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Negro PTSD

An Oral History of Racial Oppression

by James LaFond

Author's Proof

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jameslafond.com

Dust Cover

From November 2024 thru April 2025, an aging, crippled, writer and boxing coach was engaged by 9 readers and fighters, interested in Arete family survival in a Bantu-worshipping control matrix. To individually defend against the 6% of Americans who commit 56% of violent crime, mostly as pack attackers, these men invited an infamous negro-wrangler, a thought criminal of the lower orders, to train for mutual survival. These men have described themselves as suffering from “Negro fatigue,” unable to continue licking the branded sneaker treads that have been placed over their heads. These are their stories.

Extended Dust Cover

These men, Matt Decatur, Toki Eric, Smiling Alfredo, who have inspired this unique project, will have their accounts joined with the experiences of men known to the author for years now, who sought him secretly, like some witch doctor in a cave, in the years between 2001 and 2024, when the branded rubber heel of proxy oppression was most firmly stamped upon their collective neck. Men who were raised to admire, emulate, even worship, people of another race will relate their experiences being attacked, tormented, heckled and hated by the very people they were indoctrinated to love above themselves. Taught by school, church, newspapers, TV and movies, that they somehow hated, genetically, with animus uncontrollable, subconsciously, metaphysically and with grim finality a sainted folk, the subjects in this book relate a grim betrayal.

The experience of having the people who you admired as the martyred remnants of the only human kind to suffer racial oppression, relentlessly attack your character, your body, your home, your job, and your family, while casting guilt and blame upon you, is the thread that joins the accounts collected in NEGRO PTSD. From The cities of The Great Lakes, to the Pacific Northwest, to California, The Mid West, The Mid Atlantic and New York, this is an honest, unredacted record of real working men, and one woman, under attack by their anonymous masters' feral huntsmen.

Dedication

For Smiling Alfredo, a man in his prime whom I much admire.

Inspirational Quote

“The school I attended was designed by a man who built prisons. It had 5 levels and 5,000 students. The Asians and the Jews were on the top level. Next the gifted whites. Then the normal students. The bottom level was a thousand niggers and me. I got attacked, and had to fight to survive, every single day. That school was an actual model of the greater society.”

“...I suffer from severe Negro Fatigue.”

-Toki Erik, Selek, Washington, on a beautiful summer day, speaking to the Geeze and the author

Pledge

I Hope that this is my Myth of the 20th Century, whose author was executed for writing it. If this is the book out of hundreds that gets this writer killed so to enjoy some posthumous infamy, a blessing that shall be. Of the hundreds—HUNDREDS—of Negroes who hunted, threatened, menaced, attacked and called the PIGZ on me, not one of those hyena men ever got my wallet or my scalp. I still coach two black fighters, and they understand. I like their fellows better than they do. It is interesting that most of the men in this study have done repeated good service to black folk and have real black friends, not pets, but men.

I feel it in my tainted yeti blood, and in the collapsing cracker bones of this old crumb, that this book, Negro PTSD, will subject me once again to the social hatred and animosity I lived under for 38 years, as a lowly night clerk in Baltimore supermarkets.

-I Swear to God Almighty to this mortal record's honesty, James

LaFond, Costa Mesa, California, 4/11/25

Author's Note

[I just stepped outside and tipped the Mexican maids \$10 each to give me soap and shampoo and NOT service the room until I leave in two days. I complimented them on how clean the room is. They were nice, having their two children help them. Ironically, the person who taught me to tip hotel maids, was Ajay, my black-lesbian-republican-NASCAR fan land lady who recruited me as “a scary looking white guy” for a roommate, so as to keep black men away from her. Also, she might comfort my better-looking, “white,” girlfriends when I declined to bestow an exclusive visitation right upon them.]

The accounts in this book are strictly limited to those related between April and December of 2025, God Willing. The exception is Guru Rick, who can no longer speak. Read From a Heavy Gravity Planet for a Midwestern relation of this taboo subject.

A look at the table of contents below will show that these are almost all Gen-X people or tail end Boomers, from the first broken families. I do recall my parents being the very first marriage in our neighborhood to break up and that it humiliated my mother. The boys behind me mostly came from single parent families. Something about latch-key childhood, with no Dad in the home, through the course of my biographical work, is starkly reminiscent

of Half-Orphan status among the millions of youths trafficked into and in this country from 1617 through the 1970s. [1]

I do recall, once, at age 35, visiting my son after his mom fired me. As he and his friend were chased home by three Negroes, I appeared at the fence as the white boys jumped it, a steel bar in my hand. The three bucks stopped wide eyed, then ran away, as if I were the headless horseman risen under a winter moon. Had I not been there, to protect him, and 8 years earlier his older brother from a pack of five negro bucks, armed with bricks and bottles, grown men among them, what might have become their plight?

My sons might have grown up under the more harrowed circumstances endured by the subjects of the brief light in the dark that is Negro PTSD. Among the multitude of TV dramas, Movies, false news stories, and books on how only blacks have been the subjects of racial aggression in America, this fractional memoir collection is but a single frame in a four hour motion picture. It will not be promoted, will be read by less than 1,000 people online, sell an estimated less than 10 copies in hardback, and make this lowdown cracker tramp just enough money to buy a few 25 ounce cans of beer. So, if this book or its writer are subject to persecution or censor, then the Fix is still in!

Therefor, the things that did not befall me, being drug use, and fatherlessness, for I went with Dad, will be of particular interest in the lives of the subjects. These atomizing agents, by fate or social

engineering, have both set the working Caucasian man up for the hunt they have been subjected to for all of my withering life.

Notes

1. [Orphan Nation](#), LaFond

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Travel Writing

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Apology to the Reader

By June of 2025, I had become fatigued by the subject of this book. Since then, Negro PTSD has simply become tiresome. I even gave \$4 to a black wino two days ago, when, in my prime I would have walked stone faced by. This book is losing focus and simply becoming another travel journal. Some of the people outlined did not want to talk again about their childhood of being hunted by the Most Favored American Race. Recently the nerve injuries I suffered in 2023, have come back and limited activity. Dear reader, the first 142 pages stay on theme, except for a book review before the story about Megan's pink jacket. I apologize for bailing on this project—but I'm tired of the subject. I hope the reading of this unfortunate text in some ways informs or entertains.

I must pack.

-Baltimore, Friday June 27, 2025

Smiling Alfredo

Negro PTSD #1: Costa Mesa, California, Friday, April
11, 2025

I fancy I can hear the ocean this morning, this ocean so far away from what was once my home. At 7:45, Alfredo texts, pulls up in his Jeep Gladiator, knocks on the door, and their framed, looking like a 1940s swords and sandals gladiator in what I can only call Californian attire, hands this old cracker a coffee. The cup is pink with swirling smiley faces and pink hearts, and reads:

Hotter Than Your Mom

Coffee [pill icon] Dose

Sexy lips licking are to the right above 3 pills.

On the back is a smiley face below a pink panel. On the left of the panel is a flame.

Inside, to right and left, are vertical imprints of DOSE

Between reads:

Brewed Fresh

Hot Coffee

Not Today Satan

The coffee was good.

I would like to meet the savage slut who started this shop so for to reflower her golden terrace.

I recall last night, having spent the day a train with Sir, a pudgy, computer consultant and train nerd, who has five years on me with rail travel. He was such a kind man. A Great Lakes man, he is looking to move to avoid paying income taxes on the social Security money already stolen from him by the Pheds once.

His internet goes out—he a complete slave to his smart phone and admits it openly: “Look, Elon Musk’s SpaceX Launch pad. Starlink is a great idea. You know he stole his engine designs from Russia? I’ve always been a space nerd, followed everything in the 60s and 70s, and then nothing, like we didn’t even go to the moon. So, these beautiful hills will not ruin Starlink reception. But I can not bring myself to help that man out. A friend of mine spent 110K on a Tesla truck, and is now losing 20K selling it because he cannot stand the man, the power behind the throne. Look, it went out again, and we are by a tower?”

“Sir, if I may, Mister X is probably joking at table with The King that his government-funded e-car biz was subsidized by his ideological enemies, who are now willing to lose money in disassociation sales. Also, if he is half the man I think he is—looking like a Bond Villain and all—I trust he will launch more satellites designed to blast your repeater station service and compel you, his enemy, to pay him media taxes.”

Sir laughed, a techno nerd Santa, like most folks my age plugged

with a blood sugar monitor which tells his phone, to tell him, that he is about to expire...

As we headed south, with many families on this train, and no Amish, the women kept getting prettier. Parting from Sir and crutching along, I am picked up by a Mexican baggage driver transporting old ladies, a perfect human herding stevedore. The old lady was very pleasant, her Gen X daughter with a charm better suited to milking cows in Missouri.

Soon upon the 794 out of Los Angeles to Santa Anna, I note that the passengers are now mostly atomized. Big, soft, American land whale men in there 20s with a few ragged possessions and/or a valuable device, pretty, petite women with enormous amounts of baggage. Every one except for the skate board and surfer bums, who are in pairs, sits alone, half of them with baggage blocking the aisle seat. The bottom floor of the coach/cafe car is the office, so I must crutch upstairs. The women and Negroes are all denying me space, passively. I find the least passive/aggressive looking girl, the one who has not heaped luggage on the aisle seat with all of the empty racks above, and sit down.

The conductor looks like Terry Crews and sounds exactly like Denzel Washington playing a Marine Captain. He is the best conductor, ever, should train them. He comes down the aisle and reminds every one to put luggage up top. This means women too. The two prettiest girls on the train are aghast. The men out here their age are big

hulks, some giants, soft yes, but obviously in strong fruit. Not one man offers to help as the prettiest of the pretty two tries over and over again to hoist her 40 pounds of clothes and makeup with her 85 pounds of curve—this bitch is curvy at 85 pounds: run 4 babies through her and she's perfect! Eventually, the 105 pound cock blocker shows her the floor luggage rack and the ordeal is over. The separation of the sexes, demarcated by austere lines of absent courtesy rings ominous.

At night Santa Anna Station is beautiful, like something out of a spaghetti western. A lady, my age, does not know what bus to take. The nice middle class lady waiting on an UBER does not know the buses, but points to this old, broken-down cracker, and says, "He probably knows where the busses are!"

The woman is afraid to approach.

In moments I hear, "James," and see a smiling guido stud striding across the pavement, "do you want me to drive around? Oh, let me get the heavy one," as I curse myself for a weakling and he snatches the heavy pack which I need crutches for, "Oh, this is light?"

Loading my prole clothes and gear into the back of the Gladiator, I look at a Hollywood image of a gladiator and say, "5' 11" 6,"?

"Five Eleven," he grins.

“210 pounds?”

“On the dot. I should be 185. I couldn’t last 30 seconds in a fight. I need to trim down, but can’t stop eating.”

“Carlo, thanks so much for inviting me here. That let’s me make up some for those \$500 in ebooks you bought so I could buy train tickets. And you’ve rented a gym, putting me in a hotel—this is so kind.”

“James, I don’t even read since I got out of prison. I was upper middle class, doing drugs, did time for stupid shit. I’m 39. Like everybody my age, I was a wannabe nigger. The only cool role models were niggers. I want to be like them. Then, I do time, and my cellmate is like, “I can’t stand these niggers and their stupid shit.”

“I’m like, what do you mean—racism is bad.”

Then six months later, ‘I’m like, bro, I can’t stand these niggers! I was raised to worship these people, then, being locked up with them you find out what they are like. They don’t even make money slinging dope. The only ones that have money to eat at the commissary are ones that have a woman on the outside. They are completely dependent on women. This one nigger who I liked, was talking all this shit about how when he gets out, he’s got his white MILF bitch and his other bitch. Then, I’m out, and I see sitting out front of a gay porno shop. I know what he’s doing, and I’m like, ‘Son, how is it?’”

“He’s like, ‘Bro, its not good, its bad.’”

“I know what he’s doing there.”

“I got out of drugs just in time. The meth went bad, didn’t even get you high. So I stopped. I stopped drinking in prison, go to AA now. All of my drug using associates, switched to heroin, then the heroin dried up and it was all fentanyl, this white powder—don’t need the poppy anymore. Now they’re all dead, every one of them.

“Here, some walking around money,” and he drops a 2 inch thick fold of bills on my lap. “I’m doing good, got a good legal business, good partner, Asians, none of this nigger shit. Here, and top-shelf wife beaters for training. I need to get in fighting shape. I have a family, wife is pregnant again. [In the picture she looks like the princess of some tiny Italian nation.]

Alfredo, who smiles a lot, openly, not smirking, has close cut hair and is very handsome, takes me to a dive motel owned by the Brothers Patel. Despite having given me an amount of cash that amounts to 7 times my entire life’s savings, that was in my thin wallet, Alfredo pays for my room and smiles. The zombie Mexican clerk, who, half asleep, is trying to fathom why some old gutter gnome with no money and a C-list action hero are renting a room together. Alfredo laughs, “He’ probably thinking this is going to be some weird sex—crutches and everything!”

It turns out that hookers, mostly female, see their clients here a lot. The whore next door almost fucked the old man in that room to death last night. Sounded like he lost a lung.

Alfredo looks at the room, and smiles, seeing that I think it is great, clean, a vast bed, a desk, 3 chairs, dresser, hangers to dry my clothes on after I wash them in the sink—a clean bathroom! His smile widens and he bumps fists, “It’s all good—James likes it. My wife would take one look at this place and leave. I will be back with coffee in the morning after the gym, and food later after work.”

Framed in the doorway, Alfredo smiles with genuine joy and we bump fists.

He’s the kind of man I never even dreamed of being, has beat the worst demon drug that the Alltarchs have released among we the herd so that we will not return to the way of the pack.

I want to write his story, if God has left that time in His design.

Thank you, Alfredo.

The Man Who Did Cartwheels

Mesa, Arizona, Easter Sunday, April 20, 2025, from
Memory

It was Friday the 5th, under Cedar Mountain, at The Chosen Plantation, where Toki Eric came to visit as I was packing. He brought a husky puppy, an abused female with a lot of energy that played with Toby, the canine HNC of opaque hue, innocently braved the claws of Evil Annie, and wondered at the chickens in their fenced enclosure. My host brought her an elk bone and she was in heaven, at her master's feet as he spoke to James Chosen and this one.

Eric has long hair, short beard and dresses in black. Next to the seat of his beater, 'urban assault vehicle" driven an hour out from Everett, a small town near Seattle, is a sawed off baseball bat. He wears a neck razor on a snap cord, and, when asked, he demonstrates the three methods his art uses to deploy this blade. Eric has a young bride and has knocked her up, a woman 20 years his supplicant. For this he gets an ataboy from James and I. When asked what brought him to this part of the country, he confided that his opinions and observations might seem extreme, even disturbing. With this admission James said, "You are in good company. I hate niggers. They always start shit at work, despite their lack of skill and a work

ethic. They either can't or won't do the work and blame it on racism when it is noticed. They run the government end of things in the field, making it their business to make building as inefficient as possible, ten of them watching me work. I've been attacked by them in California—it was open season, groes always coming for your stuff—my sons singled out for being white in Tacoma and Georgia. Then, when you beat their ass, they call cops, lawyers. My oldest son is attacked by two big gorillas, bouncers at a club, and he puts them in the hospital and it costs me tens of thousands to make that right when eh should have gotten a medal!”

The local patriarch having addressed the ever present American taboo, the greatest sin in civic space, to declare disapproval for our dark masters, to laughter, the ice was dully broken. Eric breathed a sigh of relief and confided, “...I suffer from severe Negro Fatigue.”

“The school I attended was designed by a man who built prisons. It had 5 levels and 5,000 students. The Asians and the Jews were on the top level. Next the gifted whites. Then the normal students. The bottom level was a thousand niggers and me. I got attacked, and had to fight to survive, every single day. That school was an actual model of the greater society.

“So, I have severe urban PTSD from growing up in Minneapolis, being hunted, challenged, hated by people I somehow offended without saying a thing. To this day, with this three-D printed knee replacement, I still have to do some exciting. I balance that with

gardening and home schooling and it seems to settle some itch. I moved west to get away from all of the nigger bullshit. Then, I discover that the white people, in this utopia, worship niggers and want to bring as many of them in as possible! You just cannot get away from these idiot shitheads. Still, I never could figure out why they were so different, why they always lied, always attacked a weak on unaware person—why they are the only people that rapes grandma and with no remorse.

“That changed when I took up capoeira. I had done plenty of fighting with mixed results and dabbled in training and was looking for criminal awareness integrated into a fighting form. Capoeira was developed by blacks in Brazil, where my teacher was from. It doesn't take long to fathom the black mentality after you train it. The entire art is to be evasive, to feign retreat, to avoid contact, even if by cartwheel. This is all predicated on goal, which is to get the other party to commit to a use of force, ideally reaching, and then to use a concealed razor to cut his guts out before he even knows he is in danger. This is perfectly in line with my experiences with these fucking people in person, sneaking, groveling, begging, shouting, back stabbing—flaming angry in an instant and the next moment praying for white daddy to protect them.

“I don't know how much is genetic, how much they are like this where they originally came from. I do know, for certain, that when you take religion away from black people, than all you have left is an animal seeking pleasure and weakness, taking advantage by any

means and doing harm without remorse.”

I got into stunt work, was a stunt man for 15 years as a way of scratching the itch that developed being in constant peril in a sea of angry niggers. I was local and regional, never progressed beyond that. It’s like a mafia situation. Even the guys who are making six figures, the top guys, have to sneak on sets and try and try and insinuate themselves into the process. It is just so sleazy. Besides, I used to do cart wheels, now I’m learning to walk again. There is a kid in Seattle I used to teach who has a gym. I might start to work with him. There is certainly a need for a men’s group around here—a yearning, but a lack of a gathering.

“Do you still drink?”

“Well, I quit yesterday—but since you put it that way, the wagon feels kind of slippery...”

Eric gifted me a bottle of Japanese Toki Whiskey, best I ever had. It was for sipping, but somehow survived only to Oakland, California 5 days later.

Thank you, Eric, for your inspiring conversation.

Coffee With Clark

Costa Mesa, California, 4/11/25

A few times, these past three years, as I took the railroad through California, Clark and I attempted to link up. But he is a busy man toiling away for heartless corporate entities and, well, this cracker—a saltine, don't you know—is blown easily by the winds of iniquity.

Clark Savage is the author of *The King of All Things*. We met at the motel, walked up to each other, and I was glad he can't make it to boxing tomorrow. People, like states, are bigger out west. He had many questions about my health, confided, "I thought, after talking to you that one time, you sounded so bad, 'I'm was going to lose this guy before I meet him.'"

It was nice to shake hands. Clark actually has the mannerisms of a man, a tall man—not goon tall, but over six feet—that works very well with grocery managers and train conductors. A man over six feet can walk at a more stately pace and cover the same ground. He can be heard better without shouting, talking over our shoulders rather than into our chests. Whether inspecting troops, ushering passengers, or walking the canned good aisle to make sure it is "full" and not "fronted," a taller man relaxes those subject to his authority. The small leader moves quicker, is naturally more aggressive, and

this is intimidating to women, agitating to runts and infuriating to big men. As I walked next to Clark down this suburban highway with sidewalks, across crosswalks too wide to ever cross with crutches back in the rude east before the cars run you over, I noticed his authority vector stride.

I quizzed. He is a military veteran, formerly an officer, of what rank I know not. I discovered the branch, but will keep that confidential, in case that could cause embarrassment for contacting a bad-thinking, prole, pulp writer. He did confirm combat strength of a current battalion of his branch at 800, and noted that unit sizes are likely to decrease. That is fascinating. The Roman legion fluctuated also, during its rise and decline increasing and decreasing size many times. WWII to current division, brigade, regiment and battalion strength is easily double what it was in the black powder era. A modern company is about the size of a black powder battalion, of battle. He did note that 5 to 10% of officers in ground combat forces have been elevated from the NCO ranks, a small percentage of officers.

We walked, looking for a place to sit, have a coffee and talk. Finding Buffalo Wild Wings, Clark informed me that he was buying and that he was so glad we got to meet up, hoping that I would be back with more warning.

Clark has a tan and reminds me of Lee Marvin with Clint Walker's shoulders. He wears jeans, cowboy boots and a buttoned shirt,

something akin to flannel, I suppose. He smiled at the choice of hotel, which is well known in the area for being a habitation of hookers, and that his Lady raised an eyebrow over that.

Clark is working on a Second Edition of *The King of All Things*, up-gunning the material. He is deep in historical and socio-political thought of the obvious, in self-description and in his pondering eyes. I told some fun anecdotes from the recent bout with decrepitude and some training tails.

Hot boneless wings, a diet cola, a light beer, while he sipped a Modelo with lime, and we were on our way with a pledge to meet here again for training and society. Southern California is such a nice place I expressed an interest in making it back.

Clark advised, “Don’t let it make you soft. I’m from the Midwest. The military brought me out here. When I go back to the Midwest in winter time I discover that I have become a pussy.”

After some discussion of Phillip and Alexander and the attack on these ancient figures by modern academics based on the cartoon cult of natsy big man myth, that treats European statesmen as west African dictators, Clark agreed to help with my Alexander project. He will read *The Campaigns of Alexander*, or *Alexander’s Expedition*, by Arrian, translated by Aubrey De Selincourt. This version was first published in 1958 as *Arrian: The Life of Alexander the Great*. By the titles, one may see that packaging ancient works

for the modern mind is tough.

The title was *Anabasis Alexandri*. That translates into Expedition of Alexander or Alexander's Expedition. The term *anabasis* also implies "down to the sea," making Expedition closer than Campaigns in Arrian's intent, with both being accurate enough. The Life Of is misleading title that must have been an editorial choice, Campaigns something of a correction. Clark will read the account of Alexander's conquests from an infantry officer's perspective and tender a written opinion on operational aspects he finds to be of note.

Thank you, Clark.

'Scientoids'

Apachango Impressions of the Geo-Metaphysic: Mesa,
Arizona, 4/16/25

James,

Take a think about anything you want to see in Arizona. Let me know if you have your cerebrum on anything in particular or if there is some place you want to see that may aid your writing. I will do my best to get ya looking at that place.

Arizona is a pretty psychedelic place if you look past the mileages of strip malls and folded in half fentheads. I've been cogitating this part of earth for a while and it's more than it seems.

Arizona has been purported by scientoids to have been covered by a sea at different points in time. Their explanation for this is glacial melting and then for some reason the waters recede. This landscape is so harsh and peppered with all sorts of differing rock formations, waterways, rock varnishes and more that I think this whole area was part of a giant cataclysm.

First of all along I40 that runs through Flagstaff to ABQ there are a string of anomalies. There is the Grand Canyon, lava cave, a mile wide meteor crater and the petrified forest all almost on a line.

Above and below that line are Sedona and up north there is Arches National Monument (both red rock areas full of iron). Second much of the rocks have what scientists call "rock varnish" which is a layer on rocks that appears burnt. Next there are areas where it is obvious that large volumes of water flowed in extremely high volumes for long periods of time as evidenced by canyons with smoothed rock 30 plus feet up on the sides. Most of these areas have a small trickle remaining of what must have been powerful rivers. Note that many of the areas have water at some point in the year but then completely dry up. It appears that some of these areas still have water running underground since aspen or species in the aspen family can be observed from high points as growing along dry waterways. I suspect some of the water flow in these areas is due to underground aquifers being filled or empty due to farming utilizing most of the H₂O (UAE guys have farms here to raise hay for their horses which is water intensive and has caused some hubbub for farmers). Lastly much of central to west Arizona is an inactive volcanic field.

There are some people who speculate that the Grand Canyon was a result of Noah's flood. While possible, I speculate it was a result of the area being burnt to a crisp probably in a huge plasma event. There is a neat YouTube channel titled The Thunderbolt Project where they show in a small scale how plasma arcing can rip the earth open just like the Grand Canyon. Additionally they show that plasma arcs take the form of many of the ancient petroglyphs. These petroglyphs are etched into the rock varnish layer.

Scientoids have had trouble figuring out what the rock varnish is and what creates it. The current hypothesis is that it is a mix of organic material and dust that settles on rocks creating one thin layer every 1000 years. They think that Indians used rocks to chip away the layer of varnish to create the glyphs. Note I am speculating here but I have seen many of the plasma arc glyphs and from the first time I saw them, they looked etched in, not chipped. Some of the glyphs of horses etc look chipped but the glyph ones look more etched. The edges of these glyphs are uniform and the etching normally goes to a uniform depth. Seems pretty tough to do with a flint rock tomahawk. Scientoids state that the petroglyphs are "probably" a calendar or tell others that there are animals to hunt in the area. Put yourself in the shoes of an Indian during that time. You know where animals are as hunting is passed down orally. People don't need a rock to tell them where to hunt. Secondly seasons are normal cycle so is there really a reason to put so much effort into chipping away day after day to tell some other hunters that its summer in arizona? The scientoids answers seem stupid to a desert rock wanderer. Now if they witnessed a huge plasma event that wiped out the land and most of its inhabitants...well that would be worth noting. Note that the plasma glyphs are the same all over the world indicating, if this speculation is correct, of a world wide cataclysm. Velicovsky style. Bible style.

The Thunderbolt Project speculates that petrification, the process of petrifying things can happen instantly as a result of plasma. So the

petrified national forest in north east AZ now makes sense with the Grand Canyon getting ripped open. They state that in this process gold and jewels can encrust the thing being petrified. I wonder if all the placer gold, that which is on top of the earth, was a result of this process....this is what started the gold rush in the late 1800s. Everybody seems to know of the value of gold yet no one ever used it?

[youtube.com/watch?v=5vOMGQTjW9k](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5vOMGQTjW9k)

instant petrification [youtube.com/watch?v=H_z16Y0M4og](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=H_z16Y0M4og)

Grand Canyon created by plasma

[youtube.com/watch?v=wkXXaeHmQPo](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wkXXaeHmQPo)

[youtube.com/watch?v=w5vf-DWScsw](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=w5vf-DWScsw)

I am not sure what to make of Meteor Crater. It is huge and people used to be allowed to wander the crater freely. Now one can only observe from a distance. Nasa dug a hole to study something in the bottom so something is up with this thing. The scientoid view is that a meteor fell and created a crater that is perfectly round. In the process of the impact diamonds were created. These diamonds used to be able to be found all over the ground there. Note that the process of petrification may in theory create diamonds etc. That the crater is perfectly round makes an uneducated person like me

wonder...wouldn't it be at an angle as it seems unlikely that it hit at a perfect 90 degrees? But i don't know. Suffice to say that this whole strip had some wild event or series of events unfold.

Across the USA and the world there are buildings we are told were built in a year out with huge amounts of granite that was often mined hundreds of miles away and carried supposedly by horse and cart to craftsmen who, without the use of powertools created astounding architecture. Many of the "architects" were in their 20's with no previous experience....and no pictures of the process of building exist for most of these structures. The thing to note is that these buildings are few and far between in Arizona. I think there was a world's fair type exhibit in Salt Lake City but not much in Arizona from what I've seen but that is only from observation. I will keep my eyes out. The point I am getting at is that this area seems to have been wrecked at some point.

The Thunderbolt project also has a video on how plasma could cause soil to liquify and arc creating natural bridges like "Devil's Bridge" in Sedona or those found in Arches National Monument.

The water here and disappearing, the varnish, the petrified wood, the gems in the earth (diamonds? also there are areas in the 4 Peaks area that one can kick over rocks and find amethysts), the volcanic fields the pockmarked landscape all in my opinion point toward a cataclysm.

Now lets get weird. Mount Graham is a sacred mountain to 5 tribes out here, amonst them the Apache. They say that gods came down from the sky there and taught them things. The Vatican rolled up and took the mountain. There was a long court case with the Vatican arguing that because the Apache didn't have churches or altars on the mountain that it cannot be sacred to them. The devils won and put a telescope on the mountain nicknamed Lucifer.

This mirrors the Biblical Genesis 6/Enoch event of the watchers coming down and banging ladies. I suspect Quartz Peak had something like this happen too as it is a peak south west of Phoenix that is covered in quartz on the top only. No other peaks are covered like this. It is truly bizarre. But that's just wild speculation. So we got the devils with a telescope watching for the return of the devils on a mountain which has more light pollution than others in the area...but they demanded this one. They also only let people on the top with a permit at certain appointed times. Creeps do what creeps do.

Now travel with me to the Hopi land. I inadvertently stumbled on a Hopi religious celebration on one of the Mesas. White folk aren't usually allowed up there...it's a long story I think I told you at one point which isn't particularly relevant except for a few points. I don't want to write too much about that encounter but there were representations of snake people and the Katchinas got me thinking. Most Katchinas are human animal chimeras. Human animal hybrids. This is the realm of what the watchers were doing.

Changing genetics. And here we are with scientoids changing genetics.

Now to the snake people and Babel. Hopi legend has it that all the tribes spoke the same language then something happened. I can't remember if it was Hopi or another tribe that said that someone tried to raid heaven. Anyway the Hopi legend says that they were dispersed and fighting with each other so a bird from God came over and helped them decide to have different languages for the tribes. Overnight this happened and they no longer spoke the same language. Now they were looking for an area to live in. They were in an area in Arizona but had to leave because the snake people lived underground there. They decided they wanted to leave this realm and sent a bird up to find the hole in the sky to leave. The first bird said he found it but it was too high. They sent bird after bird each trying to get to the portal in the sky but failing. So the Hopi gave up and found their land. So this is basically an iteration of the tower of Babel story. I am interested in the underground snake people story but haven't found more info yet.

There are lots of caverns but most are pretty secret. One can join a caving group and over time if you aren't a dickhead they will take you to some hidden caves (because many are on BLM land so they are technically accessible to all). Katchner Caverns is one that was found by some college guys who looked for certain things (hill full of occatillo bushes that signify water drainage) and a sinkhole indicating something under is hollow). Anyway they found one that

had the remains of a giant sloth. You can visit the cave today. But this sloth they call a "ground sloth" because they say it just walked around. It is the size of a volkswagon bug and weighed a ton or so. Seems pretty odd that a sloth would survive unless there were trees of a giant nature out there. I suspect this was the case. Maybe there were giant trees?

There are people speculating that Monument Valley and other areas are remnants of giant trees. Here is a little over the top video with this...

youtube.com/watch?v=QLXHoV2LM00

book-ofenoch.com/chapter-66

Verse 2 states that the angels (fallen) labored at the trees which sounds like cutting them down. If you read further you will see that the bad boi angels are put in "the valley" and there are mountains of gold, silver, metal and tin. All of which are found in Arizona. Additionally the greater Phoenix area is termed "the valley." Also note that there were great waterways here and even out in the small town of Coolidge made by ancients. These waterways were so precise that when modern engineers sought to get the canals going again they found that the old waterways were perfect and used them. Also of interest is that the city built upon the bones of a previous civilization is called Phoenix. As in the phoenix that will

rise from the ash.

Now consider that much of the land in Arizona is federal BLM land. I wonder what would be found if there were archaeological excavations? I think the use of federal lands and especially "Wilderness areas" is a way to keep some things under wraps. Two Wilderness areas I know of have ruins on them, running water and are oases. We can trek them but especially in Wilderness areas the state says stay on the path and don't diverge.

So maybe this is a Biblical land. We have legends of the watchers coming down, human animal hybrids, underground snake people, mountains of gold silver and tin, evidence of a cataclysm(s?), ancient advanced societies and so on.

Some things to think about when you come to this land. As an aside I was deep in Cormac McCarthy's Blood Meridian the first time I moved here. I was coming across I10 in 120 degree heat thinking what manner of hell is this and how did the real guys that McCarthy based the story on live and traverse such murderous climate on horse...as I tried to crank up the ac that was already at 10. Blood Meridian gets the essence of this area.

Banjo

...

Banjo, thank you so much for these interesting observations. You are willing to discuss things that most people regard as taboo. Most people that see Big Foot will not speak of it. If you did, you would. You are a cool observer even when busy. When we were sparring together three years ago in Jersey and the cops started rolling up, I did not have to say a thing, confident that you saw them, even though you did not turn your head. You then kept your head and we made our way.

I mention that as a story, that most people I tell disbelieve. No, no way that seven cop cars, 3 county and 4 park police, rolled up on two self-defense practitioners training alone, out of the way, in a park. Why, how would they be able to take time out of their busy day protecting and serving the innocent?

I trust your observations because you have no bullshit in you, have, through your quiet, blunt honesty lost much that humans value in life. Also, I note that the explanations that you describe are standard science babble to explain why the world is a perfectly linear safe place with no natural cycles that can harm humanity.

Science is a lie.

God, gods & angels, devils & demons are real.

I suggest that the Tower of Babel is civilization itself, and its tools like politics, law, science, news and religion.

The superstition Mountains do look ominous from here.

I am no sight seer. I dislike travel immensely. But thank you.

I have noted that I am unable to name a single plant for what it is in these parts. I have spent a week in New Mexico, where there were only 3 breeds of tree on the Mesa. A total of a year I have spent in Utah being guided by an expert, and can identify dozens of plants. The only thing I can pick out down here is the rose bush. It is like a line has been crossed to another planet simply from a single state away. Granted, they are large states, but not California size. I am amazed and fearful, actually, of this alien landscape, and would rather freeze in Pennsylvania, be drenched in Washington or swelter under un-evaporating sweat in Maryland.

Here, I am fine in the cool den of Curator Rex.

Thank you.

Delivering Diversity

Angelo Basque on Food Delivery in Phoenix, Arizona,
4/19/25

Angelo basque is a delivery man in Mesa and Phoenix, Arizona. He is tall, athletic, and easy going, nearing 50 years, with shoulder length hair, a ball cap and a mustache. He drives a squarish CRV with a high profile and some space in the back for deliveries.

His Monologues follow.

4/17/25

Carry out food deliveries have declined. But grocery deliveries have increased. I chalk this up to either inflation or reduced income or both. The stupid stuff is spreading, the women becoming more irrational. The black population has increased a lot in the past few years. They rarely work and lash out like disturbed children.

Today I was picking up an order at a vegan restaurant. I was standing behind Black Karen. Black Karen had already placed her order and was standing in front of the register asking many, many questions about the exact ingredients in the french fries, the batter, the sauce. The cashier was not up to answering all these questions.

Then White Karen, a nice looking sixty, maybe from California, steps up next to her and asks the cashier, “Could I please place my order?”

Black Karen says, “Oh, you think because you’re white, we need to step aside for you?!”

White Karen gives it back, “Oh, you think you’re better than me because you’re black?”

And it continues. I step around and pick up my order. Now, White Karen walks over and sits down, but Black Karen starts videoing her with her phone. White Karen gets up and walks around and Black Karen is following her, chasing her, with her phone. Eventually White Karen says to the cashier, “Miss, please tell her to stop harassing me with her phone.”

I was surprised that the cashier actually told Black Karen that this was not appropriate, and then asked White Karen if she wanted to file a complaint—with the manager. Black Karen puts away her phone and rejoins the argument with her rival.

Not a police report, but a formal complaint about this other customer before the manager! It was entertaining and I almost wanted to return for another order to see if they were still wasting their time seeking a judgment on their argument from a vegan food establishment.

4/18/25

Last night I get a delivery order for a posh hotel. This hotel has multiple buildings, so I go to the main office to find out where the building is. The entire time the customer is texting me, increasingly frantic, "Do not leave the order at the front desk. Bring it to the room."

I find out at the front desk, that they are in a building around the side and up a drive. So I precede there, still getting frantic texts. When I appear, it is a fairly athletic couple standing by the drive way, waiting for the order. The woman, who by her speech is definitely from New York, complains that I should not have gone to the main desk. I told her I wanted to expedite her order. I had a bag of liquor so needed to check an I.D. She wanted to hold a bag, so I gave her the heavy one and she almost dropped it. Yet she wanted to prove she was strong and kept struggling, trying to show her I.D. like she was Rosy the Riveter. The man offered to take some bags but explicitly stated he wasn't willing to carry the heavier stuff, a few bottles of liquor. She is dressing him down, not about that, but something in general. Her I.D. takes two scans to read and she gets angry with me about that. I thought, 'This guy has no idea what he is in for.'

4/19/25

I go to pick up a delivery at a grocery store and there is a black man in a scooter chair. In general, you see a lot of boomer guys in scooter chairs tooling up and down the roads like this guy, right here on a

highway, East Main Street [pointing to a crippled middle aged cracker holding a cane and scooting along in his electric chair.]

This black man is complaining about something, ranting and raving, throwing packages of toilet paper all over the place. The employees are trying to ignore him. I don't think they understand how bad these people are going to get when their population doubles again and they are everywhere, the special entitled charity case in every room, every aisle, on every street, endlessly agitating for more attention, more service, more free shit...

This guy, who is not a young man, while he is not throwing things and complaining, is eating an ice cream cake with his hands, smearing chocolate all over everything. I just stepped around, picked up my order, and got out of there. I have thankfully now been around enough of these people across the country that I realize that within a few minutes of contact I will be characterized as some racist bad guy.

I suppose this is the way it was meant to be, why the Snake People brought them here in the Plantation Era to harass us into moving so that our homes could be bought for a song.

'Strawberries & Cream and a Soft Bed'

Rooming with Curator Rex: Phoenix, Arizona, 4/14-20/2025

Curator Rex shared his home with this pulpish prole for a week. He retired early from a corporate job in order to look out for his widowed mom, and to write a book he has been researching for 30 years! Mom is a doll, a good cook, who broke me down day-by-day... just eating a little potato, some carrots, just a spoonful of corn—bread I could pass up, but homemade dumplings? Then, by my last day, Easter Sunday, I was eating carrot cake and chocolate pie for desert! Eggs and sausage every morning for breakfast was good for the writing thews, as was the pot of coffee for the nerves. There is something special about living with another writer, knowing that he understands the many lashes of the muses, two rooms away, as you both make your separate way.

Curator X is a man of fierce and precise intellect and a good narrative sense. Having gone to university to be a film maker, and then going to Hollywood and discovering it was gay, treacherous, toxic and insane, the man some ten years my junior, went to work for a large company taking care of their documentation. As a retired man he devotes his time to his history omnibus and curating his own family history. He acquires old photos, researches them, cleans them, scans

them at a high digital resolution, and then tediously restores them. He is a film historian who helped with my movie education by showing me classics, such as the Maltese Falcon and Fort Apache. He can name the actors, biographical anecdotes of the directors, sometimes extensive narratives of the authors.

The man plays it close to the vest, having never let me know a thing about himself, simply offering writing space. He told me that his coworkers of three decades had no idea about his thoughts, preferences and hobbies until he retired. We traded my book master files for much of his digital pulp library. He is hoping to be able to figure out how many books I have written. I got much the better of the trade.

I named him Curator Rex based on his history project and his size, standing nearly seven feet and having a voice like a gravel smasher. Then he invited me into his room/office. He reads and writes in bed, the bed looking like a recliner for his size 17 shoes. At the foot of his bed is a large screen TV—to me. To him it is his desk top screen. He has a massive digital archive, backed up in ways I do not fathom, organized chronologically and by source. His command of sources, the use of letters, interviews, published works, estate archives, photos and tours of the places where his subjects lived and died, is astounding. Then I discover he knows the names, careers and afterlife of stunt men from 75 years ago!

For all of this he is pained by the academic drones who dominate his

field, by a lack of narrative skill and more than that, the masturbatory overuse of footnotes intended for peers, and not the common reader—as if any reader can be common in our post-literate time.

I did not expect to find out that this historian was a Harm City reader. Here are three samples of his unapologetic dialogues. The following is written from memory four days later, and amounts to about 50% paraphrase, as Curator Rex is a new subject for me, with a diction more unique than what is imperfectly salvaged here. Capitalization of the n-word varies with intensity.

Race

“Just like you and your family were driven out of Baltimore by an army of Niggers, mine were driven from Southeast Chicago by Niggers. Even then, in Indiana, the violent crime that was committed was by the tiny minority of niggers. Then I go to school and am taught to worship niggers. By the time I am in LA working, I am surrounded by violent Niggers, am told that it is my fault that they are violent—and I suppose their stupidity, laziness and immorality are my fault as well! The corruption of the Boomer mind, the deep steeping in guilt, has doomed this country to the loss of all of the hallowed traditions of our ancestors. The democrats do not even realize that they are nearly extinct, that their party will soon be all minorities—angry idiot, racists pining for an ever larger part of an ever shrinking pie, at the every same time that their lying and thieving accelerates the decline. Gen-X are the generation that

first saw the Nigger for what it is.

“Racism is real, and it reflects reality. Asians have no time for guilt. I knew many Koreans—the heroes of the LA Riots—who had endless stories of niggers attacking them, robbing them. The other Asians get it too—whites and Asians are the only civilized races. One Thai woman I worked with went to jury duty and told the judge that she could not sit on a jury for the trial of a Mexican, that Mexicans, were stupid, violent, thieves, that they stunk and must be guilty as accused! The judge could not talk any guilt into her and the lawyers—even the prosecutor—wanted nothing to do with her. I am a big man living in a place that is an oven in summer, so, I, don’t, have, to, live with NIGGERS! The Boomers will have to die out before reality can become part of the American viewpoint again. Gen-Z gets it—they have been fucked even harder than Gen-X. When you are being attacked, threatened and discriminated against, by and on behalf of, NIGGERS it is kind of hard to catch that white guilt.”

...

Conspiracy Theories

“Elaborate conspiracy theories are mostly based on a person not working in a large corporate environment. Subtle neglect—making sure the presidential candidate has poor security—is more like it. When you work in a large organization you realize that you can never keep a secret from getting out.

...

Vampire Fiction

For fifty years vampire fiction has been plain old bad story telling. God was in Dracula, as the counterpoint to the evil monster. Of course, anything written by women about men will be gay, will have super powered monsters and evil will win, because there is no good. There is no duality in the narrative, no balance. The story becomes a dance above an abyss of hopeless dismay. As far back as the Exorcist the devil—even just a minor demon—was stronger than God. If you can put God back into a vampire story, I would read it.”

That last monologue, as well as a confidential one about the subject of his history being motivated by hatred, was the inspiration for Blood Hate.

The Grocery Crisis Apparent

Barry Bliss Summons the Ghetto Grocer from His Out-of-Date Tomb: Pittsburgh, 4/28/25

Hi James.

This morning, at a Whole Foods Market in NYC, the cashier and I spoke briefly about the fact that I was picking up some items before work.

I told her it was a good time to shop, but a drawback was that they regularly did not have everything out yet. Today, for instance, there were no bags of potatoes.

I told her it used to be that stores restocked over night. She asked, "Really?" I said, "Yes, back in the 70's."

In NYC, WFM restocks during the day, while the store is open. They open usually at 7AM, but most meat is not out by then and numerous produce items have yet to be brought out. They also restock throughout the day, so you may or may not have to step around a cart or a ladder while shopping.

[Getting people out of bed to open up a morning business, meaning rising at 4 in the morning, has suffered a great deal with the increased postmodern ennui. Having clerks stocking during business hours is a huge liability issue. The best reason for night

stocking is to keep granny from tripping on equipment and stock. Liability is the number one concern of retail food directors at the site. The fact that this has been overridden by lesser concerns points to a crisis in cost control and/or labor supply.]

Not sure if this is just in NYC or if grocery stores all over have cut out overnight stocking.

[This is everywhere and started in Baltimore in spots 15 years ago. I see it everywhere across the country I go and am amazed. Many chains still have night crews, yet the size of these are reducing and stock is being done more during the day. The main factor seems to be a switch from male to female staff, with women less likely to agree to working overnight due to safety and child care concerns. There is also the cost of an over night premium of a 1\$ or so an hour. Since available labor are not very urgent and productive, paying an extra buck an hour for them still not getting the job done is not desirable. Dollar stores and drug stores, taking up more of retail food sales, have never been able to staff night crews due to low wages. Also, when crime becomes more of a problem, the night crew has to end, because the employees will be targeted by hood rats going to work. Their cars will be vulnerable on the lot while they are locked in the building, etc.]

Maybe it is just NYC. Maybe it is just Whole Foods Market. Maybe both.

Far as you know, is overnight stocking at grocery stores still the norm?

[Over night stoking is falling off everywhere I shop. The pool of young men does not exist for this work. The secondary pool, after desperate single mothers, is older men and women working after losing or retiring from some other line of work. You will have night crews of decreasing size until the old Gen-X hands retire or expire. Eventually I see night stocking being used only to prep for a holiday or other expected peak sales day. This is in part due to the increased vast size of the most profitable retail outlets, which makes truck to floor pallet display feasible during store hours. It could be that the danger of law suits has been addressed in some way I do not know about from this unsealed tomb.

[This trend existed before 2020 and has accelerated, along with increased pay for clerks after a 30 year pay freeze. Other businesses have still not returned to pre-2020 hours, with opening times still later and closing times earlier. Early morning and late night hours were always marginal volume slots. I, if still active, would suggest, a small, 2 to 3 man night crew for taking in deliveries, staging the work, and doing the high liability stocking, like front door displays, and having a part time crew start at 6 and work until 10 A.M. Note that vendors, soda and chip people, all stock during store hours. But, if Tyrone trips and falls on a box of chips, the chip company takes the legal heat.]

No reply necessary, but any reply is welcome, of course.

Take care,

Barry Bliss

...

Thank you, Barry.

‘The Puerto Rican Shield’

A Cross Training Account from a Reader: 4/28/25

An Email Titled Bulging Eyes from a fighter named Oscar.

[This old gutter gnome felt a warm sense of regard for that old book The Logic of Steel when Good Oscar sent in this latest email. Oscar has a job in a rising sector of law enforcement. I quite enjoy training tails and will like posting these as quest articles as a help to the many readers who put up with me switching to history and novels from the immediately useful arts.]

Dear James,

First with the bad. I deeply regret to inform you that me attending the camp in Halifax is something I’m going to miss out on. [Redacted job description.] This new job has those things called “benefits.” And I told them of my plans to go to in May but they hit me with that 90 day bs.

I’ve had other jobs where I let them know when interviewing that I would need time off within 90 days. Many thanked me for notifying and said I could have em but they would be unpaid. Not these new guys, no siree.

[Redacted locations.] ...the northeast/mid-atlantic is an area I'm very familiar with, what with me being from there... Before this job, obviously. One day dammit. One day I will see the graphomaniac in the flesh!

[I am hoping to meet the balance of such men as Oscar while still able to travel and train. It's always an honor to be relevant in the area where I am no longer potent. What follows is a training session descriptions of the likes I have been involved in many times across the span of a mostly misspent life. Oscar's account below brought back good memories.]

Now with the whimsical. So I mentioned before that one of the classes I take is aikido. Went back to them recently. This was after recovering from my [redacted] injury enough to get back to the sweet science and the other stuff. Not long after that i decided to go and visit my old aikido dojo. Studied there for a number of years but attendance is now sparing, since other arts/styles/systems take precedence. Not to say that I haven't picked up a few things from aikido, but I've decided to keep my visits to once in a blue moon. Drop in fee is dirt cheap since the instructor drops mats in his church cafeteria. Overhead is nil.

While convalescing I read a good number of your books, including the Logic of Steel, which led me to the folsome prison book. When I decided to come back it was a night where the focus is on knife

defense. You know, slo-mo, complaint, telegraph non-sense like the rest of aikido. On top of that, there's a guy there, who's basically second in the pecking order, that also does Russian systema and occasionally shows us what he's learned for knife defense. Another art with its special delusions from what I've seen from him and videos online. Ok whatever. Did the training and kept my mouth shut.

After class, I was chomping at the bit to show them the Puerto Rican shield I'd seen in logic of steel. Everyone else had left and Systema guy and sensei were on the mat fine tuning some techniques. As they were winding down, I told my instructor and number two that i learned something interesting. Told systema man to take one of the wooden tantos and prepare to slash me

Got out the kindle app and did my best to try to wrap my jacket around my left and held the tanto in my right. Wrapped hand was forward. My instructor had an interested look on his face and no. 2 looked at me like I had just whistled and summoned a flying saucer. Eyes just popping out of his head like a looney tunes character. Dumbstruck. My aikido Instructor is a vet and a smart man. He has experience in his early years in TKD, vita sa'ana, formal fencing with the epee and estoc, some Muay Thai, and he finally settled on aikido in the 90s. So he may not have been full of awe as no. 2.

So he met me in the middle and I told him that such a wrapping could be used to parry slashes and thrusts. I told him we could spar

lightly. So we went at it, him using what little aikido tanto jutsu he learned and all systema knife techniques he knew. Versus me with literally no knife knowledge apart from a few escrima seminars, and some knife combat videos from a few people who might ring a few bells.

Suffice to say for about three minutes it was mostly just him walking up to in order to do these overcommitted slashes and thrusts. My shielded hand had little problem parrying or just slapping away the knife while I counter slashed and thrust. He got quick and crafty with feints at the end and got me a few times. The problem is that while his feints were kind of slow. Finally I did what Paul vunak likes to do and “defanged the snake.” No. 2 by the end of this little dance was out of breath, with the systema he studies having little to no physical training component.

My instructor then asked me where or who such a thing. So I said, “From a man in Baltimore who takes no shit!” No. 2 being a man who is allergic to even the mention of urban areas said, “Baltimore?!?! Aw man...” while shaking his head. No slights from me. Been to baltimore plenty of times. Had good meals there in multiple cuisine types. Of course I’ve never been to the no-go zones. Like the ones in the Wire. Anyhow I just stayed with them on the mat for about 20 more minutes talking about how the PR shield was probably not exclusive to PR. I understand it to be called Filete by the boricuas. I know that in other parts of the Spanish empire they too cover the hand with a cloth or cape. Knife dueling is very popular in

Andalusia, and its fighting style is called The Steel of Seville. So much for barbers. I know that in Argentina, duelists use a poncho, and this attested to in a short story by Borges, and also by my Argentinian Judo teacher. Ditto Uruguay, and in Uruguay, they call their knife fighting style “Esgrima Criolla” (Creole Fencing). In the Filipino styles I’ve seen techniques using a sash. The common denominator here being the Spanish empire.

Anyhow, these two gentleman are appreciative with what can be done with clothing on hand, literally. A feat to rival Jason Bourne and MacGyver. I directed them to your fine book. Hopefully they buy it as well. It sure was a paradigm shift in their heads. My instructor very much likes to adapt martial arts to “the street” and welcomes improvisation. The point being, James, that you are dropping knowledge nukes on people. Hope you enjoyed this account. With me getting back into the swing of things there will doubtless be more.

Sincerely,

Oscar

Big Mike

New Jersey, 5/27/25

Big Mike is the life of the party, especially when there is no party. He is perhaps 60, tall, heavy set, wide, blond and famously lucky with the local ladies. Mary Biscotti tells me that he has entertained numerous ladies in this guest room bed I write in. Mike easily acquires the gratis, and eager companionship of women half his age and younger, even before he “got the fat shot, and lost seventy pounds.”

Mary Biscotti explains: “Mike, even before he lost all that weight, when he was really big, always got the girls. He is helpful, good-natured, has a deep, friendly voice, and most important, he looks you right in the eyes. When Mike looks into your eyes, you know he is thinking about you—not a mean shit-head trying to cut you down. And when you are a woman—like that 18 year old girl that was just here, as pretty as she is—you feel like somebody, like you matter. That’s Mike.”

Mike is also not a political guy. He is one of those folks who has worked in construction, has spent a life as a volunteer fireman and believes that society and its laws and officers are set up to help out the common man, that the “every day guy” is supposed to get a fair

shake, even if it rarely seems to occur. Mike has a houseboat named Driving with Drunks. He does like his beer. As a drinker he doesn't get hammered, but prefers the long easy buzz for a lot of friendly conversation. Mike has a few cop friends and has been a peacemaker in various domestic conflicts, advising against calling the cops at first gripe, that the cops have better things to do, like stop car-jacking and house-breaking rings.

I sat up memorial day night and spoke with Mike. I offered to bring out some things for the ladies of 4 generations who were enjoying his banter and he was inclined to help. I said, ""Bro, they are enjoying you, not my reptilian personality."

To demonstrate Mike's populist, centrist, civic American sensibilities, here are two monologues.

Danny

"Now Danny, a great guy, good guy, my roommate for 15 years, best wingman in the world, never swooping in, right. He hates the Ukrainian cleaning lady and locks her out of his room. She does a good job, but is sometimes in there all night. We figure she's sleeping there. Dude makes no mess, always there for you. Once, I do him a good turn. I have these two girls in the hot tube, girls who want to get laid and are young—I mean young, right. I have to go to work so leave him with them—can't miss, right? The one girl calls me up next day and says, 'What's a matter with your boy? I wanted to get laid and he left me hanging.'

“So, I ask Danny and he says he fucked her. Well, this girl wouldn’t lie about that. Well finally, after 15 years, Danny comes to me and says, ‘I have to apologize to you, Mike.’

“‘About what?’

“‘I’m gay, bro!’

“‘I don’t care—you didn’t try to suck my dick. Whatever, it’s your life.’

“Well he was really apologizing for lying to me. I Do Not care if someone is gay—more action for me, am I right? Like I said, perfect wing man. But then, you get these gay guys who have to run everything, cry all the time, take over, push all of their a nip there and a tuck here and I’m a broad—bullshit. I’m fine with the reality that a certain amount of dudes want to suck cock and that they are sucking some cock other than mine. Then they have to push their politics and tell me who to hate. I care about people, so I vote for the one choice that has not obviously had a lobotomy, and people want to hate me for that.”

...

Asbury Dark

“I have a big boat—it don’t go fishing! Its for drinking, tie right up to the bar. The place is down on the shore, not far from Asbury Park.

Was having a great time, some nice girls lined up wanna have a good time, and you got stabbings. Stabbings, right, like that's a good time? Now, it wasn't too bad, since I got locked in the bar for my own safety—not a bad place to be locked in, right. I'll take it.

“Who is it that does this shit? I'll give you a clue—they came from Asbury Dark, a bunch of blacks that live down there with all the faggots around Asbury Park. Not only do they come to places where people want to have a nice time and start fights over stupid shit, like really stupid shit, like what comes out of their mouths, but they have to stab. I have some cop friends, a state trooper friend, and they are like all these guys are none of them white, and they are down to fight with us.’

It's not like with us, if we do something stupid and the cops roll up and say, ‘Hey, stop doing stupid shit or you're getting locked up.’ No, they fight the cops. I used to be all about equal this for equal that, every body has got a right, and so on. But there is only one kind of people that do this shit, start fights at a good time, break out weapons and then fight the cops: niggers. It's time for this shit to stop—yet somehow that makes me the bad guy?’

Big Mike, thank you for being the right kind of Big Mike, and for that six pack of Miller Lite.

'I Have Negro Fatigue'

A Young Coach's Testimonial: May 14, Baltimore

We sat at the Raven Inn, in the dining room, alone, my back to the doors, his to the wall. This place was new to him and he came in sensibly, through the back door, off the ditch-like lot, not on the street where the Groes stalked, slouching and drinking at the gas station across the street, and at the bus stop at the near corner, have lurid eyes on their hereditary prey. For their traditional game, run almost to extinction, has no other watering holes near Baynesville Station, but the Raven.

He wears jeans, dark shoes and a Brazilian fight shirt. At 5' 8" 185, he is hard and fit, his face, under that rounded Aryan skull, etched with grit. The skull looks well formed for boxing. I soon discover a video on his phone, of him bare-knuckle boxing to good effect. I am especially impressed that he cradles the taller man he works over so his head won't sling shot into the concrete barn floor. We have trained in two of the same schools. A man that has certified one of my head coaches in BJJ, once cornered for Ax in Brazil. He loved his time in Brazil fighting.

He had military parents and has been a good son. He is an old fighter and a young coach, in that late 30s transition zone. He is gracious to

Nancy, the aged bar maid, who is well used to the extreme courtesy of the fighting men that meet this old snow crow under her watch. Our conversation ran from 7:30 to 11:00, the final half hour shared with Jason, Mystarch of the Esoteric Cafe, who has stopped in after work.

We have spoken twice on the phone and now once in person. Ax would not let me pay, even gave a donation to the tramp life poetic. He tendered an invitation to a belt promotion at his private school in nearby Appalachia on the coming weekend. I could not make it due to a lady's commitment. We kicked the cracker barrel down the road to September, when I will visit his facility and meet some of the men he trains. The line-ups of strong fit men in his photos and videos makes me sad on two counts:

The men with paper jobs, like him, being functional members of the economic order, have their faces blocked out. Why? How can a cog be the High Enemy of The Machine?

These men, according to Ax and the few I have met and spoken to in their fraternity, are simply men with "American spirit," who insist on spending their free time with men of European origin. As members of the only races of men who are not permitted the choice of free association under the green heel of this fiscal nation, they must hide their desire to do what all other types of men do, which is to associate preferentially with men of the same type and values. The mere desire not to have masculine pursuits turned into, bitch

and moan, shuck and jive, step and fetch, pussy hunts of utmost acrimony. It is a crime to test each other among the men who you may expect to stand with you in hard times, rather than denounce you. Good character has consigned these men to the shadows.

The other note of sadness is that when I was his age, and even more so, the age of the men in his group, only a tiny few were permitted by the feminine social pressure to engage in physical training for combat. The boomer cracker was separated from all of human manhood throughout history, by an explicit and implicit ban on any fighting art that was not top end military technology killing. No greater pariah existed in my life than I, for being the only man of my age grade to maintain an interest in sub military combat arts beyond adolescence. From having Doctor Young explain to me that white men were incapable of sustaining boxing efforts against African American supermen, to gun owners laughing at me for practicing self defense, I have long known myself as a member of the most singularly forsaken cohort of men in human history—the men who could only, respectfully engage in two activities: money and philosophy. Looking at those pictures of young men, that makes me glad for and sad for them at the same time, rings like so many coffin nails in my soul. Knowing that my generation, shamed away from all combat sports except for football, which was then re-configured and corrupted to be gifted to our new masters, are now rapidly passing like lepers in the shadows, brought me around inside.

Invited to attend boxing training and introduce stick and knife, I

committed on the spot to visiting Ax's new home town. For he was driven from West Baltimore as I was driven from the East and Northeast. I live on the trains and he drives hours a day, back and forth between the fair Misty Mountains and wretched, soul-drinking Mordor.

Ax has trained around the world and interacts with men of all races. But a life time in and around Baltimore, has moved this man who does not entertain physical fatigue, to declare, "I have Negro fatigue. To earn a living I have to suffer the insults of these people. But where I have a choice, I chose to live and shop in places where I will not be attacked, insulted and harassed with empty bullshit for the color of my skin. I've had it. I support MY men. We have a private gym open to US, closed to the enemy. This entire idea that the enemy must always be invited into your house, is simply unacceptable." [0]

"We have had men lose jobs for preferring their own kind in their private life. I will try anything in the combat realm. Men of every group should work together building better men—only our group is denied that right. So this is confidential. I'd like you to take a look at our methods for building better men and see what you suggest."

We rose and shook hands, the two screwed-over crumbs and the still prime cracker, and I felt a bit better about living the life of a loser—that some like kid down the wicked way might have a strong hand extended to him, rather than sneaker treads across the knuckles one beaten day. [1]

Notes

0. The vampire has no power over he who does not invite him in.
See Bram Stoker's Dracula.

1. This is not hyperbole. I was publicly beaten by boys of my own race while youth of the same kicked, tripped and stepped on me, and later, men shamed me for being unable to beat a mob of the very fellows who any tribe or clan would have assigned to build me up rather than tear me down.

'I Am So Done!'

Megan's Lifelong PTSD Casts A Long Shadow:

Baltimore, 5/17/25

Megan picks up a half cigarette and a lighter, leaves her smart phone next to her vodka and lemon, stands from the couch next to the author, as they watch an MMA fight. The winner is a black man who, unlike the other fighters on the card who have all shown respect, climbs onto the cage and begins humping it with his cup. She huffs in disgust, "They're everywhere, waiting for you, to swing their sweaty dick in your face. Come on Poppy, Mamma needs a smoke."

It is dark outside at 10:00 PM Friday in the East Baltimore barrio. She knocks on the inside of the door twice to scare rats away, so that they don't dart inside from under the wooden porch where they live. As we step outside a Squatamalen dumps trash in the gutter across the street. Next door, a tidy Mexican family sets up a musical trampoline for the children to play on until the wee hours as the men drink.

Her silver hair is pulled back in a pony tail, her gray hoodie pulled over her pink sweat suit. Drawing on the cig she hisses, "Fucking spics. Trash everywhere, breeding like rabbits, double parked so that you can't get your car out—but what the hell, this broke-ass bitch

can't afford a car and the spic men keep the niggers away. At the dealership they treat me good. The old black man that drives the transport van, he looks out for me, fucks up those young Negroes when they get foul. Now, even the Africans are getting shitty. Last year they were all proper, going to church, polite at the counter. Now, when they come to pick up their new car that they neglected to change the oil in, they complain like an American nig that they should move to the front of the line.

“Yesterday this nigger man comes into the lobby holding his dick through his sweats, showing it off, wagging it around. He walks up to the desk with his dick in his hand, no underwear under the sweats. I look away, ‘Sir, what can I do for you?’”

“He’s dumb as shit and mumbles that he has to cash out, that he bought his shitty car he’ll never pay off with God knows what, because he doesn’t work. I look up at him and he takes his hand off his dick, slides it down the back of his waist band, and pulls out the contract, with fresh ass sweat, the bill, with that same nasty hand. I looked at him and said, ‘Fuck no! Go wash your hands and keep your hands off your dick when you’re talking to me—SIR!’

“He paces around a bit, tapping the head of his dick hard enough with his Dracula fingernails that you can hear the ‘Thwack, thwack’ through the showroom. My boss, a man, takes care of this asshole. How do these people even reproduce? What woman could tolerate a man that is obsessed with his penis—you know that’s gay, right, that

he's sucked dick somewhere along the way?

“What am I saying though—their women are worse! Bitches from hell, storming into the showroom to yell at me for some greasy mechanic not taking their car first, before the people that were their early and on time when her lazy ass was late—because she's DA QUEAN! QUEAN O DA WORL!

“Fucking Floyd gets a golden casket and my brother can't have a funeral, in the same month, in 2020, because we're trash and they're gods. I'm sick of it, Baby, and of cussing too. I have to stop cussing so much. Its from having to be around people every day who never say a sentence without the F-word or the B-word or the N-word. When I was young, even when the black men were molesting us and the black beast girls were punching our faces in, and the teachers, principals and police protected them, upheld their bullshit, came down on our brothers for protecting us, still, I thought it was a good idea not to use that word. It's an ugly word. Besides, its their word, using it is kissing their ass in imitation, just like kneeling, like when they prayed to that, N, N... I hate it it, hate this life, having to have the people that hate me, and can attack and blame me for it, held up like gods. Look at this fucker!”

[Points to Steve Harvey mentoring black leaders on TV commercial]

“—fuck them! And his rich wife. That motherfucker has a new suit every day—and we have to borrow clothes for weddings and

funerals.”

“I want to say it, but that’s just another punishment for being white, for being a broke ass Pollack bitch. My dad and brothers died young, worked themselves to death while we were being chased out of the neighborhood we were born in... Baby, I’m so glad you are here. I can walk to the store. I don’t walk any more. At least I can go outside and smoke because of those trash slinging, drunken Spics—they won’t take any of that slavery bullshit.”

[Looks at INVICTA MMA fight, a beautiful short Latina in white against a tall, tattooed, ugly, rail of bony boyhood in black lace.]

“What, what is that? That is not a woman! There is the media darling, the wanna be chick with a dick who gets surgery to share the women’s room with our daughters and granddaughters. Go girl, get it, fuck that freak up! Sorry, Baby, I have had it, fed up to here with coons and queers.”

“Let me fix you something to eat,” and off into the shadowed kitchen she walks, shaking her head, “Can’t we see GI Joe fight Tarzan—it has to be a freak show?”

Negro ESP

Why Has Baltimore Suddenly Fallen From Lethal Grace? 5/29/25

Baltimore Shitty, Matriarchal Democracy, is beginning to fall from Anarchotyranny Infamy

Many readers and friends have commented that Baltimore has suddenly become less dangerous, because blacks are no longer shooting blacks in as great numbers as they did from 2015 thru 2024. However, since 2020, Baltimore has becoming progressively less dangerous to actual humans of all hues. Violent crime is still 2 to 10 times worse than it was in 2007, depending on the area and your social place. That is much better than the 20 to 40 fold increase of violence on humans that ballooned from 2008 thru 2015.

Overall, such concerns are false. The only crime stats that are close to accurate are homicides, and these are fudged by 10%, with as many as 50% racially mis-characterized. This is a big deal in that most violent crime in America committed by strangers upon Americans are committed by the same demographic we are trained to worship as a collective Christ. Nearly all violent crime that does not produce a body is lied about by the LAW and MEDIA, Queen Justice and her Priestess Oracle.

I noticed in Saint Louis, which is supposed to be so deadly, that it always beat Baltimore in the negro-killing-negro crime, that the place is far different than advertised. Tyler, a Canadian reader and I, were walking back from the Pink Galleon bar after drinking 6 25 ounce drafts. I can't walk straight when I'm sober, with my torn hips, looking like a broken puppet. But drunk, as Tyler observed, I walked a straight line for a half mile. There, in the hotel drive way stood one of my long ago freed slaves—Tyrone, I think. He wore his security uniform and stood next to his white truck, crying. He asked me for guidance. He had been stopped for drinking and driving by cops, who had a more urgent call to go on. "The poleese" had told him to stand and wait for their return. He wanted to know, was this the right course? Would I, his metaphysical Master, release him from his burden? This dude was terrified. Negroes have good instincts. So I was confident that he was afraid for good reason. This says a lot about how feared these cops are. Tyler recalled that I handled it well, drunk as I was. I only recall telling him many times, "It will be okay," and went on our way, not believing at all that he would be okay. I knocked back a shot of \$7.99 a fifth whiskey and slept just fine.

Back in Baltimore, a place where Negroes have not feared cops since 1967, Tyrone would have never waited for the return of the cops, let alone ask some out-of-uniform and out-of-work Confederate corporal of foot, what to do. The point is that Negroes have Predation ESP. West African blacks have for ages regarded white as the color of death, doom and damnation. In Dahomey it was taboo

to even kill a white person. You had to dye them purple first! This has saved my life numerous times, scores, hundreds even, when packs of Groes saw my skin, turned, came to do me in, and then one of them would stop, balk, and Say, something like, “Shit, Yo, Santa Clause is serious as shit!” [1]

What has happened to my savage chattel?

I would like to think that Baltimore has become safer in my absence based on the lifting of the doom shroud cast by my ominous wings as I fly my time machine used for breaking bucks of yore and using four million Negresses as my ample whore.

What I have instead observed, cast down from my Righteous Ivory Throne of Bleached Bantu Bone, is this.

2017, NAACP & Federal Housing Authority

The legal defeat of Baltimore County by the negro NGO and the feds required the County to invest \$320 million into moving Subsidized Black Renters from the 5 worst zip codes in Baltimore City to the 5 best zip codes in Baltimore County! The kangas had their marching orders—drive Rich Whitay to the hills!

2020, Brovid Jiveteen

Cops started cruising for lone white trash men exclusively as blacks became increasingly fearful of us. Local bus lines were empty.

2021, Mid Brovid

Bros in masks started hunting suburban faggots in masks, pushing out to the far margins of mass transit, 10 miles from the City line. Cops, their overtime cut, stopped hunting white trash. Baltimore County became increasingly dangerous, but the danger was spread out—not enough Negroes to hunt more than the main streets. Mass transit used to be the key crime vector.

2022, Late Brovid

Buses begin to be used again. But, young predatory Negroes were now buying nice cars with student loans and/or carjacking city Negroes, to get a car to drive out in the country and carjack a suburban cuck. The most dangerous dudes on mass transit since then, have been 70s survivors like me, of all shades. Young city Groes are now weak, light-hued and gay. The ones with brass are chasing the cucks to the hills. Huge subsidized rentals were built in the Suburbs at mass transit hubs.

2023, Negro Replacement

Africans, Hindus, Muslims and South Americas were brought in in massive numbers. These folks are polite to whites and, since they are part of the sacred brown oppressed class, do not trigger the attack mode socially implanted into African Americans by the lying schools and media. Negroes with back packs begin wandering about Harford County, the prime white flight destination on the other side of Baltimore County, 30 miles from their city breeding ground. The aggressive drive by Latino men to shut down black crime in East

Baltimore provides a white cuck haven. Homeless white men begin settling along main streets in Central and Northeast Baltimore, where black criminals had previously combined with police to drive out white trash. These men were defeating blacks in street combat on Wednesday, June 8th, 2023 when I was walking home in their midst, drunk. When I stopped to buy a bottle of vodka at the Sikh liquor store, the man behind the counter made the blacks make way for me to cut in front of the line. The tide had turned. Everybody, even the Negroes, were sick of the Negro way of strife. The ones in the liquor line all looked at me, and nodded, seeming to indicate, 'Yeah, he white, reasonable, don't have to worry about him waiting outside to rob me—go on, Old School.'

2024, Mass Negro Replacement

Baltimore blacks saw themselves passed over for Africans, Haitians, Hindus and Muslims; and waves of Latinos whose men do not blame their women for being raped, like whites and blacks do, but kill the dude who does it. They got the message and stopped using mass transit. The youth began imitating white cuck brats, staying inside mom's basement, going gay and celibate. Rentals of Section 8 projects in Harford County, center of white flight in the 1980s and 90s, just as the houses are paid off, topped 10,000! (The year after my mother paid off her house, about 5 years ago, in this area, a black man knocked on the door, demanded to be let inside, and called her a racist for not letting him in.) With ten thousand hoodrat homes, in an area that is mostly white cuck, one has since seen lone, light-skinned "black men," bull parading, raising fist of power in the air,

shouting angry rap and walking across busy traffic confident in the worship of the pale multitude. I saw this each of my 4 days in Harford County this May. Behind these prancing sissies of hate, back in Northeast Baltimore City and in the adjacent County, the harder form of white trash, men in the trades, remain, and have taken notice that the pigz no longer align with the nigz.

2025, Return of the Law

Cops are now popular with the white cucks, who have already forgotten about threats of arrest for breathing fresh air during the Shamdemic. A hard core of African American criminals do rightly see a softer target population and seek to hunt beyond their traditional jurisdictions, largely due to civic observation technology. A for instance is a gang of at least 7, but more probably 30, Negroes from Washington D.C. and surrounding nigzones, like Capital Heights, MD. These hyena men conducted a new category of crime that became big in 2015, based on knocking whites off of bikes. This “banking” started with car jacking and progressed to vehicle theft for criminal purposes. A person is watched at an ATM and followed home, where they are mugged while leaving their vehicle. The top cop in Anne Arundel County pointed out in a news conference that crime from other counties would not be tolerated. No picture of the criminals was shown. The news consumer is left to assume these are men of any and all races, when they are the same foot soldiers of USG that have hounded crackers like me for their white bosses since the 16th Century.

I am sick already of writing about Negro PTSD. I will finish a few interviews on the subject to round out the book. The rest of the African blight story in America will be addressed in my novels *The Warriors* and *Tinman*. The African will maintain a level of social ESP concerning implicit State will to have violence and terror done to its subjects. He will rise when needed, as if by magical invocation. Additionally, the scions of the new manhounds brought in under USG, will have their ancestral moralities baked in the oven of American hate so as to rise at the beck and call of some future lie in service to USG—the World Gird Snake.

Finally, I must remind the reader, to include my few Negro allies and my many white detractors, that although I was born the enemy of that darker sort of humanity that hunted me from 1981 thru 2023, across the face of my native place: that he is not my ultimate enemy, but that enemy's tool. In the small world of face to face, I was at least honored by the hundreds of blacks who sought to take my wallet, my pride, my life, with a direct recognition that I was a man, while my money hunting brothers assured me that I was less. I respect the Negro as much as my knife, perhaps more, because unlike steel, it feels fear. But I cannot hate him for doing what is right—for hunting the enemy, driving him forth and savoring the laments of whores.

Notes

1. July, 2017, Glenoak and Northern

American Ennui

Observations on Homelessness and Drug Heads:

Winter/Spring 2025

Portland, Oregon: January-March

Portland's liberal laws on tolerance and care for the homeless triggered other regional cities to launch bus loads of addicts at Portland. It is, hence, a regional reflection of Aryan despair, as is our last example, below, Lancaster, PA. The population of tweakers has remained at a high constant since 2022. My last day in Portland I saw standard examples of how the resulting problems are handled. A type of uniformed civic social worker teams with university interns, and unarmed rental cops to "help," the homeless with advice. At the same time clean up contractors clear 2 camps a day. The homeless do not fight these contractors, but have adapted to the cyclic erasure of their camps and practice organized migrations. The many businesses left vacant by the planned economic upheavals provide eyesore camps that do not directly effect active businesses. Fred Myers and Home Depot employ heavily armed military contractors in pairs to prevent looting. The violent crime in Portland did rise 4 fold in 2020 and has stayed there. However, so far as I can observe, most of this violence is not committed by the mostly pale members of the tweaker army, but by Negroes who have been actively imported to enhance crime. One

gangster was so beloved by the FBI, that the organization offered 25k for information on his killer! The many large, fit, drug addict, white homeless have all been polite to me, especially while on crutches. The few blacks, however, have actively hunted myself and others over the same period. These are two different federal imports with different missions, with all blame placed upon the drug addicted homeless. Female mental health, rapidly deteriorating in the Pacific Northwest, puts Amtrak security in the position of dropping off Portland crazy women in small towns like Chenault and Klammath Falls.

Albuquerque, NM: February

People dislike this place greatly as a scar on New Mexico. I have spent some 16 hours there over the past year waiting for trains. The line that serves this area has the worst Amtrak equipment. A private, Aztec warrior armed guard is very polite as he exercises with his 50lb dumbbell. His company, his boss by name, buys air time on the local radio pumped into the train station that declares that the local police are overwhelmed and he and his men are here to help! That one man made this a safer station than the 14 mixed, private/police armed men at the LA station. They all honestly tried. In private security, as it supplants corrupt police, the usher model over the pack, will work better with the increasingly awakened public, just as sheriff departments are more successful than police departments generally.

Denver & Coal Canyon, CO: February

The increased homelessness in Denver is contained by a large number of cops and security focusing on black refugees from Chicago who are violent, and letting the majority white homeless go about their lonely business. Denver, for some reason, has remained a private, local and federal security priority and gets the best solutions to the crime born and incubated by the nefarious state.

Sacramento, CA: February

The worst homelessness and weakest solutions, in California, as expected, are in its Capital. San Francisco makes the news. But on the ground, at mass transit centers, the most scorched minds, particularly insane white women, rendered ancient crones in early middle age, are on full display. This is the only station in the US, of some 30 I have used, that has signage devoted to urination and defecation ordinances.

Seattle Washington: March

Seattle has increasingly cleaned up its homeless, which has a strong element of violent black criminals, since 2021. The train station is maintained as a visitor refuge with very light security. White tweakers have spread out along the light rail and bus lines to the very foot of the Cascades where I was armed with a bat and an ax to drive any off the property I watched. These creatures were furtive and not at all aggressive, though a small, strong infusion from Seattle could tip the balance. Most of the trouble is in the form of theft in the suburban areas like Maple Valley and Kent.

San Jose, California: January & April

The homeless at Diridon station remain bat shit crazy but well behaved, inhabiting bus shelters only after and before mass transit use hours. Latinos have grown less friendly of lone, elderly crackers. The few black men I encountered during my walks around this upscale town were flatly terrified of my benign lack of fear of them. The cops do aggressively police loud or crazy homeless, the worst being the occasional nut job Negro. Most of the tweakers are white remnants of the wiped out California working class. San Jose has the highest incidence of stealth camping homeless couples, mostly young, with the men hiding and the women seeking mercy. I gave one homeless blond, who had been beaten recently, 1 of my 3 pack of 25 ounce light beer cans.

Oakland Colloseum, January & April

A vision of hell. The scrap built houses are gaining stature and the street outside the stadium is a patrolled by drug dealers with giant pitbulls. Crappy 1970s campers and tents line many of the side streets.

Los Angeles, CA: January & April

Around this train station homeless people are rare and limited to younger women. The huge security staff spends their time making sure homeless do not shelter within as they do in San Jose and with breaking up the many fights between upscale, light-skinned, suburban blacks using the local and regional light rail and buses.

Santa Anna/Costa Mesa, CA: April

Homeless people in these two areas, around train stations and motels, appeared as loners of weird type, insane white women and hunched Asian men.

Maricopa & Mesa, Arizona: April

My time in this area was spent with a guide who showed where tweaker camps had once been prominent but had been broken up by police action, with gates barring parking in certain park areas. The remains were apparent in the numerous crippled, middle aged crackers on powered wheel chairs, even on highways, making their cadaverous way.

Texas Notes

El Paso and San Antonio were only seen from the train, with the latter hosting a circus, an old style circus right next to the train tracks. I saw a carny walking his dog. I have heard that this place is hell on earth from people who do not live there. But, the staff who boarded there were not half as mean as Chicago people and a circus of this old type cannot survive a weekend visit from the kind of Negroes that have driven me and mine from our ancestral home of some 300 years.

Marshall Texas & Saint Louis, MO: April

Polite working class Negroes directed by polite, good looking, middle-aged white women who are the gentile opposite of the progressive suburban Northeastern bitch. No visible homeless.

Chicago, IL: February & April

As soon as the train crosses the Miss from Saint Louis, people start getting mean—even people who were on the train in Texas, as if a curtain of acrimony had fallen. Slightly more homeless, stealth camping, are spreading on the outskirts, not in the intestines, of Chicago.

Pittsburgh, PA: December & April

More Homeless of the most benign type, small camps and individual tents of peaceful whites practicing stealth camping rather than sloth sprawling, have expanded ten-fold from 2020, doubling since 2023. This would be the place I would pick to look for economic refugee homeless and conduct interviews if I still did that kind of writing.

Baltimore, MD: December & May

Homelessness is spreading in Baltimore as murders fall off a cliff. This is a sign that the cops have stopped their alliance with the blacks, who, together, made the streets of Baltimore too dangerous for homeless folk. This began in 2022, when white tweakers started camping on Baltimore streets, in doorways of deserted buildings, and on the new bumped out parking curbs narrowing main streets to two lanes. They now fight ebony skinnies that try and bother them, as working men like me were prevented from doing from 1981 through 2019. Blacks no longer threaten me, ever, on Baltimore streets. The cops have called off the hunt, revoked Yeti

hunting licenses, and white men have once again, for the first time since the 1980s, been seen defending themselves with easy success against the savages, without packs of blue PIGZ and mobs of feral Nigz interfering with the only form of justice granted under Heaven.

Harrisburgh, PA, May

This minor state capital is showing increased homelessness and crime, with the cause divergent, white homeless hiding out, and black subsidized renters fulfilling their USG contract by hunting crackers.

Lancaster, PA, April/May

This three state white flight zone, traditionally home to Baltimore and Philadelphia refugees, is now the most congested motorist zone in America. Tens of thousands of NYC progressives have removed to Lancaster County, even displacing some sell-out Amish. I expect this to be a crime zone of the future, with increased construction of distribution centers in progress.

Ultimate Enclosure

Homelessness and Crime Notes With Adam Smith

[Adam Smith's prompts in brackets.]

[Promised you some notes / questions on the topic of drugs and homelessness as covered in San Fransicko. No need to directly respond - just some starting points:]

[- Gavin Newsom, then mayor of San Francisco, said they'd solve homelessness in 10 years about 20 years ago; similar proclamations elsewhere?]

I have heard this in every city I have stayed except for Portland. Portlanders know that LA, Boise, Tacoma, Seattle, Sacramento, and The Great Lakes cities, have launched busloads of dope fiends at them. People in Portland also have soft hearts for down and out folks, to include soft-hearted lumber jacks, truckers, criminals Reservation Injuns, upstanding government Indians and the many military veterans there. Coming from the East it is surprising how many military vets live on the West Coast, a 5-to-1 density among boomer whites I know. I think this far higher percentage of military vets among legacy white voters somehow bears on this drug and homeless question. I know combat vets who have lost more people

to drugs than they did in combat.

[-> remarkable how quickly he was able to clean up the streets (a couple of weeks) when China's Xi visited]

This is simple. Short time human herd movement is easy. It is a thing government does well.

[- how did ancient cultures handle homelessness -> Rome was famous for example for having many people crowded into the urban areas]

Roman politicians loved the homeless and the poor as a weapon against their rivals. "The mob," is the ultimate Republican tool, a populist resource. Republican governance can be seen as a way to domesticate the demos, to turn that pack of feral dogs into beasts of emotional burden. When one compares the peril of oligarchs before the demos in Hellas to the puppet like mobs of Rome, it is obvious why our Founding Grog Fathers chose the Roman model.

I will limit examples to Aryan cultures.

Ancient Greeks used homelessness as a threat, with ostracism their preferred capital punishment.

Scythians sold excess sons and daughters to whoever had silver, gold and wine.

Persians and Assyrians and other Middle Eastern Aryans preferred to convert individual homeless into silver and gold through sale to soul drivers and to scale up ostracism by exporting entire military cadres, clans, families and tribes to alien lands. This was the obvious goal of Xerxes invasion of Hellas in 480 B.C.

The 30 odd tribes of Germania forced out their excess young men into enemy territory, (like Boise did to Portland and LA to Las Vegas) either as bandits, pirates, colonists, hostage age-grade military units, depending on the fortunes of war.

England stands out as the nation that hated its own working class most passionately. In the 1100s through 1380s English boys and men were routinely sold to non Christian soul drivers by abbeyes, priests, lords and thugs for traffic and often castration and rape, via Northern Italy, to Muslim lands. Charges of human sacrifices by the slave traders and Wat Tyler's Rebellion caused a suspension of this activity and an exile of the soul drivers. These were brought back in by Oliver Cromwell in the 1640s, with these Non-English, non-Christians who actually supervising the death of King Charles, and demanding 75% of the Irish population and the entire English under class in payment—resulting in the peopling of America with slaves whose descendants now fancy they had been free.

Police in Anglo America began as white slave catchers, stocking chain gangs and whore houses until they were repurposed for

promoting urban blight and drug addiction from 1913 through 2019. Future use of police under USG is still an open question. The answer currently seems to be elite enclave and business protection, increasingly private. Our homeless situation is related to the Enclosure Acts in England, meant to generate a rootless labor pool while aggregating real estate. In our consumer/medical hysteria society, where old ladies are denied pain meds in a hospital setting, but six blocks away cops sanction drug buys, the rootless drug addict is as profitable to government, real estate, debt-based banking, medicine, faith-based organizations, therapeutic business models and international corporations as the white slave of old was to his Planter—a creature, we are told by our government schools, did not exist.

[- 2018 Supreme Court upheld a decision that Boise Idaho cannot prohibit camping in public unless "shelter was practically available" -> agree / disagree?]

I don't care. It is not my city, not even my country.

[- crime rate in black neighborhoods was 20% LOWER before desegregation, according to 2016 NBER study]

(Notice my sue of capital letters.) Black-on-Black crime does not move real estate. Black-on-white crime does. The Negro, Prince of the Gutter he be, is not useful to USG and its subsidiary covens of evil unless he is used to attack the remnant Aryan population.

[- police presence reduces crime: 2009; Obama gave \$1 billion in grants to cities struggling to fund police, Princeton professor found grantees increased policing by 3% and reduced crime by 3%, statistically significant for robbery, larceny, and auto theft; cost effectiveness: for every \$95,000 increase in police funding, \$350,000 decrease in the cost of crime, an over 3.5x ROI]

Lies, lies lies. These, as with all crime stats, are lies used to manipulate the soft minds of productive earners who still believe that the state is their protector rather than their jailer.

Baltimore Examples:

In 1983, as I signed a note on a house in an all white Gardenville, a news story broke that Gardenville was not being sold to blacks. Real estate, news, politicians, police and blacks all attacked at the same time. No news was ever printed of Blue-on-white or Black-on-white street attacks.

In 1995, when I defended my house against a home invasion, I was investigated, as was my son. The responding officer refused to fill out a report on the Black MEN men who tried to kill my white son. No news, no stats.

In 2002, as Black-on-white crime increased steeply, Baltimore news outlets began withholding the racial identity of attackers and

promoting Blue-on-Black crime. The crime blotters soon died. This removed any mechanism for checking false police reporting by reporters.

In 2008, Black-on-white pack attacks increased far in excess of X 10. There has never been an American law reporting mechanism present for documenting pack attacks, which is the most common type of crime increase since 2008. American law is dedicated, even obsessed, with recasting most members of an attacking pack as witnesses—it is all a LIE. In the podcast I can give many examples that have appeared in my Harm City books.

In 2021, a man whose shirt I now wear, was attacked by three black men in Portland. He was white, beaten down in his driveway. No police report was filed.

The most frightening form of pack attack is the home invasion, a frontier crime out of darkest antiquity. In 2008 home invasions were no longer reported in Baltimore City, where I numerous times sat in my living room and watched the locked door knob turn. In 2012, Baltimore County was no longer recognizing home invasion as a crime. No reporting, no stats. Lie by omission is THE core discipline of American “History.”

2015, with the Freddie Gray Riots, violent crime increased 20 to 40 fold, with murders almost doubling. The identity of murder victims was thence obscured and lied about in the only crime reporting.

Other violent crimes, which had expanded far more steeply than murder increases, were reported as increasing LESS steeply. Lies, lies, lies.

In 2016 my son and daughter-in-law, in Baltimore County, were the target of a home invasion. They were home. The responding police officer knew the attackers and informed my son that he had to destroy his video evidence of the attack or face charges, as the attackers were minors of mere 17 years. No crime statistic was entered, even under a lesser designation.

In 2016 in Baynesville, where I lived with a lady, home invasions were being reported by people on social media, and the police were turning them into “burglary” reports, which is the most opposite form of crime. My friend Mike, who was killed by Covid nurses in 2020, whose grandson, on the Baltimore City Line, was arrested for peeing behind a dumpster and charged with a felony, was called by the old lady that lived three doors down. In the late morning, by day, right next to wear a drunk white working man was arrested for peeing behind a dumpster, spotted by a police helicopter, behind the Taylor and Harford, Giant Food store, a black man was kicking in this old white lady’s door. Mike went down to chase the Negro off, what ran. When the cop came, he wrote up the home invasion attempt as “destruction of property.” a year earlier, Mike’s same peeing grandson, was followed home from the bar and robbed at gun point by two black men. The responding “white” cops laughed at him and refused to file a report. Does the reader detect a trend

here? Oh, two years before that, while elavinga bar in east baltimore after work, this same young amnw as atatched by two balck men, who stabbed him in the chest. He fought them off. The cops investigated him for crime while he was in the hospital and did not care who the attackers were when they found out that they were not his friends, but strangers, and not white.

If the reader has here thought, “It is that kid’s own fault for drinking at a bar and walking home, or for living in Baltimore City,” than the reader is part of the army of occupation charged by Leviathan with crushing the soul of humanity and ushering in the age of Satan.

Any crime reporting IS A LIE. Ignore it, accept as an example of systemic means to steer your mental process away from the observation of reality to the worship of the boot heel that rests upon our collected neck.

The answer, the only answer, to drug addiction and violent crime, which are acts committed, mostly, by peoples of differing kind, is Strong men for women. For men to occupy themselves first with being Strong, not confusing the accumulation of financial markers with strength, is the pre-requisite for human survival under the machine that currently dines upon our body and soul. A rich man who may not fight a pack of savages at the door to his house without fear of societal censure, whose only hope for “freedom” is submission judgment before 12 anonymous, fictional “peers” or paying off lawyers, is not really a man—and he knows that, his wife

and children know that, to their mutual sadness and damnation. So long as we believe in the great American axiom that “it is better to be judged by twelve than carried by six,” then we are dyed in the wool slaves and have no other destination than the butcher shop of souls.

Toby's Humans

Six Migratory Pale Working Americans: New Jersey,

5/30/25

From January 2020 thru April 2025, this writer has been the winter guest of a remarkable family. It has been my honor to help with chores and converse with James and his family. The people below are accurately represented in the eyes of their black dog, Toby, in the novel American Dog.

On April 4, 2025, I was seated with James when Toki Erik unburdened his harrowed soul, that being one of the handful of unsolicited accounts of racial oppression under The American Lie that inspired this book.

Mamma

This pretty blond lady still cares for her mother at home, a lady nearing a hundred years. She has hauled rocks and ditched with me, and is a true frontier woman, makes her own bread, gardens and is beloved by her four sons and husband. Her family were pushed out of Oklahoma where they picked cotton as share croppers in the 1930s, to northern California. Construction work drew her and her oldest boys with her husband to Washington State. She was pregnant and caring for a toddler, living in a tent in a state park

while her husband worked. While not staying dry in the rainy season, she hunted for houses with a real estate agent. After raising and homeschooling four sons, she wanted to help others and went to work as a lunch lady at the public schools. There she was confronted with the myth, that because of her blond hair and pale skin, that her poor, cotton-picking ancestors had managed to oppress tribes of Indians and millions of Africans! Her clearest memory of going to school in California, was of Indian girls chasing her to pull out her yellow hair. “It was frightening—but thank God they can’t run! I always got away.”

Finally, the indoctrination that even though she spent time helping the few children “of color” in the school, that she was yet their evil oppressor, sent her back to house and church, to limit her giving to those who were not being taught to hate her. “It makes me sad that the government must always point us at each other like guns.”

The Geeze

“I hate niggers—plain and simple,” says her husband. “I’ve worked with them for forty years and they are always scheming to get out of work, stealing, arguing, blaming their problems on whitey. That’s why I call myself “Whitey Massa!” They can’t exist without the government that taxes the shit out of me to maintain them. When I was a teenager, just out in the world, shooting pool with Pap, two of them tried to rob me. The treatment has never improved. They’ve attacked me and my sons. Sure there are good ones. When you work in construction, the Nigerians will pull their weight. But American

Groes, forget it! They inhabit security and government positions. I've had to explain a simple feature of a building to an inspector who is being followed around by a crowd of lesser government inspectors, all of them Groes. Not one of these Groes knows a thing about the work they inspect, yet things cannot be built without their idiot approval.

Son One

Like his father, the eldest son fights back when attacked by other men. He is not a large man and is very athletic. Despite frequenting predominantly pale establishments, he has been attack twice, thrice actually. Being attacked by dark patrons at a bar, he defended himself, resulting in him being attacked by two black bouncers, who he hospitalized. This resulted in much legal expense. On another occasion he had to fight his way clear of a mob of Tacoma Area blacks, the roughest Negroes on the West Coast. This man now works in an elite U.S. Military Unit in a leadership role. In this capacity he has faced racial animosity from other NCOs. He works well with fellow soldiers of all races yet still has to deal with overt racial hatred in the ranks.

Nutsy and Benny, the two middle sons, have confided no tales of racial friction from their life at school, work and in recreation. They have taken their fathers' general position, without the flare.

Smooka, the youngest son, is the most intelligent and athletic. In his military training and service he has faced laughably crude racial

hatred from superiors of color. Easily outsmarting these men, he has been selected for advancement from beneath their loud mouths and low brows.

Toby, for his part, being a black canine protector of his humans, reserves his most savage growls for delivery men with skins shaded brown. He is, one might say, an Uncle Tom.

This family has experienced working class life in portions of the nation where most crime is committed by people of their own kind. Yet the combination of increased taxes, with increased sightings of Groes, higher crime and the constant media harangue against them and in favor of the new neighbors down in the subsidized subdivision, wearies folks who have worked so hard, moved so far away and yet remain the focus of so much social blame. Toby's humans live on the last acreage that can be legally inhabited up against the mountains claimed by the city they have fled. The Cedar River and Green River Watersheds are claimed by the coastal government that good people wish so deeply to escape. Other places in the country are being considered for a final escape from the crime, the hate and the increasing tax weight.

Note that American states, facing the sea on either coast, insisted on control of the mountainous interior from their inception. This reflects the deep greed for control intrinsic to The State. This is shared on the national scale by USG. I do suggest for people seeking a new state to live, in search of that land where other races will not be sent in as great numbers to drive up your taxes, reduce family

security and bring the HATE, to seek a land-locked state. The mountains of West Virginia, Nevada, Wyoming, Utah and Idaho, beckon for a reason. That reason is that the infrastructure of HATE, that collective emotion that is the lifeblood of USG, is expensive, and that HATE is less efficient when it is not anchored upon the sea, or any port accessible to ocean going freight. For, in the eyes of the any Capitalist Nation we, mere humanity, cannot exceed the designation of freight. We are a commodity to the retailers of Nation Hate who wish to have as many branded product lines on their shelves as possible. Like all branded product, our purpose, in a world where every idea, emotion and act are for sale, we the freight, are fated to compete and ultimately be replaced by some lower quality commodity, had for a discount rate.

Freight

Taking the #43 Train into An Appalachian Storm:

6/6/25

Two days after my arrival in Pittsburgh, there is another dawn without rosy fingers, more morning murk and nightly showers. It is cool, very cool at night even when hot by day. The grass is oh so green at the organic dairy where we get Rick's milk. The trip, aspects of it, like the swaying, rattling, wreckage of the cars, the rain pouring through the coupling between cars, the wisps of mist clinging to the country side around the Appalachian divide, all yet haunt. Even the dream I had yesterday, in which I was murdered in those hills, was deep green and pretty with vapor.

Full construction at Lancaster, PA and expansion of service with New York is taking the form of a structural overhaul. Lancaster, PA has been slated as an eastern mass transit hub to exceed Baltimore and anything in the Midwest but Chicago. 30 years ago Baltimore fled there. Over the past 7 years something like 700,000 New Yorkers have fled to the green hills of Lancaster. Farms are being paved for distribution centers. Some Amish are selling. There are more freight trains running in PA than in any state I have visited.

Elam and his baby were "overbooked." the king Amish fellow with

his more cute than cute son sat with me, the little fellow on his lap, wondering at the weird one next to him. Elam is a mechanic for a saw mill, keeps forklifts, loaders and grinders going, likes it, and can number each category: 8 lifts and 3 grinders, among them. The grinders break the most. Elam speaks Dutch at home. Many of his people have church basements now. He confided that there are some “six” variations from more to less conservative, among them. He keeps a phone for business, one that takes only calls. We discuss the hypnotic effect of palm phone texting and reading, which we have observed. His first child, toddler son, Elmer Lee, is a delight, and befriends me.

Altoona up to Johnstown, on the Horseshoe Curve was a sobering ride. I was in the cafe car, which had a line as long as the car. So many people are being booked on trains that the cafe has become the 7-11 from hell. It is a half hour wait for coffee, at least. No one has seen this previously. As I sit in the car drinking my caffeine and trying to count the freshly painted black NorfolkSouthern locomotives there, a man who works online using his phone hotspot, has a nice conversation with the assistant conductor, a large, pleasant woman of viking aspect. They both discuss their new aversion to flight. Both have been involved in near misses at new York airports. These were not news worthy, even though hundreds of people on those planes will never fly again. In addition, the airports are further out of town in all cities, than the railroad station. With families scattered across the nation, and access to these habitations being mostly by sedan and local transit, train

travel is becoming more attractive. The crew claims that 25% of the traffic gotten over the past year are fliers coming down from expensive and more harrowing air travel. Another 25% comes from the former Greyhound riders who pipe up and say, “Never again—the busses are torture, loaded with junkies.” I can tell from my experience that the other roughly half of the additional passengers are also new. For almost no person who took trains before 2020 does so now. This half of the rail herd are people who have experienced hard times, replacing the former vacationers that dominated.

Norfolk Southern had over 60 new black engines at the Altoona yard, and about a dozen old orange locomotives, freight traffic was almost constant.

The assistant conductor gave a nice monologue from which I gleaned some information. The rail services across the state are about to increase from 1 to 2, with more increases between PA and NYC. In 1954 48 daily trips traversed Pennsylvania from New York to Pittsburgh and beyond. Amtrak used to have the Broadway line, from Broadway to Chicago, daily.

28 cents an hour was the wage of the 450 men who built this line in the 1840s and 50s, via manual labor and black powder. Horseshoe Curve was one of the wonders of the industrial world and was one of the top 10 strategic targets for the Soviet Union in the Cold War.

The conductor fielded some questions as to why the freight trains only give right of way east of Harrisburg.

“Amtrak only owns the tracks between Washington and Boston and Harrisburg and Philadelphia. Everywhere else the railroads own the tracks, with Amtrak subject to their dispatch. We have to use freight dispatch—if they have a money train coming through, forget it, we sit on the side.”

When I came back from the cafe car a cute little thing with attitude, a blond woman of about 95 pounds was in my seat. I stood and looked at her until she moved her things from my seat. The conductor came buy for her ticket. She had none, said she boarded at Altoona, gave name, and was not on the manifest. The man, a likable nerd of a Murkhan Land Whale looked at me with questioning eyes and I gave him the look that all men understand, “Bro, she’s an 8. We only kick women off the train that are a 6 or less!”

The stowaway hottie got a patriarchal pass. All she had was an overnight bag.

The conductor then announced that The National Weather Service came through with a flood warning from Johnston thru Latrobe down into Pittsburgh. The speed governor would be set at 40mph, by law, and we would be 20 minutes late.

Kind, elderly boomers and Amish families offered to let me out of the seat as they passed me. But I prefer to be the last passenger off a car that has come to the end of the line.

I sense that something in the updated design of the Mid-Atlantic American Zone is heralding a time, not far off, within the next five years, when auto and aircraft traffic will be reduced by some measure, with rail and bus increasing. Ticket prices are falling, as every station I have been to is being remodeled and updated. Amtrak subsidized the rail freight barons, not the other way around. It is monopolistic capitalism functioning at a high level. I suggest that this is related to a drive to bring manufacturing back into the home territory of USG.

‘The Sea Wolves’

Reavers of the Coast, A Pulp Yarn by James R.

Andersen

1 The Idol

Grim the berserker, a sandy fellow named Hakim and five long ships full of barbarian pirates are under the command of Captain Aerin “Black” Vane. Like Robert E. Howard so long ago, the author is not shy about giving a way the object of a chapter at the outset. Yet, even as we know the story winds out towards an Idol, the quickly broken action compels a minor interest in each the next passage. Vane is something of a composite of Cormac MacArt, and the historic pirates Charles Vane and Black Bart. Just as Cormac had the best sidekick in fiction, Wulfere the Skull Splitter and an entire viking crew, Vane’s dark ambitions are served by the Sea Wolves, pirates of no nation and various races who make no excuses for their fleecing of civilization’s human sheep.

I have saved these first three serials until the fourth arrived for a nice read, and find myself pleased enough to take off the day of writing and recall my youth reading.

jamesrandersen.com/home/tales#h.d6gy08xrkehu

2 A Chance Meeting

It is clear in chapter 2 that Andersen is building, or has built, a

fantasy world, where vikings and broadsides coexist. One pirate mentions delicate city girls and Hakim bursts out, that civilized men refer boys to rough laughter. The fact that the sailors on the Galleon taken in the first chapter were taken to be sold as slaves or cast adrift as their ship burned is an indictment of civil society and how it ruins men. A civilized rival, the Viscount General of the Armada of Vernilon, is introduced as a proper foil for the Sea Wolves. A beautiful seductress, a realistic “wizard” and the rapacious character of Vane are brought out in their various contrasts in this ramble through a renaissance city. The long chapter, dialing in at over 4,000 words, ends with a sharp hint of malice.

jamesrandersen.com/home/tales#h.exm5knzbo8yo

Chapters 3 and 4 are in the reviewer’s possession as manuscripts. The length of the chapters promises a novel, at least, perhaps a series of short novels. The author is in the maritime military and has spent much time in some of America’s port Cities, such as Portland, where we met. He manages to infuse that whiff of quayside moral decay into his yarn.

3 Knives in the Dark

2,923 words

Two of my favorite passage in Reavers of the Coast come from this chapter:

“The men in the boats looked like ghouls sent from hell. Gaunt grim faces starkly shadowed in the dark, piercing eyes scanning like ravenous beasts. Knives glinted from between their teeth; their hands wrapped around cruel weapons.

“The first boat thudded softly into the muddy bottom and without a word its crew slid out, knee-deep in the black water, and stalked slowly forward. Each boat joined them in turn until they had all unloaded their fiendish occupants.”

The feeling of endless class warfare, of working class pirates rising and slaughtering their leisure class civil pilots rips through Knives in the Dark. I am sick to my guts of noble slaves fighting back the tide of barbaric rage, and so enjoy reading about justice from the muck rising to strike down the occupants of mansion and tower.

The action moves smoothly, its rapidity enhanced by wel chosen perspective changes. The length of the chapter is perfect for such an action packed march of ruthless scenes. No author I have read has written about housebreaking with such cool clarity. A bitter soul, trod on by this world can read Knives in the Dark, and momentarily feel as though the boot heel of The State did not press upon his pale neck.

4 Obstacles

6,674 words

The length of this chapter of *Reavers of the Coast* gives the author room to depict the flight and pursuit of pirates from both perspectives, a double hunt that takes plenty of small asides to illuminate the self worship of the cults of science and civic propriety. The “wizard” or

“scientist” Colerites is a likable character, as over calibrated as the government goons he serves are blunt objects of *The Mercantile State*.

“A new dread swelled in Colerites’ breast and he gripped the rail realizing the devastating weight of his situation...the court...the Armada...the Viscount-Governor!”

I suspect James is too young to recall. But his scientist character much reminds me of the Doctor in *Lost in Space* who was such fun as a boy and taught the lesson of bravery through his opposite behavior.

And Black Vane is a nice counterpoint to this brilliant, dithering ninny, “Why Colley, you’re white as a ghost!” Vane smiled, “How rude of me! You must be starving! See that he is fed at once! Would you join me for a glass of wine on the mizzen deck? The weather is fine.”

A third into this the raoringest jaunt, the reader, discovers an effigy of himself, as a terrible little pirate named, “LaFond!”

Young James, I have just received what should be regarded in the Court of Knucklehead Pulp Writers, as Arrian might say, “Honors regarded as the most esteemed.”

Thank you.

Historical piracy has been so overworked and the lesser known reaving activity of the corsairs and northern Europeans and ancient so overlooked, I think James has worked out a truly genius world building strategy, a fantasy world with elements of traditional Nordic piracy, ancient Odyssean adventure, and the heavy heel of early modern mercantile states such as Britain, Holland and Venice.

I shall now enjoy reading the balance of Obstacles like a boy wishing in his heart for a world to burn.

PS: The second half of Obstacles is some of the most brutal, action-packed fiction I have read.

Check James' Work out at:

<https://www.jamesrandersen.com/>

‘In My Pink Jacket’

Megan Recalls Bussing: East Baltimore, 6/21/25

“Juneteenth, a holiday—I’ll take it. Why do we have to celebrate these people being freed? We never got freed—we have paid their way since I was a child. Everything you encounter in the work place and on the news, you end up finding it out to be a lie in the long run. Every military guy I know—and smart kooks like you—they look at 9/11 and say that was a controlled demo, that things don’t “blow up” like that. They found this out after they went to war because our own government killed 3,000 of us. Hell, they probably held us like slaves just like the blacks, and just lied about it so our guilt would feed the blacks. We are the second race—blacks are preferred in all ways. That is painfully obvious. I always knew it in my bones, that I was trash and the government loved blacks.

Exactly fifty years ago I went to school, my first day of Hamilton Middle School. It was the Seventh Grade Annex on the third floor. My sister Debbie drops me off. Our father died when I was a little girl. So Debbie, Bruce—who was a total bad ass that no one fucked with—Mike—who got robbed by Niggers on Edison Highway before we moved up to the Northeast—and Cheryl, took care of Paul and me, we were so little. [1]

Debbie drops me off and I'm walking around the building in my little pink jacket and this big black bitch, a man-sized woman, named Charity, says, with her stupid golden teeth, a grill, "You have any money?"

I say, in my petite way, "Oh no," embarrassed, because I didn't have any lunch money, a poor Pollack with a brown bag lunch. So she punches me right in the face. I was afraid, knew better than to go to the office and snitch.

I get in the car after school and Debbie looks at me and sees that my jaw, right here on the left side, is swollen. I tell her what happened and she went OFF! She takes me upstairs and the secretary is a nice black lady and says, "We can have your sister point out who did this so they can be disciplined."

Debbie grabbed me and said, "Bitch, do you think we're stupid!"

The Principal comes out of his office and it was terrible. I kept saying, "Please, Debbie, no Debbie. I was so embarrassed."

All she called him was, "You bald motherfucker," and must have said nigger, monkey and coon a hundred times. She then walks me out to the lineup, where all the busses are loading up with the blacks to go back to their neighborhoods after they get done beating and robbing us after school. This was before you had to live with them so they could beat you and rob you in front of your house. We had just been

chased by them out of East Baltimore up into Hamilton, and the government were bringing bus loads of them to finish the job. You remember what it looked like, five city buses lined up next to the school, all full of coons?

[The author recalls this from the 80s and 90s when living and working in Hamilton. My oldest son was repeatedly robbed and beaten there. Big Ron, in the same grade, recounts his tales in *Let The World Fend for Itself*.]

Debbie takes me by the hand and walks me to every bus, walks me up into the bus and tells them, “Niggers, coons, monkeys—this is my sister. Lay a hand on my sister and I will fucking kill you you black motherfuckers.”

Not a one of those coons said a thing. Overall, the black girls would attack the white girls. We all had our earrings ripped out of our ears. One nigger bitch asked me about the ring my grandmother gave me and told me to take it off and give it to her. But I wouldn't. That was after Charity. The black boys would attack the white boys, but groups of them singling out one boy. The black girls were so much bigger than the white girls and nastier than the coon men, that they just went for it.

So, Bruce talks to me after school. For him, beating up coons was a sport. He says to me, “You come home crying again, you get beat up by some coon again, then I'm whopping your ass. They are nothing

but monkeys. They don't have a soul, no guts—you go after them. They hit you, you hit them all day long. They grab you, you bite, claw. They beat you, then you fucking stab them with a knife—you understand—Pollacks roll over niggers one time with nothing left over.”

I miss Bruce so much. He took no shit from anyone, not cops or coons and they were all afraid of him. But God takes the best of us first.

The next day, after school, I go outside—Charity had messed with me after the scene Debbie had made—and there were bikers everywhere, surrounding the buses. It was all of the Chosen Sons and a lot of Independents. I don't know how it got triggered. But the area was still all white and none of the white girls had earrings left. These black bitches knew that some hard biker bitches would be coming down on them. And this was back when black men just didn't drive—the government had to bring them in on buses. So we had the numbers and I didn't get punched any more.

I saw Charity years later. She didn't remember me. Maybe black girls are so much meaner than their men because they know how ugly they will be. No wonder the black men want white women—their women are terrible.

Notes

1. In various Harm City books I told tales of Mike's home in

Northeast Baltimore being placed under siege. His grandson, Joe, was stabbed in the chest by two blacks and nearly died in East Baltimore, at Ponca and Eastern, so moved in with Mike in the northeast, one block from the County line at Harford and Taylor. When returning from the store one night, he was robbed by two blacks at gun point on the front lawn. One night, while walking home the back way from the bar, he stopped and pissed behind the dumpster, was spotted by police helicopter and arrested, jailed and charged by a gang of thug cops in Mike's back yard. That same year, a black man was kicking in the old lady's door two houses down and old Mike went to the rescue, chasing off the gro. When the cop came, he reluctantly made a police report, and wrote it up as "destruction of property." Mike and Cheryl were both killed during the mass medical murder spree unleashed in late 2019 and still ongoing. Bruce passed many years ago from a stroke. Megan is in bad health but still working.

Carjacking Uptick

How Baltimore is Becoming More Violent and Less

Deadly: 6/21/25

89% increases in carjackings in Central and Northern Baltimore city, areas recently gentrified, are reported by Baltimore City Police.

Three other precincts have reported 20 to 40% increases. From my experience, any increase in violent crime is “juked” down, roughly by half, with the exception of murder, which usually produces a corpse. So, the less than doubling of car jacking in the North and Central areas will in fact be a doubling or tripling. The lower rates will be a doubling.

The problem the police and news lie apparatus are having is dealing with all of the private video footage. Attacker race unknown is no longer an option, as every video attack on a pale person features a hero of gawdly hue beaming ebony quality into the rabbit dens of gentrified Baltimore.

One particular case is Fells Point. Fells Point is between Perkins Homes Projects, a nest of ebony ire that was torn down at the onset of Covid, and Canton, one of only two successfully gentrified of the 36 Baltimore hoods. The other is the peninsula of South Baltimore. Most of Canton is off limits to Negros, who have forgotten that their

Wakandan ancestors invented scuba gear: I think it was Jacky CueStole. Of the lanward portion not walled off by Latinos who do not tolerate Grokind, only Fells' Point is pale enough to provide an invasion corridor into Canton.

Perkins Homes have been renamed and mostly rebuilt a few blocks away. The returning enrichment has provided manpower for Reparations Recovery Squads. The news video shows a not masculine white man outside of his business being grabbed at gunpoint by a tall ebony warrior and deprived of his chariot in front of his home. A neighbor comes to his aid, by doing a homo hug after the gawd has made off like Phaeton. The hysterical yelling was shameful. There was no death before dishonor in the pale soul. I have attacked men who approached me with guns and they retreated. It seems only about half of Negroes are willing to shoot a combative cracker. My coin toss landed on heads both times.

Yet Baltimore is reported to be record safe, to have 40% fewer murders?

Also, Baltimore is safer for me, this decrepit cracker, as the mudshark breeding program and social media have degraded the masculine quality of my hereditary foes. Young black men are SO GAY these days.

The gaslight tells us of the fall in murder. However, murder is 90%+ black on black, which is good, because it cuts down on those who

hate and hunt me. Just like defund the police made streets better for me, with white trash a traditional cop prey item, black on black murder is a plus for the white prey population. Zebras are happy when lions eat each other.

So, Why Is Baltimore Better for a Low Cracker

The answer is simple, X3: occurrences and reporting of low level strong arm crime by black on whites has been depressed for three reasons:

1. White trash are now permitted by police to fight back against blacks, where before defund the police, that was a great sin punished by police beatings and incarceration. Homeless white men on the street means that the police are not knocking in cracker heads for defending against Negro attackers. That puts an actual defender on site to help you out against the hyena men.

2. The cooling of the illegal weed, crack and heroin market has caused black thugs to strike not against each other over resources, but to carjack those with cars, for use in more carjackings and robberies across municipal lines, in more upscale areas. Pedestrians like me, in low scale areas, have less to worry about.

3. Also, carjacking stats are easily depressed, to theft, unlike murder. Robbery, stats are mostly reduced to menacing, assault and even burglary. Home invasion stats are not recorded at all, and if listed go under the headings of destruction of property or burglary.

The street the pale rabbit man lives on is in an uproar, except for a handful of neighbors who are refusing to aggregate their video

evidence. This indicates that these reluctant neighbors are probably black and afraid of the thugs, or are sympathetic to the crimes. A gofundme has been started and the cops also have a reward. Business and private video has been supplied to the news. This shows that gunman casing the street in casual attire with a female. They make a nice couple. This is a highly intelligent means of deciding on marks to hit. In a mixed race area, the aggressor race is immediately suspected unless he is in official delivery, utility or municipal attire, or, with a woman.

The local news media is more interested in solving these crimes than the police. More projects are under construction within 1/2 mile of Fells Point, nice brick faced subsidized condos and apartments for the attacker class to breed, stage, launch and den up. Stupid white old hippies, hipsters, faggots and gentry working for government in Washington D.C. down I-95 or for Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, are seen jogging, biking, reading in delusion. Meanwhile, the government prepares the attackers' hunting ground. This will ultimately fuel screams of white whining furry—rather than fury—for more police, drone police, meat police, law cameras, Artificially Intelligent detection and pre-crime prediction...

All due to the American delusion that a person may only be protected from harm by the state, and may not freely use force in his own defense. Most importantly, we may not go to the aid of our fellows except to offer a hug after his deflowering.

...

In Other News

Also on the news is a girl named Kiana Washington, a young lady who is allegedly involved in running a squatting network in the area. On the 8 AM news cast she was being followed around by a news reporter as she scream at him in ghetto style.

Interesting is that Latinos have nearly vanished from the streets since the Trump Squads snagged a few illegal laborers in the East Baltimore area I am currently living in.

I wonder if there is a connection between the two?

I have no such reasonable suspicion, other then the news stories going back-to-back. The number of my neighbors here who are here against the law is sobering. The squatting activity, rampantly afflicting investment properties, in which the owners do not live, is something I think is good. If enough squatters crash these investment properties, maybe house values will drop so that poor working folk might once again be able to afford to make a temporary home. Remember, when you resent non violent criminals, that a worker is never more than one step from being a criminal in any civil society.

I am of the opinion that local TV new still offers insights into reality. All of the national news is obviously fake or distorted into a twisted or reverse image. I will continue to check local news when I am in

various areas about the ailing nation. For instance, tornadoes, small ones, new to Baltimore, are actually reported on local news. Aside from some special murder and police brutality cases, what gets filtered into national news from local news is rare. The information flow is downward, hinting that national news organizations are government contractors.

Appendix of Q & A Articles

Full Kicker Conversion

The Final Step To Boxing for An Aging Kickboxer:

11/11/24, Baltimore

On Saturday the ninth I was standing outside the temple of the eaters, at a bull & oyster roast in Rosedale, Baltimore, hoping I would not freeze to death in 45 degrees, returning Sean's call. My young leader, who calls me "Boss" wanted to know If I had recovered from the Fight Brain Clinic on the 26th, and in particular the beautiful long sword thrust from young James Andersen that dented my saber mask, blackened my eye, and squashed all hopes of the Irish dirt farmers against the Danes in our miniature replay of Clontarf. I was only mildly concussed. It seems that my torn hips, by giving out whenever I am hit by a big man, or walk into his waster sword point, save the brain by failing under the strain.

Sean, satisfied that his old heathen thrall might survive the winter to continue serving as a substandard cornerman in May, then said, "I

need to know how to up my boxing game. Kickboxing and MMA are too dangerous after having the knee rebuilt. So boxing is going to have to be my thing. What is the next step?”

I had spent the first hour watching the boxing, and coached James for his three two-minute rounds against Sean. When I sparred Sean, I planned on eating a double jab and slipping in, knowing he was going light, but ate, I think 7 in a row. So having seen only his glove and shoulder for 6 minutes, I hope this serves.

Sean is 6' 1" 215 lbs, and very strong, with most of it in the legs. He is, unfortunately “On Weights!” I hated seeing him suck weight to 165 and 175 for MMA. Now he’s on that iron dope. Oh well. In Boxing, the best fighters from 160 to 195 are 6 feet to 6' 1". Staying at heavy, above 200 pounds, as the small man, is the best course here, better than being the lumbering meatshield for devil hands. In boxing, Sean is bottom heavy with wide hips, calves thicker than my thighs and freakish thighs. This can be translated to punching power.

Sean is a southpaw, who comes from kicking, so likes to switch leads.

Stylistically, partly for the lack of tall sparring partners, Sean boxes in a wide Philly shell, a kind of lateral peek-a-boo with a shoulder roll and a good hook pitched into the body off the hip. The double jab is good, the blind jab high enough for MMA.

#1: Elevate the Jab

You will be boxing giants. Your blind jab must be elevated. In sparring with six footers shoot your blind jab over their head, into the eyes of the 6 and a half to 7 footers you will be dealing with. Your wrist still blinds them. Your forearm protects against the cross. The glove can then be dropped down on their head, shoulder, arm or glove to stop, check or measure [that last being a foul]. Do not use this dropped lead to stall, but to right away punch with that or the other hand as you step off or steal the angle. USA boxing refs will call measuring in a hurry.

#2: Train As a Southpaw

Stop switching guard! You must own being a lefty by forcing your self to stay there. Do not switch guard for defense, ever. You should only switch guard to a left hand lead to exploit an advantage and prevent him from escaping. Watch Haggler versus Hearn for this.

#3: Increase Your Power

Do this by bringing your feet in under your hips. Your feet are too wide. Having them closer together makes your punch harder.

You can also increase your power from this taller, more narrow posture in three other ways. a) Use a knee drop when throwing the rear hand, and alternately, b) stand high on the foot under the punching hand by straightening the leg and raising the heel just before impact. So a slight knee bend translates to either a deep knee

drop to sink weight in or to a straight flexed lower leg to deploy those cracker calves into the punch. c) From a knee drop, punch up from a half leg and put the thigh muscle into the punch.

#4: New Balance

Return to post or doorway drills, the rock slide and push off drills to begin testing your narrow foot position. Then take those drills to the heavy bag and experiment with your new balance equation, beginning with non punching balance drills.

#5: New Punches

Lunge punches are some thing you have trained in knife. Boxers have few defense against this. Your blind jabs from southpaw can set of a lunging rear hand, a sneaky thumbs up straight left between the gloves.

The safety hook, a shovel with the thumb up can be used out of a quick full step, to drive over his shoulder as you pivot off weakly on the lead heel and let your left rear leg swing around almost in line to an oblique. [as in the knife defense drill] This is done to set you up away from his right rear hand to mug him. Mugging is to step behind him, with your lead foot behind his lead foot and throw hooks to his back—yes—hit him in the spine. Joe Lewis used it to beat Max Schmeling, breaking a back bone.

As he drifts left to cut you off from worrying him with this, probably in the second round, side step left with rear foot, out of range of his

right, and then launch a lunging power jab down the middle and spear his face, then transfer out left with a pass hook. For the lunging jab and many other tips, see Hagler versus Mugabi. Haggler fought Mugabi and Hearn, both bigger men of opposite builds. Return to those two, with Mugabi the best clinic on dealing with a bigger man. Haggler switched leads to exploit advantage.

A pass hook, on a shift step left diagonal, if done with your rear hand in high guard against his right, can set you up for muggings on his right side.

To facilitate you not getting knocked the fark out by this giant, practice throwing blind jabs with the rear hand. Kosta Tzue—I'm killing this Asiatic Roosky name here, jabbed with the rear hand. Throw that high rear hand lead up at his eyes to draw a blind rear hand or a jab, and then weave to the outside of that drawn punch. Be careful.

Practice side lunge punches, not just pass hooks, but straight punches for him to run in to. This is important as low-skill high-size heavy's sometimes bum rush. You don't want to be caught holding his weight up with those Odysseus thighs. Note in ancient Greece, the man with thick thighs was regarded as the harder puncher. This had to do with the high traction of their combat surface.

Make sure the non-punching hand is held high in shield.

Practice the U-hustle to his right side to really piss him off. When he figures it out, go right behind a blind jab and pitch the lunging rear down the middle.

Our next evolution will be fighting other lefties. First, work on becoming the bane of right handers. Thanks to the need for major league baseball switch hitters, ambidextrous big men are mostly in baseball.

Take care of your shoulders.

Your peek-a-boo shoulder rolls are for when you get caught on the ropes and need to get the hell out. Then return to the high handed hunt. You need to be the one dropping the stop hand on his gloves. Do not catch punches from a big man with the glove, but drop your hand on his in a downward parry to juice his shoulders and drop his guard. Drop parries can be dangerous if over done, drawn, or if he has quick hands and knows how to roll the jab back over the parry.

For when you get in trouble against some big mug, watch Duran versus Barkley and Duran versus Haggler.

Catch Weight Combat Plan

An Attempt To Codify Criminal Countermeasures,

Costa Mesa, CA: 4/11/25

Self-Defense: not fighting

Attacker/Defender: not good guy/bad guy

With Movement, every drill, no standing

A timer?

1. Peek-a-boo boxing defenses: 40 minutes
2. Stick-Boxing methods, bat included: 60 minutes
3. Knife defenses: 10 minutes
4. Defensive object review: 10 minutes

1. Boxing

All corner drills

Attacker punching notes: loose hand, bent arm contact

Defender does not punch, turns out of corner

Between rounds attacker moves to next corner

Round Progression:

1. Shell & turn
2. Cross-arm & turn

3. Half Shell & turn

Section Progression

1. Orthodox Gloves

2. Orthodox attacker/ Southpaw defender with gloves

[Side-step ankle warning, Pass-step, C-Step right, Fade left]

- Gear Break

[rounds 3 thru 5 one pair of gloves per pair]

3. Orthodox gloved attacker/ Southpaw defender ungloved

4. Attacker Gloved blind jab/ defender ungloved check and clinch

[checks and clinches]

5. Attacker gloved mount/ defender ungloved

6. Ungloved clinching

- Gear Break

2. Stick Boxing Crash Course

Grip

Fingers

Warm up

Power

Stretches

Strokes:

#1. Diagonal forehand

#2. Diagonal backhand

Methods

1. Jab for hand striking versus knife or heavy weapon
2. Smash for clavical stroke to smaller individual
3. Slash, general purpose, hand dump

Defense

1. X Beat
2. Checking hand
3. Roof block

Targets

1. Hand
2. Head [side of head note]
3. Clavical
4. Left knee, outside

Sparring

Two teams gear sharing versus James

Rotate men

Rotate teams

James calls round on coaching point

On deck team advances man

Final 10 Minutes

Unarmed/Knife armed, hockey gloved, Bad James versus stick,
each man once

Review

3. Knife

- Showing
- Running away
- Psycho Situation, can you out run him

Partner Drills

- Right side, stuffing the draw
- Left side blind jab with pass step
- Ice pick

4. Defensive Object Review

- Hand stick
- Jacket
- Others

Thank you Carlo, Coach Drexler

First Contact Review

Coaching Impressions of Five Southern California Men, Costa Mesa, California, 4/12/25

The group was a delight to train with, as was Mesa to stay in. Like the people in general, the men at the gym and those who drove to meet there, were less suspicious and more welcoming of stick fighting than in the east. The gym was perfectly appointed and the ring ours, thanks to Smiling Alfredo renting it ahead of time for 2 hours. Once the coach, Drexler, who deserves his own article, figured out that we were not cavemen or nuts, he was cool about the weapon training.

We began with boxing at 2 PM.

Drex had us break out the sticks after the regular crowd left at 3. He liked it so much he had us stay until after 5 PM and then took a group photo.

The interaction with the head coach was so positive we are setting a date for another session for late July.

The men will want an after training assessment, which I did not have time to provide, so will give it here. The catch weight combat

clinic was simply light contact sparring conditioning, focused on peek-a-boo boxing defense, training parameters, stick sparring and basics of knife attacks and defense.

The next session will be very different, but retain a light contact sparring focus, branching into development of individual styles. Drexler was kind enough to demonstrate ground and pound and grappling with this twerp and not break it into pieces, so the grappling aspect will be reviewed. I suggest all four men access Drex as a grappling coach for monthly privates and use those skills as much as possible on your feet, against the ropes and walls when we do boxing, weapons and self defense in the future. In case of group attack, the floor needs to go vertical as a wall to serve your operational needs, and hopefully remain a horizontal destination for your attackers.

All of the men need to review the 2015 bag training video under the Modern Agonistics tag on the site. All of the stick strokes and steps are also included on 4 training videos on that site from the same year.

Everyone needs to watch boxers on YouTube, I recommend as models for their body type. All should watch Haggler versus Mugabi, with Haggler as the model.

...

Steven

Our tall, thin, strong nerd, a former Coast Guard man, with thin legs and an apish wingspan, came to me the next evening at the train station, bought me a soda. He was wondering what he needed to work on specifically on his own. I told him:

Do not stand, when talking or waiting, with knees locked back, ever.

Make certain to walk with the weight landing on the heels, then feeling the floor with the falling ball of the foot.

Forget Muay Thai kicks. Practice savate kicks with those hard pointy shoes against a light bag.

Look through your hands, even when looking down at a short man.

Stop BJJ classes and switch to privates, since the classmates are yanking on your neck like apes.

Practice step and drag line drills for boxing with your feet the same width as your hips.

Slap the bag, rather than punching it, until I see you next.

Watch Thomas “Hit Man” Hearn's bouts as your model.

...

Vanilla Gorilla

Slap, don't punch the bag, for now.

Never stand still after hitting the bag with one slap, but move, step drag to a stop, and hit it again, then move. Hit, move, hit, move.

Look at Mike Tyson for a training model. Pay attention to his movement when young, not his punching power, but his evasive motion while moving inside.

Work on forearm flexibility and shadow stick fluidity, not power with the stick. You already have the power, but are tight and tripping over the muscles. Slash with the stick. Avoid jabs and smashes for now.

...

Rollo

For boxing, your heavyweight stamina is great. You have good punches. So stop throwing every punch except the jab. Just jab and guard until we train again.

Use Larry Holmes fights versus Cobb and Butter Bean as models and shadowbox and work the bag that piston jab.

Stay with your jabbing stick style but work on power drills. Move after every jab.

...

Alfredo

In boxing you are tight and square. As you work with your coach view some videos after training to help absorb his coaching.

Watch the Mickey Ward versus Arturo Gatti trilogy. Use Gatti as a model. Make sure you are not square, but on an angle, without your lead foot between the rear foot and your target. Note how much better Gatti does in the rematches when he stops banging and starts moving and jabbing. His coach is one of boxing's best ever, Buddy McGirt. As a champion and contender Buddy was largely outgunned in the 80s, but won most fights through skill. Look up his highlight reel.

For the stick, get a pair of nunchucks and learn the basic twirls to loosen your wrists up.

You had great knife sense—your Sicilian blood welling up!

Hang a rope, string, belt or sheet of paper from some thing overhead and practice making your empty knife hand into a spear point of fingers. Put on work gloves and slash and stab the soft swinging target with your fingers, keeping a slight bend in them, moving after each stroke, then moving again as you deliver another stroke, keeping the other hand back to guard your neck down to your guts on the right side.

...

Men, thank you. Please follow up with your local coaches and instructors and we will expand in our next session.

Tramping: Summer 2025

Crackpot Travel, A Rough Draft: 5/28/25, G-String,
New Jersey

This is meant as a means for me to semi-intelligently approach the ticket counter in Lancaster, PA, when I arrive there, God willing, in seven days. It may also give my potential reapers, some of whom I am supposed to encounter at some point this year, an idea of when and where this bad thought whackamole might appear to cast its tiny shadow at the foot of that mighty Murkan tower...

It is strange, and uneasy on the soul, to but rarely stay a week in any den. The recent multiplication of men wanting to train, my desire to return to those who assisted me when writing earned about \$2k a year, has combined with a feral reaction against being crippled for some months in 2023. It is strange how a supposedly sentient and willful creature becomes colonized by circumstance. It is so strange I sometimes wonder if this life is real.

What follows is the plan I shall attempt to execute. This will be done in pieces, as I cannot buy tickets online and the east coast ticket counter clerks are generally incapable of selling an itinerary, with language and cognitive abilities sufficient for but 1 or 2 sales. Once I get to Pittsburgh, I will be able to buy tickets in a block. Note that If I

miss a single train, that the entire itinerary becomes void. That is another reason for the writing of this, so that there will be record of intent for my failing brain to access for new ticket purchases. This will also give my hosts a ready reference. I am trying to move more slowly and more often, with only overnight trips. Sleeping sitting up for more than two nights becomes taxing for the crumbling cracker.

A note under each entry is a reminder of my primary activity expected.

Some of these stops have not been checked with folks who have invited me. In such cases, I will simply plan on spending a night in a motel to rest and write and map the area for a future visit.

I am currently, in Jersey, writing non fiction prompt articles suggested by readers and editor, background notes for a Myth 20 Podcast at summer's end, and beginning writing The Warriors.

Thursday, June 5, Morning

Train from Metro Park, New Jersey to Lancaster, PA

Visiting a fighter's daughter who insists she is The Queen and I am the Butler and should not be wandering about when tea time is nigh...

Friday, June 6, Afternoon

Train from Lancaster to Pittsburgh, PA

Finish writing The Warriors

Thursday, June 12, Night

Train/bus from Pittsburgh, PA to Norfolk Virginia

Training with James

Monday, June 16, Morning

Bus/Train from Norfolk to Baltimore

Finish writing Enemy of All Mankind

Northeast Baltimore/East Baltimore/Harford County (writing), Cecil County (training), Baltimore County (training), Westminster (training)

Friday, July 4

Sedan to Lancaster, PA

Train/training videos for local gym

Tuesday, July 8, Afternoon

Train to Pittsburgh, PA

Begin writing the Areid

Tuesday, July 15, night

Train to Chicago

Transit

Wednesday, July 16, afternoon

Train to San Bernadino, line is in ill repair, could arrive Friday 17th,

Saturday 18th or Sunday 19th

Training with Rollo and Vanilla Gorilla, writing bio

Thursday, July 24 ?

Train from San Bernadino to Santa Anna

Train with Alfredo

Saturday, July 26, night

Train to LA

Transit

Sunday, July 27, morning

Train to San Jose

Writing Son of God/Areid

Monday, August 4, morning

Trains to Salt Lake City

Complete Son of God and Areid

Thursday, September 4, night

Train to Chicago

Transit

Saturday, September 6, night

Train to Pittsburgh

Begin Completing Planting America

Saturday, September 13, morning

Train to Martinsburg, WV

Training with Ax Grit

Monday the 15th or Tuesday the 16th Baltimore will be the destination, by train, bus or sedan. I'll leave this to the convenience of my host.

Autumn Destinations

October

Saint Louis 3-5

Colorado 7-15

New Mexico 16-23

California 25-30

November

Oregon

Washington

Michigan

Pittsburgh

Lancaster

Baltimore

December Rough

Maryland

Jersey

Pa

January

To southwest MO, Phoenix, California... just don't know

Staying In

A Style Guide for two Small Heavyweights; Pittsburgh,
6/7/25

Sean is 6' 1" 205, looks like an action hero. He is stuck in heavyweight as a boxer with kickboxer hand power—he's not got one shot power in that division. Sean has trouble finding sparring partners that can hang with his high level of condition. It is my goal to turn his conditioning into his KO weapon, by applying pressure.

Paul is 5' 10" 185, what used to be a small heavyweight. These days that's the cruiser weight division. Paul spars twice a week at a gym where he is thrown in the ring with teenagers much taller than him, of races with notoriously low empathy scores.

Neither man is tall for his weight class. Last week they both asked me for a style assessment to increase their effectiveness with fists. I have arrived at the same opinion for both of them, that they have gotten as good as they are going to get on the outside and that they need to start mugging their training partners and opponents.

Paul is going to fight, taller, younger men. Sean will either be fighting shorter, heavier, bum rush heavyweights or giants. The former he can handle now. The latter would put him in trouble. He

began with me at 160 pounds as a kicker. Then, it was about him jabbing and controlling range. He can do that now. As a blue corner coach, I'm a ninny and mostly worried about them getting hurt. The answer for both is the same—don't stay on the outside. That is obvious for Paul.

For Sean, staying on the outside against a 6' 6" monster is no good. It is not the odds on event. The more likely guy, the six foot fatty, is, however dangerous when you force him to bum rush. After the first round proves how thick his head is and his blubber prevents winding him with body shots, and we find that he probably hits harder, and his condition is an issue, he will be told to rush. I suggest letting him in and taking side control. This has you working the same thing that will be your only option against the occasional giant.

Paul, likewise needs to do this. Sean's partners can't get in on him unless he lets them. Paul can now get in to punching range but does not stay in and lets his man restore range. We come down to the same issue. You fellows need to work on baiting your man forward, and entering to his side as he takes the bait—then staying there, mugging him, working him over, hitting the solar plexus with one hand and the spine with the other. [1]

Some technical tips on muggings in the ring.

You both get good results with the high blind jab.

Now start doing a high blind rear hand. Sean, the southpaw, work from both sides, as there are more of you evil lefties than their used to be.

Bag Combo Drill

Step back and side to side with a blind jab, one, two or three punches at his eyes, to bait him in. Use this as the non contact overture to hitting the bag, varying which jab makes him take the bait and move in.

When he takes the bait, throw a high rear straight with $\frac{3}{4}$ fist, not thumb up and not palm down, but a hybrid. This is ideal for hitting the forehead and brows without jamming or stretching you wrist. This punch is thrown with a pass step, as if you were stepping in with the lead foot behind a jab. Since you have missed the bag from out of range and it is just hanging their, you need to take this step to barely hit the bag. Be careful turning this into a lunge unless you are a southpaw. You are jabbing with the rear hand.

Making the rear hand jab work from out of range is a neat trap. You cannot spring this trap if you keep your feet too far apart. Practice boxing on the outside with your feet under your hips, not your shoulders. The closer the feet are the more unstable you are, the weaker you look, but the more coiled range and power you have. If you mess up the timing you eat it. So you must drill this a lot. We will work on live drills in October.

Once you have stepped and dragged in with a rear hand straight to the eyes:

- shovel hook to his body
- drop a sneaky right on his chin
- step behind him [this is were the feet separate]
- and work hooks form both hands up the spine and center line.

Now, stay on this bag for two more combinations and kill it.

Use wing blocks to trap the bag with both hands and step around it, always getting behind it—make him turn.

For both of you men, once you have gotten inside against your toughest adversary, the taller man who is younger, quicker and might hit harder, you must not let him out of the wheel house. Think like a hunter. Once you spring a trap against a hunter you have to keep on the pressure.

Sequence

1st, 2nd, or 3rd feinted #1 behind evasive foot work

#2 Step and drag in behind a high $\frac{3}{4}$ fist

#3 shovel

#2 sneaky [or a Philly hook from rear hand, depending on space and angle]

#3 Philly

#2 sneaky

Once you throw and land a rear hand while mugging him, get deeper behind him with a pivot or step or check and dig another combination.

wing block while stepping behind

repeat

wing block while pivoting

repeat

Do a round of this feint and mug sequence.

Then do a pressure round, where you do this sequence and never let up, just keep mugging that bag, pivoting, wing blocking, stepping behind, vertical [not extended] palm checking to shoulder, stepping around, hip checking, pivoting around, checking the bag with your forehead and shoulder as well.

Get some women or children to hit you with gloves while you practice the mugging aspect of the hip, shoulder check and elbow check with the wing block.

Practice corning drills, in and out.

Ideally, you men should be able to use pressure tactics like this to wear down harder hitting and less conditioned men. Getting inside on a power hitter and staying their really stresses them, as most of them have their power on the end of their punches.

If need be use a shuffle step backwards to set this up. If you are a

southpaw with a kicking background, you can effect the pass entry like this also—Paul, don't even think about it!

Paul, you should practice shifting to southpaw to keep on top of your man. Look at Haggler hunting down Hearnese for the foot work.

Sean, use the U-hustle out front for bait as well, especially when boxing orthodox.

Notes

1. Max Schmelling beat Joe Lewis with a hook to the spine, which broke a bone.

‘Training In Boxing’

Achilleas Has A Boxing Brain Question:

Athens/Baltimore: 6/25-26/25

Achilleas skyped me two years ago when I was severely crippled and shaking in pain. He cheered me up and agreed to help me with my Greek questions for the Aryas and Alexander projects. I recall he schooled in England where he lifted weights and kick boxed, and that he attended a Dog Brothers gathering and fought with sticks in Athens. It is important for a boxing coach to at least see the man. Achilleas looks like a small heavyweight to me. These kind of men do very well in bareknuckle boxing and are built more for MMA. He reminds me of Paul Bingham, with a bigger head and more brawn. Like Paul and other boxers in their 30s have discovered, being a 5’ 10” inch man just over 200 pounds is a rough deal in a boxing gym that is geared towards competition.

The reasons are:

1. Your coach is focused on competition fighters and you are already too old for amateur team meets, especially for Olympic coaches. You are a low priority. I made do by being an assistant coach, helping with flexibility, being an example of hard work, and being a mentor and connection for jobs. Anything you could do for the coach to help with his young men outside of the ring, or maybe

just paying him extra to give you some private lessons, will help.

2. Men in their 30s who are fit and strong, scare young boxers. These men are either youths or in their 20s. They have limited empathy and will be afraid of you on a gut level. They will also be taller and quicker and tend to use you as a punching bag.

3. You are heavier than you were when you were their age. By boxing standards you are overweight, especially if you are a powerful fire plug weight lifter like you. That muscle costs and drags and anchors.

I will address these points after your query.

Achilleas is a very sharp mindful man, with a family and a job requiring his brain. My goal with all of my fighters, and with readers who ask advice, is to keep them from injury. I am a Blue Corner coach. If boxing is our car, you are the driver and I am the air bag. Most competition coaches, Red Corner coaches, they are the stick shift, the gear box. They have to take 13 year old kids to the nationals by 18, Olympics by 21, and pros by 24. When that kid hits 30, he is already putting on too much weight and losing reaction time. Most of those guys do not stick around to help coach, but move on to work or dissipation. A coach with brains might let a hard working, over the hill boxer, fill in for all of the experience that bleeds out of the gym after 30. In America you can't even compete in Golden Gloves after 36. Tell your coach you are training for bare knuckle as a baseline, that you are really an MMA man. That will help him slot you in his mind.

[My answers below will be in brackets.]

...

6/25/25 Email from Achilleas

Mr. LaFond long time no talk. How's everything?

[Since recovering enough to travel 20 months ago, I have done dozens of hours of sparring and have had over a dozen fights of various kinds and over 30 machete duels. I have hit a ceiling for strength gains since the socket ligature in both hips are torn and the femoral nerves are screaming at me and threatening to keep me from walking. I have to coach boxing tonight then rest for a week. It seems I will be tapering off my activity until January, at which time I expect to retire to assistant coaching by age 63 in the spring of 26. I still do the basic DDPY exercises that I modified and the ones I invented to get my spine working again. I do these every day. Thank you!]

I've been keeping up with your blog and I truly enjoy the entries. I love the videos on the "InTheseGoingsDown" channel as well. Always entertaining and informative!!

[I will be spending a week with Mister Grey doing videos, so send him any requests you want. I am emailing this response article to Achilleas on 6/26/25.]

I had a boxing question.

As you remember I was in-and-out of martial arts for seven years. From kickboxing, to MMA, to Krav Maga, to Kali, all whilst lifting. After COVID hit, I never went back to training martial arts but I continued with lifting and DDPYoga. Although, due to a colleague edging me on, I started training in boxing. It's been a month.

[Lifting, being “on weights” as Mister Jimmy Hines would say, makes you look and feel scary to boxers and guarantees you get hit harder by the same punch that would feel lighter at a lighter weight. Many boxing coaches do not know this, many good coaches.]

First things first, I'm amazed that even though I've never done boxing before I could spar with the seventeen- and eighteen-year-old prodigies this gym has - don't forget I'm thirty-four and, apparently, this gym is training people for the amateur leagues of Thessaloniki. But even though I wanted to stay in that gym for eight to nine months, I'm actually thinking of quitting after one month and I'll tell you why. It's the first time in my life that whilst training I have people exclusively head-hunting me. Now you tell me it's literally boxing (!) but I've never realised how many other tools I was using before in other martial arts to create distance.

[This is an easy fix. The impact you feel comes with blocking with large gloves, especially if wearing head gear.]

Funny thing is, I always get out of training completely unscathed as (almost) everything gets properly blocked. But still the shock of the punch does go through the block and - of course - I do feel it. And here's the million-dollar question. Should I stay for these other eight months as I initially planned or just leave?

[Stay.]

After everything I've heard in regards to sub-concussive blows I don't know if I should continue. Everyone is talking about CTE and martial arts these days and I just don't know how much of this is blown out of proportion.

[I've been punched over 10,000 times cleanly and have now had 27 concussions, including a stick shot to the head last month. You have a good skull, much better than mine—you're a Greek! My squib head has survived exactly 50 years of getting punched. Concussions are the big enemy. The small blows will cause a gradual erosion of the outer material of the brain over decades. Eight months sounds good. Besides, I doubt if you are good at getting hit yet. Blocking is the crudest form of boxing defense which I have returned to at the nadir of decline.]

Even though the training and the sparring is going surprisingly well I don't feel confident in getting hit on the head repeatedly (even whilst blocking) as I'm completely clueless on the long-term effects

of it.

[Only 2 of the roughly 200 men I have handled have had long term brain issues from getting hit. Both of these were from extreme power shot concussions, one in stick competition, and one sparring the hardest hitting 174 pounder in the U.S. The erosive effect is not from light sparring, but moderate to hard sparring that does not cause concussions but still “rocks” your brain.]

As someone with years of experience I think you're the best person to tell me on how to proceed and the risks involved. As for me telling you that I wanted to do boxing for eight months and then just go back to weightlifting I had decided that way before my first training session. Unfortunately, the fire I've had under my belly for martial arts is long gone for some reason.

All the best Sir! I hope I'll hear from you soon!

Achilleas

...

Okay, young man, you have decided on being a strong man rather than a boxer, a decision appropriate to your age. Boxing, you took up on a dare, it seems. So, since you are now in a self-defense setting, let's use this ego-induced situation to improve your chances of surviving a street ego situation. If a college mate could goad you into

the ring, then a couple of jerks saying mean things to your lady could goad you into a brawl. As a strong man you want to survive their sucker punches so that you can throw them around, tear off their car door, and do other goon stuff you walls of meat can do that I can only write about in adventure novels.

Bare knuckle boxing is now big.

Tell your coach, that is where your heart is. That's no lie. You are preparing for a bare knuckle affray we hope never happens.

Ask if you can discard the head gear. It applies more shock to the brain, due to its weight, weight distributed furthest from your neck, and as a bridge with the blocking glove. It just helps with cuts and holes in the skull from super hard punches. You can't sell this. But you could say you are looking to bare knuckle and want to practice more head movement and less blocking.

When you spar only throw jabs. His boxers can always use work against a jabber.

When your left gets tired, jab from southpaw. His boxers can surely use help against southpaws.

Only throw light punches so you don't get hit so hard getting caught.

Move side to side, not away, not in, but side to side, while you jab. This is good work for your partner and keeps you from getting caught on your heels going in or back.

Give up the body. Make it an obvious target. You look like a barrel of ape meat. Let them beat the body and when they come upstairs for your head, duck, bob-weave to the side, coming up and out with the jab.

Always try to get behind him. While he is side-stepping and turning to prevent this he can't hit as hard.

Practice rolling with a punch then jabbing, roll and jab. Must guys that roll come up with a hook that can get them hit hard.

Important: when jabbing, slide your lead foot forward on the ball of the feet, not to the heel. This is a slick jab used by light hitters against hard hitters. You are not trying to win, but to learn how to minimize his punching power.

At the end of the session, ask your coach if you can do an extra round where you have no gloves on, just wraps, and don't throw, while one of his men throws at you. If he says yes, practice coming forward while moving side to side from the waist, like early Tyson. Do not clinch, but check to his elbow, shoulder and hip and try and get behind him. Keep your fingers together! Amateurs are not allowed to clinch.

If there is a pro in the gym, ask to do an extra round of this, light, with the clinch on, so he can practice avoiding and breaking clinches and you making them.

Practice waist rolls and rolling with punches with your mate who talked you into this, on your own time.

After this bare handed defense, you should be better at air breaking with your wrists when blocking. The head gear makes a solid connect with the curve of the glove, as does a large glove rested on the temple and transfers force through to you. Without the head gear, you have more room to let your wrist give like an air brake and not transfer as much force to your forehead/temple, and thence to your brain and neck. This is mostly about your NECK. Heavier guys, even with strong necks, take more force to the neck when they get hit.

Only 8 months?

Go for it, eagerly, carefully and forget punching, punch only enough to give your sparring partners something to defend. But crowd them and make them work on movement and keep their punch count up. The more punches they throw, the better your chances of learning how to roll with the punches in only 7 months. Do not come in straight, like a bull, even though you look like one. Stalk them like you are a panther, LIGHT ON THE LEAD FOOT, trying always to be

close enough to get hit, but at an angle where they find it hard to hit you with authority.

Achilleas, have a good time in the gym.

Coach Agamemnon

Part 2 of Achilles Training Situation:

Athens/Baltimore: 6/26/25

Achilleas got back to me quickly at the right time. I gimped up today and could not walk. So I let down three young boxers at the gym, 13, 12 and 11. Each boy is so different, that training them takes different roads at the same time. I find ways for them to work with me and each other, mixing and matching, maxing out with being able to handle five fighters at a time, before they start being left behind without a piece of information they need to keep growing. I have rarely been in a gym with more than five boxers. That is strange, something that only happens in what we called “white collar” boxing in the 90s and became fitness boxing in the 2000s.

Before I read this email, I will take a few shots of Jonah’s Curse over-proofed rum to render me kind, as, from your last email, I suspected that you were at a money making gym. You see, money making gyms don’t produce good fighters, they produce good profits. BJJ/MMA gyms are an exception, as amateur MMA fighters get paid more than pro boxers. If geared towards a specific sport, like amateur boxing, where it is just a point game and there are no rewards for hurting the man, money making can track with a good team if you have enough people. But to have a lot of people you need

a lot of students who are not fighters to pay the bills. This can work in BJJ and used to work in TaeKwonDo, both arts were most can't fight, are not fighters, but pay the bills and essentially sponsor the few fighters with abilities. I have no problem with that. I bet that is what Coach Agamemnon has in mind, a stable of "student" boxers paying the rent for his few fighters, who he will pimp out in some way.

However, being from the self defense perspective, and having been poor for all but 4 of my years on this earth, I am only interested in helping people how to defend themselves, and keeping the art of manly defense alive. My part looks like its done, can't even spar with 12 year old 100 pounders, can barely walk, can't demonstrate line drills. So, I will sit and sip and read and place comments in brackets that hopefully help.

...

Thank you so much Mr. LaFond! But now that I've read what you wrote I'm even more confused on how the coach of this gym is training me.

[I was not confused, but was being diplomatic.]

The classes go something like this.

[Real boxing gyms do not have classes, unless they are set aside classes for nerds. How many boxers compete in classes, in a line?

How many boxers compete alone, just them, the foe and the ref in the ring? Classes and their mindset, run counter to any kind of combat mindset except for spear & shield, pike & shot or musket and bayonet battle.]

We warm up (the warm up feels like an hour workout on its own, ha ha!) and then we do drills for forty-five minutes.

[Warm ups are to be done alone. This sets the warrior movement mindset. A warm up class is just slave mechanics and does nothing to loosen the mind for combat, but keeps it shackled to the coach's ego. This format was developed for women in New York and LA in the late 1990s.]

But these drills (sparring) are always specific, meaning someone is throwing a 1-2-3 combo and the other guy throws a 1 (everyone does the same training).

[I bet he did not start you with a 1-1-2-1 combo. If you learn the 3 first day, first week, first month, through the door your time and measure will always suck, unless you are a prodigy. So everyone is the same age, height, weight, build, no left-handers, no injuries? So it makes sense that they all learn the same exact thing, since they are all 22, 5' 10" and 145 pound, righties, right?]

Now, when one guy is attacking, we're told to keep our hands to our temples and block the shot - you're right to tell me about blocking

being crude as I never did it back in the day. I would always move out of the way. I was trying to do the same thing in this gym only for a teammate telling me that "I was scared of getting hit" and that "I was fighting like a cat".

[Glove to temple has you eating the power on your balance center, where the glove is heaviest. Pros do this when they are getting KO'd and don't want to lose an ear drum or retina. The way to do it is sliding the hand up and back and making the punch glance, or turning the glove in and catching the punch on heel of hand or wrist bone. That is much better, but still crude. Blocking is the worst form of defense in boxing. The best is a stop, then slip, then a parry, then a catch, then a roll. Blocking is dead last. But for point scoring, a block denies the point. In self defense, small gloves, professional ranks, it does not work. At 62 I am now reduced to blocking against young men because I am just a punching bag. It is like fixing bayonets and charging a machine gun, if the man has power.]

I was also using elbow blocks (similar to Mayweather - obviously I can't fight like him but I was watching "tape" and tried to mimic his defence) only for two people to have their hands get hurt on my elbow (that is due to the athletes there not being able to change their hits mid shot) and me getting chewed by the coach for "letting my ribs being too exposed" and "not following the combos properly".

[This man is an idiot—more rum, oh, a beer chaser... It would be so nice to fight his team, as each man is exactly like the next as he can

manage.]

Even though I almost broke the thumb of one of his 18-year-old amateur prodigies by just messing around. I take no joy in this but if someone steps into your martial arts gym and does that amount of damage by just blocking, I don't know what to tell you.

[Let them have your ribs, hands high, looking through cloves, then drop your elbows on their thumbs until he kicks you out of the gym. Break their hands. Go for it. Be nice, play stupid, but break their tender dew claws. These are lap dogs. Be the wolf. This gym has no redemption. Wreck it quietly—you already paid up. Your goal should be to get kicked out and bow respectfully and thank the coach and leave. If he shows thumb up punches to the body, his fighters should get their thumbs broken.]

Mind you, yet again, even the amateurs train and "spar" like this. There's always a mandatory combo. When I do the combos on them, they just have their hands raised on the top of their foreheads and they just take the shots. Even the "live sparring" they do is presented as a full force 1-1 combo. Each person can only throw one punch whilst defending.

[This is delusion maintenance so that they don't lose enrollment. If he has good fighters that actually win, he works with them alone and shows them the real deal—if he knows the real deal.]

I've never been to a boxing gym before and that's why I thought that all of the aforementioned were normal, but here I have been talking about a different martial art altogether it seems. It's one of those gyms that I got "punished" for stepping backwards. I had people actually telling me not to circle around them - which I naturally did due to my previous training - and just do the exercises doing a front step and a back step.

[In real boxing you ALWAYS try and get behind the man, as in any fighting. Why stand in front? Work a C step, a diagonal pass step, a U-hustle, simple side stepping. With these people, just always go in and try and move your head while you look through your gloves and either slide your glove up in the glass house shield or turn the wrist inward to do a hard parry, then drop a hand on the near shoulder and get behind him with that check, just like in kali. The best way to learn defense is to move in aggressively, stay on him, defend against his punches and mug him.]

You even get weird looks if you create some distance between you and the other person. You pretty much have to stay there and get hit with a hook to the head whilst blocking if the exercise demands it. At some point the coach literally told me "You have your hands out there, put your glove to your temple and block the hook for the needs of the exercise".

[Look at 20 pro fights. How many men have their hands on their temples? The winning fighter either has his lead down, or he has it

extended so it is faster—he is not waiting to receive the punch, but aiming to beat it and stick his man. Offense beats defense. He is keeping you standing in front of each other because that maintains floor space for additional class enrollment. Lots of kali and arnis and escrima teach triangle steps the wrong way for this reason. Boxers must cut angles, in and out and around. Backwards, avoid. Don't retreat, except to lay a trap, fade diagonally away, side cut, pass cut, get behind. If you know what punch is coming, you should stop, slip, parry or catch it—not block it.]

Also, I've just realized from your comments why my neck is so tight and the area between the middle of my upper back is killing me - something that never happened to me before during martial arts training. I mean from what you're describing here, it seems all wrong. It doesn't sound like boxing training. Could that be the reason I'm doing well against his amateurs!?

[In a smoker, you would probably knock them out. That is why everyone is trying to control you. See how many of his men you can hurt with your elbows. If he says to block the body shot, don't do it passive, but slide that elbow forward sharply aiming for the thumb or small knuckle. Break hands, respectfully.]

I can't wait for your response, especially after all of this information. Godspeed.

[You deserve a better coach. The glove to temple is hurting your

neck. Put the glove thumb to cheek, sliding up against the hook and turning in against straight punches. Catch the jab with the palm of your rear hand—let it come. Turn the outside forearm bone into the wrist of his straight rear hand. Hooks to the head, slide hand up, to the body, drop and elbow on a thumb hard and snap that thing off! Get kicked out, Achilles. Do not let Coach Agamemnon make you quit or make you bend. Make him put you out, and than him, Shake hands with the men on the way out and thank them for their time—thus ripping their souls out and leaving them slithering on the floor.]

Achilleas

962 & Out?

An Experiment in Managed Decline: Pittsburgh,

6/7/25

Twenty years ago, I wanted to do 1,000 stick fights, so as to assess the viability of minimal gear combat as a sport. That is simply the only way I can do percentages. This past May I was able to vex younger, better fighters just enough for them to stop me. I scraped by with luck with the machetes. Jon did agree to an LPR bareknuckle bout next year. I'm not fit enough, on reflection, to survive the clinch work without a further hip injury. So, that's a dead idea.

Since then, the new gear and travel experiment without crutches has been iffy. The hips are not healing and the back is on the verge of going again. There is also a neurological problem. The nerve medicine that keeps me walking is beginning to dampen my thinking. To now, I have been lucky in the side effects. It has also been two years since I had a physical. Vertigo is normal, my ears ringing constantly and loud. I can only walk a straight line when I'm drunk, and can't stand drinking but twice a week, well, three if I have company. So much for the Irish tragedy.

So, I look at the rampant schedule I have been keeping in 2025 and realize it is an accident of ego. After being a shrimp, crab and three-

legged monkey for a year, I have enjoyed a brief adolescence. No longer any good at fighting, I would still like to try to get better at writing and to at least complete one of the history projects.

[Addressed below.]

I will keep the commitments for 2025 and January 2026 with those fighters I have already trained with and plan on meeting in:

Norfolk

Lancaster

Saint Louis

San Bernadino

Costa Mesa

Jersey

Joliet

Exeter, MO in January 26, where I will leave my travel gear.

I could possibly get to 1,000 doing steel duels with James Andersen next week. In boxing I'm barely a useful punching bag. With the stick, I'm still a pain in the ass. But, doing the footwork dynamically requires me to keep the nerve medication up. It is beginning to look like writing or fighting. Additionally, I had a terrible dream this morning of the like I have previously ignored or even courted as writing subject matter, much and often to my demise. I have steel with me to train with. We should just work on technique, on slow sparring with the blade. I am keeping this quiet currently as the year will be another quarter done by the time this posts. A deep, crooked part of me wants to cheat Fate and try to hit 1,000 this year. That is

not fair to the young men who sought me out as a coach, those very few humans who have met on this weird road a few punches or strokes ahead of Eunuch Earth who seeks to gather us all in Tranny America's squishy group hug. They can get more work and benefit in us going easy than in helping me edge out with a rusty duel.

I will not be training after that and will be skipping West Virginia, Washington State and Ann Arbor. The latter two I hope to visit as a gimp writer later in 26, God willing.

Stick Fights = 689

Machete Duels = 247

Boxing Bouts = 30

For details: jameslafond.com/bio

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Writing Strand

It is yet hoped by the boy still squirming within the husk of the shell that ill-served him these 62 years, that he might depart the word world a better writer than he is now. In fiction, I suspect that I peaked in style between 2022 and 23 with Haft, The Last Whiteman, Ranger, Cox & Swain and SPQR. Likewise, Ball of Fortune in 2024, I suggest as my best history in terms of execution. That I may not improve in 2025 bothers, deep, as such may indicate permanent decline.

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Nonfiction Projects

1. Sons of Aryas is not a project I've ever been capable of finishing. Norns, languishing as it should, is a dying away of the outline, a river's end in a desert swamp.

2. Plantation America remains a savage slog. I am committed to finishing the 1600s in 2025 with Planting America, the 1700s in 26 with Of A Planted Land and the 1800s to present in 27 with Rise of A Notion. December 27 will see the end of the project, the shuttering of patreon and the dispersing of the three volumes to the handful of supporters.

3. I am limiting travel writing to one Graphomaniac Archive per year, this one being Negro PTSD.

4. This summer must see the completion of Enemy of All Mankind, overlong already.

5. Biographies in progress will be addressed in fey fashion as I happen upon those folks.

6. The Son of God is now 7 volumes in outline, which I suggest is FAR beyond my capacity to complete. I must finish the first, Advent, this year, unless I want Alexander to continue harrowing my sleep.

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Fiction Projects

1. My most researched novel, after Cox & Swain, looks to be Grace, my first ancient history novel, concerning the Agrianes. It is yet to be written and will be my fiction focus over the coming winter. The

idea is to write 7 novels alongside the 7 Alexander histories.

2. Incidents in The Life of Orion is an experiment in short fiction intended to deal with an increasingly disturbing dreamscape and also form a scrap yard for novels by reducing these to short stories of 1, 2 or 3 acts.

3. The Warriors, Parasequel to American Dream Boat, should be finished on the return to its setting, Maryland, later this month, being June.

Thank you for your support. It has been strange.

...

In Norfolk, I did 29 machete duels with James Andersen, am pretty banged up, and called the third day of duels due to nerve malfunction in the right leg.

That brings me to 991 combats of various kinds. The dying ego, I think, will not be able to resist another 9 fights. Boxing though, I'm shot its been 35 years since I've been able to hold my left glove up in a proper guard.