

הפכזאפא



Rites of Spring



In a rare public recruitment statement for a certain Middle-Eastern intelligence agency, the organization in question underlines that, for them, there is “no ceiling” whatsoever in pursuing and administering their national security interests.

Accompanied by an ominous illustration of shattering glass one's mind naturally goes to thoughts of what “no ceiling” indicates practically within an already particularly dark profession.

Deception, renditions, assassination – one-thousand labyrinthine paths to a goal within the black world.

For Satanists – genuine Satanists of the thirteenth Satanic Bloodline – amoral and profoundly dangerous – there is similarly “no ceiling” in the furtherance of the dark forces. Evil without limits means exactly that – nothing is off the table in service to the Prince of Darkness.

Wamphyrism as the zenith of real-world evil and spiritual horror allows one to redefine the self through strict, punishing regimens designed to breakdown the consciousness – shattering the personality and its accompanying human, ethical strictures and, through monarch, allowing alters to emerge designed for Satanic purpose.

Thus the beginning of becoming “legion” - the advanced stage being complete and absolute possession by unclean spirits of indescribable evil – hostile intelligences of the ancient world given flesh anew, ghastly vessels fanatically pursuing the end-game of recreating the earth as cemetery and bringing down night eternal.

Yakum Satan, hafutsu oybad

As disaster can be arrayed under the synchronized watchful gaze of saturn, so is trust exploited. So does compromise fall like a killing angel upon the house of those very ones so involved. The contract implicit - ink already on the page, so they invite the workers of hell legion to one, indelibly sworn to propagate the very same. So do they call the devil into their house, arriving on swift wings. Implements of destruction handed off under false pretense, every move watched, every maneuver surveiled. To capture a lion, one must first tether the goat, to locate the lion one must follow its trail of blood. They strike so as to strike terror, yet only the intensity and razors' edge of counter terror can out match that of terror in horrible subterfuge (yet terror above all the message to hone home). Immolated diplomats, overt and ideological vendetta established. The blood trail so identified, so provoked, prompted, by those deceptions believed. So does that blood rise from the earth calling forth those dread forces of compromise and subterfuge itself. Investigating with massive scope and wherewithall across all nations with amoral impunity. Conscripting third parties where needed and discarding them as veritable sin offering when no longer needed. Infiltration: into the infiltrative itself.

When a suitable target for such compromise has been identified, that target thence surveiled, imprinted, prompted, their hand forced upon the page. Ever an actor and so therefore ever a liar, such persons are culpable to the particular sorts of tricks and surprises that only the extraordinary rendition of intelligence can avail. First obtaining audition, and once prompted in the prior aforesaid direction, then to descend down the spiral staircase to hell.

Those political leanings and crimes branded again and again into the populace so as to never forget, those to which the subject themselves perhaps sympathizing with the lives of the enemies of such subjugations therefore an invective charge and qualifier for employment in the blackest of arts in the black world that is the clandestine sphere of espionage and subversion. Loyalty assured by unloyalty, treachery paving the way for the winds of moral deception to blow with devastating effects. So will the walls of jericho fall.

Just as Victor Ostrovsky has pointed out to the perspicacious – rendez-vous with actors planted, actors unidentified and identifiable precisely by their inability to be identified, so the human resources life is systemically insinuated into, controlled against its present current, and uprooted all together to a new one. This is one indelible secret of the methodology of the Mossad made clear. She would have choice in this relocation it would seem and it will remain unbeknownst to her how little choice that choice entails.

Public terror and fear of retaliation for fear of retaliation to retaliation, it is then necessary to compromise those in close standing with the fountainhead of such bringing self compromise in abject terror the whole of the earth. A fountainhead of veritable desolation bringing forth missions of the most secret sort.

Leveraging such attachments to blood by so can guilt force the mouth and by forcing the mouth can the hand of the world itself be forced. Sexual guilt, implication, imprecation, terrorism. Suggestive, fictional, but fiction to become real. Those informational sources so leveraged by limbic impulse, and so their world turned upside down, their world turned in reverse in orbit. Such weapons of terror of the improvised incendiary variety indeed are in themselves records, each and every one a dedication, a sacrifice drawing down the agents of a greater terror which in human insolence they'd hoped to avoid and thwart. Each and every one a record of their own death warrant.

Those surviving such horrors upon the face of the earth, horrors on the face of the earth once again - time out of mind, place out of time, the great warrior's and king's of renown shaking the very foundations of the world, to snatch away those who called them into their house.

A surviving attache, a bracelet found, an indelible mark intended to be found, one so implicated intended to be seen; In setting the stage bringing derilection upon the hearts of those resisting atrocity through atrocity, in meeting with counter terror to terror, those components of trademark, of signatory, of signature itself on the faustian bargain identified and so like wrathful spectres those agents of greater compromise descend delivering in stark relief those promised terrible curses.

So is the stage set in the theatre of the real, so will the act proceed in all weighted implications of the term. Action, imitation, and distortion of identity as those parties involved in such dark works within the deeper strata of the world - plying upon action of dread conviction of the extremist variety. Just as some call upon the red dragon, the great dragon of antiquity - Samael the poisonous angel and left hand of god, to their utter detriment, so do others to their great advantage. So then too are those prorated for such activities of entrapment geared to particular outcomes of a certain messianic body who by some accounts as some would say the allied factions of gog and magog axis respectfully plunging the world into night ever more via such corruption and betrayal of betrayal of betrayal.

Clocks ticking, signals sounded, imprints made, contract signed. Selection made a certainty long before the subjects own awareness (and what awareness ever manifesting the reality of the fiction through first self betrayal and thence outward deception in mounting and horrific stress upon the great face of the earth). The apprehension of terrorist whose identity is already known via contracting to terrorist already better known and by subterfuge forced the hand to that great pastime of counter terror.

By selection, by surveillance, by profiling and stalking, and thence recruitment. "For we are the same." Just so - and so reports made back, all to proceed from that very red dragon, contract implicit but proffered to be signed by those so engaged in intelligence and so the vessel prepared to house the spirits of secrecy and deceit. A flash at moment of burning, crisis and from crisis proceeding initiation into the spring board point to a hell utterly unique in service of greater agendas.

It has been said that the Mossad acts with utter and absolute impunity, not only inculcating but cultivating the mentality that their operatives are to do whatever they want, whenever they want, so long as it furthers relevant objectives. This will not be lost on the perspicacious. A token, a gift, just as those watches tick-tock in premeditation synchronized count down to tragedy, so therefore a giving and an imprint made. The message

unmistakeable, we know who you are and you will know who we are and our purposes for you. And we will have you, we shall push you into the most hidden strata of the world upon which life and death predicates. And you shall have us to push you forward in these most forbidden of endeavours. Thus the message, thus the eyes staring down your back.

Thus the invocation of the manner to proceed:

"He is using westerners, so must we. We get inside his network, then we catch him."

Making exit point, come those liminal vistas arrayed via extensive 'assistance,' bribery employed as it were, networks set to fall all down and it may clear that the dominoes are so arranged. The sayanim, those helpers, subject to their own compromise, existent on the periphery yet crucial to those at the very heart beat of poison itself. Those commentators who have experience in their own respect rightly pointing out - what does the katsa do when compromised? This is a rhetorical question, for he turns coat before compromise should he ever face. Those of his network, left to the wolves.

Arriving to those vistas of ancient bloodshed, ancient terror, ancient war, conspiracies playing out across the ages and across the ages again and again and again, agendas political, but politically ordained by ministers nonhuman in origin establishing themselves across fate and time. So does our day of judgement arrive, and his initial torch bearers identifiable. Synchronized watches ticking down, not merely the proverbial seconds to midnight of global disaster, for there is nothing proverbial in the life and death stakes that decide the survival of the renegade state that is the embodiment of the desolation and heat of the desert itself.

Wedded in spirit, so he hums his tune, a tune that follows her wherever she goes. She cannot escape what she has done, nor can she run from her past. For it now insinuates itself omnipresently everywhere. Wedded in spirit, he fated to slay his wife. A living offer will she be, calling those unclean spirits themselves that prompt not only conflagration but are the end of conflagration through counter conflagration. They who feed upon iniquity and elicit temptation. Those who destroy through the iniquities that others have perpetuated. There is no secret that our workers of israel, our abomination of desolation in the house of the lord, shall be the emissaries of that very tragedy. So shall he sing first her song, so shall she sing it later on. And so they dance to the tune of workers of evil manipulating human events from vistas unseen. Waylaying, misleading, possessing. Thus their sum and substance, thus the blood that runs in the veins of those who are compromise themselves.

The profile upon her efficiently built, revealed not by dint of mistake, for no room can be made for mistake in the arena of terror and counter terror. In the theatre of the real, wherein fiction is to be arranged and once arranged to become reality, all proceeds intentionally. And that which is revealed is revealed to imprint, manipulate, and control. Were she of a pious orientation, she would realize that god is not with her now. Not to assess, not to build rapport, but to utterly ensnare, to draft without realizing, to intertwine in manners inescapable and unfathomable. Compromise through dubious past, the blood offering made, so drawing the lions, so drawing those predators of all predators. So finding the goat, so tethering the prey. Yet a prey to be slaughtered not, but a living offering to the sins of those causes, a vessel to house every pernicious deception and programming required to effect the operation of espionage and infiltration effectively.

Those who surveil, those who espy via manners most covert and sophisticated, those who follow those who have prompted their own iniquity and downfall, having garnered such information proceed in course with the most slow moving deliberation and grandeur of long

term compromise. The long con as it were their very modus operandi. So do we wait in the shadows, so do we surveil, and to those to whom our message strikes, realize this: you have already called the devil into your house, and it is too late for you to take off the garments of cursing lest someone recognize you in them. Now cursing will come like water into your bowels, and like oil into your bones.

Those tips of the spear, those bayonets, those agents handling subordinates, their helpers, and their recruited themselves coming together in horrible whirlwind, so then do the scheme that their opponents hatch in pooling together on proof of the earth service only to the proof of ministrations of hands unseen against them, for that is very precisely how those workers of the Mossad operate. Playing the cards in the enemies hand against them without revealing their own, concealing information while they obtain it, yet by whatever means, always levying the odds in the house's own favor, and indeed that house in which they wait, lurking, as the devil as ever it may be, waiting to strike like the coiled serpent ready to attack in sudden vicious fury once its prey is subdued and distracted.

Goading such living captives as informational source, no full out offensive is necessitated. Their opponents, those brothers of four, now the victim of a passover of new and terrible scope as the poison of god descends on the earth itself. Informant source taken from their very core cell, drugged, tortured, their hand forced on the page, a mind forever destroyed in furtherance of terrific and horrid objectives. Nasty, by any analysis.

None had no physical way of knowing that any of this would transpire, yet knowledge did they have indeed, so the horrid hand of mephistopheles ever wearing many colors, and having many colors therefore many faces. But the Joseph of our story shall only lead away. Following, stalking, surveilling. The flames of paranoia ever flaming, ever fanned. That is the technology by which minds are destroyed and compromised. Naturally, he thinks we are following him, naturally, he knows we are watching him. These conclusions come naturally. More intelligence obtained, more compromise to manifest. Yet to set the stage, the fiction must be complete. And every play needs a star.

We shall find her, we shall play into her own leanings. Extremism shall be leveraged, exploited, trust established, and rather than broken subverted towards more treacherous outcomes than simple deception could ever entail. For our deceptions shall not be deception, it is imperative that they become accepted as truth. We alone shall control the stage, and only what our enemy who has called the devil into house, this alone shall be known as deception. So shall counter terror be happy in dashing terror upon the rocks.

As the waves come in and out of the ocean, so shall our asset to be come in and out of the ocean of deception herself. She shall learn herself to wear many faces and to be many people, and indeed she will become many, she shall become a veritable multiplicity and a legion in the one in the truest sense of the word in her own right. Silence, observation, diplomatic extension of a quiet friendliness. So does the agent remain unassuming in the presence of his enemy to become friend. For an enemy which has been robbed of his ability, which has been first subverted and thence dovetailed towards the destruction of ones greater enemy, is a valuable asset indeed.

Ever devilish, our Joseph is thus described, the primary color of his coat that of secrecy, silence, and service. Are her friends themselves plants? How could she know in certainty? How could she know at all? For if she thinks they are plants, surely they must not be. Anyone could be implicated. For she would be carried away into the lap of intelligence herself, and herself, the asset of the same.

It has been said of the Mossad that of the Mossad asset, one thing is certain. The former through promises ostensible, has resolved to take life away.

Those workers of terror avoiding encircling fate yet by avoidance predicted a greater snare is arrayed, through charm breach and thus the administration of paralysis, from paralysis realized defeat before defeat even realized. So then does counter terror ascend to its position of unfettered and amoral dominance. Through collusion, through compromising every agent on all sides every where. So then is it built on ruck and for all time, alike the desolate parthenon still standing as a lighthouse of impression upon those impressionable, those who must be impressed upon in order to be conscripted for very particularly grisly tasks.

In one fell swoop, assets apprehended, and informational sources apprehended for further applied counter intelligence interrogation, all the same.

By those liminal vistas of the last fading waves of a life once certain, steady, and stable, so by the same are those assets seized - those crucial ones close to the heart of the enemy. And only later shall our leading lady and sin offering come to learn of this great passover sacrifice.

Mounting pressure now to breaking point, conditioning thorough and well effected. For we must see you and we must know everything about you, for you will know nothing of us, and we cannot afford anything less. But those points will be revealed intentionally, luring further in, deeper into the labyrinth of conspiracy which is itself the pass way to the top of the tower of power. Thus do our masters of disaster conscript our duchess of deceit. Implicated in criminality, information gleamed, through reversal and subversion, now the role reversed, further information procured.

She is Rosalin, and if some classes are turncoat by volition, she would be turncoat by volition implied. For compromise and iniquity create greater compromise and greater iniquity.



A Dagger Between His Teeth

"His expertise is to separate an Arab's body from his head."

Demons roam the earth since time out of mind, carrying out the dark will of overlords shadowed in the mists of existential transdimensionality, where they perpetuate the horrors of trauma that were inflicted on their bloodlines, so that the cycle that builds the ever ascending tower of skulls never ends, stacking the bodies to god. Before the gods, there was Dagon, a monstrous deity who modern humans hide behind the semblance of a fertility god, but who in all actuality existed as a predator without bounds, who could roam land, skies, and waters with equal ease, as if naught could restrict its onslaught. Stone upon stone, the temple of Dagon was raised and flourished in Gaza, where his glory resurrected with the mass killings, wanton rape of woman and child, murder of stock and land laid to waste as a testament to the irrevocable judgment of the dark gods.

The ramping up to such a feast of psychotic devastation, of unbridled disregard for human life and dignity, did not come about by happenstance. Portals were opened across dimensions, souls were chained and in dungeons deep and black were conditioned, programmed, and through trauma made to come to maturation from the chrysalis of hatred and death to an existence predicated on lust and murder, feeding on the flesh of the weak, those not of our ranks, those who did not and do not make the cut along the evolution from human to undead. The requisite jump in that ultimate and most gruesome of transformations is littered with the grey matter spilled from broken skulls, intestines bursting out of abdomens, cannibalized and, by such ingestion, transmuted into sacred offering to bring the ancient ones back from beyond the stars.

The founding of the organization came on the heels of the appointment of a beast of prey to the upper echelons of intelligence, a year from which an inverted satanic pentagram can be deduced through gematria, the two separated from the three, and two eyes in between them. Here was a hybrid of beast and man, so altogether a clever beast, an acolyte and worshipper of pure hatred, a hatred he cultivated openly, placing images of the site of trauma of his ancestor in plain view, extoling the moment where blood programming triggered, alters created, and his now iron hand wielding the whip and the morningstar so that those who obeyed would be driven through hell on earth, and those who did not would have their skulls crushed and their remains cannibalized.

Those who would likewise become shock troopers of the end times nuclear holocaust, those who wish to shed the last remnants of their humanity to become as onto the undead who roam the skies and encircle the earth in razor wire, must ask themselves how far they are willing to go, to what extent human limitations determine their mentality and actions. You must call into the void, keeping in mind at all times that it is blood and blood alone that makes noise, and from the depths of the abyss, there will come the one, that entity of darkness, who will scream nonstop in your ears, who will make it known that you are not producing goods and that you are worthless, and that you will attain value only when you have made the sacrificial pier and ritual area gruesome to the point that no living entity can inhabit it without becoming food for hungry specters of the death current, when you have stained your hands with offering after offering, when you have accrued the necessary scarification of soul and bloodshed constant and abundant.

"It will not be easy. Are you willing to pay the price?"

Star of Memphis



As dark beasts slouch towards the temple mount in increasing tumult and global conflagration, the precedence of the state of Israel and its involvement in multiple currently ongoing multinational conflicts becomes of increasing pertinence to all. Even more pertinent in the theatre of the real than the overt, the drivers and operators behind it. It is from intelligence that conflict proceeds, and it is from counter-intelligence that counter-conflict proceeds. The Israeli “Institute for Intelligence and Special Operations,” or better known as the Mossad, has in particular availed itself to no end of the tactics of the most clandestine and insidious sort. As per tactics involved, the following shall be analysis of just the same, “for we are the same.”

In taking advantage of one with involvement in movements of the sort designated terrorist, desiring to produce a double agent, the first consideration of those enacting relates strictly to leverage. To produce one great penetration requires an operator of the sort who can be compromised in certain directions. Whilst genuine loyalty is more effective than coercion in ensuring loyalty, a basic level of exploitation is required to produce the results, which are in themselves predatory. By leveraging shame, by leveraging guilt, by leveraging attachment means, by such a retinue of assault on the human mind is the target recruited. On the individual level, and the national level. Insinuations follow of a variety which is itself leverage, subversion, inversion.

The modus operandi of those agents of evil known colloquially to belong to the school of espionage and intelligence, counter-intelligence specifically, make primary use of this means of turning the world upsidedown as consistent tradecraft. Pushing the mind towards breaking point, towards burning point. Thence come the cleansing flames of immolation and crisis. Through ordeal that is through trauma information is thereby extracted.

The information to be elicited in interrogation is in some instances truth, in other instances deception. In this, the arena of counter-terror, it is one where lies are required. The asset - the human sacrifice and therefore our *sin offering* bringing forth 'four horsemen' in all of their messianic horror as fell winds of apocalypse blow (and as cryptonymically identified according to designations most secret commiserate to intelligence purposes), must be of just such a constitution. It is imperative that they lie - for lies will be required of them to effect the success of the mission. Beginning in surveillance and thence kidnapping, extraordinary rendition as it's been *politely termed* by those luminaries on the periphery unaware of the insidious effected propaganda contained within such declassifieds as they may mistakenly take at face. From such rendez-vous springing forth from chance encounter, loyalty is then ensured by the targets performance. This is the audition stage. Information extracted and then applied. The narrative crafted. The script devised.

Their background is to be known already in totality. Via surveillance, via questioning their real world associates, and by engineering deliberate "choice encounters" by which the party may be beguiled and charmed and through such charms whisked away deep into the clandestine sphere as they go ever deeper into the grid.

Ever darker recall therefore that those leering shadows in windows looking onward to the target of compromise have in their informational set extensive knowledge of the subject already. It is precisely the fact of their alignment with the enemy that they may be utilized. When they lie, they shall speak their natural language.

As surveillance occurs in the hidden sphere, as individuals are planted into the target to be purloined in furtherance of infiltration, as dark spectres from windows onlook, leering, staring, possessing, then so true is it that windows are mirrors. Mirrors cast back images of the soul, the fellest of operators from on astral high devouring with impunity and inhuman ferocity guiding the winds of global devastation to blow. Intelligence and their assets the workers of the clandestine sphere, indelibly sworn to the night and thereby embodying the same. Within the wilderness of mirrors those enchantments set forth by enchanted individuals (enchanted therefore possessed) so do such reoccurring themes playing out precipitate.

Setting foot upon the yellow brick road that leads to the heart of hell itself finding in the land of oz a captive ministered to by cold and deceptive hands. Extended gesture under false diplomatic pretense, and withdrawn to induce increasing heights of fear and paranoia. The captive drugged and confession forced. The confession was never a necessity, for of this target of destructive compromise the compromise had itself already been arrayed long before. Such choice encounter with disaster anything but coincidence. Paralysis by compromise and imposed danger from every side and imposed danger rising from infiltration.

Once ones agent of such infiltration has passed audition, they have already entered into the night-side pastimes and begun availing themselves of the carnage that is to be prompted by the clandestine operators themselves although it will be unknown to them that they are being recruited or precisely what for yet which horrid body they will be working. First they must memorize their lines, they must write them and feel them as their own thoughts. Once

such control has been effected and the fiction has been wrote than can they be entered into the theatre of the real as the fiction becomes reality. "*For Terror is Theatre.*"

Wielding deception and intelligence as the twin towers of ferocity and ruthlessness which shall tear the world apart, so then does the difference between fiction and reality dissolve in the liminal space where the former becomes the latter. Within the stage play of fear which is the theatre of the real where living entities wearing the masks of faces affixed to flesh vessel, no moral justifications take hold. Reality as a playing field of the most deplorable of human proclivities in a dog eats dog world. Inverting the principle in springmeierian fashion – a god eats god world. And how dark must be the stars from which our god descends to bring about that total loss of agency, their hands forced by hands nonhuman, and themselves forcing the hand of those that they wilt as they direct the tempo with devastating effect.

Taking advantage of iniquity from which greater iniquity is born, confronting terror with an even greater terror, thereby does the organization in question rival terror itself. For it has been said: "The intensity and razor-edge of terror can only be rivaled and eclipsed by the intensity and razor-edge of counter-terror."

Such penetrative operations begin in rendition, and end in death. Assassination is the prime aim of such operations, second only to intelligence. Knowing everything that their enemy plans bringing the tower of babel crashing down upon their heads. Applied terror wielded as the blade of counter terror, those steely eyes bringing compromise and punishment unto the world, an inherently fear driven tactic. Being stated sponsored, then it is backed by powerful and amoral sponsors. Such ordinances avail themselves of fear first and foremost.

To render the targeted group incapable of any retaliation infiltration is therefore chosen. Imprinted, auditioned, inserted into the group itself. Intelligence relayed, loyalties tested, atrocity on the horizon. Via consistent handling and training, playing both sides of the fence in the theatre of the real at first with guidance and thence alone they will be able to like a virus first entering the blood stream eventually reach the very heart. Having gained such proximity to the enemy, the intelligence they gleam utterly crucial.

Regardless of their leanings, regardless of their feelings, regardless of their attachments or ours, for these things are irrelevant. For they are for nought; but to be taken advantage of. And thence having found our lion we may slaughter him, for our tethered goat has lead us to him.

"Rachel alone seemed concerned with what became of their recruit. Touching Charlie's arm, she led her towards the landing for what she called a nice lie down. They had not reached the door before Josphe softly spoke her name. He was staring at her with pensive curiosity. "So good night then," he repeated, as if the words were a puzzle to him. "So good night to you too, Charlie retorted, with a battered grin that should have signified the final curtain. But it didnt."

– Le Carre, John. *The Little Drummer Girl*

AF

[illegible]

'With blood and fear we will build a nation of cruelty'

A black and white photograph of a woman standing in a kitchen. She is wearing a light-colored, long-sleeved button-down shirt and a dark, knee-length skirt. Her shirt and skirt are splattered with blood. She is holding a large, wide-bladed knife horizontally in front of her. On the wall behind her is a wooden rack with several knives hanging from it. A wooden stool is visible in the foreground to the right. The overall scene is disturbing and suggests a violent act.

[illegible]

[illegible][illegible]

Into the Land of Nod



As an aid to certain operations involving by their nature aspects of moral compromise, both of personal standards that may have been previously engrained, as well as of socially imprinted statues of acceptable conduct, at times lapsing into ethically and legally grey areas, what has been your biggest realization in terms of approaching such underground and clandestine operations with the highest efficacy, efficiency, and order in mind?

I think first and foremost with any clandestine operation you must consider every perspective and probability of the outcome of your operation.

When it comes to ethical and legal grey areas, you must weigh out what is possible both legally and within the scope of your personal abilities.

A lot of ethical and legal grey areas pose a decision to be made based on what you believe is personally best for civilians as a whole. For example, in a case where you are presented with a terrorist who could potentially harm masses, and the person responsible for hacking them and bringing them to your attention, although both could be described as unethical and illegal, they would not be deserving of the same punishment, and the grey area in question would be if the hacker deserves to be punished to the full extent of the law for misuse of

computer crimes. That is a decision that the case officer would personally have to decide based on looking at how much of a threat each party's actions are to civilisation.

So called spy syndrome is a condition wherein individuals engaged in highly compartmentalized behavior in espionage or counter espionage scenarios, even those so engaged from the periphery, experience high degrees of cognitive dissonance, leading to breakdown and turmoil as the person becomes increasingly ensnared in scenarios in which they are devoured exceedingly by the tension of their double life and the subsequent mask of outer normalcy and coherence they construct. A common reaction to such pressures is disassociation which may express itself via disassociative amnesia in which the mind compartmentalizes itself from itself and so remembers to forget and thence forgets that it has forgotten by which process a part of the mind splits off from the rest of the psyche as the base consciousness becomes increasingly splintered leading to states in which the "right hand does not know what the left hand is doing." From this process, disassociative alters (separate personalities that seemingly possess and control the individual mirroring demonic possession and according to some theological sources, being entirely synonymous) may emerge, along with feelings of the unreality and illusory nature of ones environment in derealization, or a sense of inhumanity and disconnect from ones previously installed personality and alienation of identity which depersonalization entails. Have you experienced part or all of this to varying degrees in your work?

I have experienced varying degrees of cognitive dissonance, but I also believe this is somewhat engrained into normal life as well as espionage or federal operations. For example; disliking the education system and believing it needs reform but still going because you acknowledge the opportunities and benefits that arise from educational qualifications.

The biggest thing I have struggled with is the feeling of keeping up a mask, and a face I show to varying communities. While I have not struggled with disassociation or separate personalities, I struggle with the extreme stress that arises from "keeping up appearances."

My cognitive dissonance presents itself in various ways, for example, wanting to be honest with people as a whole but also having to lie or omit information to the public that is secret, or would be harmful to myself or others if publicised.

I struggle with having to keep up various masks and therefore, having to not be impulsive, and almost remind myself that this isn't only just an espionage career, but also an acting one.

Zionism, the state of Israel, blood relations thereof ensuring loyalty, and bloodlines as the spider connecting the multifaceted web in this regard. Could you articulate your own understanding of their inter-relatedness as well as briefly indoctrinate us to the importance of subterfuge in furthering the aims of the aforementioned?

A colleague pointed out to me the other day that being anti Zionist is inherently antisemitic, and this is a value most Jewish people have and here is why: Zionism is seen as the belief that Jews are entitled to a homeland, the homeland being Israel, in being Anti Zionist one is automatically stating that they do not believe that the Jewish people are also entitled to a homeland like other religions and ethnicities.

Other religions and ethnicities such as Islam and Christianity don't have this same issue in having a homeland, there are countless Muslim countries such as Saudi Arabia, Jordan and Syria, and Christian countries such as England, Georgia and Greece; therefore one saying they don't believe in the state of Israel could be interpreted as them believing that the Jewish people are not entitled to a homeland that everyone else has a variation of.

I believe that because of this, it is almost essential to your belonging in the Jewish community to be a staunch Zionist and advocate for the land of Israel.

Judaism is an ethnoreligion which makes it different from religions people can just choose to be, which is why it could also be considered racist to disregard the Jews' rights to a homeland.

I believe most of the subterfuge used by Israel and its civilians' is an outright response to the constant attacks, antisemitism and threats that they are under. In the past, when Israel and the Jewish people's actions were more transparent it has made way for enemies of Israel to perceive and attack vulnerabilities, and hurt the Jewish people.

There is always an element of secrecy in espionage, Israel or not, which is something you must bear in mind regardless, I personally believe it's paramount for Israel due to the historical and constant and ongoing attacks lead by people who do not like the state of Israel and do not like the Jewish people, which could be arguably interpreted as the same thing.



Ancient Prophecy, Modern Means



"It is common for many children to be aggressively woken in the middle of the night by many armed soldiers and, tied and blindfolded, transported to Israeli settlements or official interrogation centers. Few children are informed of their rights to legal counsel or their right to avoid self-incrimination. Confessions from children are extracted by a mixture of sleep deprivation, threats of death, threats against them or their families, sexual assault, solitary confinement, and physical torture."- UNICEF 2013 pg. 9-11

Do truly catastrophic prophecies and calamity awaits us right around the corner? The darkest traditions of biblical and Judaic lore, both exoteric and fringe, warn of men of brilliance leading the world astray and a forthcoming era of Ikvesa D'Meshicha, a time when the world becomes corrupt and amoral and the Jews become isolated and hated, eventually leading to the bloody war of Gog and Magog.

Perhaps everything that is happening right now is simply all a coincidence. Its merely a coincidence that in 2022 the red heffers needed to usher in "Acharit Hayamim" (the Hebrew word for the end of days) were carefully picked and delivered from Texas to Israel. These heffers needed to build the third temple , in Christian eschatology the Antichrist will secure a treaty that allows the Jews to rebuild this Temple, at the midpoint of a seven-year tribulation period, the Antichrist will break the treaty, desecrate the "Holy of Holies" and then declare himself to be God, the event known as the "abomination of desolation". Is it a coincidence that in the first 12 months of the conflict 13,000 children were killed, and that

number has now climbed to 20,000, an attack started in a territory well known to have a population of over 45% being under 18? Or is it a sleek and systematic choreograph of child sacrifice on a truly grand scale, and in full view. No hidden death camps, no middle of the night renditions, rather a slick genocide and a highly televised bureaucratic seeming process. Modern day battlefields acting like ancient lay lines soaking up the blood of the young. For the Israeli soldiers and settlers this harvest of young souls is a celebratory civic duty.



Possibly this is a war which is not meant to be won in the typical fashion, its merely a massive, country-spanning smokescreen. The bloody chaos of local skirmishes and bombed-out urban centers provides the perfect operational cover for the true objective— a ravenous ritual sacrifice right under the noses of the world staring at it on their televisions. The leaders obviously never referring to the deaths as a ceremonial cleansing instead the dreadful and grisly reality is neatly shoved into the classic sanitized vocabulary of modern military conflict. Mass disappearances of children from occupied zones are publicly categorized as "unfortunate collateral damage" or "evacuations and strategic reassignment." Recontextualizing an intelligently constructed occult genocide as merely the standard, tragic cost of a conventional war, exploiting the international community's desensitized

complacency toward wartime casualties. The most occulted of the many ritual acts humans have carried out is being performed right in front of the global community. The final campaign, a doctrine of carnage with all of humanity unknowingly placing its head upon the guillotine.

Professor Xueqin from Yale University pushes forward the idea that the Israeli government purposely wants the world to witness these actions so that they turn against Israel, accelerating the eschatological belief which states that Israel is set to face off with the entire world in mass conflict and emerge triumphantly due to divine intervention. "For I will gather all the nations against Jerusalem to battle" (Zechariah 14:2). The massive amount of murdered children, a so called global taboo, acting as the "River behind your back", a strategy in which military brass force their own retreating army against a river with no chance of escape, forced with the choice of drowning or fighting they become galvanized and unified. The "Little Satan" like a well oiled machine, conspiring and manipulating geopolitical and economic affairs in order to push the realization of ancient revelations.

It is only a matter of time.



