



# A SQUIRE'S TRIAL

# A Squire's Trial

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To the reader of this book we pose the question:

*“Would you truly consider him mad, one who’d want to revive chivalry?”*

**Chivalry** – a community of those who *“show up everywhere a conflict erupts, in order to spread the terror that their weapons evoke in defense of honor and justice.”*

**(Pope Urban II)**

*“Ahoy there!”*

I turned around at the strange greeting and saw a man briskly walk toward me off the highway road and down the path to the storage house. It wasn't rare that we got visitors all the way out here as customers from the city would often come by to check in on their goods or deal with the boss when his job demanded he stay here, but they all arrived by personal vehicles, whereas this stranger that approached me was traveling by foot, moreover he wasn't approaching from the direction of the city – exactly how long has he been walking? As he grew closer I realized that he may have traveled quite the distance.

He was clad in black military-looking clothes, dust and dirt from the road covering his boots and pants up to his knees, a severely scraped and scratched knee-guard on the right leg. A sizable back-pack, a jacket with rolled up sleeves and a loosely tied scarf on his neck, and everything had pockets full of something. The more he approached the more the little details began to spring up, like some custom patches over his clothes, marks on his knuckles and some scars.

What was the most striking element of this peculiar traveler, however, was his face. Sharp features, blond hair combed back and a scruffy beard, certainly not a native to our country as this was not a common appearance here. He had the face of someone weathered or hardened by experience and yet his eyes... the man was most likely well into his 40s but in his eyes was the mirth of youth. Overall he gave an impression of someone with stories to tell.

*“Could you please tell me if that's the capitol there?”* he asked me pointing towards the city on the horizon. Rather curious how he didn't know this, nevertheless I told him that it was.

*“Ah, grand! You don't suppose you could share some water with me? My camelback is almost empty.”*

“Camelback?” I inquired, never having heard of such a thing and he explained to me that his backpack had a reservoir for water and a tube through which he could drink it straight out of the backpack. I’ve certainly seen tourists and backpackers before but none like this man and certainly not with such equipment, even though he insisted it wasn’t so uncommon. I pointed him to our well – and this time around *I* got to surprise *him* as it wasn’t often that he was offered water from a well, he was used to everyone only having bottled water.

As he was filling up his *camelback* I asked if he wanted a ride to the city; my shift was already over and I needed to run some errands in the capitol myself.

He declined saying “*I walked this far on foot, I may as well finish on foot.*”

This again piqued my curiosity and I had to prod further:

“Exactly where from have you been walking to the capitol?”

His reply brought more questions than answers as he tried to describe, in some uncertain terms, what I barely managed to piece together as being the port city that was some 350 or more kilometers away! Surely he doesn’t mean that he walked the entire way, that would take days! But to my amazement he insisted that he had, indeed, walked the whole way here, which baffled me completely, who in this day and age would bother walking so far and moreover allow himself to lose so much time? Maybe if I knew why he was traveling to the capitol I’d figure out some answers.

“So why, exactly, are you going to the city?”

“*I’m heading to hook up with the Toreros for a while.*”



At first I didn't quite realize what he meant until I looked him over once again and it clicked: he meant the notorious self-proclaimed fascist gang that gained infamy for practically wiping out the entire antifascist movement in a series of attacks that the media described as "*provoking protesters into confrontation and leading them to violent ambushes*".

"You're a fascist?"

"Indeed I am."

This certainly explained the black military clothes but it was still a bit hard to take in. The man definitely fit the "*blond hair and blue eyes*" German Nazi myth that is so prized by fascists, in fact with his face one could imagine that he stepped straight out of a Third Reich propaganda poster, yet his calm and friendly demeanor as well as that odd youthful fire behind his eyes was nothing like what I'd expect from a fascist. He had a charm about him that was completely disarming and this was only furthering my confusion. He had obviously noted this and his expression changed to a very subtle and hard to pinpoint almost-smile or smirk which wasn't demeaning but rather one that conveyed his understanding of why I was at a loss. This only annoyed me and I spoke out again:

"So what, you're going to join those Torero hoodlums and attack innocent people?"

"Well I suppose we have a different view of what constitutes an innocent person."

"Why... why are you even trying to get in contact with them? You're obviously not a local, they'll treat you just like they would any other foreigner!"

"Oh, they know I'm coming, they invited me."

“Nationalists friendly with foreign nationalists? Shouldn’t they all hate each other in defense of their own or something like that?”

How did you even come to this country?”

“I traveled by sea with a band of fascist pirates.”

“*Fascist Pirates?*” this was getting absurd. He went on to explain to me that there were fascists calling themselves “*The Poets*” who traveled in a couple of small ships and apparently raided anyone they wanted and somehow managed to avoid capture or even large coverage by the media. He had traveled across the continent to the shores of their native land and they took him aboard – they made their way to the port city from which he traveled here.

During his time with them he partook in their activities and raided some rich yachts, covertly stole goods from commercial ships and sunk makeshift boats and rafts that immigrants from another continent used to traverse the sea. He shared more of his travels with me which were a very weird mix of expected fascist savagery, inspiring adventures and stories of truly good deeds. It was also the way he told his tales, even though in some cases he described atrocious things like sinking “*sand niggers*”, he told of these things like he was sharing a particularly humorous anecdote that demanded some theatrical flare on his part to make truly come alive.

Never before had I felt so unsettled and yet truly engaged and interested had someone observed this from the side they would’ve mistaken our exchange for nothing more than a lifelong friend sharing some good humored stories with someone whom he hadn’t seen in years.

For me the whole thing was a wild roller-coaster that somehow combined exciting, thrilling banter of a worldly traveler with the



unsettling comprehension of the horrid actions this man had taken and with not a single shred of remorse. It was almost like he was from another planet and our customs were too different to really reconcile even though we both experienced joy, fun and excitement the same way.

This man was like no other that I have met or even heard of before. Sure we all know of pirates and adventurers, the movies are over-saturated with such characters but I never imagined that such people could ever be real. There are, of course, historical pirates and travelers, but these things are of a distant past, so this man appeared as something from the history books or straight out of a movie... and yet he was also a fascist. His visit was an unexpected intrusion into my day, or rather, my life, as I had never encountered anything even remotely like this, possibly making this a once in a lifetime experience, like a bright flash of light in an otherwise monotonous and dull by comparison existence. I was sure I'd never meet a man like him again. I felt a burning desire to know more about him, to figure out what made him tick.

“I don't get it. Hearing you, it feels like you can do anything you want. Why walk around like a vagabond and hang out with bums, calling yourself a fascist? I bet a man of your ability could lead a successful life.”

“A successful life, you say? Yes, perhaps I could be a lawyer, or an executive or even a politician? Ha!”

He let out a hearty laugh, more so a bark really. I didn't quite understand such an attitude, I myself have always been a rather simple man and didn't aspire for too much, just enough to get by and lead an all right life, but who would be so dismissive of success and prestige in society? Especially when it is right within their grasp as it seems to be with this man. I wouldn't deny a raise or promotion, so I must admit that his laughter stung me a little. Here he was, laughing at what

others and maybe myself at one point aspired to, as if mocking anyone ever even trying to follow this path that is so common. Instead he purposely chose to be something that is universally rejected, an idea that could never triumph in this world.

“What’s funny? Why cling to fascism, of all things? Isn’t just some failed ideology from the past? What relevance does that have today?”

“Fascism isn’t from the past, my friend, it is eternal. Fascism predates humanity! Failed, you say? Does nature ever fail? No, though we might fail *her* – and that would be the end of us.”

“You’re exaggerating, man, talking about this as if it was the one true religion. When I was in college, everyone was preaching their own ideology, and they were all sure that truth was on their side. Fascism is the same, an ideology like any other.”

“Hah, I’ve heard that before. Let me ask you, can there be more than *one* truth?”

“Er... well, everyone’s got their own opinion of what the truth is and, ...”

“No, I’m not talking about opinions, I’m talking about TRUTH. Could two contradictory opinions be true at the same time?”

“I guess not, if you say it like that.”

“Good. And what, would you say, is the opposite of truth?”

“Falsehood, lies, illusion.”

“On any given topic, can there be more than one falsehood, more than one lie?”

“There could be any number of falsehoods, you can make up anything you want really.”

“And all those lies, or as you said, all those ‘*made up*’ ideas, they could be quite different from each other, couldn’t they? But what do all of these false notions have in common?”

“Hmm, I don’t know... Let me think. I guess none of them correspond to reality.”

“Indeed, but that’s a given, since if they did they would be truths. But they have something else in common, something more basic. Let me help you. When a liar tells you falsehood, what is he trying to achieve?”

“He’s trying to deceive me, to convince me that what he is saying is true...”

“Exactly. Does he warn you that he’s lying?”

“No, of course not, then it wouldn’t be a falsehood, would it? Oh, I see. All lies have in common the fact that they pretend to be true.”

“I see you understand now, well done. So would you agree that in this world, while there’s one truth, countless lies are scrambling to usurp it and pretend to be the real deal?”

“Yeah, that’s the problem, isn’t it. What makes you so sure that fascism is the only truth, while all the other ideologies are falsehoods?”

“You misunderstand. I’ve never claimed that fascism was some fixed doctrine, and that it embodied the whole truth. You have it backwards, it’s the other way around!”

“What? I don’t understand.”

“I’m a follower of truth, first and foremost. Truth is my religion, truth is my guide, my master. And truth doesn’t come from any man-made ideology. If it’s an idea that someone dreamed up, then it’s a definitely a falsehood. Truth comes from nature herself, from the universe. It just *is*.”

“That all sounds very interesting, but what does it have to do with fascism?”

“My friend, that *is* fascism.”

I was unsettled at this answer, which I didn’t expect. I stayed dumbfounded for a few moments, not knowing what to think. Am I missing something here? Isn’t fascism just some racist nationalist ideology that led to World War II? Why is this guy convinced there’s some mystical truth to it?

“I see my answer confuses you.”

He once again gave me that subtle smile and looked to the sky.

“I guess there was too much of a disconnect between your preconceived notions about fascism and what I’m conveying to you. Mmhhh, ... I know, let me tell you a little story before we go on.”

“A story? Another of your adventures?”

“No, not this time. This one’s a classic.”

*“A certain father had three sons, who were always quarreling. Hearing their constant disputes angered him but*

*no matter how he scolded them they wouldn't see reason. Getting worried about their future, he decides to give them a practical lesson. He tells his sons to bring him a bundle of sticks to him. Tying the sticks together, he asks them to break this bundle. Each of them tries, and fails. The father removes the knot, distributes the sticks to his sons. The boys now break them with ease. 'You see, my sons, when you're apart, you can be destroyed easily. But if you stick to each other, you become unbreakable.'"*

"It's a nice story."

"Indeed. This story is thousands of years old. It inspired one of the great symbols of western civilization, the bundle of sticks."

"I've never heard of it."

"It's also called the *fascēs*. It was used by the Romans in their ceremonies, and can still be found sculpted in the stone of official buildings in many countries today. The *fascēs* is a symbol of unity. This is where the modern term "*fascism*" comes from. It has roots going back in the remotest antiquity."

"I think I see where you're going with this. You claim that fascism has existed since antiquity, passed down from roman times?"

"No, that's not quite what I'm saying. Truth doesn't need to be passed down. Truth simply *is*. What gets passed down is knowledge, and *opinions* about this or that."

"I don't see the difference. After all, if two people have conflicting '*knowledge*' about something, isn't it just like a difference in opinion?"

“Truth is truth regardless of what anyone says. So ‘*opinions*’ are a result of ignorance, while knowledge comes from nature, from experience. No one has opinionated arguments about gravity.”

“I’m not sure, can’t different people have different opinions about the same experience?”

“When was the last time you heard someone tell you that you should listen to these ‘*other guys*’ who say that gravity is caused by your shadow gripping you and dragging you down back to earth? After all, ‘*all opinions are equally valid*’, aren’t they?”

His witty example made me laugh but at the same time I saw where he was coming from. You don’t really see arguments of opinion in hard sciences and established facts. I don’t imagine anyone would argue that 2 plus 2 equals 4 with just an opinion, especially so that we can literally prove it using our fingers.

All these arguments of ideals and opinions that I’ve listened to in college or seen on TV never concerned factual information or say, pit a dentist against someone who pulls out their teeth with string and a door on matters of dental hygiene. He must have taken my laughter and short moment of musings as confirmation that I agree with his point and he carried on.

“Here’s another universal element of falsehoods – they are all made up by people, which is again why there are so many of them. A lie can be either a conscious creation to deceive or a result of delusion or misinterpretation.”

“While truth, on the other hand is like fact? Like gravity in your example? And it always remains the same regardless of whatever anyone says or thinks.”



“Precisely! This is indeed why any and all opinions are a result of ignorance. If you knew the truth you wouldn’t have an opinion, you’d have knowledge. I’m sure you’ll appreciate, however, the irony, that in *this* way all opinions truly *are* equal, in the sense that they are all equally wrong, they are all always false.”

“But people are hardly to blame, trying to explain how nature works out of ignorance is what people do. If we don’t know the answer we strive to discover it.”

“True, but we must be aware that the path towards Truth is beset with falsehoods and the further down that path we travel the more dangerous it becomes as we may start to obsess over things that become abstract or entirely material. This is why I and others like me look down on philosophy.”

I was almost taken aback once more but now that I knew where he was coming from I could see where he was going next as well, and so let him continue without interruption.

“Philosophy is like a factory for opinions of the worst kind. One of my pirate friends expressed his distaste for it in a witty manner, I think he described it along these lines:

*‘Oh let me dabble with some abstract thought disconnected from reality and content with its own narrative bubble on human life aaand oh dear god why isn’t it working, it was so perfect on paper where has it all gone so wrong! People must have done it wrong! Of course! If only society was full of people like ME!’”*

“So, what he meant is that philosophy wasn’t based in reality?”

“Precisely. Philosophers and their children – ideologues – are all so concerned with their limited models of the world that they

miss how far they've trailed away from reality. Even a child can observe the world around itself without guidance and gain better knowledge of it than philosophers with their abstract formulas."

"I suppose so, though I'm no good at philosophy, so I can't really be the judge here."

"Well, let me give you one example straight out of antique philosophy. There was a Greek man, Zeno, and he wanted to show other philosophers the absurdity of their abstract thinking, so he put to them several paradoxes that showed a conflict between their reasoning and reality. One of them was that of the mythological hero Achilles and a simple tortoise. He told them simply, that Achilles would never catch the tortoise, because by the time Achilles catches up to where the tortoise was, the tortoise would have already made its way to a new point. And by the time Achilles got to that point, the tortoise would already be elsewhere again and thus Achilles will never catch the tortoise. It certainly does sound reasonable, but we both know that it just isn't true."

"Yeah, I get it now. Seems rather obvious though that a man can catch up to a tortoise."

"But in the abstract world detached from reality you can come up with such seemingly sensible formulas."

"Right, I see now what you mean in general, all lies are from people, but truth comes from nature. Well, we could indeed leave it at that, but nature is also a manifestation of truth, rather than its source.

So, you mean truth comes from some higher power that created everything, like God?"

"Something along those lines."

This was certainly an interesting conversation as I'd never heard these arguments before, even in college. However once again I had to remind myself that this man is a self-proclaimed fascist, none of this was really related to what I know of Fascism and Nazism, the Toreros weren't a lofty discussions club, they were violent thugs and apparently him and them are in the same boat. He even mentioned that the other fascists he was with were "*pirates*" that left immigrants stranded in the sea. What of the racism, the war-mongering, the atrocities and violence and totalitarianism – all that anyone I've ever known associated with fascism? How does any of this truth and lies philosophy connect with something so vile?

"But wait, we've gone very far off track, I am still no closer to understanding why you are a fascist and it feels like all of this has little to nothing to do with fascism."

"And had I tried to tell you what fascism is without what we have discussed up to this point you wouldn't have understood me. I had told you that Truth is my master. I do not wish to comply to man-made ideas, instead I stand as someone who champions truth. That is what Fascism is all about. One great man once said:

*'You either believe in the truth and apply it to yourself without egotism, otherwise you don't believe in it and you are kidding yourself.'*

This is precisely what makes fascism different from everything else it seeks to apply truth to human life, regardless of what that means for anyone, no egotism, no shallow interests, no entitlement. Everything else, all the ideologies and systems are nothing more than products of men lying to themselves for the sake of those petty interests."

"Sure, but how could that justify the terrible things that fascists are doing? How can you use the supposed '*truth*' to make it OK to let

people drown like your pirate friends are doing, or to set some race above another? If truth means living in some hellish world, then I'd rather have justice."

"Hmm, justice, you say? Well, what IS justice to you?"

"Isn't it obvious? Justice means not hurting other people, keeping peace, making sure people who do bad things get punished."

"What do you mean, by '*hurting other people*'? Do you only mean killing, or injuring? What about emotional distress? Insulting? Making fun of people? What about making people unhappy, unsatisfied with their lot? What about exploiting them?"

"I don't know... I haven't thought about it."

"The fact is that our whole existence is filled with suffering, with pain. No matter what we do, we can't change that fact, no matter what laws we make or what social order we adopt. The only thing we can change, is WHO suffers, and in WHAT way. Justice can't be about '*preventing suffering*'."

"Then what? Just kill everyone you don't like? Let the world burn?"

"No. But think about this. Would you describe the world of animals, and nature in general, as being '*unjust*'?"

"It's just nature, the way things are."

"Is it *unfair* that the lion eats the gazelle, yet the gazelle never gets to eat the lion?"

"Ha ha, no, it's just their nature. But you're using a false analogy. All humans are equal, we're not different species of animals, so we should

all be treated equally. If one person is always ahead of others, it's unfair, you can't justify THAT with nature."

"Is that so? Would you say that all humans are the same height?"

"Of course not."

"Do they all have the same strength?"

"No, there's big variations in strength".

"Have you ever met anyone who was clearly more stupid than you?"

"Yeah, but I've also met people who were smarter too."

"How can someone who's bigger, stronger and more intelligent be perfectly equal to someone who's smaller, weaker and dumber?"

"It just seems like they *should* be equal."

"If two people apply for a job, what does JUSTICE call for? Should the more competent and experienced person get the job, or the lesser one?"

"I think it would be unfair to give the job to the lesser man."

"So justice calls for INEQUALITY, not equality. Because the TRUTH of the human condition, is that we're not equal at all."

"Well, I can't really argue with that, though it seems wrong somehow. It seems like this is really unfair to people who are less gifted by nature. They keep being told to succeed, yet they can't perform, failing at everything they do."

“Yes, there’s the problem. If people accepted the reality of their nature, and if society was organized in such a way that each person was carefully placed where they belong, then such ‘*unfairness*’ wouldn’t be a problem, wouldn’t it?”

“It seems like it would be an improvement at least.”

“Let me posit this to you: the point of justice is to restore Truth within society, which is to say it lies in the implementation of the natural order in human affairs. In this sense, rectifying a ‘*wrong doing*’ is a form of correcting a lie and replacing it with Truth.”

“And according to you justice, and thus truth, calls for inequality.”

“Indeed. The whole world today as we know it is built on the premise that people are equal, another prevailing thought is that the ruling elites never like equality because it’s in their interest to stay on top, as I’m sure you’ve heard from certain people.”

“You’re referring to the...”

“Exactly. But note the irony, that in the prevailing spirit of all opinions being equally valid the powers that be never allow people to consider the other premise. Tell me, can you identify in whose interests is equality?”

“Those who are on the bottom?”

“Precisely, but allow me to take this one step further: *the inferior*.”

Even though I was keeping up with his argument and I knew his position better, hearing him say inferior had once again disturbed my mind. I immediately thought back to the Nazi doctrine of exterminating those they believed to be ‘*inferior*’.



I must have made an unappealing face that marked my distaste for the word.

“Don’t look so upset. People place too much emotional baggage on these terms of superior and inferior. They are surely of qualitative nature but they do not presume any kind of attitude or that the inferior are bad, it is simply that they are less than certain others, in relative comparison you will get people superior to some and inferior to others. I do not hate those who are inferior to me.”

“It’s hard to disassociate that word from these implications.”

“Very true and even people like me sometimes forget that though not without good reason as they are filled with fury at the injustices that exist today. And so I come back to you with our topic: when you consider equality to be an interest it gains the no less sinister appearance as one you normally get from the idea of those superior having an interest in maintaining their power. From the fascist point of view all interests are wrong, be it the interest of someone coveting a position of power which he may very well not deserve or the interest of those who are unhappy with their lot to gain leverage or a status they do not deserve.”

“So what you claim is that equality is not, as everyone believes today, an essential truth, so much as it is an interest?”

“Correct, although our opponents could of course claim the same of us, but our principled position is to, once again, accept the truth no matter what it is or what it means for us. Thus one of the most essential divides between fascism and virtually everyone else is that we hold inequality to be an expression of truth, and Justice calls for inequality. This is the dichotomy that matters to

us, not some abstract, intellectual classification like Right or Left, but *Superior* and *Inferior*.”

“Well, there is certainly something inspiring, I suppose, in how you want to follow what you believe to be the truth, regardless of what that may mean for you, personally.”

“I am glad that you think so, but it is not entirely something that you are not familiar with. Acts of selfless heroism and sacrifice also contain that noble element that pushes one to dispense with their well being for what is right.

And if there is anything at all that you will take away from our encounter this day, let it be this; if someone is selling you something that was dreamed up in the vacuum of abstract thought or built on a solely material premise, then it is already a lie and most likely involves interests of the person trying to sell you that lie, because he is unhappy with his lot in life and will want you to believe his lie, to get what he wants, regardless if he in fact deserves it or not. And such people are abound in today’s world as a result of the equality myth, they feel entitled and everyone assumes they can be anything they want, no matter how ill-equipped they are to be that. Most people can’t get what they want because they don’t even put the work in to get it.”

This also rang true as I thought back to just my own coworkers, some of whom believed they deserved to get a promotion or even entertained fantasies of becoming celebrities or big shots when they were barely competent to organize a picnic. And of course they had their excuses: “*well yeah but I still could if I would try harder.*” I thought of some foreign talk shows that I watched and could recall similar complaining: “*I’d be rich if it weren’t for those democrats and their liberal agenda!*” So I expressed my thoughts to him:

“Everything is up to ourselves really, I can understand that. But are you saying that those who fail in their attempts fail because they are *‘inferior’*?”

“Not exactly, I was actually saying that maybe if someone fails at something it is because it is just not their lot to begin with and they are lying to themselves. Obviously this is not the case a hundred percent of the time, but the old formula is true: *might makes right*.

Greatest people came into their own because they overcame obstacles no matter what, because they were superior, they had the might to do these things, an inherent quality that made them capable. Compare that to people who get all the support, boosts and hands up in the world and yet still fail – because it is simply not their lot to aspire to great things.”

“I do see what you are saying, but I don’t think it can be so cut and dry.”

“Allow me then to illustrate this point as well, it should reveal to you the actual nature of inferiority and why inferior people are as they are. Consider fat people. Do you think the human body is supposed to be fat?”

“Well certainly not supposed to be, but it can grow fat.”

“Indeed it can, which means the human body can change in certain ways up to a certain point, it has its limitations. Consider the human body on its own, devoid of personality, just a biological structure, a vessel that you inhabit, a tool through which you interact with the world. In this sense the human body is universally the same for all people, what is true of the human body is true for any person’s body, barring some deformities and hereditary diseases. The only particular variations that exist in the

body are of small consequence, such as height for example. Any *body* can be fit. But not *anyone* can be fit.”

“How do you mean?”

“Well if you’ve ever heard the excuses of some fat people I’m sure you’re familiar with their claim that they are just born that way, that they are supposed to be fat because their bodies are fat. No, the real issue is that they are fat not because of their bodies, but of what makes up their personality and their character, which is weak and gives in to temptations and pleasures. They are not fat because their bodies are supposed to be fat, they are fat because they are weak in spirit, and it is that spirit that determines their physical appearance. Once again an ironic situation: they truly are ‘*born that way*’, which is to say that they are born weak and in that is their inferiority. Thus they are not weak because they are fat, they are fat because they are weak and cannot change their innate nature, while the potential for the body to change is always there.”

“I don’t really believe that, I’ve heard of instances when fat people lost their weight, without surgery mind you.”

“If these people had done it by their own will then it means they always were of strong character but fell into depravity. Their victory over temptations that led them to being fat in the first place should indeed be celebrated, but it is pointless to try and tell those of weak character that they can lose weight and the promise that ‘*anyone can get fit*’ is but another equality myth lie. Not everyone is strong enough to be in charge of their own body and reject its urges and desires. Moreover, if the choice was out of their hands, say if they were convicted to forced labor, slavery or forced exercising, they would get into shape. That is, until you let them off the leash once more.”

“Because in such forced conditions it would no longer be a matter of their will but rather of someone’s will being imposed on them, right?”

“Absolutely!”

“Very well, I suppose I would have to consider your argument for inferiority.”

“Then please consider the following as well: inferior people always turn to falsehoods because they are discontent with what their reality is and refuse to accept it, driving them to act out against reality by in the only way possible – delusions and lies.”

“And what of the superior people then?”

“The superior people are so by nature. All they need to do is be themselves and in doing so they are standing closer to the truth. Just how nature simply *is*, so they must simply *be*.”

“I’m not sure what you mean. Sounds like superior people have it easy too.”

“I suppose it may look that way to some. But in ancient times certain societies built themselves on a structure that reflected the Superiority-Inferiority dichotomy. And one of their principal rules was that everyone must be true to their nature, so when an inferior person tried to reach beyond his station he was shunned not just by the Superior, but also by his equals and the inferior. They became pariahs. However, if a Superior person attempted to engage in duties or actions of the inferior he was all the same shunned not just by his equals and the superior, but also by the inferior. They too became pariahs.”

“So there are certain limitations for the superior as well then.”

“Yes. And again mind you that we are talking about innate human nature and not merely social structure. You can regard the world around us today as literally a revolt of the inferior and they rule today from the top of the social structure, yet they still are not content and complain about inequality, be it between the races, sexes or anyone else. Inferiors gaining power did not actually change their innate nature, it did not change the truth.”

“The inferior are still inferior despite being given benefits and positions they shouldn’t even have in the first place.”

“Very accurately put my friend! I see you’re becoming more adept yourself at this reasoning.”

He was right, besides, I was no fool by any means and he spoke convincingly. At this point I was certain that prodding him again about things like racism and totalitarianism will not lead me to a direct answer, but if I wait and follow his reasoning he will eventually reveal all the pieces of the puzzle for me to solve. It was rather engaging and certainly nothing like what I heard about fascism or, frankly, anything of what we talked about. Sure, the topics were all well familiar now, from the news and my own daily life and encounters, but he now presented them all to me in a completely different light. However, I was no longer sure how I felt about anything anymore, so I was resolved to hear him through to the end, and so prodded him to continue.

“Having been socially put on equal footing with the superiors the inferiors still feel wronged because the real issue is innate, unchangeable human nature. They then felt that the inferior were at the bottom too long and now just needed a boost and then they’d be equal to the superiors. *‘Give the negro a leg up he’s been oppressed for so long he needs a lil’ starting boost’*. But that failed all the same. So now they are finally slowly realizing that the issue is with human nature, though they can’t really



fathom it to its full extent, thinking of it mostly in terms of abstract thinking and materialism. What do you think is there left to do to realize equality, if the inferiors can't climb up to the level of the superiors?"

"The opposite? To bring down the superiors to the level of the inferiors?"

"Exactly. And so they try to shame the superiors and blame them for all ills of the world. But this will have about as much success as their previous approach, because innate nature remains the same. They will inevitably come to the only logical conclusion: the only way to realize the myth of equality is if there are no superiors. This was already manifested once before in history, when some claimed that nobody will be poor, if nobody is rich."

"So what you've told me so far then, is that Fascism seeks to know and uphold the truth, regardless of what it is, while the rest, who are only minding their own interests, reject anything that doesn't satisfy their desires."

"Indeed. You can look around to all the '*truth*' preachers in the world, I guarantee you that they all fall to the second category and only fascism stands aside, and that's how you know it upholds the Truth."

"Well this is all certainly different from what I ever heard of fascism or even seen of it on the news."

"There are those who misrepresent fascism and they too fall to that second category. This is precisely why it is so hard for us – even a small deviation from the truth already puts you on the side of lies and falsehoods. However, it should come as no surprise that superiors seem to be naturally inclined to supporting fascism, seeing how if you are already born with things as they are

supposed to be you have it easier to come into the fold completely, but modern education and socialization of children muddle everything.

This is why our opponent's claim that Fascism is just looking out for the interests of the *superiors* falls flat if it is in your nature to be superior then you are supposed to be superior, thus it lacks the aspect of having an interest. Yet, as I just mentioned, due to modern socialization a lot of fascists make a point of how they defend the interests of their race, but this is only so because they have no other way of expressing a much deeper instinct."

"Because of how socialization today teaches everyone the equality myth?"

"Yes. It is truly like the world is in a deep dream or illusion, even if you realize something is wrong there are still subtle strings attached to you which are that much harder to shake off. One other reason why you hear wrong things of fascism is that our opponents can only think in terms of interests, abstract concepts and materialism – their limited vision cannot grasp the full, broader scope of fascism and so they try to explain what is fascism by *their* means. As a result you get disfigured representation. Yet another irony arises, can you guess what it may be this time?"

"Well based on what you said... is it that they have created a different kind of fascism?"

"Absolutely right. They themselves conjured up an image of fascism that was picked up by the ignorant as their mantle and thus in turn feed the misrepresented image of fascism, which is only fascism in name and some rudimentary aspects, missing its core that I laid out before you in our discussion."

Finally, something that somewhat clarified the situation, even if not completely. And the notion of people essentially fighting something of their own creation without realizing it while remaining completely ignorant of what it was they intended to combat in the first place was almost as if from some myth or dramatic theater. This helped me finally, somewhat, reconcile my conflicted feelings about this man, as I now knew that trying to apply to him the image I was so familiar with was futile and simply wrong. Suddenly a thought occurred to me:

“So essentially, this other fascism, the one your opponents made up, if they all judge you or try to measure you from their own position of falsehood, does that mean they all create different images of fascism? Making fascism rather just something that they imagine opposes their views?”

He slightly raised his eyebrows and gave me the first broad smile since he first approached me on this day.

“Yes, that is a keen observation you made. The definition of fascism thus also depends on whom you ask what it is and they’ll describe it to you in terms of what *they* are afraid it’ll do to interfere with their petty interests. You’ll hear all about how fascism is corporatist, capitalist, totalitarian and etc., but they will never be able to explain to you what is the real core of our views – upholding truth. Everyone is taught to view fascism as something political and thus subject to such categorization, but in reality we hate politics. We just lead a struggle to make truth manifest in human life, thus this struggle inevitably touches all areas of human life and obviously the primary system of influencing that is politics.”

“But you still believe in some sort of social structure and some kind of political system, right?”

“Good question. I’ll need to reiterate though some key points we have already established, namely that truth affects everything in life, so much so that you can say that life is truth because nature is truth and so on. Thus it also includes human nature, where I pointed out must exist inequality, with superiors and inferiors. So there must be someone at the very top, a leader, but not because it is a politically pragmatic move, or an economically and socially pragmatic move. There must be a leader because it *can’t be otherwise* if your pursuit is establishing truth in human life.”

“So you’re saying that your system is in no way political, as it’s not based in abstract musings of how things should be for certain people.”

“Exactly. We are defending something that is born in truth but over time became corrupted due to the rise of inferiority and interests. This was well known by ancient Greeks who explained this corruption in the ‘*Anacyclosis*’, where the noble Monarch, who degenerates into a Tyrant, is replaced with the noble aristocracy which in turn degenerates into an oligarchy, only to be replaced by a democracy that degenerates into *ochlocracy* the rule of the mob. At that point once again a noble Monarch must arise, leading everyone back to the ordained order of things. It is simply truth that there must be a leader, as opposed to the opinion that there must be a democracy. ‘*Democracy is in hell, Heaven is a Czardom*’ as one man had once said.”

“So is totalitarianism something that is truly your goal? Do you view it as a noble system or a degenerated version of something else?”

“This question has an answer that I’m sure you’ll respect now. Fascism is not totalitarian, but it *can* be – not because that is its nature, but because totalitarianism can be a tool. Fascism can also be in this same sense anarchistic, because it can likewise use anarchy as a tool. Trying to classify fascism as totalitarian is once again abstract classification. The ‘*system*’ that fascism offers

society is no system, which denotes the artificial, fabricated nature of that organization, but rather the Organic State, one that is fully compliant to truth and thus is as nature itself: organic, where everything works in harmony.”

“So how does fascism use totalitarianism as a tool?”

“It is used to socialize a new generation of people that would then be able to carry on in the Organic Society with no need for a totalitarian structure. Until that new generation is ready it is also used to protect that process of forces, within as well as without, from stopping this new generation from arising.”

He then gave a short sigh and with a kind of exasperated smirk shook his head before he continued:

“When you think about it, all modern states are totalitarian they do not allow deviation from the myth of equality. They attempt to perpetuate it indefinitely, suppress dissent and don’t allow proponents of dismantling this system to enter even its electoral process, let alone the halls of governance. What is this if not self-preservation? But what I try to point out for you here is the hypocrisy of it all, the lie that rules over all of us.”

“So you’re essentially saying that we’ve been conditioned by tyrants to think that it is in fact fascism that is tyrannical in nature, while keeping us oblivious as to the lie of democracy and making us believe the equality myth.”

“Indeed, for equality, as any ideology, demands totality, and as any lie it requires constant enforcement by totalitarian means. Fascism, on the other hand, requires totality because the truth prevails in all things, but it does not necessarily require totalitarian means and totalitarianism is never the end goal or even desirable to us because what we want is something Organic,

something that exists because that is how things must be – it is not an enforced falsehood.

In this state people will be able to discover who it is they truly are, what their innate nature is and then take their appropriate place in this order. In doing so, having accepted who they are, they can then work on what they were meant to work on, delivering them to real happiness, rather than chasing interests and unrealistic dreams. Then they will act both as individuals and as a part of a bigger organism.”

“How’s that exactly?”

“As individuals they will be capable of self-exploration to discover their innate nature, self-determination by accepting their innate nature and striving to reach their ultimate potential, and self-expression by working on what they love and what they were meant to be doing. When you do any kind of job because that is what you enjoy doing, you turn that job into art. As parts of an organism, where everything is doing what it is meant to in its proper place, they create harmony that needs no artificial enforcement.”

“So if everyone follows their innate truth, they follow a greater truth.”

“Which will manifest as the Organic State, exactly so, for if you accept truth then what is there to enforce? Truth is organic, everything in its place and working, that’s how nature is and that’s how human life can be manifested in social form. The human organism works in the same fashion. The liver doesn’t aspire to be the heart or the brain, it just *is*, fulfilling the function it was meant to fulfill, yet we both know that the body needs it all the same, making it a part of something greater. This is, by the way, what we call Destiny – to us destiny is one’s potential. The caterpillar’s destiny is to become a butterfly, though not every



caterpillar does, obviously. But that is it's potential and the same is true for people."

The caterpillar analogy he gave made this interpretation of destiny quite clear and the whole notion of organic society was slowly becoming more and more appealing though I still held my reservations as there were still issues unanswered though I was all but certain he'd have no trouble explaining them. I had thought several times in the conversation if maybe I'm falling for propaganda, being pulled into something sinister but curiosity always won out and no matter what I couldn't come up with a real argument against his reasoning – was it so because I simply never encountered such reasoning before or because I just wasn't smart enough I don't know. But I sat in silence and listened to him go on.

"So you can see that totalitarianism is a good tool, but a temporary tool. Our opponents, on the other hand, are completely reliant on it, even if they can't admit to that fact, since they themselves are slaves to their delusions. Totalitarianism for fascism is a means to an end, because nowadays practically the whole world has been conditioned by the totality of the equality myth. We need an initial system of our own to enforce the truth – it would be our instrument of Justice."

"Okay, so if I get you well, you'd like for people to do what they were meant to do, what's in their nature. So in the end, it ends up being some sort of meritocracy, right?"

"In a way, you could say that, yes, everyone gets the place in the world that belongs to him by virtue of his nature."

"Since this whole idea of fascists as genocidal maniacs who want to rule the world is concocted by your enemies, I imagine the other bad things they say about you are false as well?"

“Indeed.”

“So it’s not true you’re out to get Jews either, right?”

The stranger seemed surprised at the question for a second, then burst out laughing.

“Ha ha ha, of course we’re out to get Jews! We hate the slimy bastards!”

He said this as innocently as a child might, which struck me as strange, when discussing such a heavy topic. I was mildly offended by his laughter, which I felt in part was directed at me.

“How can you say something like that? My opinion of you was getting better!”

“What, you’re serious? Don’t *you* hate Jews? What do you like about them exactly?”

I was taken by surprise by him reversing the question back to me, and didn’t know how to answer.

“Erm, why would I hate them? I’ve never even met a Jew, so I don’t see why I should be concerned about them. Besides, it’s wrong to generalize about people, just because a person is a Jew, doesn’t mean they’re bad people.”

“Ah, I understand, you just don’t know anything about them, so you don’t see the problem. Okay. Let’s first address your theory that it’s wrong to generalize about people.”

“What do you mean, a theory? It’s definitely wrong! What if you misjudge people based on your prejudice? No one deserves to be treated badly because of what others have done!”

“You’re right that not all Jews – or all members of *any* group – will conform to stereotypes 100% of the time. Or even *most of the time*. But imagine you’re in the jungle, and come across a tiger. Will you be scared? Of course! Most tigers, most of the time, won’t attack you, either because they’re scared of humans, or because they’re not hungry at the time, or for a myriad of other reasons. But isn’t it the right reaction to be *careful* around it? Isn’t that the right choice to protect yourself and others you care about?”

“Yes, of course, that makes sense. But Jews aren’t tigers! They won’t attack you for no reason. So it’s silly to be suspicious and discriminate against them.”

“No, you’re wrong, it’s perfectly normal and healthy to discriminate. In fact, it’s the greatest tool we have to help us survive and prosper. We learn from experience what to expect from people who look a certain way, and react accordingly. This allows us to avoid the worse case scenarios for our lives. Why should you increase the risk factors in your life to spare the feelings of certain groups?”

“Maybe it’s fine to discriminate in our personal lives then, but to base government policies on it is totally unjust. You can’t make me swallow that pill.”

“The basic fact of life is this. Whenever two groups exist within the same territory, they will always end up fighting to get the resources and the political power. This is nature. If you want to avoid conflict, then the only solution is to make sure every group has it’s own territory. So in a way, you’re right that it’s wrong to have one government discriminating against a foreign group in it’s midst – the correct solution is to eject them instead.”

“But Jews aren’t even that different from us, we’ve been coexisting for so long, why would they cause problems? I can’t even tell a Jew apart from our people, so you’re making a mountain out of a molehill.”

“That’s where you’re wrong. Jews are the most different group from our people there is on this planet. They are creatures that fester and willfully, knowingly indulge in falsehoods. While we strive for truth, they are truth’s sworn enemy.”

This seems far fetched...

“Remember the point we discussed earlier, how humans can have different natures?”

“Yes, but it’s obvious that this applies to individuals, not groups. I mean, there are tall Jews, short Jews, smart Jews and stupid Jews, right? So we can’t put them all in the same basket. I’m sure there’s plenty of scumbags among them, but what you’re saying just doesn’t seem believable at all.”

“Let me ask you this. Do you think some groups tend to excel at certain things, or to have different traits, *as a group*?”

“I don’t know...”

“How about the Olympics then? What type of people tend to win foot races?

Blacks seem to win almost all racing events. What kind of people tend to win weightlifting events? It seems it’s almost always whites or Asians. And swimming?”

“Mmm... never seen a black win or do well at water sports...”

“The jumping events?”

“I see where you’re going with this, but this is only athletics, those things are secondary.”

“No, you’re wrong. If you search your memory honestly, you’ll see that in every domain, some types excel more often than others, whether it’s school, chess, ping-pong, artistic merit, you name it.”

I became conflicted... On one hand I hated the point he was making and I was certain he was wrong... But as my mind raced to find counter examples, all I could come up with were more confirmations, almost as if my mind had already done the job of putting people in categories along the lines that he was suggesting.

“Look, it’s one thing to say that groups are better at something or another, but it’s another thing to accuse them of being evil liars!”

“What’s the difference, why do you draw that line?”

“We can all choose to do good or evil, no one is forcing anyone to commit theft or rape kids! No group has a monopoly on being a scumbag – there’s plenty of terrible criminals among our people as well.”

“How we act is a reflection of our nature. Good and evil, as you call them, are judgments you make according to *your* nature and *your* interests. But some people, as a part of their very being, have different tendencies and interests. They will have a tendency to act in a way *you* would consider ‘*criminal*’.

And some groups are more likely than others to have many of these individuals.”

“I still can’t cross that bridge.”

“This all seems abstract to you, because you know nothing of Jews. But I’m sure you have experience with gypsies, on the other hand, so let’s talk about *them*.”

I suddenly had a sinking feeling at the mention of gypsies. While I like to think of myself as being free of prejudice, I’ve had so many bad experiences with gypsies at the capitol that I couldn’t help feeling hostile towards them. Now whenever I see one I look around for his friends and keep my left hand on my wallet.

“Ugh... I’d rather not think about gypsies, let’s talk about something else...”

“Hit a nerve now, have I? Since everyone can do both ‘*good and evil*’ according to you, how about you find me some gypsy families who aren’t full of criminals and leeches?”

“Seems like... an impossible challenge.”

“Ha ha ha, well you’re right of course. Do you still want to argue that no group can exhibit marked tendencies towards what you’d consider ‘*evil*’ behavior?”

It seems like deep down I didn’t even believe it myself... I feel embarrassed now.

“Don’t worry about it. Just accept that you don’t know much about Jews. Listen, Jews are to deceit what gypsies are to theft. They are falsehood in human form, it is literally the air they breathe. Everything they engage in is perpetually, willfully and instinctively materialist, abstract and oriented towards their specific interests.”

“What could make them this way?”

“Nothing *made* them this way. It’s just their nature, their ‘*truth*’ if you will. But that is why they are incompatible with our society, even more so with the type of organic society we want for the future.”

“Do you think it would be impossible for a Jew to adhere to truth? Are there no Jews that could hear your whole explanation about truth and the organic order, and agree with it?”

“If you were to take a Jew and work him in this direction from cradle to the grave, maybe so. And after all, they vary as individuals in the strength of their racial tendencies. But policing their tendencies can only go so far, when we talk of going against someone’s innate tendencies. That is why one of our strictest policies, is to never let Jews in positions of authority over anything – ever!”

“I’m still not convinced. Can’t it be just the result of all the persecution they had to deal with over the course of history? Something that happened to them, rather than being their innate their nature?”

“They’ve been run out of virtually every country on this continent and elsewhere, you think everyone else are at fault but the Jews? If your friends warn you not to take some man in for the night and the man tells you they all treated him badly and run him out of their homes are you truly going to think the fault lies with them or suspect that he did something in each home he was taken into?”

“I suppose I’d trust the judgment of people I know of some stranger that they all had experiences with.”



“And you’d be right to do that. Nothing made Jews the way they are, there was no event, no catharsis or catalyst that put them on this path as a whole group, it simply is the way they *are*. But how did we allow them back into our homes again then, if at some point they were run out for their actions?”

One honorable man once said:

*‘A country has the Jews it deserves. Just as mosquitoes can thrive and settle only in swamps, likewise the former can only thrive in the swamps of our sins.’”*

“So, you’re saying that the more we departed from truth, the more we opened the way into our homes for the Jews?”

“They were attracted by the lies and falsehoods that overtook our lives, both because they consciously knew they could exploit it for their benefit and because their innate nature drew them to what is only their natural environment, an instinct like that which leads the salmon upstream or the sea turtles back to the place of their birth.”

“But how have we come to this point? For how long now have we been living in a world ruled by lies?”

“Oh, too long! We lived with lies for centuries now.”

“Centuries? How is that even possible.”

“Do not think that the world we live in today happened overnight, our fall from truth took us a very long time, lies slowly chipping away at our understanding of truth, making way for bigger lies that made way for bigger ones still think of it as having made a mistake early on in a mathematical equation, the further you continue to solve it the more the mistake grows and deviates from

the correct answer. But it was never by radical revolution that these lies triumphed, but by that same abstract thinking that slowly opened up paths to new lies to take hold. Some, of course took form of revolutions but not without a long existing background that was preparing people to accept such lies, making these revolutions possible. All civilizations experience a rise and fall, and the fall is most always like slow decay, and we hardly notice it, like a frog in water, not noticing how gradually the water turns to a boil, whereupon the frog dies.”

His frog example was something I could recall from when I studied biology in school, though one of my co-workers said it's not true for some reason or another. Still the analogy served to illustrate his point, and I could certainly think of examples in life when people don't notice something is wrong until it's too late. And his mathematical equation was something I could understand all too well as I was rather proficient with math and algebra and know exactly how easy one seemingly small mistake can create a wildly different outcome. Has a good portion of human history been then a growing miscalculation? Some wrong notion ages ago becoming the foundation for more incorrect statements that seemingly made sense under that wrong premise?

There is, though, another element to how we've come to this decay. We've grown too comfortable with technological advancements. The more we could delegate to machines the more lazy and complacent we've grown. Each generation grows up with new technology that relieves them of ever having to do certain tasks and so they grow duller than their predecessors. This comfort likewise leads one to be more tolerant of lies.

“But surely you don't propose to stop the march of technological progress.”

“Of course not, though in certain areas it should be strictly controlled and regulated. We simply have to maintain old ways and old attitudes when faced with new technology. I say: make new technology, but keep old ways. Don’t let technology become a crutch, be capable of relying on yourself should it fail you, and never revere it as though something sacred in of itself. Any technology is but a tool of our will and no technology can ever surpass the might of human spirit.

During the first Great War certain people thought that war machines were the deciding factor for victory, and while it did give them advantage, their enemy was of great spirit and managed to hold their own and claim victories.”

“Now that you mentioned war, what of all the adoration that fascism seems to, or has been claimed to have for militarism and war? Those that came before you certainly seemed to plan a certain course for war.”

“If you want to know of our attitude to war then know that we view it as part of life and moreover a great experience for men.”

“So you *do* glorify war? But should we not all strive for peace? Why glorify death and destruction, homes ruined and entire cities raised to the ground? What kind of a great experience is that?”

“Those who seek comfort will certainly be averse to war, those who are selfish can’t fathom such selflessness as giving one’s life for his comrades and justice.”

“I can hardly think of any wars that were fought for real justice, only for profit or like you keep mentioning, their interests.”

“This is true, most wars have been, for a long time now, used only to further interests. But that is not *our* war. Thus in our war for justice, for restoring truth, we will eliminate wars of interest.”

“And what of war being some supposed great experience for men?”

“Let me once again quote one of our own: ‘*War is to Man what Motherhood is to Woman.*’”

“You can’t possibly compare the two!”

“But indeed I can. Motherhood is one of the great tests of woman’s character, to realize her truth as a woman, likewise War is one of the great tests of man’s character, to realize his truth as a man. War and Motherhood help manifest the best qualities of man and woman respectively, while for the inferior of each sex that fail these tests it serves to show their inferiority. Though please don’t think I say that War and service in an army is for every man, as I said war is but one of the great tests for men.”

“So you wouldn’t force all men to serve in the military?”

“Well, I personally approve of all men getting basic military training, because should war come home they must know how to defend their home, but being a warrior is a calling, an inner nature that is not the destiny of all men. Anyone can be merely a “*soldier*” by virtue of being recruited and being given training, but not anyone can be a warrior, someone whose very nature is disclosed on the battlefield. Warriors are something more noble than merely a soldier who has been recruited regardless of his character or has joined the army out of some misguided notions. War is for Warriors, not merchants. As one of the great warriors said:

*‘Heroic values are not those of the merchant, for they value not success, but principles.’”*

“But you too obviously wish to succeed.”

“We want our principles to succeed, to reign supreme, for truth to be restored. Not for sake of personal gain, but because it is *right*.”

“And how is it that you feel so right? You’ve explained your views to me with great conviction and you are very convincing and make appealing arguments, but don’t you ever doubt yourself?”

“Never. With all you’ve learned now I am sure that you feel I am right too. Doubt creeps in only if you don’t know these things or if you allow falsehoods to cloud your mind. And one cannot win if he doubts himself. One of our champions fought in the first Great War, but his country had lost, foremost because there were people back home, doubting and second guessing everything, entertaining the notion that their enemy may have a point, and in doing so they betrayed their own soldiers and warriors who fought in the war. He vowed to never let this happen again. History ultimately decided that he was to fall as well, but not out of doubt.”

I think I knew whom he was referring to, one of the men, if not *the* man, who was always the face associated with fascism and the horrors that were attributed to it, while hailed a hero by fascists themselves.

“You’re talking of the man who created fascism?”

“Let me remind you, friend, that fascism was not created because you cannot create Truth. It simply *is* and thus can have no author, unlike all the man-made ideas that reign today. He was one of the people who provided an invaluable contribution to our

understanding of truth and the struggle we face against the world of lies.”

“But you can’t call what he had built an organic state, nor can you say the same for these other rulers who followed your views.”

“True, for what they built was not the perfect manifestation of the organic state. But as I’ve told you totalitarianism can be a tool for its creation. What those men of the past had build simply never had the chance to grow out of that state, like a caterpillar that never got to become a butterfly.”

“Alright, so you are dead set on being right, but don’t you believe that in arguing another man’s point of view you might gain a deeper insight into the truth?”

“You’re still clinging to the idea of opinions being valid, but arguing a lie only gives opportunity for it to settle doubt in your own mind. All that I’ve learned from arguing with others is *how to argue* my points better and how to deflect lie after lie sent my way. The only point arguing is to prove that you are right, but never compromise with the other side, because in doing so you compromise your views and let falsehoods settle in.”

“And what of agreeing to disagree? Live and let live?”

“Never. To do so is to again compromise your position, as it allows for both arguments to still exist, but a lie cannot exist in the light of Truth and so it must be burned. I will only agree to my opponent having an opinion and thus being wrong. Nothing has ever been achieved by walking away from the conflict or saying that the opponent may be right. All it does is postpone the inevitable confrontation that grows more and more potentially violent the more it is stayed off. The more the cancer grows in your body, the more radical are the treatments for it.”

“Well, I suppose so...”

“How convincing do you imagine I’d sound if I told people that:

*‘Well the other guy over there has an opinion, he might be right too’?”*

“Hah, I guess that wouldn’t be all too convincing at all, it rather makes the other guy seem to be potentially more convincing.”

“Exactly.”

“But what of not arguing people with different opinions at all?”

“Hah, yes, a good deal of my comrades had also thought me a bit mad to argue people who are incredibly unlikely to be swayed by anything as they are so deeply entrenched in their comforting lies and falsehoods. Some of them have gone as far as to say that I might as well be fighting windmills!”

We both had to laugh at that one. What an amazing and rather unreal day it’s been. The sun was already setting down and the sky was filled with hues of red, orange and dark purple. All the errands I wanted to run in the city had been completely forgotten and now it was most likely too late to do them anyway. Still, while I understood his views all the better from our conversation, I had come no closer to understanding why he was traveling the world, doing what he did.

“So why is it that you have traveled such great distances and by such peculiar means?”

“Would you consider him to do ill who would upset a world which was upside down?”



“I’m... not sure what you mean by this.”

“Hah, what I mean is that I am traveling the lands, causing mischief to the world of lies and bringing justice wherever I go, throwing my lot in with others who would do the same in their own way. My way is simply that of going wherever my spirit calls me rather than confining myself to a particular place. My heart calls for travel and adventure. I suppose that is *my* inner nature.”

“So your only commitment is to the Truth and to what you love doing.”

“And in doing what I love I serve the Truth. I believe we have come full circle.”

The man looked to the setting sky for a few moments in quiet and I followed suit, reflecting on all he had told me. My hunch was right, this was truly a once in a lifetime experience, a chance meeting like no other as I’ve seemingly gained a whole new perspective of life at large, so very different from everything I’ve ever known.

It was a nice quiet moment we shared, the temperature cooled and gentle wind blew around us. Finally, the man stood up and stretched his arms and legs. I too got up and stretched a little before I sat on the edge of the well and looked down its dark depth. It’s hard to say where my thoughts wondered now as I looked into the dark. Maybe I was considering how to cope with what I’ve learned and this whole experience, knowing that tomorrow I would be back to life as usual, if that were even possible now as I’m sure I wouldn’t be able to help myself but look at everything through this new perspective I learned. The man put a hand on my shoulder and I turned my gaze once again to his face.

“Well my friend, I’m afraid I must be heading out now. I told you everything that I could with the time we had.”

“You mean there is more still?”

“A whole lot more, but I told you all that you need to know to understand fascism. I told you that which anyone can grasp and thus join in our struggle. There are still deeper roots to our cause but those are not something that just anyone can understand. But one doesn’t need to, what you’ve learned is enough.”

I smirked and jokingly asked him:

“So what, you think I may not be capable of understanding this other, deeper knowledge to fascism?”

He gave me a heartfelt smile and said:

“You may very well be capable, but if we were to discuss this now we’d not leave the sight of this well in days!”

We both had a laugh and I walked with him to the highway road.

“I am most likely to have to stir my Torero friends from their slumber as I’ll arrive into the city well into the night.”

“You sure you don’t need a lift?”

“It’s fine my friend, you’ve been most pleasant company and you shared water with me, I won’t trouble you for more than that.”

“How long are you planning on staying in the capitol?”

“Oh just a few days. No more than four.”

“And then?”

“Then? I haven’t decided yet. I will let my heart decide or maybe I’ll get another invitation to stay with comrades elsewhere and make my way to them.”

“Right then. Please know, however, that you were the one that was pleasant company to me, today was probably the most noteworthy day of my life and it is so merely from having met and talked to you.”

“Then I am most pleased that our meeting may have had such a profound effect on you. Hopefully it becomes the seed of something great, and if not – you’ll at least always have the story of meeting this peculiar man that called himself a Fascist. But here I am on the road again, my feet beck me to march on, I’ve spent too much time sitting down. Farewell my friend and good tidings to you!”

“And you too!” I said as the man had begun to walk off, waving his hand to me as I waved back.

I stood for a short moment and looked as his figure was growing smaller into the distance before I walked back to the storage house. It was already so late and most of my co-workers had already left for their homes. I walked towards my car as a couple of them had exited the building and on their way to their own cars passed me by, voicing loudly their usual complaints about the boss and how one of them could do the job better, while another felt he was supposed to be something great if only he’d get a break. The very drastic difference between them and the man was all too apparent, he was happy with so little and capable, confident, while they were bitter, loved to complain but wouldn’t do anything to resolve their issues, their complaining in of itself seemed to be more of a necessity than actually overcoming its source.

As I got into the car I then couldn't help but think that in so many ways I was no different from them, even if I didn't always voice all my complaints and disappointments with my life – I've grown to accept it as a given. I sat in my car thinking about my own life without starting the engine. It seemed that the more the sun settled and the further away the man was the more my everyday reality descended once again upon me like the darkness did. It suddenly occurred to me that I didn't even know the man's name. I felt somewhat disappointed at how I didn't have a name to place with the man who had probably been a brighter source of light in my life than the sun itself.

I didn't want to dwell on these thoughts as I could feel myself growing more weary and decided to try and push it all out of my mind and fall back into my normal routine. I started up the car and drove straight to my home, not too far away from the storage house. As I walked from my car to my house I stopped for a moment and looked into the direction of the city, once again thinking of the man I met and wondering what he might get into with the Toreros. Finally I made it inside and went straight to bed.

The next three days I tried to live as usual but my concern after meeting the man was proven true: I now couldn't help but see everything from his point of view as I analyzed all I heard and saw through his points, reasoning, arguments and metaphors. Where I once viewed commercials on TV with a blank stare in anticipation of the program to continue I grew irritated as I couldn't help but think of how these ads appeal to nothing more than our egotism, self-interest, laziness, vanity and so much more. The news that I used to view as just information about events now seemed to always have some kind of agenda to them that made it all unbearable to watch. I could barely tolerate my more obnoxious co-workers whose complaints once rolled off me like water off a goose as I'd nod and agree with them. Now I needed to get away from them and their complaining as fast as possible.

I couldn't really cope. What was my old life now if not an illusion that I was awakened from by this chance encounter? But what could I do? Become a fascist myself? The thought still unsettled me even though I've come to accept most everything we've talked about. These thoughts bothered me constantly and I couldn't relax for days.

On the fourth day since I met the man I was eating lunch in the break room when I suddenly caught from the corner of my eye the news on the TV. I turned around to face it. It was a report of an event that happened just yesterday in the capitol. The Toreros had been engaged in some attack on an immigrant group suspected of running a pedophile ring in the city! I watched the footage of masked men beating up foreign looking people but it was largely a mess with the police being involved and some passers by getting caught in the middle. At one point I saw something that made me jump up and sit closer to the screen, though it all happened so fast that by the time I sat down it had already cut to other footage. I had to look this up and make sure that I wasn't mistaking.

After having asked my co-worker if I could use his office computer for what was left of the lunch break and him agreeing I got straight to searching. As I was looking for the footage I stumbled across a wide number of coverages of the event and commentary on it from various people, some claiming that the pedophile ring allegations were unconfirmed, others saying it was an outright lie to justify attacking immigrants, how Toreros were scum and fascist thugs and so on. Several of them were arrested and the police was conducting an investigation into the allegations made. Finally I found the footage and paused it at that moment. ***It was him.*** The man I met, the adventurer fascist was in the thick of it. They cut the footage to show him practically fly in from the side of the shot and kick a foreigner square on the chest, sending him tumbling back. I also noted something else. Before he appeared on the screen the immigrant was raising his leg to kick someone on the ground. It was a woman, a passer by in a white dress that got caught in the middle of it all.

Maybe the immigrant thought she was another Torero or he was too caught up in the fight, but the man appeared just in time to protect her. I found footage made by someone from out their window overlooking the whole mob and could see that at one point the woman in white was carried out of that mess by a man, who set her down and then rushed back into the fight. I was certain this was him.

Leaning back in the chair I thought about this until my coworker walked in and told me the break was over and I needed to get out of his office and back to my own tasks. I walked back into the storage hanger and resumed my work though my actions were mostly automated as I was thinking again of the man, the fight, the alleged pedophile ring. The allegations of such a group had existed for a while now, months if not longer. I even remember that when I would hear about it I'd voice how horrible this is if true and then immediately forget about it as my everyday concerns would take over. I seemed to be morally outraged at the time, but now I couldn't think of it as anything more than complacency. That was not outrage. I had forgotten about this news piece until today and what I felt now was real outrage, outrage that grew out of what the man would call a desire for Justice.

Then I stopped with a heavy crate in my hands and just stood there, looking into space, not really seeing anything in front of me. I felt my heart race and again thought back to the man and what he told me:

*"I will let my heart decide."*

I dropped the crate and proceeded to walk out of the building. Nobody had really paid attention to me at that moment so I left unobstructed. I should have walked to the boss, if he was even in his office, and told him that I quit, but it seemed rather a meager and pointless thing to do.

I drove straight home and began to pack an old backpack that I had, by no means for traveling but it was all I had. I packed it only with

some extra clothes and essentials, as well as all the money I had in the world which wasn't all that much. I left my home and drove into the city. Before leaving I looked up some information on the Toreros and found out that they own a bar in the capitol. This was my destination.

Having parked outside the bar I left the backpack in the car and got out. As I walked towards the door doubt crept in and I started second-guessing what I was doing. I all but stopped right at the entrance to the bar when again I thought back to the man. There are no doubts if Truth is on your side, know yourself and follow your heart. How was I to know what kind of man I am if I did not face my fears? I breathed out, breathed in and walked in.

The bartender was, of course, a Torero member. He didn't really trust me as I told him that I want to find the man whose name I didn't know, and more Toreros came up behind me listening to the conversation. So I told the bartender of my chance encounter with the man and one of the Toreros piped up behind me:

“Oh yeah, he spoke of you.”

I was scared being surrounded by the wolves in their own den, but once that one verified my story they all seemed to relax and sat at the bar with me as I told them of my meeting and everything the man told me and what an effect it had on me. They shared with me some stories of his time with them in return, which wasn't just the event from yesterday – he helped them in a charity event where they gave away free food to homeless and out of work natives of our land, how they played some sports, shared dinner and how he even spent time babysitting the children of one of the men at the bar while he was out.

I could very well recognize in their stories the man I had met as they too talked of him in warm, respectful and comradely tones. I told them again how I wanted to see him, to which they replied that he had in fact left the city early this morning. To my luck, however, they did



know which road he took and where he was heading. He was invited by another fascist group to their native island north of the continent and the man was going to travel across our country and then through another one before he'd get a boat to take him to the island itself. If I were to leave right now I could possibly catch up to him. They too did not know his true name but only the name by which he preferred people refer to him: Don.

When I drove to the outskirts of the city on the road that the Toreros told me he had taken I got out of my car for the last time and grabbed my backpack. From here on in I was going to proceed on foot and catch up to him and then we'll be finally able to exchange our names and I would join him in his adventures as he tells me what else there is to know.

Later that same day he smiled brightly at me as he said:

“Well, it's nice to finally have a name to go with your face, Sancho.”

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*“Eja Eja, Alala”*

# Version History & Notes

Version 1: Published Oct 25, 2015

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## Notes

**\* Original document found here:**  
[http://laraj.ca/AGwiki/index.php?  
n=Contemporary.IronmarchOriginals](http://laraj.ca/AGwiki/index.php?n=Contemporary.IronmarchOriginals)

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***Knowledge is Power in Our Struggle for Racial Survival***

*(Information that should be shared with as many of our people as possible — do your part to counter Jewish control of the mainstream media — pass it on and spread the word) ... Val Koinen at [KOINEN'S CORNER](#)*

Note: This document is available at:

<https://katana17.wordpress.com/>