

Might is Right
Ragnar Redbeard

The Infernal Arch Daemon Satan Speaks!

I

In this arid wilderness of steel and stone, I raise up my voice that you may hear! To the East and to the West I beckon. To the North and to the South I show a sign proclaiming, "Death to the weakling, wealth to the strong."

Open your eyes that you may see, Oh men of mildewed minds and listen to me ye laborious millions! For I stand forth to challenge the wisdom of the world; to interrogate the "laws" of man and of "God." I request reasons for your Golden Rule and ask the why and wherefore of your Ten Commands. Before none of your printed idols do I bend in acquiescence and he who saith "thou shalt" to me is my mortal foe! I demand proof over all things, and accept with reservations even that which is true. I dip my forefinger in the watery blood of your impotent mad-redeemer and write over his thorn-torn brow "The *true* Prince of Evil - the king of the Slaves!"

No hoary falsehood shall be a truth to me - no cult or dogma shall encamp my pen. I break away from all conventions. Alone, untrammelled, I raise up in stern invasion the standard of the strong. I gaze into the glassy eye of your fearsome Jehovah and pluck him by the beard - I uplift a broad axe and split open his worm-eaten skull. I blast out the ghastly contents of philosophically whited sepulchres and laugh with sardonic wrath. Then, reaching up from the festering and varnished facades of your haughtiest moral dogmas, I write thereon in letters of blazing scorn; "Lo and behold, all this is fraud!"

I deny all things! I question all things! And yet! And yet! Gather around me O' ye death-defiant and the earth itself shall be thine, to have and to hold.

II

All ethics, politics and philosophies are pure assumptions, built upon assumptions. They rest on no sure basis. They are but shadowy castles in the air erected by day-dreamers, or by rogues, upon nursery fables. It is time they were firmly planted upon an enduring foundation. This can never be accomplished until the racial mind has been thoroughly cleansed and drastically disinfected of

its depraved, alien and demoralizing concepts of right and wrong. In no human brain can sufficient space be found for the relentless logic of hard fact, until all pre-existent delusions have been finally annihilated. Half-measures are of no avail. We must go down to the very root and tear them out, even to the last fibre. We must be, like nature, hard, cruel, relentless.

Too long the dead hand has been permitted to sterilize living thought -- too long, right and wrong, good and evil, have been inverted by false prophets. In the days that are at hand, neither creed nor code must be accepted upon authority, human, superhuman or "divine." (Morality and conventionalism are for subordinates.) Religions and constitutions are all arbitrary principles, every mortal theorem, must be deliberately put to the question. No moral dogma must be taken for granted -- no standard of measurement deified. There is nothing inherently sacred about moral codes. Like the wooden idols of long ago, they are all the work of human hands, and what man has made, man can destroy.

He that is slow to believe anything and everything is of great understanding, for belief in one false principle is the beginning of all unwisdom. The chief duty of every new age is to up-raise new men to determine its liberties, to lead towards its material success - to rend (as it were) the rusty padlocks and chains of dead custom that always prevent healthy expansion. Theories and ideals and constitutions, that may have meant life and hope and freedom for our ancestors, may now mean destruction, slavery and dishonor to us. As environments change no human ideal standeth sure.

Wherever, therefore, a lie has built unto itself a throne, let it be assailed without pity and without regret, for under the dominance of a falsehood, no nation can permanently prosper. Let established sophisms be dethroned, rooted out, burnt and destroyed, for they are a standing menace to all true nobility of thought and action. Whatever alleged "truth" is proven by results to be but an empty fiction, let it be unceremoniously flung into the outer darkness, among the dead gods, dead empires, dead philosophies and other useless lumber and wreckage.

The most dangerous of all enthroned lies is the holy, the sanctified, the privileged lie -- the lie that "everybody" believes to be a model truth. It is the fruitful mother of all other popular errors and delusions. It is hydra-headed. It has a thousand roots. It is a social cancer. The lie that is known to be a lie is half eradicated, but the lie that even intelligent persons regard as a sacred fact -- the lie that has been inculcated around a mother's knee -- is more dangerous to contend against than a creeping pestilence. Popular lies have ever been the most potent enemies of personal liberty. There is only one way to deal with them. Cut them out, to the very core, just as cancers are. Exterminate them root and branch, or they will surely eat them all up. We must annihilate them, or they will us.

III

He who saith unto himself, "I must believe, I must not question" is not a man but a mere pusilanimous mental gelding. He who believes "because it has been handed down" is a fool in his folly. Sagacious spirits doubt all things, and hold fast only to that which is demonstrably true.

The rules in life are not to be found in Korans, Bibles, Decalogues and Constitutions, but rather the rules of decadence and death. The "law of laws" is not written in Hebrew consonants or upon tables of brass and stone, but in every man's own heart. He who obeys any standard of right and wrong, but the one set up by his own conscience, betrays himself into the hands of his enemies, who are ever laying in wait to bind him to their millstones.

"I rest my hopes on nothing" proclaimed Goethe, and masterful minds in all ages have never done otherwise. This unspoken thought gives to all truly great men their manifest superiority over the brainless, vociferating herd. The "common people" have always had to be fooled with some written or wooden or golden Idol - some constitution, declaration or gospel. Consequently, the majority of them have ever been mental thralls, living and dying in an atmosphere of strong illusion. They are befooled and hypnotized even to this hour, and a large portion of them must remain so, until time is no more. Indeed the masses of mankind are but the sediment from which all the more valuable elements have long ago been distilled. They are totally incapable of real freedom, and if it was granted to them, they would straightway vote themselves a master, or a thousand masters within twenty-four hours. Mastership is right - Mastership is natural - Mastership is eternal. But only for those who cannot overthrow it and trample it beneath their hoofs. Is it not a fact that in actual life, the ballot-box votes of ten million subjective personalities are as thistle down in the balance, when weighed against the far seeing thought and material prowess of, say, ten strong silent men?

IV

"Love one another" you say is the supreme law, but what power has made it so? Upon what rational authority does the Gospel of Love rest? Is it even possible in practice and what would result from its universal application to active affairs? Why should I not hate mine enemies, and hunt them down like the wild beasts they are? Again, I ask why? If I "love" them does that not place me at their mercy? Is it natural for enemies to "do good" unto each other and, what is "good?" Can the torn and bloody victim "love" the blood-splashed jaws that rend him limb from limb? Are we not all predatory animals by instinct? If humans ceased wholly from preying upon each other, could they continue to exist?

"Love your enemies and do good to them that hate and despitefully use you," is the despicable philosophy of the spaniel that rolls upon its back, when kicked. Obey it, O' reader, and you and all your posterity to the tenth generation shall be irretrievably and literally damned. They shall be hewers of wood, and carriers of water, degenerates, Gibeonites. But hate your enemies with a whole heart, and if a man smite you on one cheek, smash him down; smite him hip and thigh for self-preservation is the highest law. He who turns the "other cheek" is a cowardly dog - a Christian dog.

Give him blow for blow, scorn for scorn, doom for doom; with compound interest liberally added thereunto. Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, aye four-fold, a hundred-fold. Make yourself a terror to your adversary and when he goeth his way, he will possess much additional wisdom to ruminate over. Thus shall you make yourself respected in all the walks of life, and your spirit - your immortal spirit - shall live, not in an intangible paradise, but in the brains and thews of your aggressive and unconquerable sons. After all, the true proof of manhood is a splendid progeny; and it is a scientific axiom that the timid animal transmits timidity to its descendants.

V

Blessed are the strong, for they shall possess the earth - Cursed are the weak, for they shall inherit the yoke. Blessed are the powerful for they shall be revered among men - Cursed are the feeble for they shall be blotted out.

Blessed are the bold for they shall be masters of the world - Cursed are the humble, for they shall be trodden under hoofs. Blessed are the victorious, for victory is the basis of right - Cursed are the vanquished for they shall be vassals forever.

Blessed are the battle-blooded, beauty shall smile upon them - Cursed are the poor in spirit, they shall be spat upon. Blessed are the audacious, for they have imbibed true wisdom - Cursed are the obedient, for they shall breed creepings.

Blessed are the iron-handed, the unfit shall flee before them - Cursed are the haters of battle, subjugation is their portion. Blessed are the death-defiant, their days shall be long in the land - Cursed are the feeble-brained, for they shall perish amidst plenty.

Blessed are the destroyers of false hope, they are the true Messiahs - Cursed are the God-adorers, they shall be shorn sheep. Blessed are the valiant for they shall obtain great treasure - Cursed are the believers in good and evil for they are frightened by shadows.

Blessed are they who believe in nothing, never shall it terrorize their minds -
Cursed are the "lambs of God," for they shall be bleached whiter than snow. Blessed
is the man who hath powerful enemies, they shall make him a hero - Cursed is
he who "doeth good" unto others, he shall be despised.

Blessed is the man whose foot is swift to serve a friend, he is a friend indeed -
Cursed are the organizers of charities, they are propagators of plagues. Blessed
are the wise and brave for in the struggle they shall win - Cursed are the unfit,
for they shall be righteously exterminated.

Blessed are the sires of noble maidens, they are the salt of the earth - Cursed the
mothers of strumous tenderlings, for they shall be ashamed. Blessed are the
mighty-minded, for they shall ride the whirl-winds - Cursed are they who teach
lies for truth, and truth for lies, for they are - abomination.

Blessed are the unmerciful, *their* posterity shall own the world - Cursed are the
famous wiselings, their seed shall perish off the earth. Thrice cursed are the vile,
for they shall serve and suffer.

DIABOLUS VOBISCUM