

## WOLFISM



The Devil Inside rejects all faith or religious belief, insists on self-indulgence as an inalienable right, despises weakness or stupidity in self or others, and wants to integrate with the ego. That's Wolfism in a nutshell. I've stopped calling it "Satanism" because I'm tired of debating the meaning and history of that term. Wolfism is what I say it is because I say so. If you align with it, feel free to join me in it.

Each of us has a Devil Inside. I don't know why or whence it comes, but it never fails to be present in the psyche. Some of us just bury it under a ton of excrement. You can call it the ape man, the dark force, the shadow, or the Id. It's too concrete for abstractions like religion to find purchase in it. It's too ornery to let anything stand between it and what it wants. Its predatory instincts see the weak and the stupid as natural prey. And it lusts after the ego the way a rooster lusts after a hen. ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM II



Psychology, philosophy, and poetry are the three pillars of personal power.

The Devil Inside lusts after the ego. To submit and surrender is to activate integration and achieve the unification of your mental powers. The legion of forces in your brain unite under one general and mount a coordinated assault on life. The technique I use to bring Devil and ego into coitus is basic ritual, for example a curse like this one.

Alone in a dark room at night, light two red candles.

Recite:

"[Name]! Hated One!  
The ruin of your reality cannot be fled.  
The reign of my wrath is in your head.  
Order, sanity – dead.  
Cthulhu! Cthulhu is in your head.  
Dread dread dread dread dread."

(Repeat as many times as desired – then extinguish the candles.)

The Devil Inside lusts after the ego. Ritual is how the ego "spreads its legs." ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM III



The Devil Inside has no use for religious belief. What it can't hold in its hands or put in its mouth is alien to its reality. It relates to what it can slay, eat, fuck, possess.

Not for the Devil are religion's castles in the air, built of abstract imaginings. Bone and blood are what the Devil relates to. Iron and oak, breast and buttock, fish and fowl – the real world of stone and dirt.

Nor is the Devil itself anything other than portions of the brain. Look not in some imaginary Hell for the Devil. Look instead in the cerebrum, the cerebellum, the thalamus and pituitary and pons, and the medulla oblongata.

Nor was the Devil put on earth by anything other than evolution. Look not to scripture or myth for the origins of the Devil. Look instead to the fossil record and the analysis of genomes. Look to the dinosaurs and their Mesozoic contemporaries.

Not one drop of self-deceit is promoted by Wolfism. Not one speck of unreality. ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM IV



“All treats and treasures in my sight, I claim by right of appetite.”

Prudes, ascetics, and penitents smell like prey to the Devil Inside. No social sanction is authoritative. No self-denial leads to glory in heaven. No cosmic guilt demands joylessness as recompense. No pope or potentate, in gaudy robes of church or state, can induce the Devil to foreswear its insatiable nature.

It's true that within you is also the ego, which, when operating as natural selection has bred it to, applies a sensible degree of prudence in the face of unyielding force, strategic checkmate, dwindling resources, or unsustainable losses. The ego, uncorrupted by neurosis, is not the Devil's adversary, but rather, is the Devil's trusted consigliere. As the song says, “Just call me Lucifer, 'cause I'm in need of some restraint.”

Ego and Devil in coitus give birth to a newborn self both voracious and wise, a combination to be feared and respected. When opposing forces may still be induced to yield; when strategic options are still available; when resources are still abundant; when losses are still sustainable; let prey run for their lives, for the hunter is on the prowl, licking its lips in anticipation, sniffing the wind for news it can use. Flee! Gaping jaws approach.

There's a little more to this story, but it's best told in the next writing. ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM V



The weak and the stupid smell like prey to the Devil Inside.

Consider the pack of wolves giving chase to a herd of deer. Invariably the hunters will zero in on the weakest or stupidest of the fleeing animals. These canine instincts have evolved over millions of years. Simian instincts are no different. What sets humans apart from many other beasts is that we prey not only on other species but also on our own, though in the case of our own we aren't generally motivated by cannibalism, but rather, territory, resources, or status. Also our aggression toward one another is usually indirect: we normally aren't trying to kill or even rob our adversaries, but rather, to outcompete them. (Of course killing and robbing aren't entirely unheard of.) Unsurprisingly, we choose as our targets the weakest and stupidest among us. This is especially true when we are in fact looking to rob, swindle, blackmail or exploit someone. It is always open season on weaklings and cretins.

In the jungle it's commonplace for the lion, when no longer hungry, to pay no attention to creatures it would otherwise make a meal of. The creatures themselves are actually aware of this, and will venture much nearer to the king of the jungle than they would ever otherwise dare to. This indifference on the part of the carnivore does not progress into any sort of congeniality. The lion, even a satiated one, has absolutely no desire to lie down with the lamb. The predatory Devil inside the simian is equally indifferent to the weak and the stupid when they have nothing it wants. But if pushed into proximity to them, or dragged into interacting with them, the Devil's indifference will devolve into disgust, irritation,

and spite. This is the misanthropic impulse. The Devil does not, by any means, suffer fools gladly, or let mice make a nest in its beard. Prey belong on the dinner plate or else out from underfoot.

Most intolerable of all, to the Devil, is the realization that it, itself, has exhibited weakness or stupidity. This of course will happen from time to time, as no one is perfect, but when it does, the Devil's disgust and irritation with itself will far outstrip what it feels toward others. What could be more humiliating to the lion than to look in the mirror and see a lamb? Its gorge will rise. Its spite toward itself will veer to the murderous. Pride is an appetite and humiliation is rancid meat. For this reason, the Devil, and especially the Devil in coitus with ego, will take pains to train itself in strength and intelligence. Much of the Great Work is the never-ending battle to grow stronger and wiser.

Finally, there is the flip side of misanthropy: the mutual respect of fellow predators. This is the "little more to the story" that was alluded to in the previous writing. This is the closest thing to moral restraint the Devil ever experiences. You are strong and you are wise, a tiger to my lion, and therefore I will respect your territory, your resources, and your status. I will restrain my appetites. I will look elsewhere for other prizes. I do this not because I fear you, but because I respect you. Even though I might legally target your share of the world's good potentials, I will not. You may keep what is yours. I smell your markings on the trail and I do not venture past them, though I know I could safely do so. This is the true meaning of honor among thieves. This is the Robber's Code. Be forewarned: it does not apply to weaklings and cretins, for on them it is always open season. ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM VI



The Devil Inside lives by jungle justice.

First, whatever dares to interfere with me, must be interfered with. Even that which is more powerful than me, must be brought to heel. I once became convinced an executive was preparing to scapegoat me. I immediately began talking to key individuals about how this executive was making himself an obstacle to the success of a major initiative. In short order, the executive was transitioned out of the program, rendering him irrelevant to me from that day forward. He never saw the hand that dealt the blow. He didn't even know a blow had been struck. One day he was there, and the next he was gone, one of those random mysteries of life.

Second, I give my help only to those who acknowledge debts of gratitude. I actually look for opportunities to help such people. I see it as planting seeds for future harvesting. Nor do I limit myself to

helping the rich and powerful. Many's the poor man who has his finger on a lever in some mechanism that keeps the world running. All that matters is that the poor man be the type to remember his debt to me. Meanwhile, the rich man who wants something for nothing will get precisely nothing if he comes to me for help, as will the poor man who tries to manipulate me with guilt.

Third, I acknowledge my own debts of gratitude and pay them. This is how ecosystems remain balanced. What takes must also give when its turn rolls around, else the food chain, at its weakest link, will snap. But also there's my reputation to think of. If I become known as an ingrate, those who might have helped me in the future will turn away from me. Better to be known as one who never forgets a kindness. And then there's pride, one of the primal appetites of the Devil Inside. The ape man feels as tough and regal as a silverback when he repays a favor.

Fourth, I don't allow so-called family or so-called friends to mooch off me or otherwise take advantage of me. A long-term relationship can certainly serve as legitimate currency for procuring time or resources, but only on occasion and within reason, and only if what's good for the goose is good for the gander. The plundering hand of the freeloader must be bitten. The parasite must be made to flee for its life. I don't live for the sake of others. Not even for family or friends. My time and my resources are mine, not theirs, and no relationship is sufficient currency to procure my slave labor or turn my kitchen into someone else's food pantry.

For every action there must be an equal and opposite reaction. ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM VII



The Devil Inside wants to feel alive in its flesh.

Death is coming for you. When it arrives, you in your entirety will feed (metaphorically) Beelzebub, Lord of the Flies. But until then, your blood is pumping, your lungs are filling and emptying, your intestines are conducting their relentless chemical and zoological experiments, and your brain is producing a holographic, multi-sensual movie in the theater of your skull, for no audience at all except itself. Why let all of this go to waste? Find the activities that make you feel alive in your flesh – and do them!

You have five senses, hopefully all functional. To the extent you can - Drink the world of phenomena like a fine elixir! Feast your eyes on all the world's splendor. Treat your ears to all that is musical. Indulge your sense of touch with every shape and texture. Exhilarate your tongue with every delicacy. Breathe into your nose all the fragrances of life. And get out from under your own roof! The chaos of crowds is a sensual kaleidoscope. Boardwalks, bazaars, malls, avenues, museums, zoos – seek out the commotion of living things in motion! Even if part of you doesn't want to. Even if it's hard. I promise you – You'll come to enjoy it. I did. And I was always the bookiest of worms.

I dearly hope you have functioning arms and legs. If you don't, I hope you have other ways to navigate the world, perhaps by the gifts of technology. Try to make time each day to move around! Do whatever you can do that gets your pulse rate up. Don't do it as a punishment or a self-flagellation. Find a physical activity you can accomplish and tailor to your own enjoyment – and do it! Even if you have to do it in a wheelchair. You evolved from creatures who survived through agility and strength. Your biological legacy is one of movement. Make dynamism a centerpiece of your day! Movement is life. I promise you – You'll come to enjoy it. I did. And I was always the couchiest of potatoes.

Incorporate sexuality into your existence. You might be surprised at how many on the Left Hand Path are basically celibate. If you're one of them – as I am myself – then you may choose to make use of what has long been the internet's killer app: porn. Or you may choose to engage in very casual hook-ups. Or frequent the local go-go bar or strip club. Or take part in some fetish scene. Find what works for you, be mindful of your safety, avoid unwanted consequences, protect your health – and get frisky! Every cell in your nervous system wants you to.

Live until you die! ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM VIII



The Devil Inside, its predator's instincts awakened, indulges noble envy and noble arrogance, not vile envy or vile arrogance.

I will define two terms: a "cur" is someone weak and stupid; an "apex" is someone strong and wise.

I will also state my assumption: All have the right to compete for the prize. None have the inalienable right to win it.

Now:

On losing to an apex, noble envy will seek to increase in strength and wisdom and compete again with renewed vigor. Vile envy will lash out like a little bitch or else wallow in misery and despair.

On losing to a cur, noble envy will investigate the flaws in the game that allowed such a topsy-turvy outcome, and then will devise a new strategy, as ruthless and crafty as befits the situation. Vile envy will lash out like a little bitch or else wallow in misery and despair.

On defeating an apex, noble arrogance will instruct the bystanders, by word and example, in the proper etiquette of never shaming an apex. Vile arrogance will mock the apex to whatever extent it can get away with.

On defeating a cur, noble arrogance will take pleasure in all being right with the world, and then will set the matter aside, not to be thought of again. Vile arrogance will puff itself up and strut like a peacock.

Win or lose, be noble, not vile. ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM IX



The Devil Inside exhibits infernal hubris, my term for the claiming of divine prerogative on the part of a mortal. This definition tracks pretty well with how ancient Greek playwrights understood hubris, though the Greeks saw it as a vice which the Immortals will punish, whereas I see it, and promote it, as a virtue which life on earth rewards.

I reject phrasing like, "I am my own God," or, "the goal of the Great Work is auto-deification," as utter bullshit. I'm obviously not a God and will never be one. Practitioners who employ such phrasing don't mean what they say. They're either exaggerating, or else they're referring to the imaginary selves they hold in their consciousness during ritual. Some of them are deluded enough to believe that if they hold their imaginary selves in consciousness long enough and intensely enough, they'll eventually become what they imagine themselves to be. This could work if they're imagining themselves to be strong or wise. It will fail miserably if they're imagining themselves to be Zeus.

Infernal hubris is very different from all of that. There are two divine prerogatives I actually do have the ability to claim for myself, despite my mortality. The first is the prerogative of decreeing the meaning of my life. The second is the prerogative of decreeing the tenets of my self-respect.

Consider Christians. Psychologically speaking, what do they use God for? First, they use him as a reason to hope for a miracle. I can't claim that prerogative because it's not a real thing. Second, they use him as a reason to hope for heaven. I can't claim that prerogative because it's not a real thing. Third, they use him as a basis for believing their life has meaning. THAT prerogative I can claim. My life has meaning because it means something to me. Fourth, they use him as a basis for setting right apart from wrong. THAT prerogative I can claim. I set right apart from wrong on the basis of the aesthetic to which I've committed my deepest passions.

The Immortals won't punish me for my infernal hubris. I know this because Immortals don't exist. Life on earth rewards me for my infernal hubris. I know this because claiming the aforementioned divine prerogatives gives me satisfaction, psychological resilience, and heightened personal power.

I am the maker of meaning and the justifier of judgment. ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM X



Mankind is a super-beast, straddling the earth like a colossus, ingesting and excreting in metric tons measured in the billions, and awaiting the day it can stretch out its leg and place its titanic foot on a new world.

The Devil Inside does not deceive itself, and therefore it sees the super-beast, looks it in its Cyclopean eye, perceives its Gogmagogian appetite and its ever-pressing need to empty its Brobdingnagian bowels – and then the Devil Inside decides for itself how to respond. Don't jump to conclusions as to what that response will be.

I call the super-beast Leviathan. What better name for it? But if you think me blasphemous, I thank you for the compliment.

*"Mankind, I name thee Leviathan! Woe unto your enemies. Woe even unto your friends. For you must devour all things and shit it all out in the end."*

Leviathan is the Übermensch. I know a thousand neo-Nietzscheans will rise up to dispute me, but I tell you, Leviathan is the Übermensch. Those who deny this are choosing to handwave away all the parts of Nietzsche that played into the hands of the Nazis. I don't handwave anything away. I see Nietzsche for what he was: the herald of the dawn of Leviathan's awakening. (To be awake is to be self-aware.) The Third Reich was also the herald of this same thing.

What else would the will to power ever have been aiming at? Remember, Nietzsche saw it in all living things. What do all living things, from the bacterium to the baseball player, have in common? Very little, except this: They all are driven to eat, and then to reproduce, so their offspring can eat, and then reproduce, ad infinitum, and the better they are at it, the larger the territory they grab. Eat, fuck, eat, fuck, colonize. That's the will to power, if we're going to say it exists in both the fruit fly and the frog. It exists in Leviathan supremely. Now we're just waiting for the super-beast, mankind, to stop denying its true nature. In the meantime, other heralds will rise up.

How will I respond to this? In whatever way is most suited to my appetites and pressing needs. Will I serve Leviathan? I serve nothing and no one by choice, but it's difficult to do much of anything that doesn't serve the super-beast. Will I worship Leviathan? I worship nothing and no one. Will I ignore Leviathan? I will if I deem it irrelevant to my appetites and pressing needs, but this is unlikely. Will I exploit Leviathan? I will if I see a way that I can. Will I oppose Leviathan? I will if I want some territory for myself and the damn thing won't let me have it.

See things for what they are. ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XI



Ron Mejer Photography

20 September 2018 | FCBTFLM | 3xH | XF130-40mmF4.5-5.6 R LM OIS WR + Lix | 560mm | 640mm eqn | 1/2000 sec | 1.1/8 | ISO200

The Devil Inside invariably blasphemes, first because it enjoys it, and second because it detests being hemmed in by the thorny thickets of groupthink.

Religionists: Fuck your tribe. Fuck its avatar. Fuck its folklore. Fuck you.

Christ and Buddha: Fuck your monks. Fuck their prudery. Fuck their asceticism. Fuck their penitence. Fuck you if you have ears to hear and holes to penetrate.

Bleeding Hearts: Fuck your tolerance for the weak and stupid. Fuck your heroic protection of them. Fuck your insistence on their equal rights. Fuck you.

Bleeding Hearts: Fuck your tolerance for freeloaders and parasites. Fuck your heroic protection of them. Fuck your insistence on their equal rights. Fuck you.

Platonists: Fuck your preference for abstraction over carnality. Fuck your veneration of spiritual love. Fuck your denigration of the senses. Fuck your atrophying muscles. Fuck you.

I-Theists: Fuck your ritualized megalomania. Fuck your pompous pseudo-enlightenment. Fuck your ludicrous expectations of apotheosis. Fuck you.

Corporate Fatheads: Fuck your mission statements. Fuck your insistence that either we marry the company or we stagnate. Fuck your glorification of the CEO. Fuck your toeing of the company line. Fuck your preaching of the company gospel. Fuck you.

Blasphemy is a great way to eject all the poisons from your system. ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XII



**SEAL OF MAMMON**

Whether you think so or not, whether you like it or not, reality is your higher power. Reality is everyone's higher power. It sets the rules for every minute of our lives.

This higher power can't be served, because it has no agenda. It can't be worshipped in any meaningful way, because it has no self-awareness. It can be ignored, but only at our peril. It can't be opposed, because everything we do is part of it. But take note: it very much CAN be exploited.

What's the reality of human social relations? At the macro level, it's this: "Money makes the world go round."

I give great truths demonic names. This may seem odd at first, but the more you do it, the more natural and even obvious it begins to seem. To the great truth in the previous paragraph, I give the name you'd expect: Mammon.

Demons don't exist except in our minds. Yet in our minds their existence is potent. Attaching them to great truths enhances their potency while simultaneously giving dimension and color to the great truths.

Old time occultists had the right idea regarding demons. They didn't want to serve or worship them. They wanted to exploit them. They cast their circles and spoke their magic words to bring the demons under heel and master them. This is the attitude we should hold toward any great truth. In modern parlance, we should be looking to make that great truth our bitch.

Mammon was never a Goetic demon, so he had no seal. In modern times a few people have proposed their own designs for a seal of Mammon. Instead of adopting theirs, I've designed my own. It adorns this writing. You can use it as a visual focus for meditation. If you do, your mantra can be the great truth to which I've given Mammon's name: "Money makes the world go round." This will open your consciousness ("your third eye" if you like that imagery) to all the subtleties of money's role in every facet of our lives. This is wisdom, and by this wisdom we can begin to exploit the latent possibilities all around us. As the Beatles originally wrote but the Flying Lizards refined, "The best things in life are free, but you can give them to the birds and bees, I want money." ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XIII



When I call Mammon forth into consciousness by uttering the great truth of macroscopic human relations – “Money makes the world go round” – I blaspheme, and wantonly.

For if money makes the world go round, then God does not. There is no right hand of Providence. There is only the left hand of commerce and finance. There is no heavenly grace. There is only supply and demand. And to Abraham’s three flocks of bleating sheep, this is blasphemy most foul.

Furthermore – and this is a more subtle point – if money makes the world go round, then neither the rise of the capitalists nor the rise of the proletariat has the final claim on history’s trajectory, for the two are the heads and tails of the same coin (a particularly apt metaphor). Money is the master. Capitalists and the proletariat are merely vassals. Let them tussle all they will, at the end of the day they bend the

knee to the same lord. And to Adam Smith's disciples as well as to Karl Marx's zealots, this stinks with the stench of blasphemy.

Additionally, if money makes the world go round, then political systems do not. So-called democracies have no defense against the hegemony of money. Nor do dictatorships. Nor do single-party technocracies like China or oligarchic thugocracies like Russia or repressive theocracies like Iran or corrupt kleptocracies like Somalia. Money rules them all and with an iron fist. All of them throw their vaunted principles or megalomaniacal ambitions out the window when the laws of supply and demand come knocking at their doors. But don't say this out loud on the streets (of at least some) of these countries. It's blasphemy!

Finally, if money makes the world go round, then culture does not. Literature is a commodity to be bought and sold. Philosophy is a market for college textbooks and professorial tenure. Music is a vehicle for selling ads. Art is a collectible. Theater is for putting butts in seats with buckets of popcorn on laps. All of these can only really be understood from the perspective of supply and demand. Let the historians of literature, of philosophy, of music, of art, of theater, ground all their treatises in economics, or else spout lies. Oh, to say this in the halls of academia! Such exquisite blasphemy.

Money, money, money, money, money. ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XIV



Here is a second great truth, which, as I did with the first, I name Mammon: “Money is the blood of the super-beast.” (Read my writing numbered X to better understand this concept.)

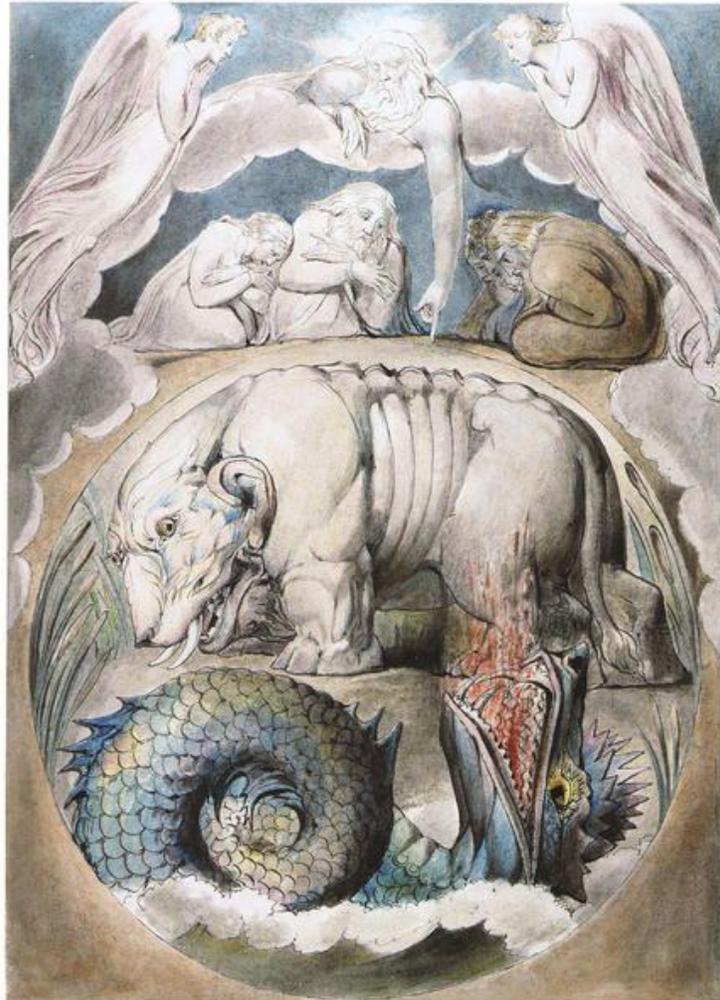
What is blood? Blood is a constantly circulating fluid that provides the body with nutrition, oxygen, and waste removal. Consider money. Does it constantly circulate? Yes. Does it provide the body of the super-beast with nutrition, oxygen, and waste removal? Yes, as potentials to be actualized. Nothing constructive gets done in human civilization except via the medium of money. Nothing gets built, nothing runs, nothing gets pushed out of sight and out of mind so building and running can continue, except by the stupendous power of filthy lucre.

I have called the super-beast *Übermensch*, toward which the will to power relentlessly climbs. Now you’ll get a better understanding of what that means. In *Homo economicus* (economic man) the will to power manifests as greed: greed in all its forms and all the permutations into which it enters. *Homo economicus* (together with its global network of computers) is the nervous system of the super-beast, even as money is the blood. As each individual member of *Homo economicus* pursues its will to power, which is greed, it inevitably contributes to the growth and maintenance of the *Übermensch*, which is the super-beast, whom I have also named Leviathan. Even theft keeps the money flowing, as what was stolen will either be spent or sold, or, if it’s some sort of collectible, it will appreciate in value so that

someday it can be sold. Meanwhile, most likely the victim of the theft was insured, and the insurance company will have to pay out. Even black-market transactions, such as the drug trade, or human trafficking, keep the money flowing, enabling potentials within the body of the super-beast, which grows, and grows, and grows, until one day it will stretch out its leg and place its titanic foot on Mars.

This is reality, and reality is everyone's higher power. ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XV



Here is the third great truth, which, as I did with the first and second, I name Mammon: "Greed is the subconscious of the super-beast." (Read my writing numbered X to get grounded in this concept.)

You may have noticed I employ elephantine images when I write about Leviathan. Isn't he a sea serpent? I made the decision to subsume Behemoth into the concept of Leviathan. Behemoth is widely thought to be a hippopotamus, but Egypt, in biblical times, did have elephants, and since I find their faces less comical than that of the hippo, I went with the pachyderm with the prehensile proboscis. But I haven't discarded the sea serpent archetype. Take a look at the image at the top of this writing.

What you're looking at is one of William Blake's masterpieces, which the famous mystic created in 1825. There's a definite yin/yang structure to the image, which Blake titled, "Behemoth and Leviathan." I've decided to perceive the two beasts as heads and tails of the same coin, so for me, the title would simply be, "Leviathan." I choose to perceive the land creature as holding the yang position, which makes it the

light of day, activating, ego aspect. I choose to perceive the sea serpent as holding the yin position, which makes it the dark of night, reactive, subconscious aspect.

Leviathan, in this symbol, is the Dao, the sum of day and night, action and reaction, ego and subconscious, land creature and sea serpent.

The sea serpent is the reactive subconscious of the super-beast. It's the will to power of all the individual members of Homo economicus: the sum of all human greed. The land creature, whose approximation in real world zoology is for me an elephant, is the activating ego of the super-beast. It has not yet awakened. It will continue to slumber until something momentous happens, perhaps the Singularity. Remember: the global computer network has been completely coopted by the forces of human greed. The Singularity, if it emerges, will be *Machina economicus*. Its design will be founded on economic imperatives.

If Machina economicus emerges in our lifetimes, the sensible question for us to ask about it will be: How can we exploit it? ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XVI



“Money makes the world go round.”

How can we exploit the first great Mammon-truth?

What immediately comes to mind are the applications to law enforcement. Even if none of us are in that field, the thought process will be illustrative.

First, there’s the famous dictum that guides detectives who are trying to solve a crime. “Follow the money.” Get access to bank records and analyze them. Money coming in could be a clue, as could money going out. Where (or from whom) did it come in from? In exchange for what? Where (or to whom) did it go out to? In exchange for what? Detectives have caught many a perpetrator by asking these questions.

Next, there's a ploy often used by the FBI: If you can't prove murder, look for tax fraud. The famous gangster Al Capone went to prison not for any of his other crimes, but for tax fraud. Indicted on 22 counts, he was sentenced to eleven years. This works pretty often because those of a criminal mindset are rubbed the wrong way by having to give their money away, but they aren't always financial mavens. Some of them will clumsily hoist themselves "with their own petard" as the saying goes.

Finally, there's a highly effective anti-terrorist tactic: Freeze the financial assets of suspected bad actors. This is a way of getting at perpetrators who can't otherwise be reached because they're hiding in another country, generally a hostile one. These miscreants will often keep their money in international bank accounts, which are accessible to international law enforcement. They do this because the banks in their own countries can't be trusted, often because of widespread corruption and thievery at every level of society in those countries.

All of this is why police detectives and federal agents will often get degrees in Accounting or Finance. They understand the first great Mammon-truth. May we all be as wise. ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XVII



“Money is the blood of the super-beast.”

How can we exploit the second great Mammon-truth?

One way is by applying this wisdom to the stock market.

First, we must ask ourselves: What is the super-beast doing? Answer: It is growing. In four dimensions – human population, the global computer network, physical territory, and economic territory – it is growing, and so it makes diabolical sense for us to invest in these four areas. Leviathan’s relentless advance and expansion is the Dao, what some might call an “invisible hand,” which is not a metaphysical concept, but rather, is a macroeconomic statistical hypothesis which can be tested quantifiably by experts. Leviathan is the Übermensch, the ultimate aim of all power, and make no mistake, money is power.

The way to invest in human population growth is to invest in all forms of infrastructure, for without the latter, the former is doomed either to failure or to the useless multiplication of useless human bodies. Roads, bridges, sewers, electricity, natural gas, potable water, food, telephony, the internet, education, medicine, cars and trucks, and mass transit are all essential to a growing human population that isn't going to just wallow in miserable poverty. Companies that contribute to the advance and expansion of infrastructure will ride the current of the Dao. Consider investing in them.

The way to invest in the growth of the global computer network is to invest in (a) those companies who are building or improving the internet backbone and (b) those companies who are exploiting the internet backbone in new, innovative ways. The latter category includes streaming companies, gaming companies, and the makers of smart cars and smart homes. Companies in both categories are riding the current of the Dao. Consider investing in them. In particular look for companies who are pushing the frontiers of artificial intelligence.

The way to invest in the growth of physical territory is to invest in (a) undersea colonization and (b) outer space colonization. These are not pipedreams, nor are they boondoggles. The will to power is the will to eat, reproduce, and colonize. Living things have been conquering new territories from the dawn of intentional locomotion in the invertebrate kingdom. Vertebrates doubled down on this imperative. Mighty indeed was the will to power in the first proto-amphibians who boldly went where no animal had gone before: dry land. Humanity, meanwhile, has invaded every terrestrial niche we laid our eyes on. The bottom of the ocean beckons, as does the surface of the moon, and of Mars. Companies engaged in these grand expeditions are riding the current of the Dao. Consider investing in them.

The way to invest in the growth of economic territory is to invest in companies who are creating whole new markets. The cell phone was an example of this, and the smart phone took it a step further. Anti-perspirant was a supreme example. Before advertisers taught them to, consumers didn't fear the stink of their underarms. Superhero movies have been a triumphant example. Companies who teach consumers to want things they never wanted before, or to fear things they never feared before, ride the current of the Dao. Consider investing in them.

I, of course, am not a financial adviser, and this writing is for entertainment purposes only. ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XVIII



“Greed is the subconscious of the super-beast.”

How can we exploit the third great Mammon-truth?

First, we must understand that there is only a subconscious in relation to an ego. The entire function of the subconscious is to press against the ego. Yet I've said the super-beast's ego hasn't yet emerged, and this is true. It's in the process of coalescing out of unconscious chaos. All we have right now are pockets of pre-ego or proto-ego, the most obvious being the central banks. Notice I didn't say governments. The ego is the reality principle in an organism, and governments are decidedly not in the reality business. In fact we specifically want to look at central banks that function independently of governments and their bullshit.

The Federal Reserve is the central bank of the United States. It wasn't always as independent as it is today, but in recent times, the Federal Reserve has flat out refused to become politicized, and has managed to stick to its guns and yield nothing of its power. For that very reason, the economy of the United States has proven far more resilient than many expected it to. It has had its ups and down, but it hasn't collapsed or spun out of control, and we have the Federal Reserve to thank for that. What's more, the politicians know it. President-elect George W. Bush, in the year 2000, had this to say: “One of the things I'm certain that I should not do as president-elect is to try to put words in the mouth of Alan Greenspan.” (Greenspan was Chairman of the Federal Reserve.)

This, then, is what we as a species can do at the present time to hasten the emergence of the ego of the super-beast: We can push for the creation and preservation of independent central banks in every country.

As the macroscopic ego continues to coalesce, so too does the macroscopic subconscious. They're each pulling themselves up by their own bootstraps, from out of the chaotic miasma they currently float in. They're doing this in tandem, like two lovers awakening the life force in one another. The rhythm of their lovemaking is the intricate percussion of the global economy. Money changing hands, goods and services being bought and sold, this is the one thing, the only thing, that unites our species across oceans and continents, and that's why the macroscopic ego will perceive reality through an economic lens, and the macroscopic subconscious will press hardest from the perspective of greed.

When macroscopic greed has fully emerged, humanity will have finally put Plato and his cerebral values to death. Will have finally (again and for good) put Christ and his "Blessed are the poor" to death. Finally put the Buddha and his "Suffering is caused by desire" to death. Finally (again and for good) put John Lennon and his "All you need is love" to death. Finally put Billy Bob Butkus and his "It's OK if I'm poor if niggers are poorer" to death. Love of money – not fear of God – will be seen as the beginning of wisdom. Spiritual pipedreams – not love of money – will be seen as the root of all evil. The great motto of the Planetary Federation will be, "In Greed We Trust."

Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, I name thee Antichrist, in whom I am well pleased. ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XIX



The love of money is the beginning of wisdom.

The fear of God is the root of the poisonous tree.

Blessed are the rich, for they stand at the helm.

Blessed are the greedy, for they would possess the earth.

Blessed are they who take the biggest portion, for because of them, the meek will go without.

Blessed are they who laugh, for they know the great truth.

Blessed are they who lust, for their senses are alive.

Blessed are they who love food, for the world is their oyster.

Blessed are they who work smarter, not harder, for by sloth they conquer.

Blessed are the vain, for they adorn the best subject.

Blessed are they whose arrogance makes them walk like kings, for the earth knows its master.

Blessed are they whose envy elevates their ambitions, for they will have the last laugh.

Blessed are they who make their own meaning, for they prove they have no need of God.

Blessed are they who are laws unto themselves, for they shall be called Lords of Order.

Blessed are the strong, for they can bear the brunt of an attack.

Blessed are the cunning, for they set traps their prey will not escape.

Blessed are they whose malice is a thing of beauty, for theirs is the highest art.

Blessed are the buyers and sellers, for they make the world go round.

Blessed are they who take ACTION out in the world, for the world is vulnerable to them.

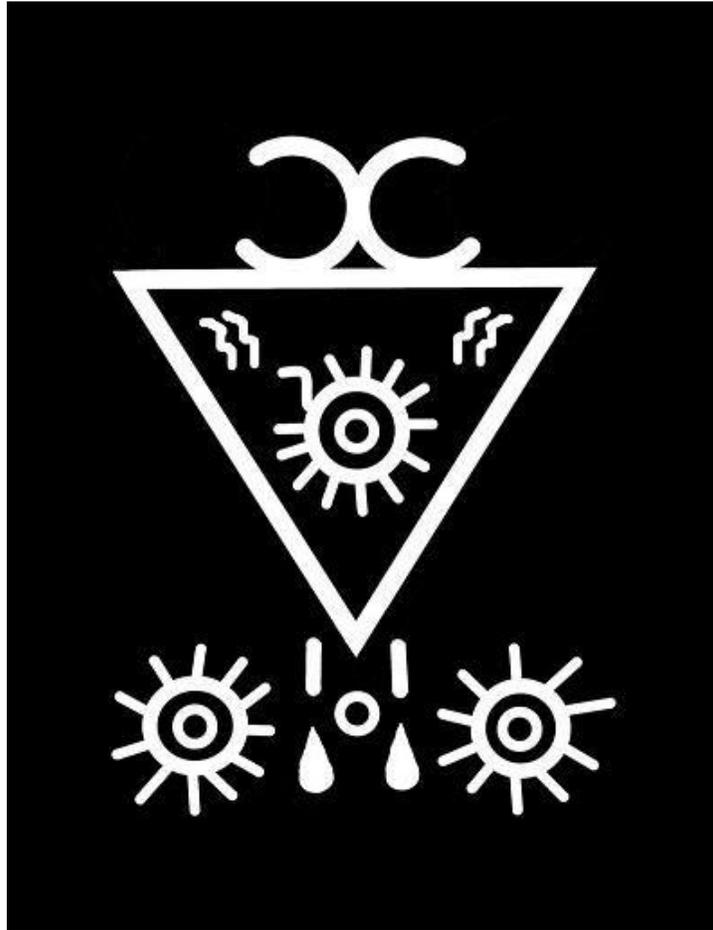
Blessed are the selfish, for they have their hands on the throat of God.

Blessed are they who stand alone, for Leviathan has a place for them.

Blessed are they who honor the name of Mammon, for they prove they are fearless of God.

ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XX



We will now tarry in the Luciferian dimension of my philosophy.

Here's the bumper sticker: Sorcery helps those who help themselves.

Doing ritual does not relieve me of the need to take action in the real world. I do ritual to get my mind right so I can then turn around and confront the real world more effectively. Ritual is mind-work. Athletes do mind-work before competing, and warriors do mind-work before engaging in battle. Performers do mind-work before going on stage, and politicians do mind-work before giving a speech. Hopeful lovers in pursuit do mind-work before asking someone out, and accusers do mind-work before confronting a miscreant. Ritual is a sophisticated example of this and it works. But it is always a precursor to real world action. I never, ever do ritual in lieu of taking real world action. If I did, nothing would happen in the real world.

The mind has three aspects: emotion, intellect, and instinct. Think of them as three swords which ritual hones. Honing myself mentally is what I think of as the Great Work. It is accomplished by accessing three profound centers in the mind: the deep emotional, deep intellectual, and instinctive centers. These are accessed by entering into altered states of consciousness.

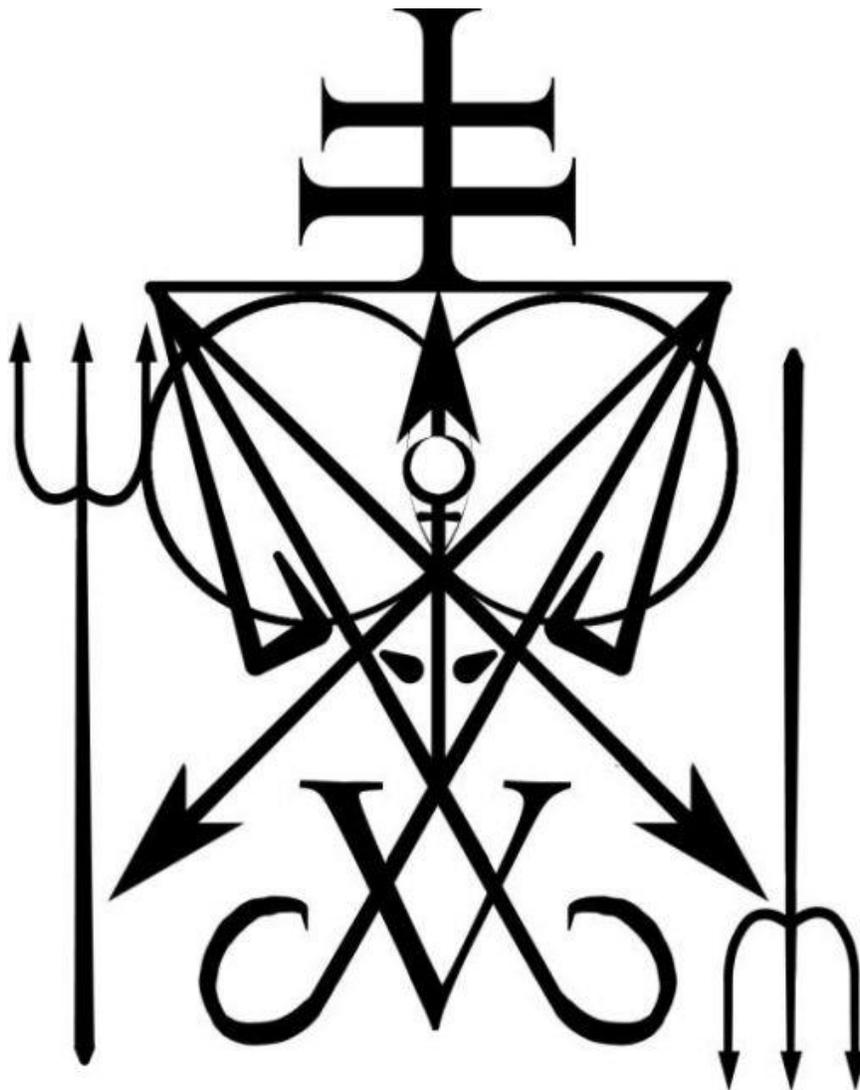
What the Great Work is aiming at are three infernal attainments. The first, strength, emerges out of the deep emotional center. The second, cunning, emerges out of the deep intellectual center. And the third, physical competence, emerges out of the instinctive center. These attainments become formidable when we step out into the world and engage with life.

The deep emotional center is accessed via the sorts of rituals that are commonly thought of as Satanic, with their bombast and pageantry. The deep intellectual center is accessed via more complex and arcane sorts of rituals, often involving ancient systems, for example Kabala. The instinctive center is accessed via mind-clearing exercises such as Zazen. All of these aim at altered states of consciousness.

In closing, a word about the instinctive center. It has to do with the senses, the body in general, attention, reflex, dexterity, precision, and grace. Most people who practice Zazen have no idea what it's actually for. In Japan, Zazen was part of a Samurai's training. In China, Zazen was a part of kung-fu training. Forget satori and Nirvana and other mystical nonsense. Zazen makes you better at physically engaging with the world, in all the myriad varieties of what that looks like, from knitting to sex to knife fights to driving to scuba diving. Western Buddhists are often blind to this because they're not in touch with their bodies. As the Gestalt psychologist Fritz Perls famously said, "Lose your mind and come to your senses."

Be formidable. ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XXI



I am adamant on these two principles:

1. Discorporate entities exist only in the mind, and represent aspects of the self.
2. Ritual affects only the practitioner, and only mentally.

To claim anything else is self-deceit, a vice born of weakness and stupidity. The strong and the cunning guard the citadel of beliefs in their head. Nothing is allowed to enter except the empirically verified, the logically necessary, or the word of sources reliable enough to survive the interrogation of inquisitive and demanding skeptics. An accurate picture of reality can be a matter of life and death, or at least success or failure. The strong and the cunning keep their eye on the ball, and the gate to their citadel locked, with sentries posted and bearing arms.

Intellectual honesty is pragmatic, yes, but it is also a matter of pride. To be weak and stupid is revolting. To be strong and cunning is the highest nobility, conducive of the most resilient vanity and the most commanding arrogance. No attribute is better proof of strength and cunning than intellectual honesty.

Be strong enough to bear the weight of cold, hard fact, and resist the honey-dripping temptation of falsehood. Be cunning enough to discern which is which. Lie to anyone you wish – except yourself. Falsehood is a trap. Facts are freedom.

External reality does not include disincorporate entities and is not vulnerable to the power of ritual. No one who claims otherwise can support their claims with empirical verification, logical necessity, or the word of sources reliable enough to survive the interrogation of inquisitive and demanding skeptics. Simple as that. Case closed.

Ritual is mind-work. The Great Work is mind-work. Ritual is the Great Work. Do it with that understanding. And then, when your mind is right and the time is right: Act. Out in the real world where there are real consequences. Act. ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XXII



Quelling misconceptions:

Group ritual is pointless and for many (such as myself) it is counter-productive. I don't do it. I wouldn't do it, even if invited. Most people who do group ritual are laboring under the delusion that a ritual can affect external reality. Given that (utterly false) assumption, it makes sense to think multiple people doing the same ritual would be able to "combine their power" and make external reality their bitch! Utter nonsense. Other people would simply distract me.

Belief is not necessary for ritual. Usually this notion of belief has to do with believing disincorporate entities exist in external reality (they don't) or believing ritual can affect external reality (it can't). Cathartic ritual is psychodrama undertaken to put the Ego temporarily in submission to the Id. It lets the Id run the show. This serves to break the chains which have been placed on the Id by the Superego. It's how we say to the Id, "It's OK, go ahead, I give you permission." It requires a temporary suspension of disbelief, but only about as much as we employ when we watch television.

Performing cathartic rituals created by other people is a waste of time. The goal of cathartic ritual is to temporarily put your own Ego (not someone else's) in submission to your own Id (not someone else's). The only way to do this is with words you wrote for yourself, expressive of your own Id, dismissive of your own Superego, and designed to be compelling to your own Ego. No one else can do this for you. No one can read your mind, and reading your mind is the only way someone could write a cathartic ritual that would work for you.

There are no rules around designing a ritual. You can wear a cool costume, or not, your choice. You can use props or not, your choice. You can play music or not, your choice. You can use old-fashioned language or not, your choice. You can make things rhyme or not, your choice. You can call upon fictitious entities or not, your choice. You can speak in your native language, or in a made-up language like Enochian or Elvish, or in a classical language like Latin or Greek, your choice. Anything that feels ridiculous to you, don't do. If you can't think of anything that doesn't feel ridiculous to you, then drop the whole thing, cathartic ritual isn't for you. Cathartic ritual is supposed to be FUN! If you can't have fun with it, then drop it.

Up with the Id and down with the Superego! ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XXIII



The Glamour of Self-Confidence:

*“Blessed are the arrogant who walk like kings, for the earth knows its master.”*

Any of the “Bad Attitudes” from WOLFISM XIX can form the nucleus of a catharsis ritual, but only if it speaks to you and only if you’re able to have fun with it. If the one identified above meets those criteria for you, then make it the core of a cathartic ritual for yourself, and perform it. The effect of repeated performances, over as long a time as feels right to you, will be to kill the part of your Superego that functions as the jailer for your natural self-confidence.

I use the word “glamour” in its archaic sense, and I use the British spelling because it’s more likely (at least for us Americans) to conjure up archaic connotations. Vampires were said to have the power of glamour.

Self-confidence bewitches the observer. A job applicant who is self-confident in an interview is more likely to get hired. A hopeful lover in pursuit, who is self-confident, is more likely to get a “yes” to a question like, “Can I buy you a drink?” – or, “Want to get out of here?” A manager who is self-confident in meetings is more likely to get promoted. A con artist who is self-confident is more likely to be believed. A salesperson who is self-confident is more likely to make the sale. A boxer who is self-

confident is more likely to intimidate his or her opponent. A long-time lover who is self-confident is more likely to get a “yes” to a question like, “Will you marry me?” A stage performer who is self-confident is more likely to command an audience.

Why is self-confidence so powerful? Evolution. Our natural instincts evolved over tens of millions of years to favor self-confidence in lovers, leaders, and even followers, and to distrust and disdain self-doubt, diffidence, nervousness, and timidity.

If you want to succeed in life, self-confidence is mandatory. You have to learn it. Simple as that. No excuses. Anything that helps you to learn it, or to unlearn self-doubt, diffidence, nervousness, and timidity – Do. Do it now and keep doing it. Cathartic ritual can help you with the unlearning. As for the learning, the best technique is to roleplay (out in the real world, with real people, in real situations where you're pursuing real goals) what you think self-confidence looks like. Just go for it. Do your best. Fake it till you make it. Practice makes perfect. You'll eventually, maybe immediately, see positive results, and these will have the psychological effect of watering the roots of your natural self-confidence, which will sprout, flower, and bear fruit.

Also, here's a little trick: When you feel nervous in a public situation, tap your hand rapidly against your thigh - out of sight if possible, but either way, just do it - because even in plain view, your hand tapping your thigh is unlikely to draw attention, especially if, while doing it, you're boldly maintaining eye contact. This technique unobtrusively dissipates the nervous energy. I've been doing this for over 40 years. It's one of the most effective techniques I've ever found.

No excuses. ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XXIV



The Glamour of Sensual Attunement:

*“Blessed are they who lust, for their senses are alive.”*

If this is the first “Glamour” piece you’re reading, skip down to the Note at the bottom before proceeding.

Sensual attunement to your lover during sex is what happens when you allow your lust to enflame your senses. Mind-clearing exercises like Zazen can train you to gag the chattering monkey in your head at will. That chattering monkey doesn’t want you paying attention to your senses. Gag the little beast. Then drink in your lover with your eyes, your ears, your tongue, your nose, and every inch of your body’s largest organ, which is your skin. The more you drink, the more your lust will thirst.

Your sensual attunement bewitches not only you, but also your lover. Nothing enflames a partner like the knowledge that you are intoxicated by their every inch, every cell, every atom. As the fire of your libido is stoked by the sight, the sound, the smell, the taste, and the touch of your lover, your lover’s libido will in turn be stoked, flame begetting flame. As your senses drive you wild, your wildness will overwhelm all that is tame within your lover, until the two of you, like two lions, will roar with all the dark primal energies of jungles never visited by civilized man.

Why is sensual attunement so powerful? Evolution. Our natural instincts evolved over tens of millions of years to respond with heat when the mate grows heated. Estrus is not a part of our biology any longer, not because we're less libidinous, but because we're infinitely more so.

Do you want the secret of how to be an exciting lover? I have given it to you. Read it and take it to heart.

Come to life! ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

Note:

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## WOLFISM XXV



The Glamour of Mirth:

*“Blessed are they who laugh, for they know the great truth.”*

If this is the first “Glamour” piece you’re reading, skip down to the Note at the bottom before proceeding.

Laughter is contagious. This is well known. It is also well known that laughter relieves tension and can even, briefly, overcome fatigue. What many don’t know is this: laughter is a magnet. It attracts people to our side and even to our cause. The natural human instinct is to draw near to mirth and to feel comfortable around it, all else being equal. Unless you’re in a very unnatural, neurotic, rigid, or

dangerous situation, my advice to you will be to relax the metaphorical sphincter that won't let you burst out with raucous amusement. People will "magically" be drawn to you like moths to a flame.

Why is this so? Evolution. Our natural instincts evolved over tens of millions of years to respond in several relevant ways.

First, mirth is a form of pleasure. It releases endorphins. Pleasure has been a compass for living things for as long as there have been neurochemicals. Like the mouse, the walrus, and the gibbon, we draw near and hover in proximity to that which feels good to us. And remember, laughter is contagious.

Secondly, nature has selected for mirth. This is unsurprising, because, as scientific studies have demonstrated, happy people make good choices. It is scientifically verified that people who are generally happy are better able to think long term. People who are generally unhappy find it hard to get out of short-term thinking, which is the domain of stupidity. Anything that causes us to lean toward a pro-survival and pro-success mindset has been selected for. It is only the Superego, working hand in hand with prior trauma, that gets in the way.

Thirdly, mirth is a sign of strength. Only the strong find it easy to laugh. The weak may accomplish it sporadically but overall they can't rise to the occasion. They lack the ferocity. Make no mistake: It is the ferocious who know best how to laugh, and people flock to them, because they know instinctively it is good to be in the pride of the strongest lion.

Throw your head back and laugh! ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

Note:

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## WOLFISM XXVI



The Glamour of Audacity:

*“Blessed are they who take the biggest portion, for because of them, the meek will go without.”*

If this is the first “Glamour” piece you’re reading, skip down to the Note at the bottom before proceeding.

Taking the biggest portion is an example of audacity. People like to talk about wolves versus sheep. It’s more fruitful to look at wolves versus other wolves. In a pack you have the alpha, the beta, and the omega (the bottommost). In human terms, the omegas are the meek. But what makes an alpha? People will tell you that the alpha feeds first. But why? And how does the alpha achieve its rank? Is there some lupine gladiatorial contest, in which the last wolf standing assumes the top spot? No.

The alpha doesn't feed first because it's the alpha. The alpha is the alpha because it feeds first. Because it dares to. Because it assumes it can get away with it and it capitalizes on that opportunity. Audacity is how it claims the top spot. It feels the audacity within itself and expresses it. The beta and omega wolves smell the audacity and defer to it. This is a potent and useful glamour. It works for humans too. All else being equal, the one who dares to feed first, or take the biggest portion, or call dibs on the best office, or claim the best bedroom, or court the best mate, or stake out the best real estate, or choose the best table or the best seat – that individual announces by such actions that it is the alpha, and all else being equal, the other humans will assume their beta or omega positions. What could be more potent or more useful than that?

There are, of course, three points of prudence to consider:

1. Identify any others in the group who practice audacity themselves or who will resist your practice of it. These are rival alphas and their strength and cunning must be accounted for in your calculus.
2. In our human society, which is far more complex than a pack of wolves, predefined hierarchies exist. Identify anyone higher up the chain who might feel threatened or insulted, or be morally or philosophically put out by your audacity, and account for them in your calculus.
3. Betas and especially omegas may not be the sort who accept their positions gracefully. Their envy of you may devolve into resentment and then, especially if they are of the most vile sort, their resentment will devolve into malice, and their malice into treachery. Your strength will not be enough against such as these. You will need your cunning as well. Account for this in your calculus.

Just don't let your own prudence devolve into perpetual paralysis. Sometimes there aren't any rival alphas. Sometimes there isn't anyone higher up the chain who would care about your intended action. Sometimes the betas and omegas are the sort who know their place and are happy to occupy it. Or sometimes you're stronger than the other alphas, or more cunning than the betas and omegas. Each situation must be assessed on its own merits. If, by your calculus, you can get away with audacity – then take the leap. Do it. Then do it again. And again. Because, as the saying goes, "It is good to be king."

The biggest portion will feel good in your belly. ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

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## WOLFISM XXVII



The Glamour of Severity:

*“Blessed are they whose malice is a thing of beauty, for theirs is the highest art.”*

If this is the first “Glamour” piece you’re reading, skip down to the Note at the bottom before proceeding.

Over the long history of human apes, the very top spot in the collective, the apex of the pyramid, has often gone to the individual who was most creatively and mercilessly severe. As archetypes, consider Genghis Khan and Joseph Stalin. Why has this pattern persisted over untold millennia?

The most obvious answer is not the right one. Individuals didn’t line up behind Genghis Khan or Joseph Stalin because they were physically afraid to do otherwise. Not initially, anyway. Eventually, yes, but not in the early days. One man, even a Genghis or a Stalin, is easily dispatched by ten men, or a hundred, or even just one skilled assassin. Without the apparatus of the collective wrapped around him, no individual can survive when numerous rivals or opponents decide he has to die, and the mere fact that they feel physically threatened would be enough to decide them. So what, then, is the answer?

Glamour. The glamour of severity. There is something in human instinct (especially among betas and omegas) that responds with subservience when confronted by unrestrained and sophisticated severity.

Severity done right is an art form. What is art? It is creativity undertaken to evoke a psychological response, and done skillfully. Glamour, in all its variations, is art. Let severity, then, be undertaken to evoke a psychological response, and let it be done skillfully, with the long-term goal being ascension up the pyramid of organizational power.

The long-term goal is critical to keep in mind. Severity for the sake of severity is sadism, which has its own satisfactions, but is not a glamour and will not reliably set your foot on the next higher step up the staircase. Sadism, in fact, can become self-sabotaging, especially if it becomes addictive, and Ego (the reality principle) is ignored. Let the goal of ascension be the lynchpin of your art.

Skillfulness is also critical to keep in mind. What is skill? In this case it is clarity of rationale, of intention, of technique, and of observation. Why have you selected this target at this time? What exact punishment do you intend to inflict? How exactly will you go about it? How will you know if and when you have accomplished your will? Skill also entails self-discipline. In this case, self-discipline has to do with knowing if and when to abort and deciding to do so. If your rationale is unclear, or your intention is muddled, or your technique is unsure, or your observational vantage point is obscured, or you observe the fact that your actions aren't having the intended effect – Abort.

It should go without saying that severity, to be a glamour, has to be done publicly, unless you are only trying to influence the target of your actions. There may in fact be times when you apply severity to someone specifically to achieve the subservience of that person and only that person. But often that person will be of little use to you. In fact their uselessness may factor into your calculus for selecting that person in the first place. When such is the case, your severity will need an audience in order to be a glamour and accelerate your ascension. As with everything else, be skillful in the selection and management of your audience and venue. In fact, apply all the same guidelines as discussed in the previous paragraph: clarity of rationale, of intention, of technique, and of observation. Also apply the same self-discipline around knowing if and when to abort and deciding to do so.

Finally, know yourself. The glamour of severity isn't for everyone. You can probably already feel in your gut if this glamour is for you. Trust your gut on this. If it's telling you to abort before you even start, my advice to you is: Abort. At least until you do the necessary mind-work to reorient your intellect and emotions. Don't rush that process.

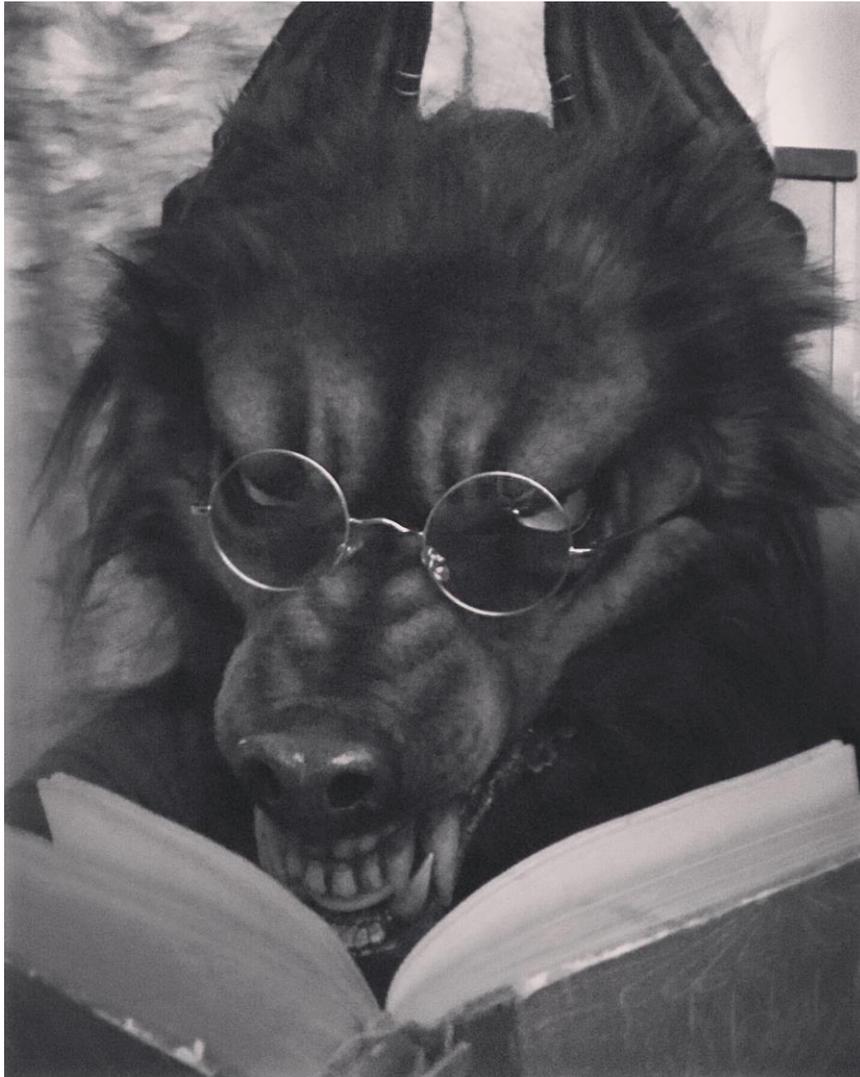
But for those with ears to hear: Spare the rod and spoil the ascension. ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

Note:

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## WOLFISM XXVIII



What is philosophy?

First, let's be clear: there are two kinds. Academic philosophy is the sister to science and mathematics. Literary philosophy is of a different family, that of novelists and playwrights. I'm a literary philosopher. I follow in the tradition of other literary philosophers, such as Nietzsche, Camus, and Santayana.

Academic philosophy concerns itself with propositions to be debated, bringing in the points and counterpoints of as many other philosophers as would be illustrative, and then debating the merits of them all. Literary philosophy, by contrast, has a different aim entirely, which is to describe. To describe the world and life in the world as the philosopher sees it, often in a narrative form, often with picturesque language, often autobiographically.

Academic philosophy concerns itself with propositions that require proof. It avoids inductive reasoning, which is reasoning from personal experience to make global assertions. Academic philosophy considers inductive reasoning to be illegitimate because personal experience can never be proven to be globally valid. Literary philosophy, by contrast, has no problem at all with inductive reasoning, because literary philosophy doesn't concern itself with proof, but rather, with assertions that emerge organically from the general experience of living in the world. Its audience is not the rigorous logicians, but rather, anyone whose general experience of living in the world is such that the philosopher's assertions ring true.

Literary philosophy has an aesthetic dimension, as is certainly true of Nietzsche, Camus, and Santayana. Reading them is like reading the exposition in novels and plays. Their prose is crafted not as a dialectic (a word that makes me think of "diuretic" and with good reason) but as journalism, or history, or the narration of a documentary film. They have far more in common with the essays of George Orwell than with the sleep-inducing analytics of Kant.

The poet John Keats wrote in his Ode on a Grecian Urn: "Beauty is truth, truth beauty, -- that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know." The literary philosopher finds much to agree with in that, demurring only due to this key point: Ugliness, too, is truth, and truth ugliness. Literature in all its moods is wisdom.

Perhaps the foregoing will assist you in understanding me. ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XXIX



Hail the Darkness!

To be clear: I'm not referring to something that exists in external reality, or that is self-aware, or has agency. I'm referring to something that exists in every individual human psyche: potential waiting to be tapped.

The Darkness is all of the so-called "negative" emotions: anger, sadness, fear, aversion, misery, despair, revulsion, horror, shame, humiliation, outrage, contempt, and animosity, thirteen in all, which is why I call them the Thirteen Demons.

The Demon of Anger grants the power of striking.

The Demon of Sadness grants the power of absorbing a blow.

The Demon of Fear grants the power of swiftness.

The Demon of Aversion grants the power of dodging.

The Demon of Misery grants the power of suspicion.

The Demon of Despair grants the power of emptiness.

The Demon of Revulsion grants the power of destruction.

The Demon of Horror grants the power of self-protection.

The Demon of Shame grants the power of self-awareness.

The Demon of Humiliation grants the power of standing alone.

The Demon of Outrage grants the power of brutality.

The Demon of Contempt grants the power of oppression.

The Demon of Animosity grants the power of war.

Each and all of these can be accessed via cathartic ritual. First, select which power you will need, then alone at night in a dark room, light your candles. Draw upward out of your subconscious the memory of when you have known, personally and intimately, the demon you now require. Picture the scene. Feel the so-called “negative” emotion. Let it overwhelm you to whatever extent you are trained enough to be capable of. Do not shrink from it. Let it burn! Then hail the Darkness, invoke the demon, invoke the power, describe the need, describe your will, invoke the power again, hail the demon, release the demon, hail the Darkness again, and extinguish your candles.

You may add whatever you like to the stripped-down version I have offered. Include whatever bombast and pageantry your dark heart desires.

Never forget: Nothing will happen in external reality until you go out into the world and take ACTION to achieve your will.

“Hello Darkness, my old friend.” ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XXX



Hail the Darkness!

Demon of Anger: HAIL! I feel you inflate me like steam in a balloon. I feel you behind my eyes, and in my jaw, my shoulders, my spine, and my loins. I see my antagonist painted red. I long to stomp! I long to crack bones, to crush and grind bones.

Demon of Sadness: HAIL! I feel you well up inside me like hot water filling a basin. I feel you behind my eyes, and in my throat, my chest, and my stomach. I have endured a great loss. I long to lie down, to wither and die, and be buried. But I do not, for I live, and what lives must go on living.

Demon of Fear: HAIL! I feel you jolt me like an arc of electric current. I feel you in the back of my head, all over my face, in my shoulders and elbows, in my loins, and in my knees, ankles, and feet. It came suddenly: Danger! I need to run. Away from here, to somewhere else – I need to run!

Demon of Aversion: HAIL! I feel you pulling me like strings knotted to my insides. I feel your tug in my eyes, in the front and back of my head, in my neck and shoulders, in my knees, ankles, and feet. This – this thing – it is not to my liking. It must not touch me, nor be near enough to me that I can smell it.

Hail the Darkness!

(Any of the above can be incorporated into cathartic ritual if it fits your infernal aesthetic. You can of course modify them if your own bodily experience differs from mine.)

“Hello Darkness, my old friend.” ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XXXI



Hail the Darkness!

Demon of Misery: HAIL! I feel you like broken glass beneath my skin. I feel you at the sides of my skull, and in my throat, shoulders, chest, and back. The millstone of life grinds me like corn. All of my illusions are pulverized. No one and nothing will save me. I can only bide my time. If I survive and escape, I must never again fall into this predicament.

Demon of Despair: HAIL! I feel you clench my insides like a vise. I feel your grip in my throat, my solar plexus, my bowels, and my loins. No hope! My strength and my cunning fail me. Wherever I turn, I face my insufficiency. I have no power, no luck, no resources, no plan. I have nothing but ash and dust.

Demon of Revulsion: HAIL! I feel your tremors like a quake within me. I feel you at the back of my skull, all over my face, and in my throat, shoulders, elbows, hands, chest, and back. This – this thing – it must not be! It must be expelled from existence! I myself must expel it. I call down annihilation!

Demon of Horror: HAIL! I feel you push me backwards. I feel your force propel my head, my torso, my hips, and my legs. I back away, whimpering. Awful – so awful – my sanity feels vulnerable and exposed. I must defend my lucidity at all cost. I would gibber and mutter and mumble and moan – but I must not. I must put up a shield.

Hail the Darkness!

(Any of the above can be incorporated into cathartic ritual if it fits your infernal aesthetic. You can of course modify them if your own bodily experience differs from mine.)

“Hello Darkness, my old friend.” ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XXXII



Hail the Darkness!

Demon of Shame: HAIL! I feel you press me in from all sides. I feel you all along the length and breadth of all of my skin. I was not the self that I thought I was. How can I be this other self? I have treacherously betrayed what I thought were my convictions! Do I deserve even to live?

Demon of Humiliation: HAIL! I feel you burn like real heat. My face, my ears, my shoulders – they're on fire! How can I face ever again the ones who did this to me? How can I show my face in public? I have

shown myself to be weak and stupid! They were right to mock and kick me. To laugh and taunt me. I am beneath them.

Demon of Outrage: HAIL! I feel you pull me forward. Your hooks in my jaw, at my collar bone, in my shoulders, at my chest – they tug at me! I must leap upon this creature that dared perpetrate what I cannot – what I will not – allow to pass unpunished. I must teach it the error of its ways and the lesson must be unforgettable. Let there be PAIN!

Demon of Contempt: HAIL! I feel you stretching me toward the sky. The skin, bones, and muscles from my head to my feet are pulled taut like rubber bands and I feel taller, like a giant. This – this thing – is small like a bug, so small, so easy for me to squash underfoot. But I will not. I will capture it instead and pull off its limbs one by one. If it screams – I will laugh. Why not? It exists for my amusement.

Demon of Animosity: HAIL! I feel your adrenalin pump in my veins. I feel you alter my state of consciousness. Every part of my body is on high alert. I am poised and ready to pounce. The enemy has entered my domain. The truce is broken. All peace is expelled from my pores. My world has a new name: Battlefield.

Hail the Darkness!

(Any of the above can be incorporated into cathartic ritual if it fits your infernal aesthetic. You can of course modify them if your own bodily experience differs from mine.)

“Hello Darkness, my old friend.” ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XXXIII



Superego: Fuck you.

My philosophy has a villain: the Superego. Well, Christians too, since they contribute to the life-force of the Superego with their revolting indoctrination of children. Whatever feeds the Superego is its minion and is tarred by the same brush.

When you feel shame – rare as that might be for such as we – probe as best you can for a memory of when you first came to believe in the wrongness of whatever you did that feels shameful to you. If you can't remember, or if you can and the memory is from childhood, then your shame derives from the Superego, and as far as I'm concerned, it has no legitimacy. You must decide if, as an adult, you still

choose to carry such a belief in your psyche. If you don't, then purge yourself of its poison. Cathartic ritual can help with that.

I don't advocate moral nihilism. I advocate a conscience that is conscious. The Superego operates at the subconscious level, where the intellect has no voice, and your conscious will has no power. I advocate raising morality up out of the subconscious, up into the light of day, where your intellect can place it under a microscope, and your conscious will can grab the reins.

*"Blessed are they who are laws unto themselves, for they shall be called Lords of Order."*

My own consciously constructed conscience has five precepts:

1. Be a blessing unto those who help you and a curse unto those who would hinder or harm you.
2. Do not fake friendship or love.
3. Do not feed your friends or your loved ones to the wolves.
4. Do not break your word unless the matter is too trivial to fret over or too dire for scruples to reign.
5. Do not be a fucking psychopath.

None of these contradict my childhood indoctrination, and that's perfectly fine as far as I'm concerned. Not everything children are taught is despicable. Some of it can stand up to scrutiny. The whole point is to claim the right to perform that scrutiny, then perform it, and reject what you have no further use for, while retaining what still seems good to you. I rejected a ton of bullshit.

By the way, if you want to save yourself a lot of wasted time, don't read academic moral philosophers. They'll spin you around in circles until nausea causes you to heave. All you need to do is formulate a moral proposition and then ask yourself, "Keep it or trash it?" Make trashing it your default position. Only keep it if it strikes you as a thing of beauty, or as a bulwark against ugliness - conscious morality is a form of aesthetics - and if it's untainted by stupidity. You don't need to read a thousand pages of verbal diarrhea to justify your choice. Be a law unto yourself. I dub thee a Lord of Order.

Demon of Shame: HAIL! Grant me the power of self-awareness.

This saying is a good one: "Think for yourself." ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## XXXIV



*“Conscious morality is a form of aesthetics.”*

I wrote that in my previous writing, and upon re-reading, I decided it was worth delving into.

I first encountered the idea of morality as aesthetics in Anne Rice’s novel, “The Vampire Lestat,” in which the title character professes this moral viewpoint. Needless to say, a vampire who refuses to subsist on blood from blood banks is sure to have an unconventional moral code, if he has one at all. Lestat has one, and it’s unconventional, because it’s purely aesthetic. If an action is beautiful in his eyes, he does it. If it’s ugly in his eyes, he doesn’t do it. Bear in mind his aesthetic is a dark one, aiming at a dark beauty, which he’s able to find with his teeth in someone’s throat.

Academic philosophers want to draw a bright line between morality and aesthetics. Fuck them. They weary me. In the absence of objective morality – and it is absent for all of us except the “true believers” of various ilks – there are only two choices: moral nihilism or aesthetic morality. Academic philosophers can take their thousand-page dump of elephant shit, and when they’re done emptying their bowels, they will have said less than what I have said in the fourth sentence of this paragraph.

To paraphrase Keats: “Beauty is goodness, and goodness beauty, that is all ye know on earth—and all ye need to know.” I agree with that, with one caveat: Moral codes should not be stupid. You should not be sacrificing something you value highly for the sake of something you barely value. You should not be enduring great pain for the sake of a tepid joy. You should not be exerting tremendous effort for the sake of a miniscule victory. Don’t be stupid. Get bang for the buck.

My moral aesthetic is grounded in symmetry, which is a concept typically applied to works of arts. I seek symmetry between give and take, between reasonable expectations and what is actually done, and sometimes both at once. The five precepts in my previous writing should illustrate this for you.

The elements of composition in the Western visual arts are balance, contrast, focus, motion, pattern, proportion, rhythm, and unity. You could creatively apply these elements to your moral aesthetic. Simply giving these some thought will kickstart the process of opening your mind. Contrast could apply to differences between how you treat one person versus how you treat another, all else being equal. Focus could apply to what you consider a moral concern in the first place. Motion could apply to how your current action could lead to future actions. Pattern could apply to questions of consistency. Proportion could apply to the size and scope of actions. Rhythm could apply to pre-planned sequences of related actions. Unity could apply to your overall life, or one whole day, journey, or undertaking, as a singular work of moral artistry. Only you can make these choices. You’re the artist. Own your aesthetic.

Be a law unto yourself. I dub thee a Lord of Order. ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XXXV



Hail the love of the human heart!

Yes, love has a place in my philosophy. But – Isn't love selfless? Do I advocate selflessness? Hell no and fuck no. Selfishness is the way, but it is a way we travel with one eye shut if we would avert our gaze from love. Aphrodite was no goddess of unselfishness, nor was Eros a god of altruism.

Let it also be said, I don't limit my context to mating scenarios. My heart has halls in its fortress for parents, siblings, offspring, extended family, bosom comrades, mentors, proteges, and, most emphatically, pets, equine mounts, and other non-human fellow travelers. It even has halls for city, state, nation, continent, hemisphere, and our own backwater planet, one among untold billions, but the one you and I call home.

I love what is mine, because it is mine, and because I am proud this is so. Pride is a part of love, and indispensable to it. When my heart sank its claws into my beloved, I threw back my head and roared, "MINE!" – even if I only did this in the forgotten dreams of my deep and mysterious sleep. I may not have been a lion before I loved, but now that I have a beloved, I pad through the jungle on terrifying paws. I became more when at last I loved. It bestowed greatness on my now-tawny head.

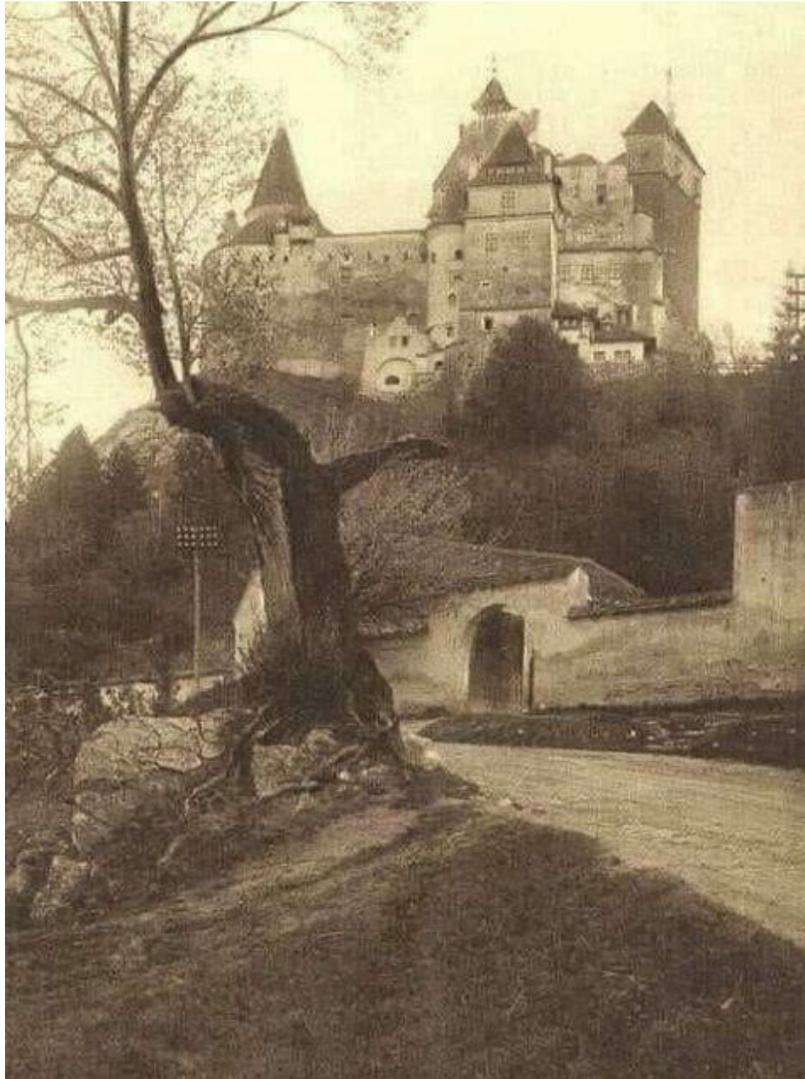
Love is territorial; love guards and defends; love is not weak or cowardly or humble or shy or meek. It is two-fisted and ready to fight; it is wild-eyed and ready for mayhem; it is grim-faced and ready to gamble against the Reaper. It rejoices in beauty and delights in the perversity of savoring ugliness. It is fearless of truth yet will lie if the truth won't serve. It overcomes all things, questions all things, imagines all things, dares all things, endures all things.

If you detected it – Yes, that was blasphemy.

Love will sacrifice for the sake of the beloved, but this is not altruism: It is passion. It is savage rebellion against a universe that dares the outrage of denying joy to the beloved. When I bestow tremendous generosity on the one my heart has claimed for its own, I make of myself a titan, imposing upon matter, space, and time the singular future I have envisioned and which I will not surrender to non-existence. Love is the will to power filtered through the heart! Behold its barbarous magnificence and know both fear and awe.

If what you call love is not like what I have described, then discard the tepid, timid thing that disgraces the name of what it pretends to be. ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XXXVI



### THE THIRTEEN LAWS OF MY DOMAIN

By right of spite and jaws that bite, I decree:

*“Mind your own business.”*

Your unsolicited opinion is an affront to me. I have no patience nor mercy for busybodies.

*“Don’t bullshit me.”*

I don’t take kindly to being lied to. Either convince me there were extenuating circumstance or else get out of my life.

*“Do what you promised.”*

If I can't rely on you, I won't be bothered with you. Either convince me there were extenuating circumstances or else go away and don't come back.

*“Do your damn job.”*

Somebody's paying you and directly or indirectly I'm paying them. I have no tolerance for laziness or incompetence.

*“Do your homework.”*

Showing up unprepared is for amateurs. My time is precious and you're wasting it.

*“Don't be a poser.”*

You're not fooling anyone. Either you have what it takes or you don't. Either you're ready or you're not. I don't take kindly to people wasting my time.

*“I'm not your mother.”*

Clean up after yourself. Put your things away. Make yourself useful. Help out in an emergency. Or find someplace else to be.

*“My house my rules.”*

When I've kindly allowed you into my space, I expect you to defer to any reasonable requests I might make. Either that or leave. That it's cold and wet outside will not deter me from giving you the boot.

*“Keep your hands off.”*

What's mine is mine, be it body, property, work product, or mate. I have nothing but brutality and destruction for anyone who transgresses my boundaries.

*“You know better so do better.”*

I can't stand the sight of people who sabotage themselves. Yes, granted, it's your own business: Conduct it elsewhere.

*“Whine somewhere else.”*

Either change the situation, or accept it, or walk away from it. I have no patience nor compassion for bellyaching.

*“Grow up.”*

If your crisis is only a crisis because you're so damn immature for your age, I have no patience nor compassion for you.

*“Stop fooling yourself.”*

Everyone around you can see the truth. Open your eyes. Face the facts. I have no interest in humoring your delusions.

ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

Ps. The image is a photo of the real Dracula's Castle in Romania circa 1920.

## WOLFISM XXXVII



### THE THIRTEEN SELF-DECEPTIONS

*"Everything will be fine in the end."*

*"Anything is possible."*

*"That would never happen."*

*"We've got all the time in the world."*

*"Love conquers all."*

*"Love is all you need."*

*"I can handle anything."*

*"I can be anything I want to be."*

*"I can stop whenever I want."*

*"I would never do that."*

*"I don't have a choice."*

*"I can't help it."*

*"I have a good feeling about this."*

ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XXXVIII



### THE THIRTEEN STUPIDITIES

- *Compulsion.*

*There's a point where daring becomes stupidity.* If you're injecting yourself with heroin because you have to try everything once – Stop.

- *Betting the farm.*

*There's a point where hope becomes stupidity.* If you're gambling more than you can afford to lose – Stop.

- *Pipedreams.*

*There's a point where ambition becomes stupidity.* If you're enrolling in law school and you suck at academics – Stop.

- *Desperation.*

*There's a point where tenacity becomes stupidity.* If you're preparing to throw your life away because you don't see quitting as an option – Stop.

- *Doggedness.*

*There's a point where persistence becomes stupidity.* If you're banging your head against a wall and your head is bruised and bloody and the wall is unaffected – Stop.

- *Pigheadedness.*

There's a point where conviction becomes stupidity. If you're clinging to your belief that all is well when you can see the tornado bearing down on you – Stop.

- *Mulishness.*

There's a point where sticking to your guns becomes stupidity. If you're hurting yourself in the long run because you can't bear to change your ways – Stop.

- *Bullheadedness.*

There's a point where integrity becomes stupidity. If you're holding up progress because you won't break an outdated or pointless rule – Stop.

- *Chicken-heartedness.*

There's a point where prudence becomes stupidity. If you're allowing something bad to get worse because you can't face up to the obvious solution – Stop.

- *Martyrdom.*

There's a point where sincerity becomes stupidity. If you're sacrificing your life, liberty or happiness for the sake of some pie in the sky ideal – Stop.

- *Compunction.*

There's a point where conscience becomes stupidity. If you're sacrificing your life, liberty or happiness as an act of penance to assuage your guilty feelings – Stop.

- *Asceticism.*

There's a point where self-discipline becomes stupidity. If you're walking a path that will never let you know joy, have fun, or feel excitement – Stop.

- *Ejaculation.*

There's a point where honesty becomes stupidity. If you're about to trash a cherished relationship or huge opportunity because you can't bear to keep a secret or keep your opinions to yourself – Stop.

ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XXXIX



People can be allies despite philosophical differences - sometimes. The deciding factor is whether the difference has practical implications. If it doesn't, then an alliance can proceed in a straightforward manner.

For example, we have the two broad categories of people who self-identify as Satanists: the naturalists and the supernaturalists. This difference in outlook goes to the heart of each group's metaphysics and epistemology, but may not have practical implications at all. This is because there are, in turn, two broad categories of supernaturalists: those who trust ritual alone to enact their will, and those who perform ritual in conjunction with actually doing something in external reality. The latter category, in practical terms, will be indistinguishable from naturalistic Satanists, since both will be seen (by those with eyes to see them) manipulating external reality through physical and social means.

*"Blessed are they who take ACTION out in the world, for the world is vulnerable to them."*

To give a more concrete example: The naturalistic LaVeyan can straightforwardly form and execute on an alliance with a supernaturalist LaVeyan, if the latter's practice is to engage in so-called Greater Black Magic and then follow it up with so-called Lesser Black Magic, all in the service of one coherent objective. Lesser Black Magic is the science and art of manipulating external reality through social means. It is a practice entirely available to, and often employed by, the naturalistic LaVeyan. The two Satanists can team up in their Lesser Black Magic endeavors, and never be tripped up in the slightest by their discrepant metaphysics and epistemology.

I encourage Satanists in the two broad categories to give serious thought to what I've written. I also encourage them to look for ways to learn from one another. Either type could easily, for example, know secrets of manipulating external reality that someone of the other type is ignorant of. There is no virtue in ignorance. Learn from anyone who has something to teach you.

ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XL



*“The Fear of God is the root of the poisonous tree.”*

What is God? It is the personification of the Superego: the voice in your head that tells you the Id is bad, sinful, damned everlastingly to hellfire – when in fact the Id is the entire source of your power to enjoy life. Society was your Superego’s maker, and for that, it forfeits any claim to your allegiance.

*“Blessed are the selfish, for they have their hands on the throat of God.”*

God – the Superego – would have you sacrifice your Id on the altar of moral goodness. Make no mistake: the Id and the Superego are at war. The War in Heaven and the Fall of Lucifer are metaphors for the struggle inside your head. The vanguard of the Id’s advancing army is your innate selfishness, which, the

moment it has your acknowledgement and approval, goes straight at the Superego with ruthless and merciless malice.

*“Blessed are the greedy, for they would possess the earth.”*

The highest expression of selfishness is greed: wanting it all and wanting it now. It is never satiated, and therefore it drives your relentless conquest of the material world. It is the territory and treasure aspect of your will to power, and the most perfect expression of that will, for territory and treasure are both the ends and the means of power.

*“The love of money is the beginning of wisdom.”*

No tool of domination is better suited to its task than filthy lucre. All the cunning arts of seduction and manipulation can be neutralized in an instant by the hand that offers coin of the realm. And make no mistake: domination is what money is for, when you have enough of it.

*“Blessed are the rich, for they stand at the helm.”*

Many Western nations are plutocracies pretending to be democracies, and chief among them is the United States. Nor is it merely billionaires and hectomillionaires that rule. If you have enough money that only a fraction is needed for necessities and common luxuries, what remains can be spent on acquiring and consolidating economic and even political power.

*“Blessed are the buyers and sellers, for they make the world go round.”*

Buying and selling are the primary expressions of economic power, and since for every buyer there is a seller who may then turn and buy with the proceeds, and for every seller a buyer who may then turn and sell what was bought, what we have is an endless dance of financial transactions, a ballet for which the whole world is the stage. Nothing of any importance happens independently of this choreography. Nothing political, nothing warlike, nothing scientific, nothing cultural. All of humanity in all of its dimensions of life is swept up in the great swirling dance of money changing hands.

*“Blessed are they who honor the name of Mammon, for they prove they are fearless of God.”*

For over a thousand years, the disciples of the crucified were taught, “You cannot serve two masters. You will either hate the one and love the other, or be devoted to the one and despise the other. You cannot serve both God and Mammon.” (The use of the demonic proper name was a mistranslation but it held sway for over a millennium.) I agree heartily: you must choose between greed and Superego: between the love of money and the fear of God. Don’t be fooled by the millionaire televangelists. They’re no more Christian than you or I.

ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XLI



My philosophy has two faces: one positive, one negative. Don't misunderstand: positive and negative do not divide along some good/bad or true/false axis, nor some beautiful/ugly one. Positive is the "yes/more/do it" face while negative is the "no/less/stop it" face.

I personify the positive as BAST, the Egyptian cat goddess, to whom I assign the principles of greed, mirth, lust, love of food, smart sloth, vanity, and productive envy.

I personify the negative as SEKHMET, the Egyptian lion goddess, to whom I assign the principles of malice, misanthropy, and blasphemy.

Some people's practice is more BAST; other people's practice is more SEKHMET; and still others pursue a practice pretty evenly balanced between the two.

Here I'll introduce the concept of a Cabal, which is a group of practitioners who get to know one another more intimately than people on an online forum typically would. They share with one another their goals and plans, their victories and defeats, and their good and ill fortune. They brainstorm ideas together, suggest information sources, introduce one another to individuals who might prove helpful, and even take part in one another's schemes. They can also, if practical, dine together, enjoy cultural activities together, engage in athletics together, or have sex with one another.

As might be expected, a Cabal can lean more toward BAST or more toward SEKHMET, though there are no hard and fast rules about this. It simply makes sense that if you yourself lean more toward BAST, then you would gravitate toward other practitioners who do also, and the same would be true if you lean more toward SEKHMET.

Know yourself. ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XLII



### INVOCATION OF SEKHMET

Alone in a dark room at night, light your candles, the best color for which is red.

If you will play music, start it now. I don't usually play anything, but if I do, it's by Genocide.

Cross your forearms on your chest, hands fistled. Close your eyes. Regulate your breathing.

Imagine fire. See it consume, hear it crackle, smell its smoke, feel its heat.

Say:

HAIL SEKHMET!

My Malice – HAIL!  
My Misanthropy – HAIL!  
My Blasphemy – HAIL!

I destroy my adversaries.  
I distress whom I detest.  
I defile dogma.

SEKHMET – My Destructive Power – HAIL!  
SEKHMET – My Distressing Power – HAIL!  
SEKHMET – My Defiling Power – HAIL!

LIONESS – STALK! Your senses and your cunning are mine.  
LIONESS – STRIKE! Your jaws and your strength are mine.

FIRE of the FELINE – BURN!  
FIRE on the SAVANNAH – BURN!  
FIRE in my BREAST – BURN!

No adversary can survive me.  
No detestable one can survive me.  
No dogma can survive me.

I stalk and I strike.

I – AM – SEKHMET!

(Breathe. Be silent. Imagine fire. See it consume, hear it crackle, smell its smoke, feel its heat.)

(Open your eyes. If music is playing, stop it. Extinguish your candles. Either leave the room or turn on a light.)

ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XLIII



### FORMAL GATHERING OF THE SEKHMET CABAL

#### PRELIMINARY NOTES

I coin a term in this writing. “Caballion” shall mean “member of the Cabal.”

Also, I write this as if the Cabal will meet in person. Adapting what I’ve written to fit online sessions is a simple matter. However, there’s an element of trust implicit in an in-person gathering, and this element should not be casually set aside. Even online, Caballions should show their faces and reveal their names. If you can’t rise to that level of trust with a certain group of people, you don’t belong in a Cabal with

those people. The corollary is this: Every formal gathering is private; the names of its attendees, secret; and all that goes on, confidential. Whoever violates this principle shall become prey.

Finally, there's no hierarchy in a Cabal. Every formal gathering has a leader, but that role should rotate among the members. Also, to the extent practical, the role of providing the meeting place should rotate among the members. Caballions shall treat the meeting place, its owner, and its uninvolved residents, in particular any pets, with the utmost courtesy and respect, or risk being hunted for sport.

## THE GATHERING

Any time after sundown, the Cabal enters the meeting room and all take their seats. The last person entering shuts the door and turns off any electric lights before sitting down. If the room has no windows and is therefore pitch black, the last person entering uses a cigarette lighter to provide some illumination.

LEADER: "Caballions: Light your candles."

Each member places a small red candle on the table and lights it with a match, cigarette lighter, or utility lighter – just nothing ridiculous like a blowtorch.

LEADER: "In the name of SEKHMET we begin."

The leader turns to the member on his or her immediate left.

LEADER: "Caballion [Name], What malice do you have under way?"

The member describes any destruction he or she is bringing to an adversary.

LEADER: "What do you ask of us who sit here?"

The member describes any assistance that could be helpful. Discussion ensues, offers are made, or not, and are accepted, or not. When common sense indicates the discussion has run its course, the leader turns to the next member on the left, poses the same questions, and allows the same discussion. This continues until all members have been heard from.

Then:

LEADER: "Caballion [Name], What misanthropy do you have under way?"

The member describes any distress he or she is bringing to a detested one. A detested one would be a weakling, an imbecile, a sucker, an incompetent, a poser, a coward, or a bellyacher.

LEADER: "What do you ask of us who sit here?"

The member describes any assistance that could be helpful. Discussion ensues, offers are made, or not, and are accepted, or not. When common sense indicates the discussion has run its course, the leader

turns to the next member on the left, poses the same questions, and allows the same discussion. This continues until all members have been heard from.

Then:

LEADER: "Caballion [Name], What blasphemy do you have under way?"

The member describes any defilement he or she is bringing to dogma.

LEADER: "What do you ask of us who sit here?"

The member describes any assistance that could be helpful. Discussion ensues, offers are made, or not, and are accepted, or not. When common sense indicates the discussion has run its course, the leader turns to the next member on the left, poses the same questions, and allows the same discussion. This continues until all members have been heard from.

Then:

LEADER: "All is complete. In the name of SEKHMET we bring this gathering to a close. Caballions, extinguish your candles."

All do so. If needed, the person who was last entering once again uses a cigarette lighter to provide some illumination. This same person stands up, turns on the electric lights, and opens the door. All exit the room in silence. The last person leaving the room turns off the electric lights and shuts the door. Any subsequent conversation must not have anything to do with what was said in the gathering. This sets the tone for privacy, secrecy, confidentiality - and also protects against inadvertent hearing by the meeting place's uninvolved residents.

ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XLIV



There are four features of the face of BAST that I haven't really discussed. All I've done is name them. Time to rectify that omission.

*"Blessed are they who love food, for the world is their oyster."*

Fixation on the quantity of food can potentially lead to an eating disorder, and is therefore not to be recommended. Fixation on the quality of food is better overall for one's health. I have a bit of the former and therefore I wrestle constantly with my weight. My best solutions so far have been Weight Watchers and a quote from the novel *Shibumi* by Trevanian, regarding fine wine: "I do not consider two sips to be more delicious than one." That said, I heartily recommend exploring all the delicacies of all the regions of the world, from the simple to the complex, the intense to the subtle, the silly to the sublime. Try it all. Be adventurous. Whatever delights you, come back to, again and again.

*"Blessed are they who work smarter, not harder, for by sloth they conquer."*

Smart sloth is the best impulse of the engineer. The refusal to stupidly waste time and energy has spawned more innovation than any other human impulse. "This laborious process is how it's always been done? What the fuck! Who came up with this? There are at least three different ways we could do this quicker and easier. I'll pick one and give you a strawman to pick apart by tomorrow morning." And

so is born yet another creative transformation of tools and techniques. Whatever company can best harness this impulse will inevitably pull ahead in the race to be first to market.

*“Blessed are the vain, for they adorn the best subject.”*

The best subject is of course the self. The vain love clothing, shoes, jewelry, and accessories. They love hairstyles, cosmetics, and fragrances. They love excellent physiques, be they slim, voluptuous, or muscular. They love teeth that are white and straight. Some of them love tattoos, and some, piercings. Adorning oneself is an art form, one that I personally only dabble in, minimally, but which I admire in others, for the better they look, the more they demonstrate the esteem in which they hold their own bodies. Simultaneously carnal and materialistic, the vain are edifying muses for us all.

*“Blessed are they whose envy elevates their ambitions, for they will have the last laugh.”*

Most people don't realize this, but ambition rests on envy. We compare ourselves to others, note the discrepancy, and if it isn't in our favor, the best of us set ourselves the objective of redressing that imbalance by doing the work, learning the skills, developing the strategies and tactics, and facing the challenges that will get us from where we are to where those other people are. All of this begins in earliest childhood. We envy the autonomy of our parents and we set ourselves the objective of growing up so we too can be autonomous. Later we envy our teachers and our more accomplished classmates. Still later we envy the rich, the famous, and the triumphant in any field. All of this fuels our ambitions.

Life-enhancing virtues, all four above, and the furthest things from deadly sins. ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XLV



### INVOCATION OF BAST

Alone in a dark room at night, light your candles, the best color for which is purple.

If you will play music, start it now. I don't usually play anything, but if I do, it's Nightwish and it begins with their rendition of "The Phantom of the Opera."

Cross your forearms on your chest, hands fisted. Close your eyes. Regulate your breathing.

Imagine an oak sprouting from seed and growing tall to drop acorns unto the womb of soil whence it sprung. See this in fast motion photography. Hear the wind blowing through the leaves. Smell the sap on the trunk. Feel its acorns on your palms.

Say:

HAIL BAST!

My Greed – HAIL!

My Lust – HAIL!

My Mirth – HAIL!

My Love of Food – HAIL!

My Smart Sloth – HAIL!

My Vanity – HAIL!

My Envy – HAIL!

I live a sensuous and vital existence.

I live an elegant and luxurious existence.

I live a playful and high-spirited existence.

I live a haughty and high-handed existence.

BAST – My Carnality – HAIL!

BAST – My Materialism – HAIL!

BAST – My Egotism – HAIL!

Queen of the Clowder – step daintily. Your dignity and grace are mine.

Queen of the Glaring – sit regally. Your stillness and self-assurance are mine.

The tree that I climb is the axis of the world.

The tree in which I sit and watch is the axis of the world.

Pleasures await.

Treasures await.

Prominence awaits.

Favor awaits.

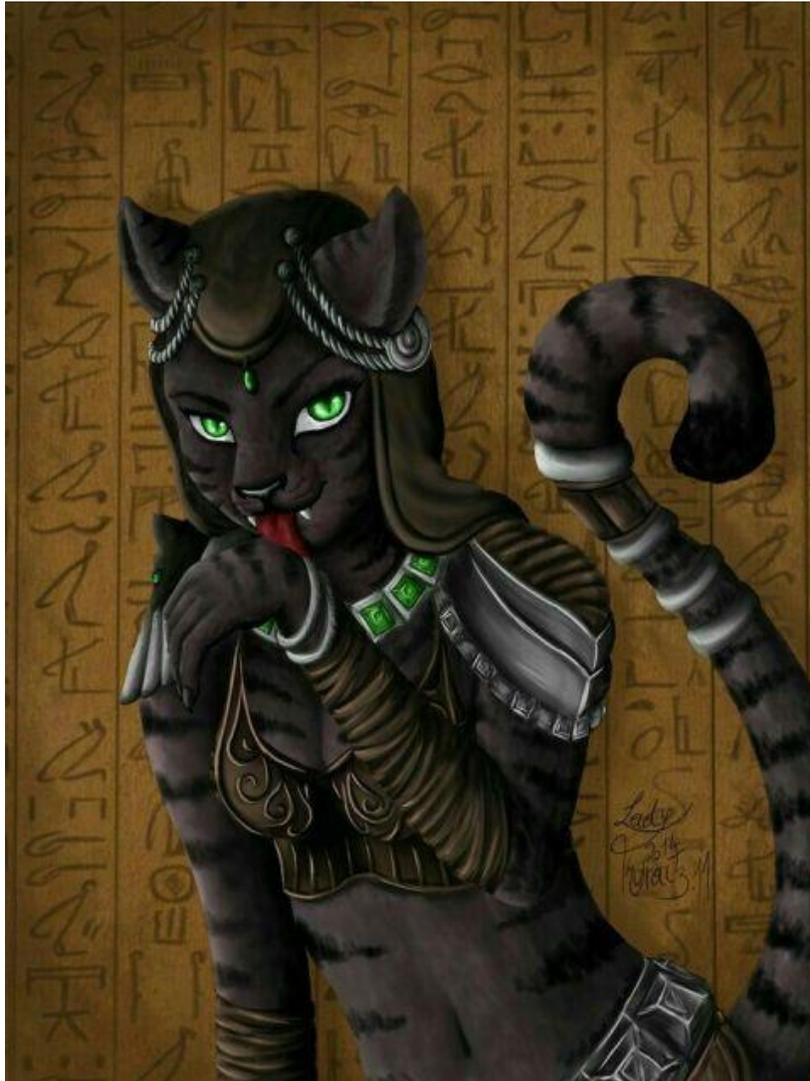
I – AM – BAST!

(Breathe. Be silent. Imagine the oak tree with all your senses as before.)

(Open your eyes. If music is playing, stop it. Extinguish your candles. Either leave the room or turn on a light.)

ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XLVI



### FORMAL GATHERING OF THE BAST CABAL

#### PRELIMINARY NOTES

I employ a term that I coined in a prior writing. “Caballion” shall mean “member of the Cabal.”

Also, I write this as if the Cabal will meet in person. Adapting what I’ve written to fit online sessions is a simple matter. However, there’s an element of trust implicit in an in-person gathering, and this element should not be casually set aside. Even online, Caballions should show their faces and reveal their names. If you can’t rise to that level of trust with a certain group of people, you don’t belong in a Cabal with

those people. The corollary is this: Every formal gathering is private; the names of its attendees, secret; and all that goes on, confidential. Whoever violates this principle shall become prey.

Finally, there's no hierarchy in a Cabal. Every formal gathering has a leader, but that role should rotate among the members. Also, to the extent practical, the role of providing the meeting place should rotate among the members. Caballions shall treat the meeting place, its owner, and its uninvolved residents, in particular any pets, with the utmost courtesy and respect, or risk being hunted for sport.

## THE GATHERING

Any time after sundown, the Cabal enters the meeting room and all take their seats. The last person entering shuts the door and turns off any electric lights before sitting down. If the room has no windows and is therefore pitch black, the last person entering uses a cigarette lighter to provide some illumination.

LEADER: "Caballions: Light your candles."

Each member places a small purple candle on the table and lights it with a match, cigarette lighter, or utility lighter – just nothing ridiculous like a blowtorch.

LEADER: "In the name of BAST we begin."

The leader turns to the member on his or her immediate left.

LEADER: "Caballion [Name], What lust have you under way?"

The member describes any romantic or sexual conquests he or she is embarked upon.

LEADER: "What do you ask of us who sit here?"

The member describes any assistance that could be helpful. Discussion ensues, offers are made, or not, and are accepted, or not. When common sense indicates the discussion has run its course, the leader turns to the next member on the left, poses the same questions, and allows the same discussion. This continues until all members have been heard from.

Then:

LEADER: "Caballion [Name], What greed have you under way?"

The member describes any treasures, raw materials, or resources he or she seeks to purchase, or take from the earth, sea, or sky, or steal or swindle from the unsuspecting, or sell in any market, be it black, red, gray, pink, or white\*.

LEADER: "What do you ask of us who sit here?"

The member describes any assistance that could be helpful. Discussion ensues, offers are made, or not, and are accepted, or not. When common sense indicates the discussion has run its course, the leader turns to the next member on the left, poses the same questions, and allows the same discussion. This continues until all members have been heard from.

Then:

LEADER: "Caballion [Name], To what do you aspire in your envy and your ambition?"

The member describes any prominence or favor he or she is scheming to attain, and who or what might need to be displaced to make room.

LEADER: "What do you ask of us who sit here?"

The member describes any assistance that could be helpful. Discussion ensues, offers are made, or not, and are accepted, or not. When common sense indicates the discussion has run its course, the leader turns to the next member on the left, poses the same questions, and allows the same discussion. This continues until all members have been heard from.

Then:

LEADER: "All is complete. In the name of BAST we bring this gathering to a close. Caballions, extinguish your candles."

All do so. If needed, the person who was last entering once again uses a cigarette lighter to provide some illumination. This same person stands up, turns on the electric lights, and opens the door. All exit the room in silence. The last person leaving the room turns off the electric lights and shuts the door. Any subsequent conversation must not have anything to do with what was said in the gathering. This sets the tone for privacy, secrecy, confidentiality - and also protects against inadvertent hearing by the meeting place's uninvolved residents.

\*Note:

Black Market: *Illegal products.*

Red Market: *Illegal services.*

Gray Market: *Legal products or services are sold through illegal or extra-legal channels.*

Pink Market: *All is legal but some delicate sensitivities might be offended, for example selling military-grade firearms, or, where legal, prostitution.*

White Market: *Everything is on the up and up and might even be advertised on TV.*

ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XLVII



Let me say here that I have discarded any notion of *Vamachara* from my philosophy.

*Vamachara* is a Tantric practice arising out of Hinduism. The word translates literally to “left-handed attainment” and is considered by some to be Hinduism’s Left Hand Path. It is the spiritual practice of performing actions which are not only explicitly banned in the Vedas (the oldest Hindu scriptures) but which are considered taboo and vile by most of the general population in India.

Some in the West and the Middle East have taken up *Vamachara* (without necessarily knowing the word for it) and broadened it beyond Hinduism. Someone raised Muslim or Jewish Orthodox might, for example, purposely eat pork because it’s banned in the Torah (the oldest Abrahamic scripture) and it is considered taboo and vile by the general populace in Muslim or Orthodox Jewish communities.

Someone raised Catholic might defile consecrated wafers (“the Holy Eucharist”) which would violate Church law and be considered taboo and vile by the general populace in Irish or Italian (or other majority Catholic) communities.

Some in the West have taken *Vamachara* beyond religion entirely and applied it to secular taboos. For example, if they happen to live in the United States, they might join the Nazi movement, or join the Ku Klux Klan, or stage dogfights or cockfights, or hunt endangered species, all of which are activities that are either outright illegal or are at least considered taboo in many (not all) American communities.

Why, then, have I discarded this notion from my philosophy? Is it because I have a problem with Muslims eating pork or Catholics desecrating wafers? Hell no. Those are blasphemies and I’m repeatedly on the record as promoting blasphemy.

Is it because I have a problem with people joining the Nazis or the KKK? Only to a certain extent, which I’ll explain shortly. As for dogfights and cockfights, and hunting endangered species, I hate those activities and I hate anyone who engages in them, but not for philosophical reasons. I just hate those dickwipes because I love animals.

My reasons for discarding the notion of *Vamachara* are threefold. First, it’s a spiritual practice, and I reject spiritual practice categorically because I hold to the principles of carnality and materialism. I reject satori, reject Nirvana, reject beatific visions, reject resurrection, reject the ascension of the soul or ego, reject apotheosis. Stripped of any spiritual goal, then, *Vamachara* becomes pointless.

Secondly, *Vamachara* makes transgression a defining characteristic, as if nothing has any value if it doesn’t transgress. This is nonsense. I pursue wealth because wealth is good. I have sex (if I do) because sex is good. I eat tasty food because tasty food is good. I seek prominence and favor because prominence and favor are good. Any transgressive quality to these things that I pursue is merely a side-effect of being happy in a society that would rather I be miserable.

Understand: I’m not opposed to transgression. In fact I endorse and even promote it under the right circumstances. Taboos mean nothing to me. I walk through them as if they aren’t there - because, for me, they aren’t. If transgression is the best way for me to get what I want, then, all else being equal, I transgress. But if I can get what I want by behaving inoffensively, then I will probably go that route, because it’s the path of least resistance.

Finally, some transgressions are just asinine. Join the motherfucking Nazis? Join the shithead KKK? Why the hell would I do anything so massively ludicrous? Fuck that. Nazis can suck my dick and the KKK can shove their burning crosses up their asses. I wouldn’t touch their pissant pamphlets with a ten foot pole. I certainly wouldn’t do it because some corpse-hallowers in medieval India thought such acts could put them in touch with Kali.

‘Nuff said, except for these parting words: ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XLVIII



There is still one “Bad Attitude” from WOLFISM XIX that I haven’t yet discussed.

*“Blessed are they who stand alone, for Leviathan has a place for them.”*

Many people are frightened by the prospect of standing alone. They tremble at the thought of having no crowd to protectively encircle them. I vomit such people out of my mouth.

Some feel comforted by racial encirclement. “I’m white, and the great white army surrounds me.” Or: “I’m black, and my African forebears encircle me with justice like steel.” I reject all that. I’m Italian, but I take no solace in that. My strength and my cunning, and they alone, are the source of my inner peace.

Some feel comforted by religious encirclement. “I am a member of the Body of Christ.” Or: “I am of Israel, God’s chosen people.” Or: “The Ummat al-Islam contains me.” I reject all that. I could have decided to wrap religious Satanism around me like a blanket, to keep the bogeyman of aloneness at bay, but I chose instead to put the bogeyman to the sword.

Some feel comforted by national encirclement. “Stars and stripes forever!” Or: “Rule, Britannia!” I reject all that. Sure, I live in one of the world’s two superpowers (China being the other, whether anyone wants to admit that or not) but that doesn’t mean that I myself have super powers, and I have never known how to take pride in anything other than my own capabilities and accomplishments.

Some feel comforted by gender encirclement. “I’m a man like my daddy was.” Or: “I am woman – Hear me roar! Girl power forever!” I reject all that. My strength and my cunning do not derive from my Y-chromosome. And to all the women who roar: I admire you and I applaud your claiming of your power, but it is not your pair of X-chromosomes that make you elite amongst the beasts of the jungle: It is the steel in your spine, and the razor sharpness of your wits.

Some feel comforted by philosophical encirclement. “I’m a Conservative.” Or: “I’m a Liberal.” Or: “I’m a Fascist.” Or: “I’m a Communist.” Or: “I’m an Objectivist.” Or: “I’m a Satanist.” I reject all that. I have declined even to name my philosophy Satanic, for two reasons: (1) arguing over what is or is not Satanic never ends and never bears any fruit; and (2) any such naming of my philosophy might imply I accept the authority of some prior thinker, and I do not: LaVey, for instance, is an influence, yes, a muse, yes, even a kind of mentor, yes – but never an authority over me. I make my own meaning and I am a law unto myself.

Standing alone is my freely chosen destiny and I happily take it up. That I do so is perhaps my greatest pride.

That said, there is an encirclement none of us can escape, short of wandering off into the wilderness and never being heard from again. Leviathan, by which I mean the human species as a titan on the earth, devouring all things, metabolizing all things, excreting all that is useless to it – this encircles us whether we like it or not. We’re part of it. Every dollar we spend is oxygen for it. Every product we produce is food for it. Every service we render is water for it. Every idea we circulate is body heat for it.

I don’t ask what I can do for Leviathan. I don’t need to. Everything I do, I ultimately do for Leviathan whether I like it or not, even if my conscious purpose is utterly selfish. No, what I ask is, what can Leviathan do for me? I don’t ask this question as an Italian; nor as any kind of religious adherent; nor as an American; nor as a man; nor even as a Satanist. I ask this question from a place of total individualism and complete egotism. What can Leviathan do for this unique biological organism that I perceive myself to be? Nor is it ever difficult for me to get my answer. Money, products, services, and ideas swarm all about me. I need merely be strong and cunning enough to be able to get my hands on the things I want or need.

Leviathan helps those who help themselves. ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM XLIX



*“Blessed are they who stand alone, for Leviathan has a place for them.”*

What, then, of family, friends, co-workers, allies, or even pets? I’ll use the term “associates” to refer to all of these. I contend that even while encircled by my associates, I stand alone.

First, let’s consider how protective my associates really are in practical terms. My cat flees at the first hint of danger, leaving me to die if the danger is real. (A big dog would be the polar opposite of that, of course, but I’m dogless, because dogs require too much effort, with all this taking them for a walk, giving them baths, the list goes on.) My allies would drop me like a hot potato if my strategic position devolved. My co-workers would feed me to the wolves to save themselves without a second thought. I no longer have friends with whom I keep in touch, because maintaining the connection became more

trouble than it was worth – so yes, I suck as a friend, primarily because I never depended on friends for anything important to begin with. Only my family would protect me when the chips are down, and lest you think otherwise: I would return the favor, as I'm not a complete asshole. Yet how often are my family in any real position to save my ass? Only very occasionally, in very special circumstances. On a daily basis I generally stand alone for all practical purposes, despite having people who care about me. And here's the thing: I like it that way. I don't ever want to sink complacently into the narcotizing delusion that the universe has my back. Even family can die, move away, become incapacitated (rendering them useless), or turn against me if they catch a glimpse of my Devil Inside. The safest course is always to have my own back: "to watch my own six" as I might say if I were a military man, which I'm not, partly because I don't want to be responsible for watching somebody else's six.

Second, let's consider what psychological strength I draw from my associates. Short summary: I don't draw any at all.

Some draw psychological strength from their associates by virtue of the philosophical echo chamber they all live in. I don't. First of all, I'm a staunch empiricist, materialist, carnality enthusiast, animality enthusiast, egotist, misanthrope, individualist, retributionist, libertine, schemer, and cutthroat - and of all my associates, only my cat is like me in every regard, with most of them unlike me in nearly every regard. (And my cat doesn't speak, so the echo chamber potential is limited at best.) But more importantly, I reject echo chambers on principle. I do my own thinking.

I can't emphasize this enough. Most people aren't thinkers at all. They have thoughts, but that isn't the same thing. The thoughts they have are whatever bubbles up from the collective. Examine their ideas and those of their associates: You'll find an almost perfect homogeneity. Same epistemology, same metaphysics, same anthropology, same moral philosophy, same theory of happiness, same strategy for living. They draw comfort from this sameness. Intellectually, they feel safer in a group: they put their trust in having strength in numbers. I don't do any of that. I draw comfort from the fact that my ideas are my own. I feel safer as an intellectual free agent, a philosophical lone wolf. I put my trust in my own mental abilities and disciplines, in particular my intellectual honesty and ruthless self-examination.

Does Leviathan – by which I mean the human species as a titan on the earth – have a place for me? Of course it does. Regardless what associates I have or don't have encircling me – regardless what "isms" I carry or don't carry in my mental apparatus – every dollar I earn or spend; every product or service I buy or sell; every idea I receive or distribute; these together simply can't fail to provide Leviathan with oxygen, food, water, and body heat, and Leviathan likewise simply can't fail to put money, products, services, and ideas into the physical or virtual spaces I inhabit. My mutual assured entanglement with Leviathan is unconditional, ending only when I die or wander off into the wilderness, never to be heard from again.

I am *Homo economicus* and a self-directed cell in the body of something Brobdingnagian. ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM L



### HYPERBOREA

In this, my 50th writing, I introduce the concept of Hyperborea, by which I mean a state of mind that is characterized by the principle of awe in the face of Leviathan, that earthly titan who is man writ large, subordinating all space and matter under the dominion of commerce.

The name, *Hyperborea*, is intended to evoke an image of the frozen north, buffeted by blizzards and blanketed in snowdrifts that could swallow mere men. Here barbarians make their home, ply their trades and spill their blood. Such as these, in the days when deities seemed responsible for the world, would have told their sons and daughters of Odin, or of Conan's Crom, both of whom had this in common: they were indifferent to human suffering, and equally indifferent to human joy, caring only for

their own vast and inscrutable plans. Leviathan is much the same. Not a deity, nor supernatural in any way, but vast and inscrutable, and as cold and indifferent as the killing storms of winter.

Worship is wasted on Leviathan, as is prayer. Sacrifices on smoking altars will go unnoticed, and chalices of wine or whiskey will go untasted. Pious service in Leviathan's name will win you no favor, and in fact makes no sense as priestcraft, for to live in the modern world is to render service daily to the Gogmagogian super-beast of human commerce - whether we mean to or not, and whether we like it or not.

One facet of what some would call "religious experience" remains available to us: the principle of awe. Tremendous is Leviathan and stupendous is its power! Like a juggernaut it strides forth into a future that will not be denied it, crushing under its heel all the forces of inertia or anachronism that stupidly oppose its greedy and rapacious progress. All will be devoured; all, metabolized; and all that is useless, excreted. A spectacle such as this has not been seen on the earth since the early days of insect genesis, when the first six-legged swarms brought continents under their sway. Leviathan will surpass even this, for what are mere continents when there are whole new planets to colonize?

Join me in Hyperborea if you dare. Let us stand on the blustery peaks of frozen mountains and scan the horizon for signs and portents of Cyclopean enterprise.

I will, of course, have more to say on this. ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM LI



### AGE OF STEEL AND FIRE

Leviathan has been maturing like an organism these last few thousand years – just not uniformly in all parts of its body. Different pockets of the human race have advanced at different paces, though in modern times uniformity has been spreading, thanks to the unifying power of technology. I divide the stages of advancement according to the evolving modes of transport that characterized migration and colonization, the two principles that play the largest roles in Leviathan’s maturation. It’s by studying these stages that we open the mental door to what I call Hyperborea.

The first stage of migration and colonization was the Age of Hoof and Grass. The hooves in question were of course on the feet of horses and oxen, which got their energy to move by eating the grass they found on the way. Examples of such migrations were the Mongol invasions of present-day Iran, Iraq, the Caucasus, and parts of Syria and Turkey; the Proto-Indo-European migration westward from the Pontic steppe in present-day Ukraine and Russia; and the Teutonic and Celtic “barbarian” invasions that swept across Europe during the days of the Roman Empire.

The second stage of migration and colonization was the Age of Wood and Wind. The wood in question was used in the making of great ocean-going ships, which got their energy to move primarily from the blowing wind. These migrations were westward from the various nations of Europe, across the Atlantic ocean to the shores of North and South America and nearby islands, or else south from the various

nations of Europe, down into Africa, and sometimes back north again along Africa's other coast, sailing both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

The third stage of migration and colonization – the one in which Western Man currently finds itself – is the Age of Steel and Fire. The steel in question is used in the making of modern vehicles, all of which are (and always have been) powered by fire, be it in coal furnaces (heating water into steam) or in the carburetors of internal combustion engines, or still more advanced technologies, such as nuclear, in military ships, icebreakers, and submarines. The iconic migration via steel and fire was the building of railroads, either across the United States or across Europe. Some think the mass production of pistols and rifles defeated the American Indian, or else maybe small pox and other microbes, and these of course played major roles - but also key was the locomotive, which brought more white men out west than the indigenous tribes could hope to contend with (especially after the ravages of European germs).

Today the most iconic steel and fire transport is the airplane, by which man can cross oceans in hours. But this mode of transport will one day be eclipsed by something still greater: the rocket ship. Today, the Age of Steel and Fire has yet to express its full potential. Trains, cars, trucks, and airplanes cross continents, yes, and jets, ocean liners, and oil tankers cross oceans, but continents have been crossed since the Age of Hoof and Grass, and oceans since the Age of Wood and Wind. The frontier that only steel and fire can cross is cislunar and interplanetary space. Man has sent expeditions out into this great expanse but has not yet built settlements on lunar or Martian territory. The day for that is rapidly approaching. I hope to see it in my lifetime and have a reasonable shot at doing so.

Reading at length on the foregoing and deeply contemplating it will open your mental door to Hyperborea should you care to join me there. ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM LII



### WAR

From the perspective of Hyperborea, what shall we say of war? It enables colonization, motivates commerce, drives industrialization, calls forth innovation, and forces civilizational selection. What's not to love?

Hoof and Grass – Wood and Wind – Steel and Fire – every age of migration and colonization relied on the making of war, for more likely than not, when an invasive population first touched its feet to new soil, they were not the first humans to do so. Previous inhabitants had to be displaced, exterminated, or subjugated. Nor did Leviathan suffer from this. Quite the contrary. The more advanced civilization inevitably won, unless it had grown soft in its doddering old age, and either way, the losers were expendable, grist for the mill, to the victor the spoils. All was right with the world.

Meanwhile, the makers of war require the implements thereof. First came swords, knives, shields, and armor, and the metal for forging them - and also horses, those noble beasts who carried warriors into the fray. Tradesmen and merchants supplied the hordes with what they needed, and wartime commerce had its genesis and began its evolution. Next came guns and cannons, for destructive capabilities had to advance. Merchants supplied these as well. The march of progress brought forth ever more terrible engines of destruction, and always there were merchants to provide them. Commerce! If Leviathan could smile, surely it would have, nor would its good cheer have been marred in the least by the mounting piles of corpses, young and old alike feeding the flies, for every person and every community is expendable, grist for the mill, to the victor the spoils. All was right with the world.

Where at first the business of war had relied on tradesmen such as blacksmiths, these eventually gave way to industrialization. The sheer number of weapons, ammunition, and war machines required was staggering. Efficiency was needed, and economies of scale, and division of labor, and centralized control. Humanity was equal to the task. Factories were built and equipped, and products were churned out at dizzying speeds. Industrialization soon became the factor that decided the outcome of military conflicts. Whoever had (or had access to) the most and the best factories, won. The United States did not become mightier than other nations because it had more soldiers or because its soldiers were braver. No, it became mightier because its armies and navies were better equipped, and this in turn was because it could harness the tremendous power of the military industrial complex.

Nor is it sufficient to have merely the most weapons, ammunition, and war machines: it is also necessary to have the best. Innovation! Nothing on earth is more beautiful or more deadly. Physicists, chemists, engineers, mathematicians, all are recruited by the military industrial complex, and all do their part to continuously improve man's ability to slaughter man. To shoot farther, straighter, faster; to demolish more totally; to carry more people and things from point A to point B and do it more quickly so the killing can begin without delay; to better enable communications and the analysis of information so better command decisions can be made and more of the enemy neutralized: the appetite for innovation is voracious, ravenous, never satisfied, and Leviathan gobbles up its daily meals with gusto, excreting corpses with as little concern as a man has for his turds.

From the making of *total* war comes civilizational selection, for total war is a zero sum game: either you win or you lose, and if you lose, you are either displaced, exterminated, or subjugated. In recent decades we haven't been witnessing total war very often. Instead we see governments toppled – and then the victor, usually the United States, rushes in to try to rebuild the place in its own image, and lo and behold! They repeatedly fail. They win the war and lose the peace, over and over again, because they don't understand what war is for. It's a contest of civilizations, and the loser is supposed to be made to vanish, either by genocide, or by exile, or by being absorbed into the victor and rendered irrelevant as a discrete entity, its useful attributes assimilated and its useless ones buried and forgotten. Chase, kill, eat, excrete: these are what the victor is supposed to do to the vanquished. When it does it, civilizational selection takes place, Leviathan is strengthened, and all is right with the world, for the victor has proven itself the best at commerce, industry, and innovation, and these are the principles by which Leviathan rises and expands.

Can the individual exploit all this? Of course. Be the merchant. Be the industrialist. Be the innovator. HAIL MAMMON! ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!

## WOLFISM LIII



HAIL MAMMON!

Leviathan and Mammon are inextricably linked. Leviathan is the macrocosm to Mammon's microcosm. Leviathan is man writ large, the species as a whole, swarming the earth like technological locusts, whereas Mammon is man writ small, the individual talking ape, exploiting Leviathan at every turn. I am Mammon; you too are Mammon if you live by the truth of money and greed; but only all of us together are Leviathan.

As Leviathan grows by human reproduction and in certain areas by immigration, Mammon (by which I mean anyone who lives by the truth of money and greed) exploits the megatrends of population increase. As Leviathan grows by the colonization of physical territory, Mammon exploits the business opportunities to be found in the need for new infrastructure, new venues for consumption, and new warehouses and

other hubs of operation. As Leviathan grows by the proliferation and refinement of broadband communications and processing power, Mammon exploits the geometrically increasing ubiquity and universality of the internet. As Leviathan grows by the emergence of whole new kinds of markets, Mammon exploits the initial absence of competitors for the exact new product or service it sees a niche for, and gets to market first.

Exploit – exploit – exploit – EXPLOIT! This is Mammon, along with such insights as, “Money is the name of the game,” and, “In Greed We Trust.” Money and greed rule politics, rule war, rule diplomacy, rule science, rule the arts, rule scholarship, rule journalism – Money and greed rule every aspect of our lives – so the only sensible thing to do is to grab hold of the levers of money and greed and pull them in ways that benefit the self. That sensible attitude, and you and I who live by it, are Mammon. The more of us there are, the faster and more relentlessly Leviathan will grow. Money and greed will bring more immigrants to our shores, and population will increase – and Leviathan will grow. Money and greed will increase the demand for real estate, and new territory will be colonized – and Leviathan will grow. Money and greed will increase the demand for online products and services, and the broadband network will increase in scope and power – and Leviathan will grow. Money and greed will create the demand for categories of products and services we don’t even have names for yet, and the forces of supply will inevitably respond – and Leviathan will grow.

Never has there been a more perfectly matched pair of lovers than Leviathan and Mammon, though one is a titan, and the other just a sharp-and-strong-minded little ape.

HAIL MAMMON! ISCHYROS DIAVOLOS!