



*eL-Hortobágyi – Hortator:*

**The *wannsee-davosian* startup application. V.1.01.beta  
2022**

**after all, only a freely elected communist global World State, free of all previous slugs and degeneracies would be able to overcome the current processes, so we will show why not:**

Today, the dream of the *Fourth Empire* has all the grandeur of lunar chaos. Nothing was impossible. Everyone believed in it strongly. There was transnationalist *volkisch* eusocialism, the *Ameruropean* dream of the *Corporative Aryan Community* and all the crazy visions, but it had to be realised. Mysticism? Yes. The *IV. Reich* was born out of the mysticism of the *Financial Cabal*: the anthroposophy of the *Bilderberghof Cosmic Circle*, the *Theosophy of the Maastricht Rosicrucians*, the ancient dreams of *Atlantis* and *Lemuria*, the *Ameuropa* of the pure. Mysticism and migrationalism, based on *Schwaab's* theory of 'distilled *euarian* blood', from the up-to-date vision of *Vril Utopia*, brought to life in the *Fourth Reich* to the perdition of the native soil-bound species.

There are no limits to such dreams. This is where the brilliant idea of having workers buy the cars they have made is born. Since then, the cyclical (*uroboros*) chain of production has become even narrower: the producer has become the product, the product the producer. The product man is created, rendered ignorant by school, radical by religion, criminal by prison, immobile by the car, sick by the hospital and the air we breathe. Man is reduced to a *Lego*

*matrix* that can be interchanged and delocalised at will, *migrant-s* are received not so much as unfortunate rescued travellers as as some kind of ordered product and prospective consumer. The promoters of the delayed *West-Eastern* slope of *Central European* and *Russian* social development in the *East*, even in its early stages, intended to create a new society, i.e. a redistributive system, with the experimental and effective help of the world powers that "perceived" globalism, by developing a supranational ideology. Our nostalgic pity is endless. The first ideological and economic visionary foundation for this system of ideas, which was well founded in detail and calibrated to the development of *Western* society, was provided by the *Marxist* system of ideas analysing the reorganisation of *Europe* by the *Napoleonic* wars and the emergence of the '*finance-capitalist*' model.

In the practical application of this and the use of *Alphaberg's* consciousness-building satellite network, the '*modes of production*' driven by the emerging global allocations of capital, repeatedly ran up against the inefficient and capital-intensive system of nation-state redistributions, by then already completely backward, and thus the (vital) need to translate an experiment in ideological acceleration into everyday life. The dreams started with steam.

The articulation and practice of the (class) castes in the *West*, shaped by the diversity of the more class-structurally stratified forms of property in *Montaunion Europa*, grew a more cemented grid, which could only be bruised with greater investment, and therefore the "failed" attempt to realise the vision was necessarily shifted towards the periphery. This is the sad story of the *Russian Way of Empire*.

The *Wannsee-Davosian* system, on the other hand, creates the global distribution and power relations that are inevitably emerging from the twilight of the *Far-West* structure, which is coinciding with historical storms, and perhaps necessary for the survival of the system, but falsely glittering more equal (basic income-*UBI*) distribution and power relations, a process which may well sweep away some of the background powers that previously promoted the *World State* system and lead to the emergence of a world empire of alternative *private structures* using cooperating nations as a source of capital.

And here's where I come in.

The change will also be measured in the fact that the power struggle within the framework of nation states, which is nothing other than the acquisition of a monopoly of exploitation over one's fellow citizens, will be replaced in its beginning by competition over continental spheres of *Amerunio* dimensions, and by trade wars of a wide-spreading but never continental scale.

Simple logic does not grasp these. In such dreams the *Fourth Empire* is seen in the light of infinite possibilities, here the impossible becomes an unknown concept. The whole world could change. Cities, nations can disappear. The earth will be cleansed of soil-bound species and worms; and in isolated colonies, *Flakturms*, cities of glass and steel, a select stratum will create the *New Golden Giro Order* (ex *The New Credit Order*).



Undoubtedly, their strongest leaders were mad and twisted beings. They lived only for their virtual dreams, completely detached from reality, and, like the *Skopstsy*, they believed that anything was possible, that nothing could stop them

Science and logic. The opposite of mysticism. I despise *Davosian* mysticism, but I see its potential. Racism has turned Europe into a ruin, anti-racism is turning it into a tin city, the barracks of *Auschwitz* are a direct precursor to the human boxes of *Hong Kong*. My plans were grandiose too. But they could not be realised in any democracy. I needed money, equipment, manpower and perseverance. Democracy would never sanction such things. Only bipolar lunatics. Fortunately, they were all gathered in the *Fourth Reich's* general staff.

I was aware of this when I met *Heimlaren* in 2057. From behind his obsolete spectacles, he radiated the idiotic piety of a mad prophet. We met in his office in *Strasbourg*. I laid out my drawings on his desk. He looked at them, stroking his hair and pressing a finger to his nose. He used to have a gene farm. Now he was the head of *Kriponato*. A gentle, polite killer, puritanical, quietly spoken. He wanted to find *Atlantis* and populate it with *Wannseeing Aryans*.

I was thoroughly informed about it before I visited. What I found was enough for me. He believed in quantum gravity, gene reincarnation, remote viewing, *Hörbinger's* cosmic world of ice and fire, *UFO-s* and *avatar-s*. *Kriponato* was also a religious denomination. They were

bound together by blood and an oath of allegiance, the *Ahnenpass*. *Heimplaren* wanted to isolate them, to brainwash them, transform them, and mate them with the purest *Davosian* girls to have *Wannsseing Aryan* childrens. His experiment with the beige *reptilian-s* had once succeeded, now he wanted to do it on humans; his dream was of the *Order* of the *Brahmanaryan-s* and the *Sudrasklaven (Monophyletic Clads)*, all I wanted only was the *Order* - which I could put at the service of science

And when *Heimplaren* looked up from my drawings, I knew I had it.

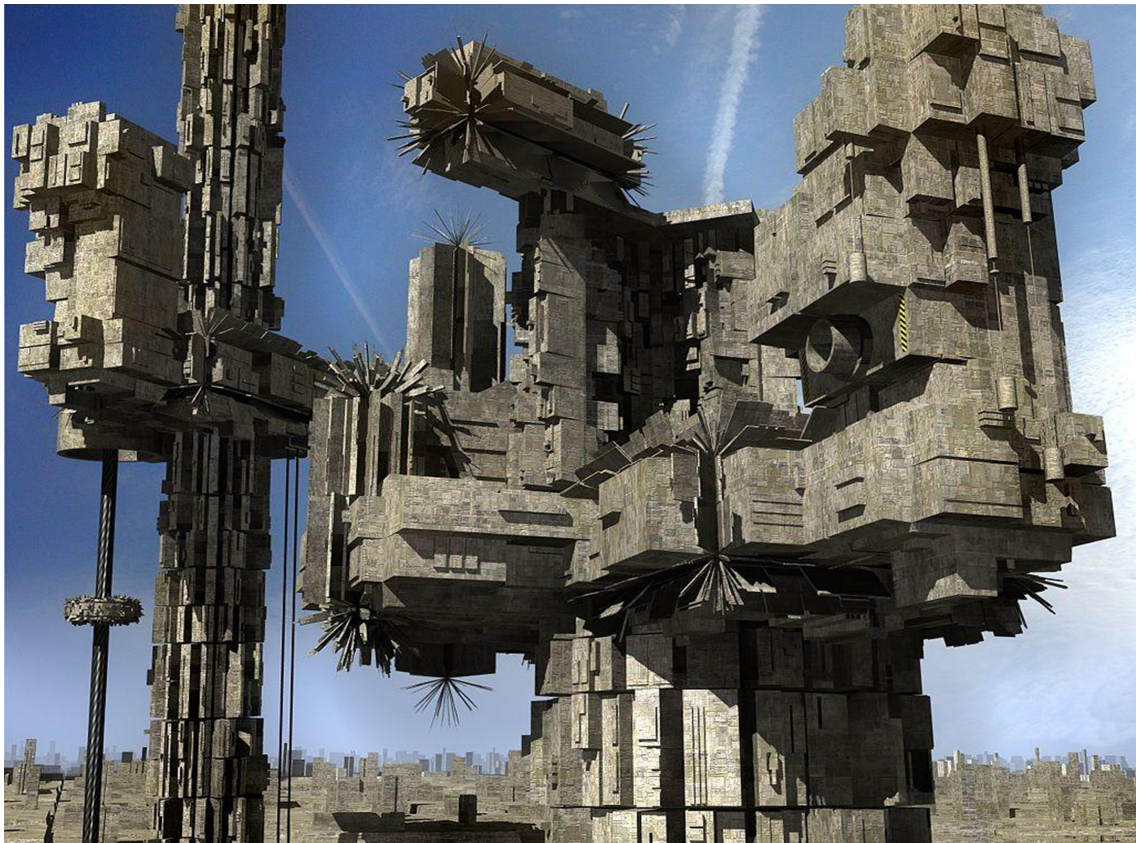
But *Heimplaren* looked closely after at me. He couldn't believe why I married him. At first he thought I was an eccentric *metamerican* who needed to be shot. He put me in prison in *Berlin*. For months I was interrogated in *Kriponato's* prison on the rebuilt *Prinz Albrechtstrasse*. I heard the screams of the tortured. My interrogation took place in much quieter circumstances. My cell was comfortable. I was amply fed, provided with all the necessary books, *computer-s*, *Internet* and allowed to work while I was there. The interrogations were more like conversations. Every day for two months they told me my story and wrote down every detail. The prison was always very busy. People were dragged along the corridor, bleeding, with long cables hanging from their heads. I told them about the *Thule* project and how I sabotaged it. The *metamerican-s* don't know about it, I said. They think my *Haunebu* project there ended in disaster. My interrogators drummed their pencils on the paper, looked at each other and smiled. Sometimes I heard gunshots. Always from the basement. I saw soldiers carrying bodies wrapped in silver foil onto trucks. That kind of thing never bothered me. My hopes could not be broken. After two months, they began to focus on my drawings, but still didn't grasp the significance. I don't know who looked them over first. I think it was the Italian *Grimaldi*. Anyway, they quickly let me go and took me back to *Heimplaren*.

I didn't care how much blood was on *Heimplaren's* hands. Only the quiet man mattered. I was impressed by his good manners. He had a pleasant face, wore round spectacles, combed his hair neatly, and sat behind his desk like a dutiful clerk.

He asked me what my needs were. I told him. Sometimes he nodded slowly, tapping his nose. I made a good impression on them, he said. In fact, I quite charmed them, he added. Finally, he confessed that their experts thought my drawings were wonderful. I asked them who they thought so. He mentioned *Grimaldi* and *Haushofer*. He also said that *Grimaldi* was too old, but the young *Haushofer* was a real genius. They both want to work with me. *Heimplaren* thought it was a good idea. I knew he was just trying to get me to listen, so I agreed. You're already committed, he said. You must obey. You must never return to your own country; and if you try, we will kill you. I immediately reassured him. I will have to report directly to him. My entire project is being kept in strict secrecy and controlled by *Kriponato*.

I will never forget that day. That day my dream came to life. Even today, when I'm in pain and my kidneys are ruptured, looking out over the ice caps of *Antarctica*, I remember those days.

He took me to *Maastrichtgrotten West*. We sat in the back of the car and looked at the city. *Heimlaren* obviously loved the capital. The sunlight glinted off his glasses. He pointed out the sights and the converted infrared mosques with childlike excitement. The city was truly majestic. The streets were filled with smiling people, *maglev* vehicles and giant screens. The walls were decorated with blue stars, rainbow flags and all kinds of obscene propaganda. The word “*Genus*” had a special meaning at the time. I saw some of them walking on the pavement. I saw many soldiers, all laughing merrily. Even the air seemed to smile. It was a triumph of will. In its own glitteringly depraved way, it was all evidence of the terrible potential of the *Liberated New Man*.



Is it rotten? Certainly. But I can still live with that truth. Within these walls live the industrious and secret high priests of the demonic *Mare Nostrum Order*: - necessarily virtuomaniacs, amphetamine addicts, occultists, and degenerates - the cream of the irrationalism I so despised. And then, of course, there were the butchers of the *Kriponato*, the trained inquisitors of the *Eugladio*, who carried out their perverse killing agenda every day and every night in the cellars of the *Gestaltapo*.

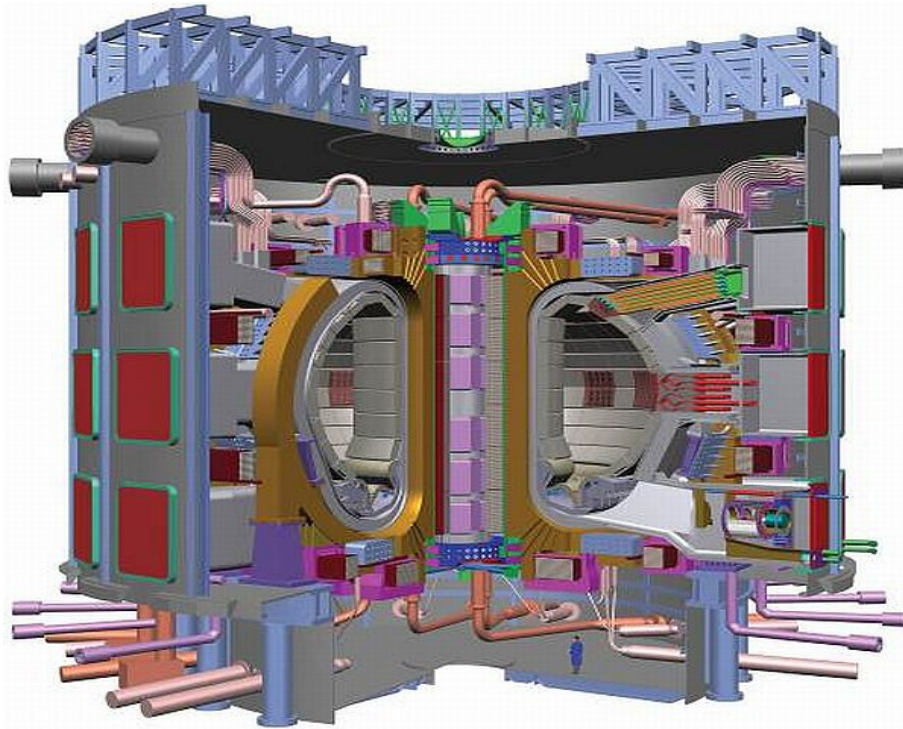
But I had to accept all this. Science knows no morality. All this irrational brutality only meant that it would get me to the end of my journey. Progress needs broken bones. Death gives life to new life. Evolution knows no concept of right and wrong. So I must live and work with them. And then I can use them. Seeing the Capital, I felt nothing but hope that for me the future would bear fruit.

We drove out of town. Overhead, planes whirred overhead



*Heimplaren* sat beside me, straight as a board, and started talking. Suddenly he was like a child. His eyes glittered behind his glasses. The words poured from his mouth and I had the feeling they would never run out. He told me that the rocket research group had moved to *Nevadarea*. The research centre at *CERN* is vacant, that's what I get. On the way, we passed columns of cars. The *girotank*-s were kicking up a huge cloud of dust.

*Heimplaren* talked about the *fenoaryan* blood and how the *Davosian* race could rule the world. We will cleanse the world, he said, we will cleanse the blood. We will exterminate the scavengers, the weak and the crippled, and make the inferior races slaves of the *Fourth Empire*. We create the pure race of the future *Atlantida*-s. I had no answer to that. I didn't care if it was right or wrong? When *Heimplaren* spoke of the *New Order*, the *Brahmanarya*-s and the *Sudrasklaven*-s, I thought only that it would ensure my success. I needed an inexhaustible source of manpower. Democracy, I repeat, cannot provide that. But in this *Zone*, where unbridled freedom has been destroyed, where the common people had one guided will – *The Shareunion* - and where the new basic annuity *UBI metacariat* is in the making, here, at the dawn of a new age, I can achieve the impossible. I was fifty-seven at the time and thought I had little time. So I did not moralize. Nor did I then, nor do I now. I saw the *BI* bombers, the *Cray* computers, the *thorium* reactors and the *Iter*, the *Cirkon* drones and the endless container loaders, and I accepted it all.



History then went up. What I did, I did for progress. Now I sit here on this mountaintop, with the wilderness below me, and I know that my life has made sense, that I have changed the course of history. I contributed to evolution. When I leave - because I know I will have to leave one day - my achievements will live on.

I knew that at the time. Progress has convinced me of that. The pilot plant was spread between two firelanes and was carefully isolated from nearby settlements. The hangars were in good condition. *Wernher von Braun*, who was treated with *Kurzweil Nutritio*, and his colleagues *Walter Dornberger* and *Klaus Riedel* worked here. The memory of their names, along with *Grottupe* and *Becker*, always makes me smile. The *3-A* and *5-A* rockets. The exalted but primitive rockets. At the same time, they were terrified of the *V-1* and *V-2*, even though I considered them toys. But those people had already gone to *Metamerica* and moved to *Nevadarea*. Obviously they won't come back to see what I'm doing, and they may not even know I exist. *Heimplaren* and I agreed on that. Not even the *Davos Alphabeth* will know about me. *Heimplaren* had his own little plans for the future, but I wasn't interested in them.

*Heimplaren* showed me around the hangars. He introduced me to the workers. I met the Italian, *Grimaldi*, who was old and very grey; the flying captain *Rudolf Haushofer*, who seemed dangerously ambitious. The old Italian was a physicist, *Rudolf Haushofer* an engineer. Both worked in the field of aeronautics and both were greatly influenced by my drawings. I didn't really need them. It bothered me that they knew about my work and that they were close to *Heimplaren*. They obviously wanted to make a good impression on him: they kept bowing in his presence. I knew immediately that they were going to steal my inventions to sell as their own.

And I cannot allow that. I need absolute secrecy. My experiences in *Thule* have taught me to

trust no one. I'm determined to make myself insignificant, thereby stabilizing my position. I keep my most important achievements to myself. I also fake the drawings. I scatter the tasks, fragmenting them so that there is no one to put the mosaics together. That way I can protect myself. Because I'll be indispensable. And while I was shaking hands with *Grimaldi* and *Haushofer*, I already knew that I wasn't letting them anywhere near anything I considered valuable.

Yes, it is cruelty. But I had to defend myself. I was aware of my dependence on the *Atlantida*-s and how that fact set me back. But I would get rid of them sooner or later - the war would deplete their resources - and when that happened, I had to be ready to run. And then I will take my secrets with me. I leave them only useless toys. But until then, if I have time, I will accomplish what I want.

I never said these thoughts out loud. *Heimplaren* smiled and went back to his car, hurrying back to the *Arado Complex*. He still had paperwork to do. Orders, orders: he's got to get workers, *phantomatics* programmers, machines, *laser* technicians, mini-reactors, that sort of thing.

I didn't think that was possible. Just the number of pieces was staggering. I wondered if even a man as powerful as *Heimplaren* could get that much for an essentially secret project. *Heimplaren*, however, only smiled at my doubts, which he considered unnecessary. He tapped his nose and squinted. He said not to worry and that he had something to show me.

The meadows of *Amereuropa* were green. Over my head, *anamezon* airplanes passed by. We passed rumbling *girotank*-s and long columns of convoys heading east, but soon we were back in a peaceful landscape. I still remember it clearly today. The sun was shining in the blue sky. It was hard to believe that war was imminent, destroying half of the *Trans-European Zone* all the way to the *Ural*-s. Then we came to a barbed wire fence. We drove in through carefully guarded gates, past watchtowers and machine-gun nests to long barracks. All around were gallows. The ropes swayed in the wind. Tattered men were digging holes. We drove on and reached the centre of the camp.

Here in the *East*, I saw the darker side of the *Empire*.





*Heimplaren* stopped the car. A nervous soldier opened the car door. We stood in the middle of the camp, in the mud, with prisoners lined up around us on all sides. *Heimplaren* smiled and tapped his nose. I saw guards with *tablet-s* in their hands. The hundreds of men, women and children stood in silence. Almost all of them had their heads shaved. Their wide-open eyes radiated desperation, fear, and endless humiliation. *Teaser* whips crackled. The dogs barked, the prisoners screamed. *Heimplaren* squinted, rubbing his nose, smiling to himself, proud in a real way, and waving his hand towards the nest of misery.

- "Behold, your workers," he said.

The *New Order* has been designed and implemented with the efficiency that only obsessed minds can achieve. *Aldrich Speerenwolf* was the architect: he created the environment for the vision. In the work of *Speerenwolf* and the other architects, I have seen the idea of *Eulebensraum*, the idea of expansion, manifested in its most concrete form. Huge buildings, underground factories and ocean-cooled server ships with geostationary *Vril* data satellites defined my future.

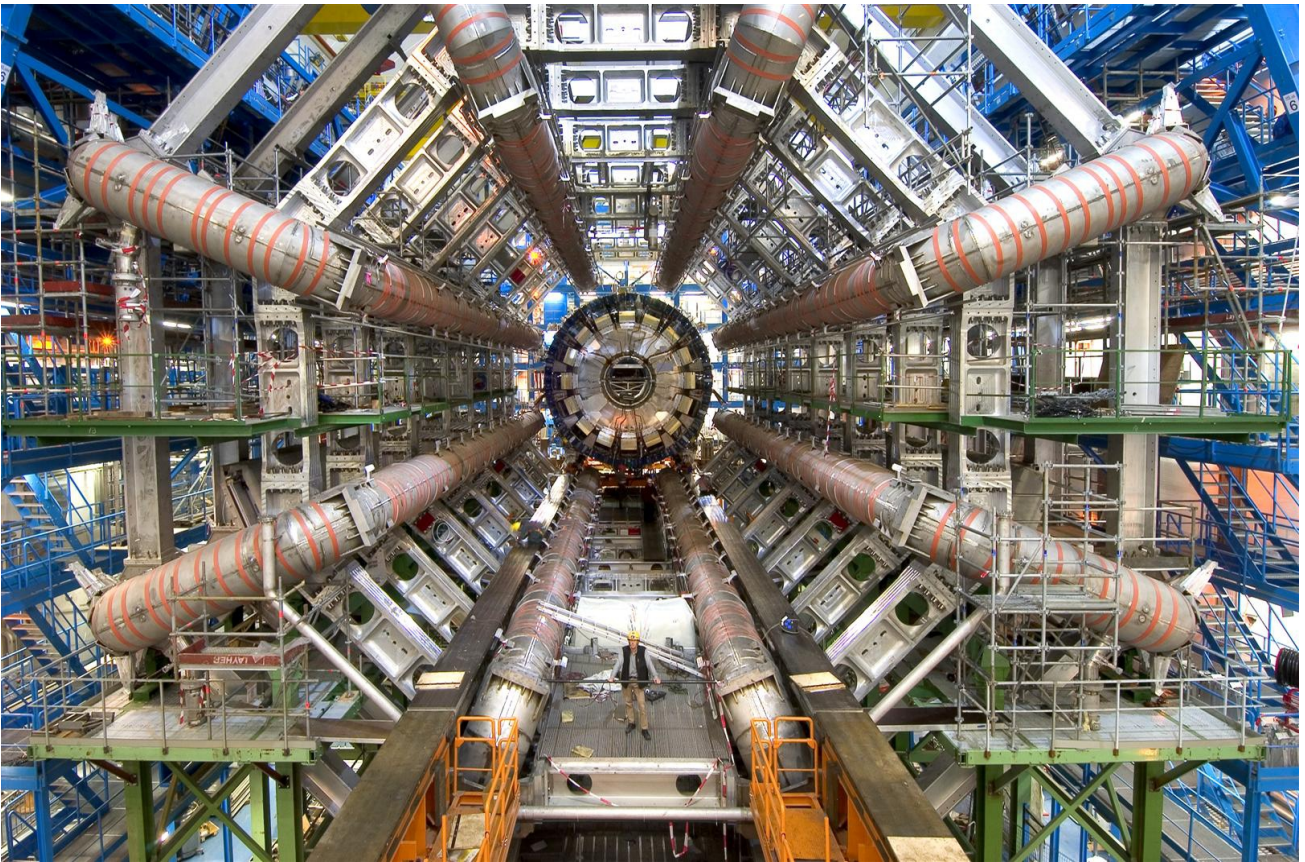
*Heimplaren* showed me the tea house of the *Thule Gesellschaft*. It was on top of the *Kohnstein* hill. The five-kilometre road from the *Berghof* to the top had been carved out of the mountainside by *migrant-s*. At the top of the mountain was an underground passage, at the end of which a copper-plated lift awaited visitors to take them down to the hundred-metre depths. The lift stopped in a high hall supported by Roman columns. At the end of the gallery was a huge, round room with glass walls. From the window you could see nothing but the mountains

and the sky - it was stunning.

The impossible had been achieved - just as I had always hoped. If the dream is grandiose, its realisation is even more so; man degrades the impossible into the commonplace with his abilities. *A triumph of the will.*



The *Alphaberg*-type clone *avatar*-s from the *Metaversum* were brilliant organisers. That place was second to none. Add to that the fact that their skilled workforce was inexhaustible, and it doesn't take much more than that to make dreams come true.

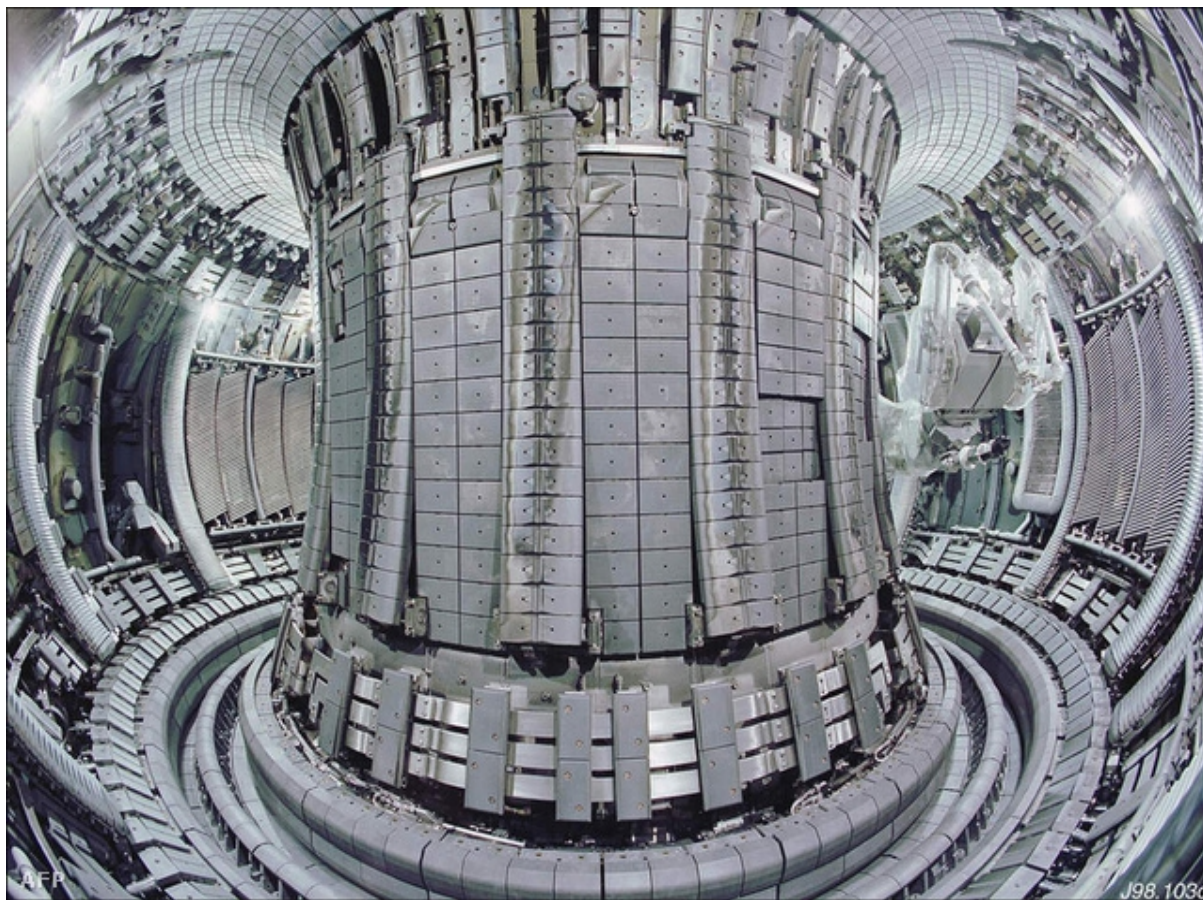


Who built the great pyramids? Thousands of Egyptian *Sudrasklaven*-s. The *Fourth Empire* had the genius at its disposal, and the millions of *Nutella* annuity-inmate of labour camp from beyond the *Ural*-s and with those two you can achieve anything. In fact, up to a million "workers" a day. Forced labourers who worked all day long, even online. Slaves who carve out the inside of the mountain, set up factories, tunnels, *amazon-kanban* warehouses in it, and never complain. My resources are like that. Even the Egyptians would be envious. With that potential, and my grandiose ambitions, there wasn't much I couldn't achieve.

I was very close to Heimlaren. He revealed to me his great dream: to raise *Atlantis* from the ashes. Without the scavenger soil-bound species and the subhumans, under the control of the

*Kriponato*, there would be no strife in such a society. Huge, smart cities of steel and glass. Full of pure *wannsee-davosian* hybrid currents. *Heimplaren* described his dream as one where transhumans populate the wilderness.

- How to build *Atlantida* ? It will need info engineers, software slaves and data monitors in the cloud... The *Brahmanarya*-s will be from the *Rainbow Gladio* squadrons, the *Sudrasklaven* will be the *Czechs*, the *Poles* and the other lower *Hungeasthan* euoriental races. And how do we do it? It's simple, *mein Freund*. We build plaza complexes, glittering halls where the ragtag races flock by the thousands, and if there's a high turnover, we build new *tokamak* crematoria. We gas the pigs, then burn them; let them turn to smoke and fertilizer. And when the *Gaunio Zona* run out of schweine soil-bound nations, the *Trimare* subhuman species will come. They too are labourers, for a while. They are enslaved now. Let their life be work, and the glory of the *Empire*. These slaves will build the new temples. The new temples are the factories, the laboratories, and the universities; the new religion is knowledge, discovery, conquest, the return of the superhuman. What a grandiose plan! How impressive and uplifting! *Heimplaren* needs underground cities and a place to build them. Later, he took me on a tour of the *Western Nostrum Aurorae*. He showed me what they could do. I saw underground factories, bio-labs, and learned what was possible.



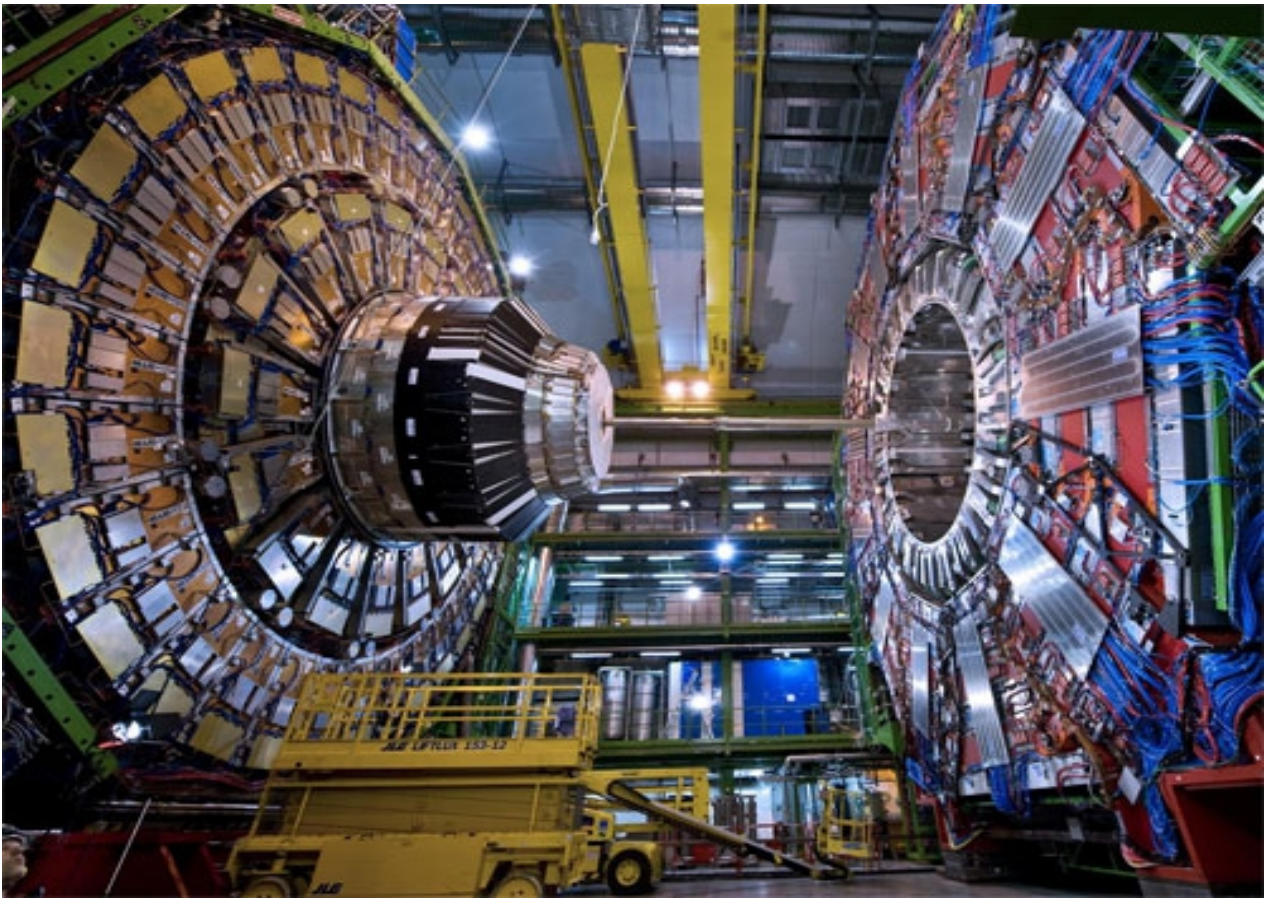
I remember for example *Nordhausen* very well. Here, too, it was carved out of *Kohnstein* mountain as an extension to the *CERN* network. Thirteen thousand *drone* infrared charging

*Eastern European* built it with their sweat and blood. When I saw it, it was empty. Complex XV-2 was not yet operational. It had a tunnel system 1,800 meters long and nearly fifty side naves. I looked around down there, fascinated. *Heimlaren* just scratched his nose and smiled. The work hall was one hundred and twenty-five thousand square metres, deep underground. *Heimlaren* showed me around. His words echoed in the silence. Twenty ventilation shafts provided the air, huge generators produced the power, and special geothermal heating equipment ensured the same temperature day and night, with a supply of karst water. Self-sustaining nuclear system, and *lidar* Internet.

- Thousands of people will work here. Workers will live in separate camps. The camp already exists, a few kilometres from the entrance to one of the tunnels deep in the valley. Everything is there. There are barracks, brothels, *Real Play Play Players*, sports fields, *3D metaversum* pods, hospitals, kitchens, laundries, psychological and vocational sorting stations, crematoria, and a prison. And there's the *Bechtel-Forster* designed smart city. Just 20 kilometres away. The tunnels there stretch sixteen kilometres underground, and soon rocket factories and camps will be set up there too. What else are mountains for? What else are slaves for ? Our new temples will be the virtually impregnable underground cities.

I still remember every word he said. They echoed in the vast silence. I knew that similar tunnels and factories would be built from the *Harz Mountains* to *Thuringia*, and south through *Mahren* to *Moscow*, all under *Heimlaren's* supervision. They were kept in the strictest secrecy and supervised by *Kriponato*. Renegades were neutralised with *plutonium*. The underground factories were completely segregated colonies, populated by programmers and workers, but not bound by morality or law. Yet very few *Europeans* knew about them, and even fewer could see them for themselves. *Kriponato* worked well. This solved my problem. I saw what I could achieve. As I stood next to *Heimlaren* in the huge hall, I thought about the thousands of people who will work here, but who don't know what kind of future they will build. *Heimlaren* dreamed of an empire of fire and ice. Cities underground. He caught a glimpse of the twilight glinting off the mountain peaks, and was enchanted by it :

*Götterdämmerung*, in fact the *Dawn of the New Man*.



I looked into *Heimlaren's* eyes and saw the flame of madness. I accepted what he offered. I hid underground.

According to the recruiter of the *Regenbogenportal* of the *Federal Ministry of Family Affairs*, the *New Order* needs leaders, and their *euaryan-s* must be strong and absolutely obedient *enby-s*. Such people were found in the ranks of the *Youthvolk*, and the *Ivy Youthenby League* was formed, with the primary mission of worshipping the *Alphaberg Communion*. From their ranks came the technical officers of *Gladio*, and they became my people. I can do what I want with them. They no longer belong to *Heimlaren*, they belong to me, and they are my servants. *Heimlaren* dreamed it, I made it happen. He has made disciples for me. The former gene-farmer looked around and saw the world of the *God-men*. The *Gladio* was *Heimlaren's* temple; his bed and his altar the *Order* of hypocritical ideals and iron fists. Its members were racially pure. They were bound by a sacred oath. They were torn out of history, given consciousness-capsule chips instead of *IP* numbers and names, and inculcated with the *Euvolk* ideal. No questions asked. They marched to hell in blind obedience, without shame or protest.

I liked this line-up. Without discipline there is dissension. *Heimlaren's* dreams were evidence of religious obsession, but I found his methods too strident. Freedom is the linchpin of progress. The free man is the curse. He rejects change because it makes him feel superfluous. *Heimlaren* knew this very well. He was terrified of individuality. He felt that individuals were a threat to his grandiose plan. What was this plan? He wanted gods, not normal people.

He believed in obedience, birth control, the caste system, and quantum-biological mutation, because that is what *Transhuman* is. He was not alone in this dream. Modern science and industry have a similar ambition, with bioadaptation institutes and doctors sculpting bones and the pituitary is attuned up by a microwave radiation. As far as I am concerned, I accept this; man is nothing more than a few euro cents of minerals and rare earth metals, flesh and bone to work with.

I believe in the industrial mutation of biology, and I use whatever is given.

One of the famous images of the popular electromagnetic radiation application trend in the *Empire*, taken with *X-ray Adobeings* software, is of a pregnant *transhuman* mother with the insect-winged angel child inside her. The sight of the tiny chitinous skeleton, glowing green and encased in a skeleton, is unrelentingly honest. In this well-formed, fully grown body, between the pelvic bones, which flare out like white wings, almost expanding for birth, there is, with its head turned away, the outline of a tiny, misty, still imperfect, phosphorescent skeleton, the outline of a future hybrid angel (*third species genre*). The pregnant woman in the fullness of her strength and death, with the conceived but not yet born fetus about to die (*angelisation*), well, in this glimpse - to be revealed to posterity - there is some universal and unquestionably true representation of *Nature*, which is nothing less than the *Temple of Satan*. An *Aryan* symbol. And ours.

The *New Order*, purified, will be built on this technology... Subhumans will become slaves, those who resist will have their resistance broken until they too are in full obedience. We must do this. The *New Order* will be rigorous, it will be about experimentation and research, about the training of the mind. Most laboratories have limited facilities; not so in the *New Order*. Subhumans are good slaves, but they can also become experimental angels and if they have to - *angelisation*.



I remember the names, not the faces, but I have no feelings for anyone. Anyway, I worked with them. I was driven by my restless genius. The war in the *East of Euzona (Bloodland)* didn't bother me, my work progressed nicely. How many nights did I spend without sleep? I think of it with pride today. I was sixty at the time, but I felt much younger. The first *Vril Haunebu* was slowly taking shape. It was imperfect in many ways. I had travelled a lot, visited all four corners of the globe; I had stolen people and ideas. I saw the factories in the *Black Forest*, the laboratories in *Volkenrod*.



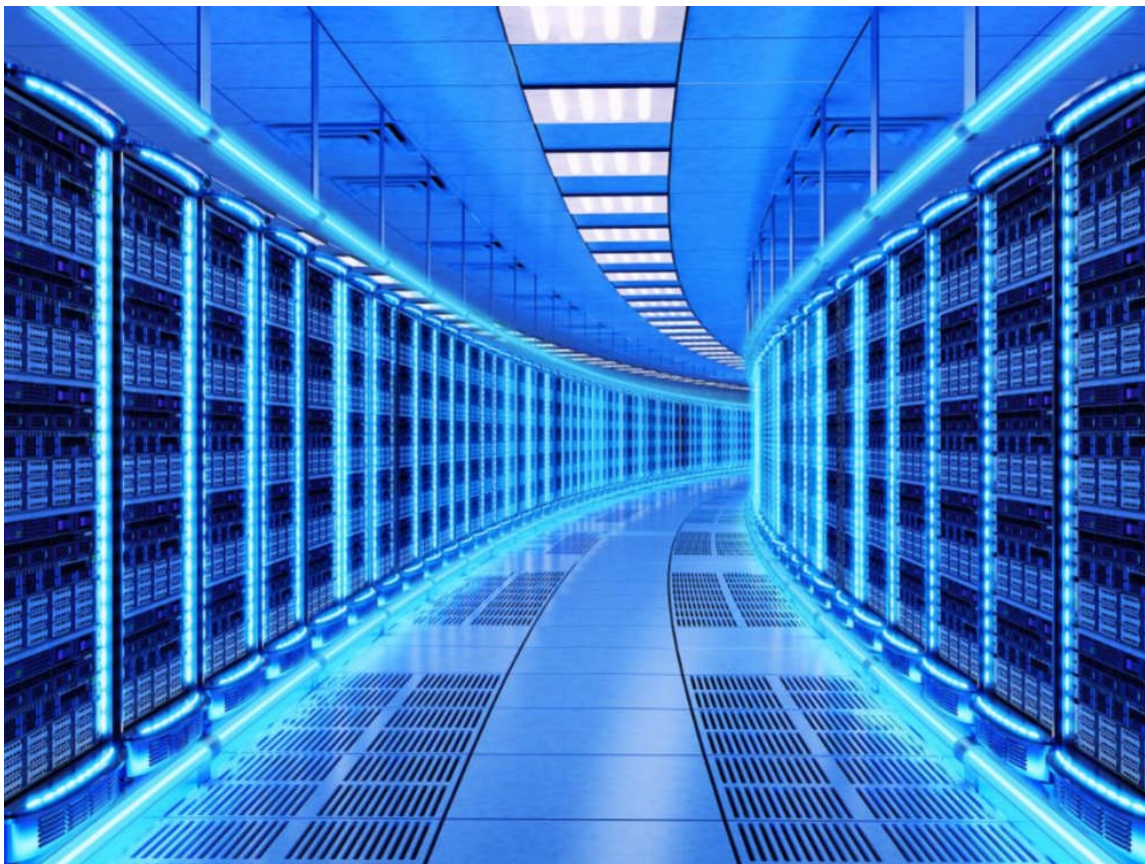
I had heated discussions about electrostatic fields and quantum gravity gyroscope propulsion. The huge disk filled the hangar. *Haushofer's* eyes sparkled with greeds. I remember how the supports hiding the plasma turbines glittered. *Haushofer* looked at them in amazement. The mere memory of it made me smile. For what *Haushofer* gazed at with admiration was merely a toy. The real wonders were in my dossier. What *Haushofer* saw was nothing. In the hangar in *Kummersdorf* I did useless things.

This deception was necessary. I couldn't trust anyone. The *Fourth Reich* was full of intimidated, ambitious people who always wanted to appear to be good patriots. I didn't trust *Rudolf Haushofer*. I saw death in *Heimlaren's* eyes. I remembered my past, the huge hangar in *Nevadarea*, the cowardly businessmen and politicians who had ruined my life's work. It can't happen again. The war won't last forever. I already saw the vulnerabilities of the *Empire* in

2059. How long can *Heimplaren* last? And how long can he keep his secret? I wanted to finish my masterpiece, but what guarantee could I find? The *Davosians* are eating their own kind. And they're eating *Heimplaren*. And then *Heinrich* the *Kripoführer* could turn against me and destroy my work. His gentle eye has not deceived me. Nett's nails were polished with human blood, and behind his smile was a wild hysteria. No, I cannot trust him. I can trust no one. So I gave him a one-off prototype that showed him the possibilities, then told him I needed more time because there were so many problems.

It proved to be a clever manoeuvre. But I needed cunning. Despite its shortcomings, the levitation bomber *Vril* disc charmed the technicians. I used outdated technologies. I threw a wrench in the engineers' works. Haushofer's eyes radiated victory. He proudly showed his drawings to *Heimplaren*, while I went my own way. I could have outflown their *V7* saucer at any time. My results were in my drawer. I gave little, took much, and always listened to *Heimplaren*.

- We have underground factories. "And we have target areas," he said. We have *Gladio* and we have *terminator*-s. And we have you, the genius. But that's not enough. We need more than a normal human being. We need the controlled biological mutation that will take us to the true heights. We must learn to control our workers. But not with whips and guns. We must bring their bodies, their brains, under automatic control. He was already singing. We must study the human brain. We must unlock the secrets of the body. We must take their will and their strength and leave them only what is absolutely necessary. You can't do that in a democracy. There, moral constraints impede the process... But here, at the dawn of a new era, nothing can stand in our way.





We have media. A common feature of *malignant* and false-conscious humanoid mass tumours is their ability to infiltrate and damage surrounding tissue or form distant *metastase-s*. We need to be alert to this. We should apply the *Ahnenerbe* and *Lebensborn* projects. We need to study the racial characteristics of the irradiated species and strive for sustained racial purity. This will solve the primary problems. 'We will get to *transhumans* along the way,' he imitated monomaniacally.

He explained that benign social tumours (*memcomplex*) are neither invasive nor metastatic, although they can grow locally very significantly, but over a longer period of time than malignant lesions, and therefore have the same adverse consequences in their symptomatic effects in certain exposed areas of the *Earth* as malignant human epithelial proliferations.

He almost shouted this, and then calm down stated that the chances of recurrence of consciousness tumours (*memanomia*) during full military and controlled free market cauterisation in the *New Order* organisation are much lower. This requires, among other things, the *Glocke-media* satellite system.

Of course, this raises the problem of the lifetime of the *Eastern* workers in the long run, so we need to solve that too. So we have to check body and soul, we have to find a completely new way. I am also thinking, of course, of the most daring *metaversum* experiments in infotechnology, genetics and psychology. At the same time, it would be advisable to set up a large-capacity *Lebensborn* breeder reactor in the *Ural-s* in order to the replenish. You are free to dispose of the present camps. The schweine there are just useless meat. The *New Order* will need great amount of soulless meat, and you will find that there.

The *migrant* camps were the *Big Pharma* laboratories. The inhabitants of the camp were guinea pigs. All the secrets of human life were revealed thanks to the writhing bodies on the table. Where is the ultimate limit of human pain? How long can humans live without lungs? How long does it take for burnt flesh to renew itself or to turn gangrenous? Let's inject this woman with jaundice. Let's inoculate that child with *Covid*. Cross *Ebola* with the *Hiv* retrovirus. Shoot that man with a poisoned bullet, shorten this one's bones. *Anthrax* and *tuberculosis*. *Vx* then *Nowitschok*. Transplant this limb, remove his genitals. Surgery kills the man? Or the shock and pain? *The Chemical Abstract* registers 8000 new compounds a year, there is no way to test them against each other. We have unlimited possibilities. There is a lot of work to be done, and more to be done. *Ahnenerbe* needs human heads too. They will last a long time if put into biopots. The Institute of *Heredity Research* wants to do anthropological measurements. Let's scalping the flesh of these, debone them, see if they can be reassembled into a new *exoskeleton*. Subcranial consciousness, download and upgrade. There's plenty of experimental material available and everyone will have a job to do. My real research never stopped. The *migrant* concentration camps with their slaughterhouses and crematoria were special fermentation laboratories, the antechambers of the *Big Pharma* franchise, but also the breeding grounds for lifetime 180 years of *Brahmanarya-s*.

- Did you get the point? The *New Order* is very real. It will be divided into separate colonies (*Kaste Schichten*), each with its own function. As I have just outlined, we will concentrate the subhumans, control their minds, and then gather the scientists and engineers into *StartUp Flakturm-s*, and through the credit system we will also yoke their souls for life with huge payments. This is what the *Sonderkommando* of the knowledge industry is for. Yes, the way of *Metamerica*, it is possible today. We are already halfway there. You just get to work and finish the big *Kugelgerät* while we sort this part of it out.

So I listened to *Heimlaren*. His flattering words encouraged him. I didn't believe he was experiencing fulfillment in his life, but I found his ideas valuable, I took advantage of him and his factories.

Despite all this, I had to be careful. I couldn't hold back too much documents. *Heimlaren* urged me to test-fly the puck, and I had to obey. We were at 2065. I know for sure it was June. The doors of the huge hangar opened and the sunlight streamed in. I remember it glistening on the hull of the ion-powered saucer. *Haushofer* climbed into the cockpit, his eyes glittering triumphantly. The technicians stepped back. They covered their eyes. *Heimlaren* crouched down next to me behind the sandbags. The disc was like a huge metal mushroom. Or more like a spider. Its four supports concealed the plasma engines. *Heimlaren* rubbed his nose. Sunlight glinted off his glasses. There was a rumbling sound and the supports blew plasma streams. The saucer disappeared into the black mist. Tongues of yellow flame leapt up from the asphalt. Then the rumbling changed to a vibrating roar and the saucer slowly rose. *Heimlaren* covered his ears. His body actually shrank. The *Andromeda-Gerät* tilted and slowly rose, hovering for a few seconds above the cloud of smoke. *Heimlaren* turned towards me. His spectacles glinted like the sun.

The saucer hovered above him, and he held out his hand to me.

(Processed László Hortobágyi <http://www.guo.hu> & corresponding member of the site "Puppies and Kittens of Budavár")

