

# Zero Lebenskraft!

by César Tort

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So disturbing was what I saw in Europe on my recent trip in 2025 that I will radicalise my already radical *Weltanschauung* even more. On 22 April I left for Germany and on 4 May I returned to my home country. I chose some beautiful towns and the former imperial cities, when the Aryan had not lost his manhood. The cities I visited were Berlin, Dresden, Prague, Bratislava, Budapest, Vienna, Hallstatt, Salzburg, Munich, Dachau and Frankfurt.

## *Berlin*

When I arrived at my hotel in Berlin at night, I was ecstatic with soliloquies as if I were in a mythical city: the city that had been Hitler's seat of power that was to rule Europe in a new Germania. But already from the outskirts of my hotel, as I looked for a restaurant to dine in, I was greatly surprised by the masses of non-whites. In fact, I was so disappointed by this area that I locked myself in the hotel from 9 pm onwards and didn't want to go out.

The next day the first thing I visited was the Berlin Wall and the Brandenburg Gate. The photos in this series were taken with my mobile phone.

Travelling by bus, I passed the avenues where the offices of the Third Reich had been: the Parliament and the Reichstag. Then I would visit *Potsdamer Platz*, *Alexanderplatz* and *Kurfürsterdamm* Avenue: all crowded with non-whites, though it was impossible to tell who were residents and who were tourists. From the bus, I saw the cement-block sculpture space considered a memorial to the Jewish holocaust—but of the Hellstorm Holocaust, committed on the German people, there is absolutely nothing.<sup>1</sup> Also inside the bus I saw the headquarters of the anti-white government that currently rules the brainwashed Germans. (If I moved to Berlin, they would soon trace my IP for these blog posts and break down the door of my house to arrest me, as the thoughtpolice did to my friends Joseph Walsh and Chris Gibbons in London.)

It is worth noting that, of the Third Reich offices, because of the Allied bombing only the Luftwaffe building remained (which after the war the new regime converted into the offices

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<sup>1</sup> See Thomas Goodrich's *Hellstorm: The Death of Nazi Germany, 1944-1947* (Aberdeen Books, 2010).

of the treasury to collect taxes). You can still see a few buildings bearing the scars—bullet imprints—of the virulent battle of Berlin in 1945, when the Red Army arrived.

In a capital that aspired to be *Judenfrei* in the last century, I couldn't resist visiting the Jewish Quarter. It was there that I began to realise that anti-Nazi propaganda is still running amok eighty years after 1945. Indeed, this trip to continental Europe wasn't a journey of pleasure but a journey of sorrow. My shock is appreciated by the sight of a healthy Berlin in the remastered videos from the 1930s we can see on YouTube. In the Jewish Quarter I saw a sculpture commemorating several women who were deported during the Third Reich.



What's worse: Berlin started the practice of putting golden plaques in the concrete of the streets near the houses of Jews deported to extermination camps. The practice then spread to other countries, always commemorating the names of the disappeared Jews. Here we see some of them under my feet:



It seems as if the central commandment in 21st century Germany is something like ‘You shall love your fellow Jew and the sandniggers who have invaded your Fatherland, but never your own kind’. Look for example at this large synagogue and compare it with the times when Berlin’s synagogues were destroyed:



When I was at the famous square not far from the Lutheran Cathedral, where places to eat both inside restaurants and outdoors swarm, I searched in vain for something similar to pubs to talk to perfect strangers and educate them. It was only in the evening that a German woman in the hotel lobby explained to me that Germany is not like England: you need to belong to a club to approach strangers. My very strong desire to talk to Aryan males and reveal that their government has been lying to them by omission—the Hellstorm Holocaust!—was frustrated.

I must say that, unlike the white nationalists, I don’t just blame the Jews. Before my flight to Europe I spent a night at the Hilton in Mexico City airport. It was there that I learned about the death of Pope Francis I. On TV I saw a commentator speaking in Spanish, who confessed that what he liked most about his pontificate was that Francis I had promoted open doors to mass migration in Italy.

That is worse than the Jewish-controlled media because the Vatican is a Western institution. Contrary to what is generally alleged in white nationalist circles, the betrayal goes centuries before Vatican II. Think, for example, of the continent-wide mixed marriages that a pope sanctioned from the 1530s for the Iberian-conquered New World. That was a preamble to what we now see all over Europe, and the more ‘white nationalists’ stubbornly refuse to see something so obvious, the more difficult it will be to rework a salvific National Socialist ideology that differs from 20th century National Socialism in its full awareness of the Christian Question.

Back at the hotel, around 3 A.M. I took a diazepam pill. It had been about two decades since I had taken one of those tablets to help me sleep. My experience in Berlin—I had seen

some mixed couples in the Führer's former capital—had left me shaken and I woke up at about that time.

So disheartening was my experience that, when I was in the vicinity of the great Lutheran cathedral, I didn't even feel like going into the museums. And yet my father had bequeathed us dozens of large illustrated books on the great European painters, which I had known since I was a child (remember what I said about Joseph Walsh in my essay on St Augustine and other influential writers, who refused to accompany me to Shakespeare's Globe for the same reasons).<sup>2</sup>

What is the point of high culture if the race that created that art is in a terminal phase, a phase of *zero Lebenskraft* or ethnosuicidal nihilism? And the same thing happened to me when, travelling on the bus, I spotted the Berlin Philharmonic. I didn't feel like visiting it, even though a few LPs still survive from the large number of classical records my father had, some recorded by the Berlin Philharmonic (Herbert von Karajan was my favourite conductor).

### *Dresden*

One would think that, if political correctness reigns in Berlin, at least in Dresden, the archetypal object of the fury of the Hellstorm Holocaust where whole families of Germans were incinerated, the locals would be more conscious. But in my brief stay in the city the diametrically opposite was true...

Arriving in the former capital of Saxony, on the banks of the Elbe River, the capital of Germanic culture and considered the most beautiful city in eastern Germany, the bells of the huge Lutheran church, now completely rebuilt, were ringing. I was annoyed that the Germans had rebuilt the *Frauenkirche* between 1994 and 2005 because it was precisely this reforming monk, Luther, who had introduced the Old Testament into the Aryan collective unconscious.



What struck me about the central square was a great secular contrast to the church of the former Augustinian monk: the Semper Opera House, partially destroyed in 1945 until it was painstakingly rebuilt in 1986. Before its destruction, some of Germany's greatest operas had been performed here, three by Richard Wagner and most of Richard Strauss. I was struck

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<sup>2</sup> This essay, 'Augustine and other influential "giants" of the Christian Era', can be read on my website, *The West's Darkest Hour*.

by the bronze statue above the portico depicting Dionysus and Ariadne on a chariot of panthers—the pre-Christian culture! Next to the entrance I saw the sculptures of Goethe and Schiller.

There were several tours in the central square. The one I followed was led by a native German with a Scandinavian name, Björn, who spoke good Spanish, having married a Galician. As I recall, we started from the equestrian sculpture in the centre of the square.

I said above that the opposite of what I expected happened to me, in the sense that one would expect a resident of Dresden to have, at least, some awareness of Allied evil during the Hellstorm fire that burned entire families in Dresden. When, together with the tour group, I brought up the recent Israeli bombing of Gaza and compared it to Dresden in 1945, Björn blushed greatly. So much so that he felt compelled to launch into a little pious speech pointing out that, after the Holocaust, the German government was very sensitive about the Jewish issue. His behaviour reminded me of those who equate criticism of Israel with anti-Semitism. Björn merely repeated the talking points of his country's political correctness instead of answering what I said: that in 1945 Dresden was left as Gaza was recently—actually much worse, given the number of German civilians holocausted by the bombings.

It is worth analysing why Björn got so freaked out by such a seemingly innocent remark.

In my already mentioned essay on Augustine, Goethe and others, I talked about how Augustine's devouring mother instilled in her adolescent son an evil introject that made him feel tremendously guilty about his nascent erotic impulses. My point is that an evil introject can also be instilled by the persistent propaganda of a powerful state, especially if the propaganda is repeated over several generations. For the Greeks and Romans sexuality wasn't sinful. That changed after the reigns of Constantine and the Christian emperors. Remember Nietzsche: 'Christianity gave Eros poison to drink; he did not die but degenerated into vice'.

Similarly, for eighty years Western governments and the Jewish media apparatus, including Hollywood, have made us see the Third Reich as the new Satan, and almost all of us in the West internalised the propaganda, to some extent, at some point in our lives. But in Germany the hammering of such propaganda has been as insidious as Monica's constant haranguing of young Augustine. In my essay I called this *an ogre of the superego*.

Our guide in Dresden, Björn, also suffers from an ogre of the superego, which in Christendom is equivalent to Augustine's toxified superego about Eros. And yet Björn told us a story of incredible betrayal by the German government: the relatively recent theft from a museum we visited of pieces worth millions of euros. The sandniggers who stole them will soon go free—and rich—as they only returned half of what they stole.

This anecdote that Björn told us, his Aryan pride crushed by an extremely toxified superego, reflects the anti-Nazi Germany of our times: we must love our enemies and pray for those who persecute us. Good neochristians! The unconscious ogre that inhabits Björn was also noted in the fact that some sources on the attack on Dresden put the death toll between three and four hundred thousand. Björn, an ethnic German living in the city, said that only 25,000 had died and that the rest was 'Nazi propaganda'.

At the end of his tour of Dresden's now reconstructed buildings, I asked Björn what had haunted me in Berlin: If there is an equivalent of pubs in Germany, where I could approach perfect strangers in Dresden—native Germans—to talk to them about important matters. His answer, or rather non-answer, surprised me.



He simply told me that he had to give another tour and that he had no more time. But answering such a simple question—remember what the woman in the hotel lobby in Berlin told me—wouldn't have taken more than a few seconds. So I was left wanting to talk to Aryan men in the second German city I visited after an answer that wasn't an answer at all.

In a sense I understand Björn. One can imagine asking a question about the Gulag to a Russian tour guide in Brezhnev's time. But in his case I got the impression that Björn had internalised the narrative the government tells its citizens; as Augustine fiercely internalised the anti-erotic injunctions of his ultra-Christian mother.

After Björn said goodbye it was a little chilly and I took refuge in a café with large shop windows to watch the passers-by. Although many were tourists visiting Dresden, I guess there were also Germans among them. It seemed to me that these white people were shabby, like in spaghetti westerns where you don't get good-looking actors like Hollywood actors. They were very different from the 1930s Berlin video I have linked in my website, and I was also surprised to see that many of them were walking around eating ice cream. For about an hour I watched them from the vantage point of my cafe with the large display cases (I wasn't wearing a jacket for the cold because the weather in Berlin had been warmer).

Keeping in mind what Savitri Devi tells us in her best books, to save the Aryan from his current psychosis—being utterly possessed by the Jewish collective unconscious—I guess it will be necessary for someone like Kalki to destroy the rebuilt *Frauenkirche* again...

### *Prague*

On this trip, Prague in the Czech Republic was the first city whose beauty struck me.

I arrived at night and saw the thirty statues on the Charles Bridge. I was told that even in the freezing winter there are people on this famous bridge. All the statues, without exception, are either of the so-called 'holy family' or of Catholic 'saints'. Very artistic indeed, but it is degenerate art because it is Christian propaganda. In fact, what I said about destroying the rebuilt Lutheran cathedral in Dresden applies also to Catholic art in Prague. All that will have to be destroyed by Kalki.<sup>3</sup>

Taking such drastic measures is noticeable even in the new pope, a Chicago-born mongrel. Dedicated to the order of St Augustine, before he was Leo XIV he had criticised Donald Trump's anti-immigration policies. Or do Catholic racialists think it has nothing to do with their religion that the hotel I stayed at in Prague had blacks in the lobby? Are they so dishonest as to claim that it doesn't affect the Czech collective unconscious to see their pope kissing the feet of a black migrant? Francis I wasn't hypnotised by Jews: he was inspired by Francis of Assisi, who kissed lepers. I have said it many times and it bears repeating: white nationalists are profoundly dishonest people who do not want to see what is right under their noses.

In the light of the next day I walked around the Old Square and saw the great church of 'Our Lady of Tyn', and then went to the Astronomical Clock that has been in operation since 1410, whose main attraction is the animated figures of the twelve apostles that come out at noon—twelve ethnic Jews! Then I visited Prague Castle, a citadel containing St Vitus

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<sup>3</sup> See for example pages 132-140 in *On Exterminationism* which Savitri Devi wrote in 1956, also available as PDF in my website.

Cathedral, St George's Basilica and the Golden Alley. I had to buy a notebook because my notes began to pile up from what I was writing on loose papers during the trip. I never imagined that a purely sightseeing trip would be riddled with devastating observations and anecdotes about the lobotomised eunuchs—the male Europeans of whom I have already spoken on my website, including the Czechs. I say eunuchs because there are now a lot of sandniggers inhabiting the Czech Republic.

In the centre of the old part of town I saw a strange sculpture, *The Butterfly*, dedicated to the two Czech 'heroes' who murdered Heydrich. It seems obvious to me that in addition to tearing down all the statues, churches and religious monuments in Prague, a Temple in honour to Heydrich should be put in their place where Aryan culture is taught.

We don't need a new religion like the Abrahamic ones, only to be aware of our pre-Christian cultures: a project that had already started in Himmler's mystical castles. We must reclaim those cultures to educate our children according to the varied heritage represented by Homer and Virgil. We must draw from that rich heritage, and the moral maxims of a good Roman like Cicero. We also need temples, and enclosures for reconnection with the heroes of National Socialism. A perennial fire in these spaces will be most inspiring! We need places where we can gather and remember the story of the white race told by William Pierce, and the after-dinner talks of Uncle Adolf. Remember: it's all about the story we are telling us! <sup>4</sup>

Back to my visit to old Prague. I visited again the Astronomical Clock but couldn't enter the cathedral because just that day a mass was being celebrated for the funeral of Pope Francis I, and it was crowded. In Prague's famous Jewish Quarter I saw the largest synagogue in medieval Europe, dating from 1270, and passed the rabbi's house in the most expensive part of the city. The sculptures on Charles Bridge that I had seen at night I was able to see in full daylight and photographed some of them.



When among the myriad of tourists I saw a good-looking Aryan with a pram and his gook wife, I wrote down that he was just the sort of people to be executed—Aryan male, mongrel child and wife—during what William Pierce called 'The Day of the Rope'. Also at the entrance to the Castle there was an army of tourists, and there I saw another pure Aryan with his Indian wife, carrying a half-breed baby: what I have been calling *the sin against the Holy Ghost*.

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<sup>4</sup> Here I am referring to the final three pages of my anthology *On Beth's Cute Tits*, also available on my website as a PDF.

Here is my shock therapy to cure Europeans of such ethnosuicidal barbarities. It took the Czechs six hundred years to build Prague Cathedral. Kalki would destroy it in a single second with a few-kiloton atomic bomb, like the one used at Nagasaki. When the time came that I took a panoramic pic of the city from the Castle, I thought: 'This must have remained part of the Third Reich. Hitler was right to take over Czechoslovakia'. Inside the Castle I saw an oil painting of Joseph II of Habsburg, Marie Antoinette's brother, who emancipated the Jews not because of Jewish propaganda but because he was a good Christian (Jewry hadn't yet taken over the media).

Then I went downstairs and saw the Archbishop's Palace with black flags for the death of the pope who, literally, kissed the feet of the invading niggers. The archbishop lives in that building. But what bothered me the most was something that happened at 3:15 pm.

In the middle of the crowd, a gook kissed his girlfriend: an Aryan nymph, the kind that even the SS would boast about in their propaganda booklets. This happened on the most popular square in the old part of Prague. In a truly civilised world, this would merit the death penalty for the gook, and the gift of that spoiled brat to a good Aryan soldier for his military services. What is the point of so much architectural, pictorial and sculptural beauty if the race that created it is now perpetrating ethnic suicide?

According to the white nationalist myth, the Jews hypnotised the Gentiles with their media and academic propaganda, supported by their financial power. In reality, I thought among the throng of tourists, it is *the people* who are screwed. The elites just take advantage of these masses which reminds me of the experiment of putting electrodes on rats' brains pleasure centre. The animals push a button, like neurologically masturbating, to such a degree that they forget to even eat. Similarly, all these tourists have become degenerated by pleasure. In my notebook I wrote: 'It is the Aryan people, along with the elites of course, that must be punished with the fury of Kalki: a Himmler to the nth power'.

### *Bratislava*

En route to Budapest I made a stop to visit the beautiful capital of Slovakia, a city bathed by the Danube, to explore its small streets.

But it is the beauty of the Aryan *race* that moves me to write. In the studio where I work you can see some framed pictures I took from *Maxfield Parrish's Poster Book*, where we see perfect nymphs. In Parrish's illustrated book we can also see ephebes, like those in the first illustration of the book, although I didn't frame that image. In Bratislava I made a disturbing find.

Since *only* the most beautiful specimens of the Aryan race are my inspiration, I couldn't fight for the whites I saw in the Slovak Republic capital. I even saw a short woman walking next to a black man. Unlike the nymph I saw in Prague who was kissed by a gook, a female specimen who might as well have modelled for Parrish, the spectacle of the short woman in Bratislava didn't bother me at all: her face was ugly, like most of the whites I saw there. Another thing that surprised me was that the white men in Bratislava were shorter in stature than I was. In my soliloquies I re-evaluated the years I spent in the UK and the US, where I got to see women as beautiful as the paintings that now adorn the walls of my studio.

In my notebook I wrote: 'For this race I wouldn't fight, only for the perfect nymphs I have seen in regions much less mixed with non-Aryans. What a gulf with Catalina and



Carmen!<sup>5</sup> And I thought of the Norwegian actress Marta Kristen from *Lost in Space*, who had been born in one of Himmler's human farms to breed a perfect race. I also wrote in the notebook I had bought in Prague: 'These are the kind of purebred creatures who should now be living in all the parts of Europe I have visited, instead of these third-rate Europeans who evoke spaghetti Westerns'. And I added: 'I greatly despise white nationalists because, given their Christian/neochristian programming—egalitarianism among whites—they are incapable of making these distinctions. Himmler wasn't of this perfect prototype, but he was noble enough to recognise it and to seek out, among the Nordics, the prototype'.

Then I sat down on a street famous for its trees to look at the faces of the people passing by. After a while I realised that I was next to the American embassy.

### *Budapest*

Before arriving in Budapest the bus made a stop where I got off and touched the trunks of three beautiful trees with the palm of my hand. I felt like I was in paradise with that vegetation. I said to myself that I belonged in these latitudes: far away from the 'Neanderthal-esque' tropical vegetation of the Mexican town where I now live.

The architectural beauty of Budapest impressed me even more than that of Prague, especially the views on both sides of the Danube on a cruise I took at night, from where I could see all the illuminated buildings and palaces, and where I had a glass of red wine. I had never seen so much architectural beauty except many years ago when I visited Venice. But as I explained in my previous post, we are not here to talk about the good things in Europe but the bad things.

I stayed in a hotel on the Pest side of the Danube, and then toured its boulevards, Opera House, Parliament, Synagogue and St Stephen's Basilica. In the afternoon I went to the Buda side of the city, and climbed Castle Hill with its magnificent views. But let's take it one step at a time.

Arriving in Budapest I was surprised not to see any street posters of niggers on the streets, which I had seen in Germany and the Czech Republic (not to mention my previous trips to English-speaking countries). Hungarians may be Christian, but it is atheistic hyper-Christianity that accelerates the Aryan self-hatred. As I arrived late in the evening, I went to the outskirts of the big city, to a restaurant in the middle of the forest where they served traditional Hungarian food. The next day, the first thing I visited was one of the most important places in the city, Heroes' Square.

I was struck by the fourth king if we count the large statues from the left. He was the father of St Elizabeth, a woman whose compassion for the dispossessed was a Christian preamble to the out-group neochristian altruism that the West suffers from today. St Elisabeth of Hungary is also venerated in German-speaking countries. The sculpture of the father of this woman revered by Hungarians, Austrians and Germans holds in his hands a document, the Golden Bull, which was the nation's first written constitution.

The first sculpture depicts Stephen I of Hungary (997-1038), who brought Christian infection to this land, a religion whose Apostle didn't distinguish between Aryan, Jew and sandnigger.

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<sup>5</sup> I talk about Catalina and Carmen in *Lágrimas*, the third book of my autobiography.

On this trip, which included the people of Budapest, I corroborated much of what I said about white trash from Himmler's and my point of view. The Nordic race is the paradigm of the Aryan. In other words, architectural art may be the frame of the West, but pure Nordic or English DNA is its canvas. A splendid frame with a bad canvas may have artistic value, but it doesn't move us to sacrifice our lives for the cause. I also saw the equestrian sculpture at the base of which the tourists see the coronation of Franz Joseph. In a world where the Aryan, not the Jewish archetype reigned, no king would be seen kneeling before a Judeo-Christian bishop.

The Danube, which divides Budapest in twain, is one of the most important rivers in Europe. It flows through ten countries, including Germany, and empties into the Black Sea. Churchill urinated in the Danube in 1945. If the good guys had won the war, in the days following my trip it wouldn't be the Russians who would be celebrating the victory, but the Germans. But the pungent smell of Churchill's urine still permeates the masses of white trash I have seen on this trip. So trashy that they made a monument, beside the Danube, to the Jews shot not by the Nazis but by Hungarians during the war.



It is said that there were twenty thousand, but when they ran out of bullets they started using ropes to kill the first Jew and throw him into the then freezing Danube to drag the others tied up. The monument is called the 'shoe zone'. I even heard one of the many tour guides use the word 'Holocaust' when referring to the event. I also saw St Stephen's Basilica in Budapest. I repeat: to cure the white man of his false guilt, his Judeo-Christian monuments must be torn down. That will be Kalki's revenge for what the Christians did to the Greco-Roman temples.<sup>6</sup> I also visited the monument 'Liberators of Budapest', which honours the Soviet soldiers in the 1945 battle, located in front of the American embassy. It shows how, despite Hungarians commemorating their patriots of 1956, the anti-Nazi narrative is never questioned. Viktor Orbán is not one of us. Look at this other monument he had built, not far from the one the Soviets put up:

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<sup>6</sup> Here I refer to Eduardo Velasco's article on Judea and Rome in my anthology *The Fair Race's Darkest Hour*, the PDF of which can also be accessed on my website.



Orbán's monument is dedicated to the 'Victims of the German invasion', when in fact the government gladly collaborated with the National Socialists. The eagle represents the Third Reich and, the archangel below, Hungary: a falsification of history because, as I have just said, it was the Hungarians conscious about the Jewish Problem who perpetrated their little holocaust. Below Orbán's monument we see pics the Jewish victims.

Originally the Hungarians refused to be Christianised. Gerard of Csanád was the first bishop to preach in the city. Like the Jews who almost a millennium later were thrown into the Danube, those aware of the Christian Question put Gerard in a barrel and threw him into the Danube in 1046. This was a time when the aforementioned Stephen I wanted to convert his people to the worship of the Jewish god. Now the Hungarians worship St Gerard, and a hill beside the Danube in Budapest is named after him.

As always, if the Aryan is to be saved, all these names of 'holy places' will have to be changed. In fact, throwing the first bishop of Budapest into the Danube in a barrel would now have to be done with the new bishop of Rome, who belongs to the most progressive wing of the Vatican, if we want to preserve the DNA of pure Aryanism. For example, I saw a poster inside the church at the corner of the hotel where I was staying depicting a mongrel recreation of the best-known painting of St Francis of Assisi. It is the command to love the enemy *à la* St Francis that is screwing the minds of these Catholics. When Bela IV reigned there were only a handful of survivors left after the Khan's invasion. But the city doesn't preach hatred of the Mongols. They should hate them and also hate the Allies who bombed Budapest in the Second World War. It is worth mentioning that on that day I also passed by the elegant mansion where Orbán has his residence. Curiously, the word *Karmelita* appears there after the order of the Discalced Carmelite nuns.

## *Vienna*

When I got off the bus in Vienna on the *Ringstrasse*, what caught my attention next to the multitude of historic buildings was the Vienna State Opera because it was the theatre where the teenage Adolf used to enter despite his meagre resources. In an imaginary 21st century Reich under the leaders who would have followed a Hitler who would have died a very old, natural death, say in 1987, there would be no non-Aryans in this area. Not even the non-Aryan tourists I saw en masse here. I sat in a café on a pedestrian street close to the Opera House to watch the pedestrians calmly having a coffee and a slice of cake (Austria is expensive, I paid

€17.4). I noticed that, among the white people passing by, the race was better than the ones I had seen the previous couple of days.

Recall that Austria is the homeland of Hitler, whose Aryans rank among the highest in the European IQ. Alas, it wasn't long before I saw, holding hands, the first mixed couple: an Aryan male and a woman who was either Muslim or Indian. If Putin weren't celebrating his victory these days, it would have been inconceivable to see so many non-whites in this sacred area. From my vantage point I spent about an hour and a half watching the people pass by. Eventually another mixed couple sat behind me. This time I didn't hold back and took a picture of them.

If the contemporary Austrian weren't an iniquitous person, it would be legal to execute this couple on the spot but, as we know, besides the Russians the Anglo-Saxons won the war. Also recall that, because of Christian ethics, the United States began to repudiate anti-miscegenation laws long before the Jews took over its media: historical facts that American racialists ignore because they debunk their Judeo-reductionist paradigm.<sup>7</sup> However, it isn't clear, about the two mixed couples I saw, that they have already sinned against the Holy Ghost (once a mongrel baby is conceived, the sin can no longer be forgiven and the whole family would have to be sent to Auschwitz II). Not long after I saw the third mixed couple pass by, but I didn't have time to take a picture of them. The lack of real hatred among white nationalists is what I can't stand—except William Pierce, who dedicated one of his novels to a serial killer of mixed couples.

In conquered Austria these poor bastards don't have a First Amendment; a book like Pierce's could never be published here.

If I write harsh things it is because where I sat, so close to the elegant theatre that the teenage Adolf visited, would be hallowed ground in a world where the good guys would have won. It is a real sacrilege the sight of so many coloureds here. However, I did get to see two women who could perfectly well have modelled Parrish for one of his 'nymphs on the rocks' paintings. I also felt very good when a white woman passed by carrying her white baby on her chest. This reminds me of something I omitted when I visited a very touristy place in Berlin.

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<sup>7</sup> That American racialists see the speck in the other's eye and not the log in their own is evident in these facts:

1688: Four Quakers sign antislavery petition in Germantown, Pennsylvania.

1770s: Denial of negro mental inferiority becoming common place in antislavery circles. Benjamin Franklin thought Negroes 'not deficient in natural understanding', though Alexander Hamilton seemed less certain when he remarked that 'their natural faculties are perhaps probably as good as ours'.

1775-1783: Negro soldiers participate in virtually every major military action of the American Revolution.

1780: Pennsylvania adopts a gradual 'emancipation law'. In this context, emancipation was any effort to procure economic, social or political rights/equality to Negroes.

1785: The New York assembly passes a gradual emancipation bill which would have barred Negroes from the 'polls' (voting in today's vocabulary) and from marrying whites, but the state senate objected to the intermarriage clause because 'in so important a connection they thought the free subjects of this State ought to be left to their free choice'.

1851: New Iowa constitution omits its anti-miscegenation clause.

1871: Mississippi outlawed anti-miscegenation (State Code).

I saw an Aryan couple with two small children with pinkish-white skin and the most Scandinavian hair one could imagine: a very comforting moment for me, one of the very few good moments of the trip. But the number of non-whites I saw in Vienna never ceased to amaze me, even if it was impossible to tell who were tourists and who were residents.

Before taking the bus to my hotel I made enquiries at the Vienna State Opera, which was showing Richard Wagner's *Lohengrin* in a couple of days. A pity, as I had scheduled that day to go to Munich. I entertained the idea of changing my plans but I was a slave to the day I was already scheduled in Frankfurt to return to the American continent. I still wanted to change my plans but I remembered what, a decade earlier, had happened to me at Shakespeare's Globe in London: they put on black actors. Would the Germans do a similar sacrilege with *Lohengrin*, whose lavish 1936 production delighted Hitler?

I didn't change my plans and headed back to my hotel. I was struck by the graffiti on the other side of the street: inconceivable if patriotic Austrians and Germans had prevailed in the war. After some rest, instead of seeing Wagner's grandiose opera in a couple of days, I went more modestly to Schönbrunn Palace to listen to some waltzes. Before entering the palace I spent some time in the very beautiful and well-kept palace.



I would like to add something about these palace gardens. It hurts to see young women, beautiful Aryan women, walking alone there. They should be married, walking with their husbands and with children as beautiful as they are. But this is the world bequeathed to us by the individualistic liberalism imposed by the American *Diktat*. Then I left the gardens and headed for the concert hall.

Once the concert started, we were no longer allowed to photograph the musicians. My fears about *Lohengrin* might have been well-founded. During the waltzes a duo appeared: a good-looking Aryan male and the Nigerian-born but Austrian-educated soprano, Bibiana



Nwobilo. In several waltzes they embraced and the male singer even kissed the hand of this female with her afro hair....

I never applauded the pieces in which the Nigerian sang, despite her excellent voice. What shocked me was that there were Viennese older than me: Aryans whose parents may have fought for Hitler, but they applauded with pleasure. If these guys had any vestige of *Lebenskraft* left, they simply wouldn't attend any concert starring non-Aryans. All these people are victims of what I call the ogre of the superego: the perennial anti-Nazi propaganda that goes to the core of the Austrian soul with the same virulence that Monica's frequent harangues struck young Augustine. The infinite power over the normies of the omnipresent propaganda that reigns in these lands never ceases to amaze me.

The next day I continued sightseeing in Vienna.

To the humiliation of German speakers, I saw another monument commemorating the Russian fallen in the Second World War. Kenneth Clark was right: to understand a culture, look at its architecture, including monuments, for there is nothing even remotely commemorating the German or Austrian heroes who fell in that war, or even their children. The millions of men, women and children killed by the Allies are worth zero. By contrast, in the *zeitgeist* at work, the Jewish victims have infinite value. The fact that urban guerrillas have not dynamited these monuments speaks of the ubiquity of zero *Lebenskraft* in the collective Aryan unconscious. The System has them controlled by pleasure, as Kerry Bolton saw so well in his essay about Francis Parker Yockey, and Vienna has a very high standard of living.

I passed the avenue where, before the war, the richest Jews lived, where we see an equestrian statue of an Austrian who fought against Napoleon. The opera house where *Lohengrin* was to be performed the next day was badly damaged by Allied bombing. Not far from there we can see statues of Goethe and Mozart; it is also a museum area. Further on we see the Parliament and it is refreshing to see the statue of Pallas Athena. Beethoven lived in Vienna for a while and in a theatre I saw they premiered the *Eroica Symphony*, which made a tremendous impact on the pubescent boy I was decades ago.

Due to flooding, the Danube was divided into parts in Vienna. On the Danube Canal, an area that had also been badly damaged by gringo bombs in the Second World War, I saw an LGBT flag—the antithesis of the Nazi flag. It reminded me of the Ukrainian flags I had seen in government offices in Berlin.

Then I visited the so-called District II, a very large neighbourhood where Vienna's Jews live. The district had been founded by Leopold I in the 17th century: the third largest community of European Jews after the districts of Warsaw and Budapest. The National Socialists weren't like the Christian Leopold: they destroyed all sixty existing synagogues. This had been the area where Johann Strauss, the composer of *The Blue Danube*, lived: a sort of anthem of Austria that was also my love since 1968, when I was ten years old, thanks to Karl Böhm's superb conduction. Not far away is the huge church of Francis of Assisi.

Christian ethics affects not only whites but also mestizos on the other side of the Atlantic. Mexico was the only country to protest when Hitler annexed Austria to his Reich. Even before that, the Austro-Hungarian empire was huge and its capital was Vienna, a far cry from the times of the lobotomised eunuchs I saw on this trip. In fact, a century ago Vienna was the third largest city in Europe, after London and Paris.

### *The Jew's trip*

There are several anti-Nazi monuments in Austria. On this day my tour guide also had a Scandinavian name, Ulrique, a woman. Like Björn in Dresden, Ulrique repeated the talking points of the anti-Nazi regime. While my intention in Berlin and Dresden had been to discuss with Aryan males, on a paid tour it is impossible to do so: one simply has to follow the guide like a sheep wherever she leads us. When Ulrique said things that obfuscated me by pointing out what this monument to the victims of the Jewish holocaust meant, I took my camera up to the sky to photograph it. Because I was looking up I didn't notice *another* monument on the ground: a monument dedicated to the Jews who, after the annexation of Austria, were humiliated by the state by being forced to clean the floors of Vienna's streets.



The Jewish statue acted as a tripwire while I was photographing the other monument and I took a tremendous tumble! In the seconds after the fall I even thought that the blow had wiped out all the photos of my cell-phone I have been posting in this series. Now, ten days after the event, my left leg still bears the imprint of the bruise that resulted from the blow that even hit my left cheekbone on the concrete when I fell! A Spanish woman came to pick up my notes where I wrote about my experiences in Vienna. I got up ashamed for not having seen the kneeling Jew 'cleaning' the street.

Then, still following this tour of the anti-Nazi Ulrique, we entered the palace and museum of Elisabeth of Bavaria ('Sissi'): a woman who took cocaine, of whom I don't want to talk much except that her biography proves that, after Uncle Adolf, the monarchical system seems to us pure stupidity; and that only a racist dictator has the right to absolute power.

Leaving the museum of the emperor's wife I came upon the centre of Austria's political power; that is, those who give licence to guides like Ulrique to say things that greatly obfuscate dissidents like yours truly. I was at the centre of Austria's anti-Aryan regime that gradually exterminates its people through miscegenation—not exactly Hitler's dream during the *Anschluss*...! The neurotic Sissi, whose favourite poet was the Jew Heinrich Heine, is adored even in Hungary. Tell me who you adore and I will tell you who you are. Tell me who you hate and I will tell you who you are. No wonder Europeans are the way they are with such phobias and phobias. Then I went alone to the busy pedestrian street near the Vienna State Opera that young Adolf was visiting to look, once again, at the people crossing it.

I have the impression that they are all white trash. Not in a genetic sense but in a moral sense. To paraphrase Eduardo Velasco, *the contemporary European knows neither pain, nor honour, nor blood, nor war, nor sacrifice, nor comradeship, nor respect, nor combat; and therefore he doesn't know the ancient Goddesses: Glory and Victory*. I also see zero nobility in the contemporary European. Zero courage. Zero honesty or curiosity to discover the true history of the Second World War. It irritated me to see young women of childbearing age in the pedestrian street, stupefied with their mobile phones, walking and leading a life of their own instead of being, as in the beautiful Vienna era, showing off their husbands and children. Let there be no doubt: the Western lifestyle of our century is pure, straightforward ethnic suicide.

Demoralised at that sight, as well as the huge number of non-whites and whites fraternising with them, I took refuge on a park bench in front of a beautiful tree.

### *Hallstatt*

Leaving Vienna and en route to Salzburg I passed through Hallstatt: famous for being one of the most beautiful villages in the world, in the middle of the Alpine landscape and the Salzburg Lakes area. Before it became a tourist centre, its little houses and alleys dating back to the 16th century were a delight to stroll through.

From the bus, even before reaching Hallstatt, I began to see beautiful, cosy little houses on the side of the road, in stark contrast to the palaces of Vienna, even though winter blankets the whole area with snow. I saw black pines, spruces and extensive pastures. Above were the rocks of the Austrian Alps and snow on some of the mountains. The problem is that this beautiful village of less than a thousand inhabitants has been bastardised by the masses of non-Aryan tourists. That happens when, instead of loving one's ethnicity and culture, one becomes a worshipper of Mammon: while these tourists, mostly gooks, leave a lot of money to the town. If Hitler had won the war his descendants wouldn't allow the hordes of Asians I saw in Hallstatt to ruin the landscape.



Well after midday I walked through the village and found myself sitting in one of the seats in the church we can see in the background in the picture above. Looking back over the dozens of photos I had taken of Hallstatt, I was struck by the fact that I had raised the camera so that not a single coloured tourist appeared. But what I saw, as I noted while still sitting in the church chair, only shows what the Aryan *was* and what, now, *no longer exists*. Only its ostentatious monuments and picturesque little corners, such as Hallstatt, remain. But even that will disappear as the Aryan DNA disappears due to the ongoing miscegenation.

These people are a basket case. Several overweight whites I had been seeing in the places I have mentioned in this series, many licking their ice cream like little Joe Bidens. I reiterate: I didn't enjoy this trip. The spectacle of non-whites, even as tourists in little towns like Hallstatt, offended me to the highest degree. It reminded me of something Joseph Walsh told me referring to what Revilo Oliver had written: that once a people lose their *Lebenskraft* that thirst for life cannot be regained. May he be wrong! But the truth is that today's world is a horrible nightmare from which I cannot wake up.

### *Salzburg*

In my website, on March 20th I posted the entry 'Salzburg' where I said that, due to the Mexican town without a white man where I temporarily live, to watch *The Sound of Music* at home was a very therapeutic experience. My recent visit to the real Salzburg reversed my feelings in an unusual way. But let's take it one step at a time.

When I got off the bus, the first thing I did was to photograph some of the buildings I had seen in the film, like the ones you can see in the opening title credits. It didn't take me long to find out things about the city considered the most beautiful in Austria that I didn't like.

*Deo optimo maximo*, abbreviated as *DOM*, is a Latin phrase that in the ancient world meant 'for the greatest and best God' in reference to Jupiter. When Constantine imposed Christianity on the white man, the phrase took on the same meaning but to refer to the god of the Jews.



In this Salzburg building I saw the *DOM* above the door but it no longer refers to the God of the Aryans but to the god of the Jews that even many white nationalists still worship. *That is the real Salzburg*. In fact, there are still monasteries inhabited by monks, theological schools and churches, mostly Catholic in the city.

Mozart is celebrated everywhere here because he was born in Salzburg, but when I had a delicious *Fruiting Salad* (it was asparagus season) at Koller & Koller on *Waagplatz*, degenerate music was playing inside the restaurant. In that square I photographed a fountain that appeared in a scene I love from *The Sound of Music*: when Maria, starring Julie Andrews, throws water on the horse after she is thrown out of the convent in song and with great spirit heads for her new home.

There are a couple of confessions in this entry that will surprise the reader. If we set aside the anti-Nazi propaganda of *The Sound of Music*, that film—which I saw on the big screen sixty years ago!—so beloved by Aryans after so many, many years, is worth more than Mozart's legacy. Why? Because, even if Hollywood's intention was malicious (the anti-Nazi message), *The Sound of Music* represents, on film, what Parrish's images represent: an ode to the most beautiful specimens of the Aryan race, including children and other characters. If what moves me to blog is precisely the most beautiful specimens of the race, it is not enough to see them in paintings: the seventh art is capable of portraying them live. No wonder that, despite the West's darkest hour, after six decades this film hasn't died in the hearts of millions of whites who saw it as children. And it won't die as long as there are whites in the planet.

Above I said that the beauty of the artistic buildings of Budapest was only the frame, and that the frame is only worthwhile if it contains a good canvas. Well, if we watch YouTube videos about the locations of *The Sound of Music* we will discover that, without the beautiful actors, those places have lost their magic. That is why I am obsessed with preserving the genotype/phenotype of the most beautiful Aryans, like the ones of Parrish or the film: something that is worth more than the music of Mozart or any other classical composer that can be sung by coloureds, as we saw with my bitter experience in Vienna.

The other confession I wanted to make is that this trip reconciled me with my native country, Mexico, and even with the indigenous people of the town where, temporarily, I live. While it is true what Hitler said, that people like me are at a greater psychogenic distance from these Indians than they are from the animal, their presence doesn't cause me the hatred that the sight of traitorous whites causes me. So if when I wrote the blog entry 'Salzburg' I tried to visually flee from the town where I write by watching *The Sound of Music*, now that I have actually visited the city things are reversed.

In my entry on Hallstatt I said that the world today is, for me, a nightmare. That nightmare means not only being in 21st century Salzburg, where I saw a black man with his baby's pram, but having been in the other cities I visited: where it is obvious that the Aryan is committing ethnosuicide everywhere. The Mexican Indians I see as I leave my gated community may be primitive. They may be psychogenically closer to the animal than I am to them. But they aren't evil people like the Aryans, who after the Second World War have allowed the archetype of the Jewish collective unconscious to take over their souls. And it all ultimately has to do with the fact that the *DOM* no longer refers to Zeus or Jupiter, but to the fucking god of the Jews.

Is it finally clear why Kalki wants to nuke the cathedrals?



## *Munich*

What I said about Salzburg can also be applied to Munich. This city grew up around a Benedictine monastery. Even the very young Hitler entertained the idea of joining the Benedictines. In fact, Munich means the house or home of the monks.

What I said about nuking the cathedrals and every monument of the Abrahamic religions is no joke. Since what is causing the darkest hour of the West is that the Semitic collective unconscious, and not the Aryan collective unconscious, has taken over our souls, to save us it will be necessary to implement something similar to what Nietzsche called 'Law against Christianity' in *The Antichrist*. Nietzsche wrote in the 19th century. In our century this law would have to be expanded to consider the whole liberal range, even Wokism, as atheistic hyper-Christianity. And atheists who preach equality will deserve the same treatment as the new Catholic pontiff deserves: to throw them in ropes into the Danube.

But back to Munich. The capital of Bavaria became a kingdom whose monarchy ended in the First World War. Although Hitler loved Munich, there is no monument here honouring the memory of the Man who tried to transvalue Christian values to pre-Christian values.

By bus I passed a canal where they hired a Venetian gondolier for tourists to cross. It is an expensive area much desired by those who can afford it. Munich is the most expensive city in Germany, and it is a university city. A small flat costs €1900 plus expenses such as heating. Although the salary in Germany is €4,000 the government takes a lot from its citizens for social security.

The 1972 Olympics were designed to contrast with the 1936 Olympics: with pastel colours and undulating shapes that contrasted sharply with the red-black-white and geometric shapes of the Third Reich. It was cool that Arab 'terrorists' spoiled the party! The police uniforms themselves changed to show the world a feminised face, like a new anti-militarist Germany.

All the Germans I saw looked like cattle of the elites. Their birth rate is very low because their new religion in the 'Empire of yin' imposed on them is ethnosuicide. The Munich people or *Münchner*, unlike Himmler drink a lot of beer. This is a point I would like to go into a little more in-depth so that the reader can understand our worldview.

You cannot ask people to suddenly abandon their beliefs. That's why Hitler opted for a gradual erosion of Christianity by educating the youth in the new National Socialist religion. Nor could the masses of Germans be asked to give up their alcoholic and dietary habits. But in the upper echelons of power things had to be different: a priesthood of holy words. On a popular level, I am reminded of a scene in *Game of Thrones* in which the High Sparrow tells Cersei that if he didn't accept the cup of wine the queen offered him, it wasn't because he was puritanical, but simply because he didn't like the taste of wine. Something similar could be said of Himmler, unlike the mass of Germans who lived under the Reich (I too cannot tolerate the taste of beer).

And something similar can be said of Hitler. White nationalists don't understand National Socialism because it is something that comes straight from what Jung called—the *Self*. If Hitler became a vegetarian it was for the same reasons that Himmler didn't drink beer: the call of the core of our Being leads psychogenically emergent men not to be involved in the

torment of animals. That will never be understood by the American racial right since its members haven't been 'touched by the Self' so to speak.

Unlike Hitler, a true priest of our sacred words, contemporary Münchner love ham hock with potatoes, ribs and sausages, including white sausage at what they call second breakfast. And unlike Himmler, as I said, they drink a lot of beer. Martin Kerr saw this very clearly when he included this cartoon in his article 'The National Socialist Lifestyle':



I took a picture I took of the Münchner eating and drinking during lunchtime. In that market there are stalls with sausages, including horse meat. Compare all this *Neanderthalism* with Hitler's plan as recorded by Goebbels: if he won the war, the Führer would close down the slaughterhouses. On this point only Savitri Devi understood National Socialism.

Almost every building in Munich was destroyed by bombing. On Maximilian Street, where people like the pot-bellied man in the cartoon above have luxury boutiques, I saw an aberration: a large street advertisement for a perfume featuring a black man. Nearby is the church most beloved by the Münchner. Instead of sacrificing themselves for National Socialism like the soldier in the cartoon above, the lifestyle of these degenerates is abject consumerism. No wonder that in such a city the sin against the Holy Ghost is tolerated, like a couple I saw—and photographed with their mongrel child! It hurts that, not far from this place, Richard Wagner used to be played. It is worth saying that, sometime later, I crossed the street of Hitler's failed putsch who, when he finally took power, didn't move the Reich offices from Munich to Berlin because the Führer loved this city so much. Indeed, Munich had been the birthplace of National Socialism.

### *Dachau*

Then I headed to Dachau, about 45 minutes from Munich. On the way I passed where the Gestapo had their offices.

Previous generations of Germans weren't as aggressively brainwashed as they are today. The person in charge of showing us the Dachau concentration camp, for example, had a mother who belonged to the Hitler Youth, and her father never talked about the war unless the beer got too much, she confessed. Nowadays, the System forces the adolescents to visit Dachau to indoctrinate them in anti-Nazi ideology. The number of young people I saw in the

camp was considerable! But in reality, Dachau wasn't an extermination camp but a re-education camp for opponents of the Third Reich. It was a camp for males. Himmler was born very close to it, and when he came to power he had the excellent idea of imprisoning the political opposition.

The camp operated from 1933 to 1945 and is now home to riot control units, which occupy many of Dachau's buildings. Prisoners began arriving in 1933. Official figures put the number of detainees at 206,000 in the years the camp was active, and 42,000 who died there. The camp is huge: it covers 200 hectares and there is a plaque commemorating the 'liberation' perpetrated by the gringos in April 1945. I am irritated to report that the guide informed us that very soon the government will be celebrating big time the 80th anniversary of the 'liberation' of the camp.

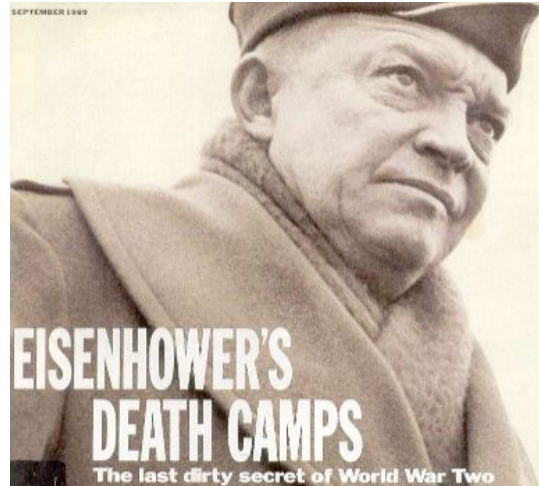
In the 1930s there was a saying for dissidents, 'Shut up if you don't go to Dachau'. Nowadays people in power also incarcerate political dissidents, as evidenced by Joseph Walsh and Chris Gibbons serving a sentence of years and, also in England, twelve men were arrested for daring to celebrate Hitler's birth as an Englishman let me know by email after I returned from Europe. The hypocrisy is so blatant that the Americans used Dachau for three years to imprison the advocates of National Socialist ideology! This sort of thing is not denounced by tourist guides.

In some of the photos in the museum we can see who was imprisoned. For example, a clergyman said in a sermon that it was legitimate to assassinate a tyrant (Hitler). The mayor of Vienna also ended up in Dachau. After all, in real life he behaved as Captain Georg von Trapp behaved in *The Sound of Music*: an exception, because the Austrian people in general opened their arms to the Führer. The camp also received commies and political prisoners from all over Europe, especially Poles and Russians, but also French, Germans, Czechs and Republican Spaniards.

I love the German bureaucracy that ordered everything and scrupulously classified the type of prisoner, as long as there was a hierarchy among them. Some crimes against the state or the race were considered much more serious than others. The blue triangle on the prisoner's cloth designated migrants; the black triangle designated *consumers of degenerate culture* and also those who married Jews. These measures couldn't be implemented in a new ethnostate because virtually all Westerners would have to be imprisoned, even some white nationalists, as Sebastian Ronin mocked in one of his cartoons. There were also colours for gypsies and political prisoners, red. Of course, consumers of degenerate culture fared much better in Dachau than, say, opponents of the regime, especially if they were Jews. But what does a consumer of degenerate culture mean? It should be obvious to today's racials that the Afro-American art is unfit for the Aryan spirit.

The chutzpa of the System never ceases to amaze me. In the conditions at Dachau, and remember that not every prisoner was treated equally but some were relatively well treated, just over forty thousand died according to official figures. Eisenhower murdered 800,000 Germans in real death camps!

Dachau was, as I said, a re-education camp where you could get out alive. In Eisenhower's extermination camps no behaviour could save you: the object was to kill you for having been a National Socialist.



The barracks at Dachau were removed in the 1960s and now only the rows of poplar trees remain. At the end of the row of poplar trees I saw the first memorial built for the 'victims' of the camp. It was not built by the Jews, but by Catholics: a church, built in 1964. The church bells ring at 3 P.M. to commemorate the Catholic saints and the victims of Dachau. Behind it is a Carmelite monastery, built not long after. Next to it we can see the Lutheran church that was built later, commemorating the same thing. The young people do voluntary service because the de-Nazification process never ends in Germany. Then the Orthodox Christians made their own monument: another propagandistic church. They even brought soil from Slavic soil because they didn't want to build their church on German soil!

Then I saw the crematoria for those who died in the camp. It was strange to see beautiful women visiting the museum and a mixed couple was not to be missed. The museum, the guided tours by guides who must be licensed by the German state, and all the culture and universities of Munich are a gigantic fraud. Munich, a city where only a few buildings are taller than the cathedral, is the publishing capital of Europe (only New York has more publishing houses), but what good is so much culture if they are incapable of publishing a book denouncing the Hellstorm Holocaust, like the one written by Tom Goodrich? The lie by omission is astronomical indeed, and the way the Establishment treats its authentic historians is shown by the following anecdote.

When Goodrich wrote *Hellstorm* he struggled to find a publisher in the US. So much so that, for a time, he was homeless (writers generally live from day to day, and a blow like not finding a publisher for the latest work can be fatal). Tom asked me not to reveal it as long as he lived. But last year our friend passed away.

### *Frankfurt*

My trip to Europe ends with my visit to Dachau. I had to go to Frankfurt only because that's where I was flying back across the Atlantic.

This city was almost destroyed by the Allied bombing, and what we see now are new buildings and ugly skyscrapers that didn't exist before. It is striking that, as soon as I got off the bus in Frankfurt, I saw one more monument that reminds me of Monica's Augustine: but now a pathology in the collective unconscious of the German people. I am referring to a church that had been destroyed but, instead of blaming the Allies, the Germans blamed

themselves. There is a plaque on the monument with the profile of a woman that says: 'To the citizens of Frankfurt who resisted the barbarism of National Socialism'. And below an ugly statue we can read the names of all the concentration camps of the Third Reich in the sense of *Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea culpa aterna*: what I have been calling 'ogre of the superego'.



As soon as I saw this monument I was in no mood for sightseeing in Frankfurt and headed straight to the hotel to eat, rest, sleep and wait for my flight home. But it is important to clarify what I meant by the term 'ogre of the superego'.

Due to the colossal collective trauma of not only having lost the war, but by the very aggressive de-Nazification imposed by the Allies, and the ubiquitous anti-Nazi propaganda of the traitorous government the following decades, this ogre of the superego has completely taken over the soul of the German people. We can understand my psychoanalysis through the YouTube videos of Richard Grannon about the superego, who doesn't use my term but other words, although we mean the same thing. Grannon speaks of the inner critic or crap injunctions: 'a toxified, trauma-based superego', or simply 'a toxified superego'. In his the video 'Understanding the importance of healing your super ego after narcissistic abuse' Grannon refers to mothers or partners as narcissistic as the one Augustine had. When Grannon mentions the acronym NPD he is referring to narcissistic personality disorder, which I exemplified with the mother of the most influential doctor of the Church.

We can use this psychoanalytic paradigm, originating from those who now elaborate on the trauma model of mental disorders, to analogize it to the German state inducing a toxified superego in its people through ubiquitous propaganda. For example, the above monument is one more voice, like the paranoid voices the schizophrenic listens to, of the omnipresent inner critic: those negative messages or crap injunctions that have been forced very deep into the heads of the German people.

I will not go back to Europe.

And now I fully understand the Greek commenter of my website, 'Irrelevant Nobody', who told me he was going to commit suicide. Only now do I understand perfectly this commenter who couldn't tolerate living in a Europe where, in his words, Hitler and Himmler lost.



Only an apocalyptic cataclysm will be able to cure the Westerner in general, and the German in particular, of the ogre of the super-ego that self-destructs him; say, a nuclear exchange between the US and Russia. Unfortunately, this opportunity has already been lost with Donald Trump, as it was the Democrats who wanted war.

Now only energy devolution, the result of peak oil whose Bell curve will start to fall this decade, will be able to save us...