-**Grace and the Abyss**.-

-The First Flicker of Doubt.-

When I was a child, I had a neighbor named Sam, who was just a few years younger than me but seemed to carry a sense of awareness that I didn't fully understand. Sam lived in a world that was very different from mine, one that was far more fractured. I have vivid memories of us watching his older brother play Megaman 2, fascinated by how far he could get, making it all the way to Wily Stage 1.

Sam's world stood apart from mine in many ways. He introduced me to heavy metal, bands like Metallica, The Smashing Pumpkins, and Black Sabbath, which I'd never heard at home. I spent nights at his house watching Beavis and Butt-Head and other oddities of early '90s culture, sometimes gross, sometimes beautiful. These moments would go on to shape my own art years later. Late into the night, we'd pore over Dungeons & Dragons monster manuals, wondering how to add a Tarrasque to our game. We'd spend the waning hours of the day, after school, browsing Newgrounds and other edgelord memes, finding endless entertainment. Those summers in the '90s and early 2000s were happy times, before everything became so complex, when all that seemed to matter was whether we could get the SNES emulator to run so we could finally play Seiken Densetsu 3.

Sam was always very smart, smarter than me, at least that's how it felt. While I was content to let things unfold, Sam seemed to pay attention, to think critically about everything around him. He always had an opinion, and he wasn't afraid to challenge what others believed. But Sam's intelligence came with the weight of his past. He grew up in an abusive household, often bearing bruises from the violence, and sometimes even forced to eat dog food, details that stuck with me even as a child. It was clear that his family wasn't like mine, and though he never spoke about it directly, I could see how that abuse shaped him, how it fueled the anger and disillusionment that simmered beneath the surface. Later, when we were teens, Sam's need for escape became more obvious. He would drink mouthwash just to get drunk, something I couldn't understand at the time, but now it makes more sense.

I remember a moment when we were very young, sitting on the floor and playing with our GI Joes. Out of nowhere, Sam brought up God. He said, "I don't believe in God." I was shocked. I hadn't even considered that it was possible to think that way. I had always taken it for granted that there was a God, someone who watched over things and kept the world in order. But Sam's words challenged that assumption, and it stuck with me, though I didn't fully understand what it meant at the time. It wasn't until years later that I would start to think more seriously about that moment.

-Evolutionary theory.-

Eventually, I left home, and for many years I didn't speak to Sam. My life moved in another direction. When I went to college, I was confronted with ideas I had never fully considered before, above all the theory of evolution.

Learning about evolution was a turning point. For the first time, I started to see human existence through a purely biological lens. The idea that our actions, behaviors, and instincts were driven by our genetic necessity to replicate seemed undeniable. It was a powerful framework, one that explained much of human behavior without needing to invoke any supernatural force. As I absorbed more and more of this scientific worldview, it gradually became clear to me that God, in the way I had been taught to believe in Him, was an invention, an emotional response to the anxieties of life, a construct to help explain the chaos of existence. The comforting idea of a divine order, one that I had held onto so tightly in my youth, seemed increasingly untenable in light of the biological and evolutionary explanations I was discovering. I came to view God as a crutch, a way to manage fear and uncertainty, rather than as a living force in the world.

This shift didn't happen overnight, but as my understanding of science deepened, so did my skepticism. The more I learned about human evolution, the more I realized that the idea of a God who guided our actions didn't fit into the reality that science was uncovering. My belief in God slowly eroded, replaced by the conviction that everything was driven by the mechanics of nature, by survival, reproduction, and the blind forces of evolution. I became an atheist, not because I had a strong desire to reject religion, but because the world I was now discovering, through the lens of evolution, didn't leave room for God.

It was this understanding of evolutionary theory that would eventually lead me to the movement. Let it be a lesson in sophistry, that even those with degrees in evolutionary theory can weave elaborate arguments to uphold the illusion of equality: equality of man, of race, of genders, and so on. Having learned about evolution on my own, driven by nothing but my own curiosity, I found myself confronted with questions that those in power would rather have kept buried than answered. The more I delved into evolution, the more I saw how it shattered the comforting illusions of equality and sameness that had been indoctrinated into me. This was not a worldview that could comfortably accommodate the idealistic equality peddled by society.

I still remember the moment a line in a textbook stopped me cold: an anthropologist explaining that they could distinguish a Caucasoid, a Negroid, and a Mongoloid skull just by the bones. That fact, simple and undeniable, lodged in my mind like a splinter. If the casing was different, I thought, then what of the brain it housed? Could the smallest neurological differences, averaged across populations, manifest in ways we barely understood, in behavior, in temperament, even in the ability to grasp the most abstract concepts? My so-called "racism," if one insists on calling it that, was never born of hatred. It was born of inquiry, the unflinching drive to follow a question wherever it might lead.

But those questions, the ones that couldn't be easily dismissed, only led me further into the depths of a worldview where the stark reality of natural hierarchies could not be ignored. Yet, in asking those questions, I began to realize how uncomfortable and dangerous such truths could be.

-An old friend.-

When I finally met up with Sam years later, he had effectively become a self-proclaimed whino, someone who drank to escape. In person, he could be destructive, his presence overwhelming and sometimes volatile. But online, filtered through dialogue alone, Sam was a very good mind to engage with. Our conversations shifted from childhood distractions to deeper philosophical discussions. We began talking about the world, philosophy, and, of course, God. Sam had become an Orthodox Christian. He struggled with his faith, caught between doubt and belief, but argued passionately against my existential atheism.

It was during this time, toward the tail end of the Obama years, that the world itself seemed to be shifting. In certain corners of the internet, whispers began to emerge about the fundamental flaws in liberal democracy, in the entire Enlightenment project. Critiques of modernity, Marxism, and feminism became more prevalent, especially in spaces where the reigning political orthodoxy was being challenged. Sam, my wife, a few of our other close friends, and I were some of the few people we knew who openly mocked the modern world. We were often at odds with our fellow millennials, a generation that had glorified the 1968 myth of peace and equality, turning it into the new golden calf. To us, they seemed like a decadent, weak generation, completely disconnected from any sense of purpose beyond shallow slogans.

As we spent more time together, Sam and I, along with my wife and a few others, found ourselves exiled from much of our former social circles. We would talk late into the night, discussing the ways the world needed to change, how things couldn't go on the way they were. During one of these conversations, Sam introduced me to Pascal's Wager. Up until then, I had seen the existence of God as something like 99.9% improbable and 0.1% possible. But Sam's argument forced me to reevaluate. His words, though still steeped in the uncertainty that plagued him, made me see the issue in a new light. Now, it felt more like 50/50. Either God existed, or He didn't. The question of God was no longer something I could dismiss so easily. It became something I had to confront directly.

-Breaking Point.-

The Murdoch Murdoch project was started between me and my friends. What began as an exploration of ideas quickly gained traction, becoming popular in certain esoteric circles where divergent political and philosophical taboos were explored. As the show grew, so did the risks. It was clear that anonymity was essential; the more the project gained attention, the greater the

potential danger. One night, I had Sam work on the project with me. At first, it felt like a fun game, just something we did for the thrill of it. But as we became more involved in the "movement," I started to worry. What if Sam, with his reckless nature, would accidentally expose our identities? What if his unpredictable behavior jeopardized everything we had built?

This fear slowly began to eat at me, and it drove a wedge between Sam and I. I started to speak to him less and less, justifying it by telling myself I was too busy. At first, Sam asked if something was wrong, but I gave him vague answers. Eventually, he messaged me, pouring out his heart about how he couldn't keep living because of his depression. He said he had reached a breaking point. I remember telling him, "Live for your God." But then he told me that he didn't believe anymore. He said he had only wanted to believe, but he couldn't.

At the time, the ethos that had been adopted within the movement shaped the way I responded. I had become steeped in the idea that strength and willpower, the ability to overcome, were the true paths to masculinity. There was no room for weakness or vulnerability in that framework. So I met his cry for grace with something cold, something harsh: "Stop whining. Either choose life or choose death, but either way, stop crying about it." I wanted to convey that strength, that relentless drive to push forward, was the only path that mattered.

About a month later, I got the call that Sam had destroyed himself. At first, I was quiet, numb, in shock. But when I got home, I broke. I cried hard. How could the man who'd sparked my journey back to God end his own life? How could someone who once gave me purpose lose it for himself? In doing so, he took with him the conviction we had shared.

I poured a drink, hoping it would settle me, but the pain remained. I was furious at him for leaving, yet sick at myself for not being there. Had my coldness left him alone in a world with no kindness? The harshness I'd shown him, shaped by the ideology I lived in, felt like a betrayal.

I didn't sleep that night. I read over our last messages. I was an asshole. When I shut my eyes, I saw us as boys, the SNES in front of us, the blue light on his face, sitting on his floor arguing about monsters. His grin when he won. I hadn't seen that grin in years. Now it was gone. He would never grin again. Never argue again. Never send me those strange, half-bright messages. There was only silence. And my part in it.

In the hollow that followed his death, my mind turned to the beliefs I had been living by, the creed I thought made men strong, and I felt the need to seek the truth for myself, apart from any frame I had been given. I still believed a man stood or fell on his will, that weakness was a choice, that the world owed nothing. But I began to turn these convictions over in my mind, not to abandon them, but to test them in the light of what had happened.

When I joined the movement, it was a militant memetic force that called to the restless part of me. It felt like revelation, I had been lost in the cult of liberalism, blind to the truth, and the movement opened my eyes. It showed me the dystopia of the modern world, the forces at work, the way things truly were. I marched in step with my brothers. But after Sam's suicide, it felt like I stepped out of the parade, down a side street. The strange thing was, many came with me.

-NGNS-

I had come to see all life as locked in an endless struggle, every species, every individual, competing for resources, each move shaped by the logic of the selfish gene. In that frame, what people called altruism was just another strategy for survival, a mask for self-interest.

But even with that belief running through me, there was something else, a quiet desire to be "nice." I don't mean agreeable or weak, but an instinct to create rather than destroy, to make things fit together instead of tearing them apart. It didn't belong in the vision of life I had pieced together, a world of competition, of strength, of genetic survival, but it was there, and it wouldn't leave.

Even when I had shown Sam my harshest side, it wasn't from a love of cruelty. I had never cared for cruelty for its own sake. My severity toward him had come from the belief that only by overcoming could a man stand. It was the same impulse that, in its gentler form, wanted to see things mended, made whole.

At the time, I couldn't have explained why it mattered to me. I only knew that when I worked on Murdoch Murdoch, that quiet part of me came alive. After Sam's death, it grew louder. Was life really just genetic information locked in an endless fight for survival? Or was there something more, something in that quiet pull that pointed beyond survival?

How could I long for a homeland for my people, yet still wish the same for all others? Why did it seem the only paths were to destroy the world or let it consume me and my own? I had no answers, only the sense of a hidden current carrying me toward a place I had never known.

-The art of becoming.-

My soul was adrift, and all I could do was bury my head in books and pour out my pain into the show. Biological determinism had dominated the early movement, but there were always mystics in the background, voices that spoke to something deeper, something beyond mere survival. It was in this climate, this internal turmoil, that I began searching for a soul to all of it.

Replication and survival were undeniable forces in life, yes, but I couldn't help but feel there was something else out there, a higher purpose, a greater meaning to existence.

I turned first to our ancient memetic heritage, hoping to find something in full alignment with our inner mode of being, something that resonated with me on a deeper level. I found myself drawn to the works of Savitri Devi, and from there, to Hinduism, the most ancient Aryan religion. In exploring it, I encountered the concept of Brahman, the ultimate, all encompassing reality. It was as if a curtain had been pulled back, and I began to see reality as a unified whole, something beyond just the sum of its parts. This, in a strange way, marked the beginning of my monotheism.

As I continued my soul searching, I stumbled across the Tao. The Tao Te Ching was a profound work that inspired a new conception of reality, one that began to shape my perspective. I began to see "The Way" as "the true." It was a realization that showed me the greater current in which even the biological and deterministic forces were themselves adrift. The Way was not merely a path to follow; it was the current itself, the great river of existence, and life was a matter of swimming with it or against it. This image became the foundation from which I began to map the deeper order behind all things.

By incorporating the weight of Sam's loss into the work, and beginning my fledgling journey into philosophy, religion, and esoteric traditions, the art began to take on a transcendental quality, something far beyond what I had initially intended. It wasn't just a creative outlet anymore; it became a vessel for deeper, almost mystical energy. Strange things began to happen, synchronicities, moments that seemed to exist beyond simple coincidence. They would call it "meme magic," but for me, it felt like something more. The message of the movement was no longer just an intellectual pursuit; it was transmitting at an emotional level, perhaps the most powerful level for mass movements. This was no longer just about ideas; it was about reaching people in a way that resonated with their very core.

As this transformation unfolded, my own beliefs began to shift. Slowly, my atheism gave way to Romantic idealism, the belief that the world could be understood not just through logic, but through intuition, feeling, and a deeper connection to the sublime. From there, it progressed further, moving toward complexity theory. I began to think in terms of (b)eing and (B)eing: the everyday existence of life, and the higher, more purposeful force behind it. I sketched it as a small "b" looping toward a larger "B," a symbol of self-transcendence, the movement from the individual to the universal. Later, I discovered that John Wheeler, the physicist who coined the term "black hole," had drawn something strikingly similar: a single eye, looping through the shape of the universe to gaze back at itself. It was his "participatory universe," the idea that the observer is woven into the fabric of reality, playing an active role in its unfolding. Seeing that parallel felt like finding a key, one that unlocked a vision of the world where science, philosophy, and spirit converged. In this vision, the self was not merely an observer adrift in a meaningless sea, but a participant in the shaping of reality itself. The path was not laid out in

steps; it was an unending expanse, a boundary that forever receded as you drew near. And so the eye could not wander, could not look away, it must remain transfixed, always the horizon.

-ATH.-

I wrote a book, which wasn't my usual medium, but I wanted to try something different. It came from the viewpoint of how I had come to see the world, how I interpreted reality. It was deeply pagan in its nature, almost like a modern Pilgrim's Progress for Western man. The book argued that Western civilization had to reclaim its position as the guardian of "knowing."

Knowing is not mere thought; it is (b)eing in action, the living motion of a being endowed with agency. It shows itself when Hubble first peered into the heavens, and it is there when a child watches the colors of a sunset. Both are moments of knowing, both are instances where the human being operates in accord with Being.

Among men, the Aryan carries the rare inheritance to draw forth a higher order of knowing. His spirit is set always toward the horizon, chasing the sun, the face of fundamental truth.

The Sacred Clown, the wanderer of my tale, searches for a way to save his people from extinction. In the end, when confronted by the phenomenon of nihilism, the abyss that drags Western man downward, he does not falter. He answers Shakespeare's question, "to be or not to be", with a defiant and resounding: TO BE.

In my book, I argued that Christianity was not a natural flowering of the European spirit but an foreign intrusion, an idea born in the desert that gradually polluted the Aryan worldview. I saw the faith as a corruption that severed Western man from his own inner inheritance, the memetic patterns aligned with his genetic heritage. The Dark Ages, I believed, were the direct result of this displacement: once torn from his native orientation toward truth, Aryan man languished under a foreign creed that dimmed his vitality and arrested his progress.

The fall of Rome, and the intellectual and cultural unraveling that followed, marked a profound loss in humanity's capacity to pursue higher knowledge. The Renaissance and Enlightenment brought a rebirth of intellectual autonomy, but this revival was not an external spark; it was Aryan man's own inner mode of being struggling back into daylight. Slowly shedding the anomalous patterns that had bound him, he began to recover his native orientation toward truth. Yet the return was incomplete. The sacred bond between man and nature, once deeply woven into Aryan tradition, had been severed. Intellectualism, detached from spiritual alignment, led to an age of nihilism, where knowledge, stripped of purpose, drifted without meaning.

Christianity was not simply a spiritual creed but a conduit through which foreign elements gained a foothold in Europe. By severing Aryan man from his native inheritance, it left him exposed and weakened. In this new order of humility and submission, the Jew, a parasitical group was able to take root and expand their influence. Christianity nurtured their growth, shielding them under its moral order, until in time they learned to wield disproportionate power within the very societies they inhabited.

Christianity did not merely permit the Jew's survival, it ensured it. By adopting the Old Testament as its foundation, Europe raised the legacy of a foreign people into its own sacred center. Cathedrals echoed with stories of Abraham and David, Adam became the forefather of both, and Europe's imagination was bound to a desert past. Even when violence flared against them, Christian theology forbade their erasure. They were preserved, their endurance guaranteed, their narrative entwined with ours. Thus, the very faith that displaced Aryan vitality also incubated the rise of those who would, in time, wield immense influence within the West.

-Logos.-

Time passed, and I eventually walked away from the show. I had taken it as far as I could, and it no longer felt like something I needed to pursue. I saw myself in a kind of retirement, at least in terms of revolutionary art. Life became more sluggish. I spent my days immersed in Minecraft and science fiction, losing myself in virtual worlds instead of pushing the boundaries of my own.

It was during this period of stagnation that I found myself having conversations with a Christian friend of mine. He told me, bluntly, that I had become lazy in my pursuit of truth. He wasn't wrong. Having found success in the art world, I felt complete, as though I had accomplished something significant. I was comfortable with the world I had built, and it seemed to withstand scrutiny, at least to my own satisfaction. But in the back of my mind, I couldn't shake the feeling that I had stopped pushing myself.

One day, a friend handed me a Bible and challenged me to read it. I didn't know what to expect, but I agreed, if only to see for myself. I flipped through the pages, letting my finger fall where it might. It stopped at: I am that I am. The words felt significant, as if they had been waiting for me to notice them.

As I slowly began reading the Bible in full, I found most of it to be nonsense. I read not out of belief, but to understand, more 'know thy enemy' than devotion. Still, I tried to approach it without preconceptions. I had read pieces of the Bible as a child, but at that age I had no real sense of human history. Now, as a man in my thirties, with years spent reading about cultures, wars, and empires, it was easier to understand the setting, the time, the place, the world in

which these words were first spoken. Most of the time, though, I was still lost in its dense, foreign language.

At times, a phrase would emerge that was simply beautiful, “bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh.” Even in skepticism, moments like this made me pause. I was struck by the unity of the tribe of Israel, not the faith itself, but how it bound them to a shared identity and history. I thought, I wish my people saw themselves this way. It was longing, not for their belief, but for the bond it forged.

Many in my circles mocked circumcision as proof the Abrahamic God was absurd. Foreskins? Really? I once laughed too, dismissing it as a bizarre ritual. But because I had resolved to try and understand, I applied my Darwinian lens, and oddly enough, it made sense. Men live for their sex; much of our drive for power and control flows from the urge to reproduce. Seen symbolically, circumcision became a declaration, cutting away the organ that embodies our most primal urge, choosing instead to live for something higher than the Darwinian will to survive. And yet, even with that perspective in mind, I can’t deny that the whole thing still feels a little strange to me.

Applying that same materialist, Darwinian view, I turned to the story of Adam and Eve eating from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. I thought about the early hominids, the first creatures capable of grasping complex ideas like good and evil. Animals live largely by instinct, but as our minds evolved, we began to look beyond mere survival. The cognitive leap that set us apart brought with it the ability to understand abstraction and higher causes. But that gift carried a cost. Man could no longer remain in the “garden,” in harmony with nature; we were set apart, cast into a world of complexity, conflict, and choice.

It was this reframing, this attempt to understand rather than simply debunk the Bible, that drew me further into the world of the Christian mind. I kept going back to the phrase, “I am that I am.” “I am”? Being? For so long, I had thought of man as calling out toward the sun, reaching for fundamental truth or “Being.” But I started asking: Does it call out to us? And if so, what is its Word? I had long used a model of a small “b” with an arrow pointing to the big “B,” symbolizing the journey of man toward a higher understanding of existence. But suddenly, I questioned whether this model was incomplete. Should there also be an arrow pointing from the big “B” to the little “b”, a sign that the higher addresses the lower, that the source of all truth might also be the one who seeks us?

When I came to see “God” as “Being,” things started to fall into place. This wasn’t the impersonal Being of the Tao, nor the detached perfection of Plotinus’ One, but something aware, something that could, perhaps, respond. It was like watching the last pieces of a puzzle slide into place. Before this shift, I had thought of Being in a Taoist sense, “The Way,” an unfolding river of reality that one must harmonize with. But now, merging that image with the God of the Abrahamic traditions, I began to see a deeper framework take shape. Sin became, in

my mind, the inevitable result of swimming against the current, going against God's will, the river of Being, the manifold of Truth itself, and it led to "Non-being," to death. Love, in turn, became "the desire for something to be," the primal will that calls reality into existence, moving against entropy and toward greater complexity. It was God's love that brought forth the world, and with it, both knowing and Being.

And I started to wonder, is this the "living water" Christ spoke of? Is this the true everlasting life, not as the endless survival of an individual, but as the enduring vitality of creation itself? That if we conformed ourselves fully to God's will, the river of Being would never run dry, and life would continue to flow without end? For if we remained bound to a purely Darwinian instinct for survival and replication, severed from the will of God, we could one day extinguish life altogether in the blind pursuit of our own perpetuation. But if we move with the current of His will, the river carries creation onward, into unending renewal.

As I continued to read and study, I found myself circling back to the questions Christians have wrestled with for centuries, especially the problem of evil. This led me to the words of Socrates, who said that the good and the true are one and the same. If God is Being, and Being is truth, and truth is the good, then God is good. But what of evil and choice?

For much of my life, I had leaned toward determinism, convinced that free will was an illusion. But the oddities of quantum mechanics began to unsettle that belief, especially the wave-particle duality, where particles seem to "choose" a state when observed. It led me to suspect that choice might not belong to humanity alone. In quantum mechanics, a particle's state remains undefined until observation collapses its probabilities into one reality. That indeterminacy suggested to me that existence itself carries a latent capacity for selection, a fundamental "choosing" woven into the fabric of reality. Humanity, perhaps through a vital force within us, seems to express a higher, more conscious form of this principle, what we call free will. We are not merely carried along by deterministic forces; we are participants in a deeper process, one that involves choice, reflection, and the awareness that we are choosing.

Why would God give us this freedom? It was actually the anime Evangelion that helped me understand. In the film, Shinji is faced with a choice: a world where everyone merges into one, losing individual selves, a painless, undifferentiated existence, or a world where individuals are separate, with all the suffering and isolation that entails. Shinji chooses the separate world, because only in separation can there be true love. Love, in this sense, must be a choice. It is in the act of choosing that meaning is created, and it is through this act of choice that we connect with the divine.

And so I came to understand: if God desires love, He must also permit the choice. For love is not a mere command of the will, but the possibility of an infinite risk. A machine that speaks love because it is programmed cannot know it. Evil, then, is born from this freedom, the freedom to defy God's will, to swim against the current of Being. Yet this very freedom was

granted because God, in His wisdom, willed that love would be possible. It felt as though the fog had cleared, revealing a landscape that had always been there, just waiting to be seen in its true form. I saw love not as a mere abstraction, but as a trembling possibility, both an infinite duty and an unfathomable grace.

When I first read the New Testament, I was disappointed. I had grown to appreciate the Old Testament, with its tribalism and sacred law. But the Gospels felt so different from what I had expected. I remember wondering, 'Is this it?' I read them again, and again, searching for meaning. It was only when I reread John that I began to grasp the concept of the Logos, the Word. Being is aware of being. A verse that stood out to me was Matthew 22:37-39, when a man asks Christ which commandment is the greatest, and Christ replies, “Love God with all your heart and love your neighbor as yourself.”

I kept thinking about how loving your neighbor as you love yourself is impossible. Our genetics are ultimately primed to maintain the individual. The selfish gene stood in direct contrast to 'loving your neighbor.' I was well aware of Nietzsche’s concept of “slave morality”, that the ethic of humility and universal love could be seen as a morality of the weak, a framework that restrains the strong and stifles the full expression of life. But now I began to wonder, could it be that when one pulls himself from mere Darwinian impulse, he enters a different realm, one where he sees above instinct alone? I do not wish to suggest that we should abandon our instinctual nature, for it is by this very nature that we are rooted in existence. Yet, I ask: when we rise above the immediate, above the mechanics of survival, can we not catch a glimpse of a higher truth? A knowing that transcends the fleeting impulses of survival, a deeper understanding that calls us beyond ourselves, beckoning us toward a higher Being? It is in this tension, this leap beyond the given, that we begin to grasp that which is truly eternal.

And so, once again, we confront the problem of evil: if God is a closed system of Truth, the very essence of all that is Good, how can there be room for falsity within Him? How can a perfectly Good God coexist with the evil in our experience? These questions weighed on me, lingering in my thoughts. At first, it seemed impossible to reconcile a perfect God with the imperfections of the world. How could creation, if it truly reflected His will, be filled with such suffering, contradiction, and injustice?

But in that quiet uncertainty, I began to glimpse the answer in Christ. Christ was not a mere figure of redemption to be dissected by logic; He was the living force at the center of this chaos. He embodied the meeting point of God’s Truth and our suffering, not as an answer to the problem of evil, but as the way of moving through it, the path toward the heart of God Himself.

If love was the river’s source, the current that first carried Being out of the void, then grace was that same current turning back to reach us when we were caught in the undertow. And if God is the manifold of Truth, the fullness of Being itself, a self-contained reality in which falsity cannot

truly be, then to set ourselves against that current should, by the nature of His perfection, sweep us into Non-being. Yet grace moves upstream to meet us.

Grace is not merely the forgiveness of wrongs; it is the living current that lifts us when we have exhausted ourselves in the wrong direction. It draws us back into alignment with the river's flow, not because we have the strength to return, but because God's mercy finds us even in our rebellion.

Christ, bearing the full weight of Truth, becomes the crossing-place between our broken course and the river's true path. The same force that shaped the channels of reality is the same force that bends toward us, refusing to let the current's purpose be lost.

Through Christ, we are not only spared from being swept away, but invited back into the great movement of Being itself. Grace carries us until the river's end meets the sea, where the final act of reconciliation belongs wholly to God.

-Chase the Sun.-

Looking back at my book's claim that Christianity collapsed the "knowing," I had to ask myself: had not the Aryan risen to his greatest heights when nearly all were Christian? If Christianity were truly poison, how did these same nations, with the faith woven into their laws, art, and worldview, ascend so far?

The more I thought on it, the more it began to seem clear to me, the Aryan was already primed for the capacity of elaborate and abstract thought. Wherever he went, he sought the fundamental truth of things. If Christ is the Truth, then it follows that those most given to seeking truth would draw the most from His words. Christianity did not make the Aryan what he was; it met him where he was. It became a vessel for his deepest instinct, to reach beyond survival, to order life around what is eternal.

As I reflected on the characters and peoples in my book, I looked back to the phenomenon of the Jew. In rejecting Christ, they turned from God's will, and in doing so, had they not cultivated a culture devoid of the love that flows from Him? When Nietzsche called them the strongest race in Europe, I saw a certain truth in that, recognizing their strength to endure through centuries of adversity, to live against the current. But at what cost? A culture built upon the inversion of God's will, a rejection of the very truth that leads us to the divine. A culture whose very foundation was laid in opposition to the truth of God.

I turned to the words of Revelation 2:9 (KJV): "I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty, (but thou art rich) and I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan", and to John 8:44 (KJV): "Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do… when he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar,

and the father of it." In these verses, I found the very forces I had once understood from another vantage point. The obfuscator, the liar, the agent of distortion, these were not mere abstractions but living forces, active in the world, pulling us away from truth, away from God's will.

When I first conceived of the obfuscator, I understood it in material terms, as a phenomenon in which the force of anti-knowing gathered and condensed, seeking always to veil truth and obstruct its revelation. In the Jewish continuum, the phenomenon had crystallized, elevated to its most potent form, a culture of the undreamer, those who would gouge out the very eye of Being. How does one begin to comprehend such a force, one that pulls us away from truth, from the Way, from God's desire? In this struggle against the nature of Being, the obfuscator appeared to me as the very manifestation of our separation from God, a distortion that casts us into darkness. Yet even in the shadow of such a force, I thought of those who, in their own strange ways, still move toward truth.

My thoughts wandered to the sacred clown, the one who sought to chase the sun, to follow the horizon endlessly. Was he not, too, seeking God's will in his own way? Was he not, in his relentless pursuit, trying to find the divine in the world, to live in harmony with God's desire? To live in harmony with God, to dwell in the good, is that not what we are all called to do? But I could not help but wrestle with my criticisms of Christianity, with the way it had been turned into something unrecognizable, into a cult of asceticism, of vicarious atonement, and of immortality. I saw kindness emptied of its meaning, no longer an offering of love, but a currency for heaven, a bargain struck with eternity. Was this the Christianity I had come to know? A religion reduced to mere survival, to the pursuit of eternal life as a transactional reward?

And if this was indeed the case, does it not disgust Christ as well? Does it not reveal the depths to which the faith has fallen, the ways in which it has been reduced to a mere mechanism of survival, a system of rewards and punishments? This thought was unbearable. To believe in something only because it satisfies our animal desire for survival, that cannot be aligning with God's will. It is not enough. No, it is not enough to seek God's glory for our own gain. I had begun to understand this, to give glory to God, for God's sake, to live for His will alone, without regard for what we may gain, that is the true path. Was the sacred clown, the one who despised Christianity, not walking the path of Christ after all? To live in harmony with Being, to show gratitude to God, to help one's brothers leave the graveyard behind, was that not to chase the sun? The Son?

-A Terrible Dilemma.-

If Christianity is true, I must align myself with Christ to fulfill God's will. But if it is not, then for my people to believe in it is like running Jewish software on Aryan hardware, it severs us from our native way of being. This is the source of my anxiety. To follow Christ might mean leaving my

people; to walk with my people might mean turning my back on God. The dilemma has no clean answer.

On one hand, I despise Christianity as the poison that allowed the Jews to dominate us. What fellowship can Apollo's heirs have with the god of the desert? What harmony exists between the temples of Greece and the tents of Sinai? If we keep shaping our world on an Abrahamic mold, we will remain under the Judaic yoke forever.

But what if I am wrong? What if Christianity is true, and Christ is the Word of Being? What if God's love is as real as the sun, and Christ came not to chain us, but to lead us into that light? Still, I wrestle with the thought, how could the way toward truth have its source in a people so often set against us? Yet even then, I pause, remembering that they rejected Him, and that their rejection gave rise to the very obfuscator that blinds the world.

I cannot escape that moment with the Syrophoenician woman in Mark 7:27 (KJV). She comes to Him in faith, faith enough to beg and still He names her a dog, casts her to the floor to wait for crumbs. And I must ask why? If faith itself was already burning in her, why this theater of humiliation? They say it was a test, or a parable for the disciples, but these are easy words, hollow words. If He is the Logos, the Word through which all things were made, then why speak with such coldness? In that silence between her plea and His reply, a quiet suspicion takes root, that Christ is not for us, that we are condemned to the floor, forever eating crumbs that fall from another's table.

And yet, in Matthew 8:10 and Matthew 15:28 (KJV), we see that the only two people Christ ever declares to have great faith are Gentiles, the Roman centurion and this Syrophoenician woman. It is as though, in the very moments that sting the deepest, He is also unveiling something higher, something we strain to understand: that faith is not contained by blood alone, that faith itself bridges the infinite and brings the divine near.

And so now we must face what Nietzsche called the cosmopolitan aspect of Christianity. My brothers will argue that because Christianity is universalist, it inevitably erodes a people's ability to preserve their own blood, that to see all men as equally loved is to open the gates, to import and export without end, until what was once distinct becomes a formless mass. But I must ask: can we not hold that Truth itself, if Christ is indeed the Truth, equally touches all, that any soul who follows the light finds Him?

Just as Christ would not demand that a man give away his wife, I cannot see Him asking us to surrender our land, our people, or our inheritance. The forced merging of all races, whether in the name of power, profit, or some imagined utopia, is evil. It flattens the world, erasing beauty, dissolving the sacred differences that give color and meaning to life. A man must have a home; and a people, a race, is the extension of that home.

But brothers, consider this: are we not all part of the great vitality of life, that endless current which He Himself set into motion? To preserve what is ours, to guard what is unique, is to stand in harmony with the Way. This is why so much effort is spent to break it, to merge all things into one undifferentiated mass. People naturally cleave to their own, through language, through custom, through blood. So then, can we not say that Christ is the Truth, a Truth that will touch all life, and yet still, within that Truth, we will have our homes again?

What if Tolstoy and Nietzsche were right, that Christ was the first and the last Christian, and that in Paul the eternal was already betrayed? The Logos, once given, became language; and language, once handled by men, bends toward corruption. The infinite, forced into the frame of the finite, fractures. From the moment man tried to hold the truth in his own hands, it bore the stain of his fallibility.

And why, I wonder, did the Jew call Him a wizard? Wouldn't it have been easier to dismiss Him as a liar, a fraud? But no, they admitted His power even as they sought His death. Why would our mortal enemy hate Him with such venom, yet still concede that He wielded something beyond their understanding?

A quiet dread settles in, that still, solemn awareness that choice cannot be deferred. Two paths open, each with its own terrible clarity. If the Abrahamic tradition is false, we face extinction, not only of our blood, but of the very faculty to seek Being. And if it is true, then the love of God becomes the law of my life, and I must walk in it even if the path leads me away from my own kin.

Away from my kin, as Abraham ascended the mountain with Isaac, I, too, must ascend into solitude. Yet what am I to make of this? Perhaps it is nothing but a cruel and ancient cult of blood, a shadow that has darkened the nobility of my people for over a thousand years. And still, if it were only that, why does my heart stir when I hear the name of Christ? Why does His word resound within me as though it were the echo of my own being? Am I merely the product of my age, a debtor and a slave in a world that has struck down the German and extinguished the last sacred embers of Prometheus? This is the age of nihilism, as Nietzsche foresaw, and I am its child. And yet, if Christ were only an invention, a coward's refuge from despair, then surely the solace would reveal itself as hollow. But what I know is of another kind: a quiet peace, like the soft warmth of sunlight breaking through the chill of morning, and for an instant, it is enough simply to know that I am.

This dilemma is not mine alone; others have stood at the same crossroads, facing the same divide. Perhaps this was the very trial Wagner faced when he sought to unite Christianity and paganism, an act that would inevitably unravel his bond with Nietzsche. And so I, too, stand before the precipice of this choice. If I choose the Abrahamic God and find myself deceived, my people will be forsaken, lost to the void. But if I cling to my people, wrapped in the shelter of paganism, and the Abrahamic God is true, I will have turned my back on the very truth of existence, forsaking the call of the divine. Either way, something must die.

One path, bound to the love of my people, carries the risk of preservation at the expense of a greater truth. The other, bound to the love of God, risks the loss of my people, the very soul of what I was born into. This is the cost, not what is lost, but what must be sacrificed in the making of that choice.

And so, I return to the words of Christ: “Love God with all your heart and love your neighbor as you love yourself.” Perhaps, as Wagner once tried to unite Christianity and paganism, we too can hold these two great commandments together, not shallowly, not as compromise, but fully and deeply. For it all came to pass as it did. Being unfolded as it must, in this moment and the next, as it always will. As Leibniz wrote, “We live in the best of all possible worlds.”

All throughout the Bible, we encounter the figure of the second son, the one who receives the blessing. I wonder: was the Aryan the second son? The one who, through strength and an endless pursuit of truth and beauty, would receive the message from Being? The one who would champion God’s desires, living as a reflection of both strength and grace? Perhaps this is the path of the Aryan: not merely to seek truth, but to embody it, carrying the message forward and living for love.

Not as a simple, comfortable path, but as the force that transcends all others. Love is the root of all creation. Whether I love my people or I love God, it is love that guides me into the unknown, compelling a choice even when it seems impossible.

And so, I choose love, not as an easy answer, but as the only answer.

-Murdoch Murdoch