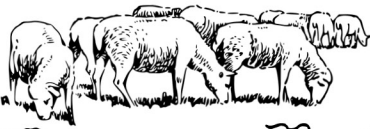


The most frightening thing I've heard in this season of Whatever-The-Hell-This-Is was when a man insisted his candidate could not be racist, because "if he was, they wouldn't let him run." Sadly I was too gobsmacked at the time to respond coherently, and now the moment is lost. I wish I could have told him that the "they" he was expecting to intervene was actually him. People get so caught up in fighting the power that they seem to forget that the powers that be answer to them. Have you ever spoken to a politician? Every single one I have ever met has been every bit as horrified as the rest of us at everything going down, and feel every bit as powerless! Your vote is the only meaningful check on mad men. Your choices matter. All the Freemasons and Lizard People and Elders of Zion in the world can't do a thing without our permission. If you don't like what they're doing maybe you should stop giving it.



5. An Age of Confusion, or an Ancient Age, is one in which History As We Know It begins to unfold, in which Whatever Is Coming emerges in Corporal Form, more or less, and such times are Ages of Balanced Unbalance, or Unbalanced Balance. 6. An Age of Bureaucracy is an Imperial Age in which Things Mature, in which Confusion becomes entrenched and during which Balanced Balance, or Stagnation, is attained. 7. An Age of Disorder or an Aftermath is an Apocalyptic Period of Transition back to Chaos through the Screen of Oblivion into which the Age passeth, finally. These are Ages of Unbalanced Unbalance.

HBT; The Book of Uterus, Chap. 3