be possible to say that the actual difference between the West and the Muslim world is that the West found it impossible to lose Greece and Islam well didn't.

Excuse me while I dress my hair with vine-leaves

No, peasant apes, I do not worship Artemis; we're just good friends. Athena is pretty cool too.

I have said: you do not do this to me, to the University, to England, and live. You will eventually discover the hard way that I meant it. Cunt-faced IQ20 nursies do not fuck over the University. Filth vermin scum butcher animals do not assault my spinal fusion and cripple me, do not wreck my body, wreck my life, wreck my future, stop me hiking, fat, fat, fat dirty smelly criminal animals like Boden and Saunders and Wilson do not stop me hiking and live, dirty smelly waddling fatarses do not take away a pleasing retirement walking the Downs and fucking live. Strutting animals like Ardesna do not enjoin me to silence over having been crippled and live.

Sniggering smirking yawning psychiatric cases like McGuckin and Whelan do not find my objecting to having been crippled and my objection to the destruction of democracy a huge joke and live.

Belong in a fucking zoo. One more fucking time?

Thus the story is told of Alcibiades—how before the age of twenty he engaged his own guardian, Pericles, at that time prime minister of the state, in a discussion concerning laws.

Alc. Please, Pericles, can you teach me what a law is?

Per. To be sure I can.

Alc. I should be so much obliged if you would do so. One so often hears the epithet "law-abiding" applied in a complimentary sense; yet, it strikes me, one hardly deserves the compliment, if one does not know what a law is.

Per. Fortunately there is a ready answer to your difficulty. You wish to know what a law is? Well, those are laws which the majority, being met together in conclave, approve and enact as to what it is right to do, and what it is right to abstain from doing.

Alc. Enact on the hypothesis that it is right to do what is good? or to do what is bad?

Per. What is good, to be sure, young sir, not what is bad.

Alc. Supposing it is not the majority, but, as in the case of an oligarchy, the minority, who meet and enact the rules of conduct, what are these?

Per. Whatever the ruling power of the state after deliberation enacts as our duty to do, goes by the name of laws.

Alc. Then if a tyrant, holding the chief power in the state, enacts rules of conduct for the citizens, are these enactments law?

Per. Yes, anything which a tyrant as head of the state enacts, also goes by the name of law.

Alc. But, Pericles, violence and lawlessness—how do we define them? Is it not when a stronger man forces a weaker to do what seems right to him—not by persuasion but by compulsion?

Per. I should say so.

Alc. It would seem to follow that if a tyrant, without persuading the citizens, drives them by enactment to do certain things—that is lawlessness?

Per. You are right; and I retract the statement that measures passed by a tyrant without persuasion of the citizens are law.

Alc. And what of measures passed by a minority, not by persuasion of the majority, but in the exercise of its power only? Are we, or are we not, to apply the term violence to these?

Per. I think that anything which any one forces another to do without persuasion, whether by enactment or not, is violence rather than law.

Alc. It would seem that everything which the majority, in the exercise of its power over the possessors of wealth, and without persuading them, chooses to enact, is of the nature of violence rather than of law?

To be sure (answered Pericles), adding: At your age we were clever hands at such quibbles ourselves. It was just such subtleties which we used to practise our wits upon; as you do now, if I mistake not.

To which Alcibiades replied: Ah, Pericles, I do wish we could have met in those days when you were at your cleverest in such matters.

[Xenophon, *The Memorabilia* \(trad. HG Dakyns, 1897\)](#)

No minds, have you, baboons, no minds at all.