

YOUR GOVERNMENT WANTS YOU DEAD

yet the phrase I choose for such a title probably doesn't come as much of a surprise to those who've been watching carefully since the madness of 2020 and 2021... the beginnings of the vaccine rollout, and on.

That it is a very blatant two-stream society we're now living in, wouldn't come as much of a shock? On one side, the slowly-awakening masses of Brits who've lived on these Isles for milleniae, on the other, the usual herd of the pro-multi-culti blue-haired ochlocro-gynocrats with their pathological altruisms and their endless speeches to perpetual compassion and cultural degradation. Or

: 1/The side that wants to live... and 2/the side that wants to die.

Sometimes one has to put things rather bluntly. 'Want', might be a strong word in the latter case... yet, by 'want' I mean; 'chooses by ignorance, or fear', is not an invalid presumption, I believe.

As time goes by I try to have less and less to do with British society in general. Or at least the types who represent officialdom in all its dumb glory. It is a healthy defense mechanism against the very-possible general Thanatos? One must remember that by the year 2011 your author had already written a long largely-unpublished poem sequence named 'To Insanity' addressing the general drift of things at that time. We all get older. Time runs on. Fifteen years later we see the trend grow more and more intensely psychopathic. Vaccine-takers of 2021 and onward prove the point most patently... and of course one's patience runs out... when I personally know two people who've died of that lethal experiment, and very probably one other. The loss of a parent, and the fragile health of the other makes it even more viscerally apparent. My own shite health etc.

The general Thanatos; Greek word for death urge... is now wholly upon us. And then one speculates on the stats, more generally... being vaguely confident that the ones we're fed are total bullshit. My spidey senses suggest to me that we're talking in the millions... millions dead and millions injured. I wouldn't doubt that. At all. Perhaps you could have a chat with your local surgery about it, yet I somehow doubt a diabetic Indian on a decent salary would feel much concern (and watch how the good young white ones don't last a very long while within the system... I had a very dependable open-minded guy a few years ago... they have him on a rota whereby he only swings back into the area every month or so... the main thing is for the staff never to get to know their patients... that way they can blame them for all their 'independantly-researched' idiocies and absolve themselves from the more probable blame. It is boring).

Now, you might say; 'But Andrew, don't you think you're being overly dramatic... after all we know our politicians are inept' etc... no. My gaze has long drifted away from the obvious psychopathy of western governments and their at-least eighty year push for the total ethnic cleansing of white people in their home lands. What interests me are the people in the country, in my case; Britain... what are they doing? What are they deciding upon?

My 'white flight' of 1999 (a move to Asia for the best part of – on and off – the next 15 years) begins to make sense to me now. It didn't then. Not really. Ever since school my technique was to expand my geographical horizons, quickly and with the least amount of fuss. I was asked if I wanted to re-take my A-Levels due to very average grades. I said no. And got as far as Stoke-on-Trent, and a rather down at heel University in the post-Polytechnic stripe straightforward for those times. After that; India... after that; Japan... then an almost two-year tenure in London, and then over a decade in South Korea after that. Always running... always drinking. Some part of me always viewed England as an utter mad house, and this would reflect on the people living there, and not just its government... and so it would make sense that by 2009, and having consumed all of Ezra Pound, I'd had confirmation that Britain – to his view – was, indeed, a mad house... praps as far back as 1918 or '19? That was a very necessary find back then. But that is only to focus on the life of the mind of a poet... messages moving outward upon the land... messages; from poet to poet, down the years. In the very fibre of British social life one can detect it without being anything of a bookworm. Tell me why girls and boys in their middle teens already know the sham of British life, and decide that the best way to deal with it is to drink their way down to the arse-end of a cider bottle, and to plan various kinds of escapes, professional or otherwise as soon as possible. How long the idiocy of the educative process has been in place under Thanatos would be a long study in itself. What is the message, for the average white girl or boy of that age... in its most constricted form. Should I venture a list? Let's carve a list from the general attitude, anyhow.

1/ Shag as much as you want. Whomsoever, and whenever doesn't matter. It's been this way since the pill.

2/ Religion, we know, is a relic of the past. But give the Bible a go if you have more than the attention span of a gold fish

3/ Do you know anything of economics? Personal finances? Global and international forms of banking? No? Good... let's both keep it that way. Here's a National Insurance number... go get a bank account to put the pittance of a wage 9 out of 10 of you will be earning over your life.

4/ Fuck philosophy. No, really. Fuck it. Don't mention it. Ever. I'm warning you.

5/ Literature? Here's a Shakespeare play, and someone who will talk at you about it for a few years. The rest is grades and acronyms. You say you love it? Please leave that to your bedroom fantasies.

6/ We've heard some of you can cook? Perhaps you can talk to your grandmother about that. Otherwise, there's the frozen food section of Asda.

7/ Homesteading sounds very exotic. Ray Mears has a show on the BBC about that. Or is it bushcraft? Or there's Thoreau. I'll spell that for you. Just enjoy the shitty urban flat most of you will be living in for the next 3 or 4 decades.

8/ The Arts Council is your Pravda... except split the workload across twenty 'literary' magazines instead and that way we hope no one will notice. And yes, we DO own the middle aged ladies... this is just the way things go, unfortunately. But do still head on down to your local theatre. We do do plays, you know!

9/ Somewhere far out on the fringes of society is a man or woman with a brain. Keep them away from our get-togethers, keep them away from our families, keep them away from our children.

10/ Being gigantically obese is the new thing, y'know? Abuse yourself. Always. You're alcoholic? Here's 30 quid a week more on your Universal Credit. Have a ball! Like skag? We've a program for that.

On my last visit up north I noticed that they'd put a fence around my old Primary School playing field. They are worried about the children escaping, while probably professing to 'to keep the lunatics (members of the general public, including the parents?) out'. Also, notice how all the public signage changes down the decades, until, by COVIDIOTISM, it seems to address someone with the mental age of about 7? One might ask; which came first? The destruction of intelligence, or the assumption of the general public being imbeciles from the get-go? Again, you get the drift. Praps I belie my era too much? It is a 90s thing. People don't even have accommodation anymore... flats or otherwise (I had 6 months of homelessness a few years ago, and am positively middle aged... god knows what the Zoomers are dealing with!)

Then the trend simply goes to the dogs totally from there. Kids mildly depressed because they DO live in a genuine horrorshow being told they're 'mentally ill' and put on what goddawful concoctions of drugs? And you can have done with your genitalia, also. One gets the sense that the depth of the horrorshow must be documented thoroughly for the coming generations... if we have any?... since all media has fairly obviously and resolutely turned away from the often acute troubles of the average white Briton. We are simply 'extremists' now... 'anti-semites'... proto-terrorists. The final homicidal lunge is on. If you've ever wondered what 'managed dysfunction' is... look at your life... look at the fine grain of the societal set-up... in all its pre-South African horror. 1930s Soviet Union, anyone?

Except that for their Gulags we have the NHS, and smart phones. I remember using that word 'Soviet...' in a poem back in 2004 or '05... I submitted it to that oh-so-cozy middle brow poetry publisher 'Bloodaxe'. It never went anywhere, of course. But one gets used to the utter let-down of the boomer editors toward the waiting generations... an old story. Yet it IS interesting how it was only the boomers that really had any cultural cache in the media through the decades... the reason for this was that they were the only solid generation that were utterly mindfuckd and controllable in the eyes of the establishment. So the cultural authority simply never shifted afresh across the younger generations whatsoever... which isn't to say there aren't younger generations spouting their usual nonsense in the media... it's just that little bit harder for the powers-that-aren't to keep all their ducks in a row down the decades. Israel still likes its Palestinian kids eviscerated openly on camera... and so the

legend is dying... what legend? The WWII narrative, of course. Mel Gibson sez that he once had a conversation with a Hollywood producer who said that he preferred a woman on film... 'naked is good, dead is better'. (Ever read D.H Lawrence's 'The Woman Who Rode Away'? My suspicions know no bounds these days. I've pushed Lawrence in the past... but read that story, consider the Chatterley media spectacle and ask yourself why F. R Leavis, and Cambridge, loved him so much...? I also noticed, recently, that a guy down in Zennor was due to do a talk on 'D. H Lawrence and Black Magic' or some such, up in Glastonbury. The organisers pulled the event at the last minute. The hippies DO love their sacred cows, it seems).

But, yes, the dead woman... now that really is Thanatos! Woman; symbol of all societal regeneration. And so we must be on our guard when it comes to right wing types going on about bringing back male authority in totem. Domestic abuse etc. I get more traditional on these matters, also... yes, take them all out of most of the institutional and political leadership roles, don't bother them with the vote... but the intuitive powers of women are an oblique but a definite power. Maternal and community roles! Woman is nurture! What does that word even mean around the masculine? Very little. That instinctual power is magical, mystical even. Robert Graves wrote: 'Man Does, Woman Is'. And – having lived in a fair few countries – you can be guaranteed that that power is nowhere else championed or even apparent outside of white European countries. It is a very obvious matter. The troubadour tradition understood that most acutely. But I wax culturo-lyrical.

The circus of the Kali Yuga must play itself out, it seems.

(And, back on that medical jag, I recall my grandfather died being mildly 'racist' with a few Asians in his hospice ward back in the year 2000. My father died, without any racism, and surrounded almost completely by Asians – (plus two brainwashed white females from his family) – feeding him God knows what. It took them 8 days to kill him. And, if you imagine I wax too brutal on that particular point... then, given I've had an Asian woman as a mother-in-law in my early life, I would imagine it to be the final indignity for her if she happened to die with a bunch of brainless white westerners around her?

Also; one does wonder, as the years pass, what moron will be attending to me if I have some serious medical issue? We plan to be well away from hospitals for my final flight to God).

Do we imagine that our present template of government can even survive another decade? Do you still think the democratic mob (of 'right' or 'left' persuasion) can festoon Parliament with even a handful of sensible ideas?? I think the 'changing things from the inside' notion might be a done duck though. I oscillate. Most party hopefuls ambling down to Westminster will just end up at a party one night... and wake up the next morning with a photo of themselves in the arms of a naked girl or boy at their email account... perhaps said child is bruised or bleeding from one orifice or another?... it doesn't take much. I'm old enough to remember pictures of George Clooney and Barack Obama making use of the oral services of a child on some boat somewhere. Or anyone remember that picture of DiCaprio smiling and enjoying a Havana next to a jar which looked to be housing the pickled remains of a baby? (That was really the Wild West of the internet back in around 2012 or 2013. There's a lot of people now

who are too young to remember this stuff. That they've scrubbed the Jewtube clean as a whistle compared to those days, is obvious. It's also what makes Gen Xers still kind of dangerous in some way. That there are still quite a few of us who were cognisant of all that?)

Anyway, perhaps the best case scenario for a government hopeful might be to reach office... and yet everyone around you is ready to oust you at the drop of a hat? That was Andrew Bridgen, I guess... yet he DID simply fill his local council with people who had more than two braincells to rub together. (But will Bridgen raise the red flag against our Hebraic mediaristas, I wonder? They kind of turned Corbyn into a kind of internationalist 'anti-semitic' focussed on Palestine only for a while... rather than referring to any fifth columns that might be around in the UK etc. That's very British, after all).

But the council thing can be done, I expect. From the outside and from the inside... it MUST be done. Western civilization depends upon that.

But they want you dead. Take note of that. Remember that - in 2025 - a man who says (and has recently said) 'England for The English' is considered a brutal, dangerous person. Even in uber-liberal 1996 I really don't think anyone would've batted an eyelash about that sentiment.

We better get racist, people... because, God knows, this establishment has already decided you are... if you'd like air to breath, children to rear, and a vaguely peacable and happy society for your own people...

They want you dead. Make no mistake.

And all I'll say, in closing, is that I bet the mass of universities are still not teaching Thomas's 'Do Not Go Gentle...' It just doesn't match up with the new 'assisted dying' bill.