

kohl zine

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Issue XIV

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Tullio serafin
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Replying to @kohlzine @AnUntimelyMan and @CDEdgy


Nazi Alert! >> @kohlzine

2:29 AM · Jan 27, 2020 · Twitter for iPad

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The Boxer rebellion as an allegory for the American dissident right

by USAball

The American dissident right in its many clans and labels; far right, alt right, alt-lite, white nationalist, white identitarian, christian reactionary, is on the eve of 2020 an extremely fractured and dispirited movement. The shelling they took during and after the march at Charlottesville, their rejection by their presidential candidate come President and the stalking and attacks they have had to personally endure after those events have, it is fair to say, broken the movement. Many of its leaders, whether them personally wishing such a label, have reduced their public profiles. Its activities have mostly receded from public arenas back to the Internet, its members' real names again masked by pseudonyms.

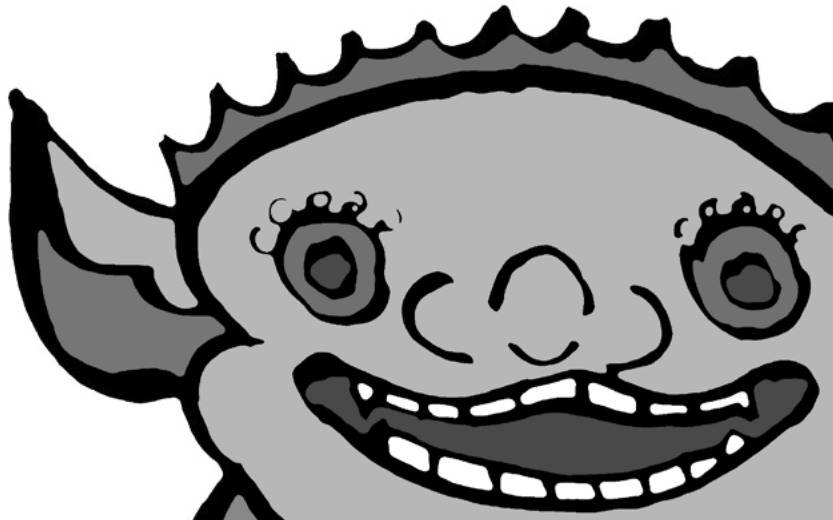
Despite hardships, successor groups and new ideologies have emerged to fill the void left by the passing of the brief unity found during the Trump election era. At the time of writing, the most public of them, and the one primarily focused on in this text as a proxy for the entire dissident right, is the "Groyper" movement led by Nicholas J. Fuentes, a young Roman-Catholic Youtube personality who has managed to walk the knife edge between political dissent and conduct allowed by tech giants on their services, leaving him a large following where many others of similar status have seen themselves removed from technological platforms. Their claim to fame is their public opposition to a Republican Party loyalist student organization Turning Point USA and their disruption of TPUSA speaking events on campuses. As their foil acts the hard alt right remnant, derisively termed "wignats". Due to their largely self-imposed seclusion and reduced importance, the "wignats" will not be explored in this text however.

To provide context for the comparison between a modern American political movement and a Chinese one from 120 years ago, the Boxers were a peasant movement that attacked Christians and foreigners in the descriptively named Boxer Rebellion. They were motivated by the rising fortunes of foreign powers in their country and those who changed their customs to benefit from that, compared to the horrific poverty, humiliation and abuse that loyal

Imperial citizens suffered from during that era. The movement grew in just a few short years from such humble origins that they have been lost to time to hundreds of thousands strong, and in 1900 they stormed Beijing and besieged the foreign legations there, leading to an international military intervention.

There are many points of commonality between the Boxers and what remains of the US dissident right. While the difference in the scale of efforts between the two movements could not be more different, at least for the time being, the stakes are roughly similar. Both Imperial China of 1899 and the United States of 2019 are faltering giants, torn apart by forces both internal and external, on a precipice above unforeseeable cataclysms. What follows, for the sake of brevity and to merely whet the appetites of those inclined for further and more rigorous study, is a list of areas where these two groups interlace in their attributes.

Firstly, both groups come from the common people. Both movements have been born bottom-up and not top-down. Supporters have not come from the gentry



and in both cases leaders have been disposable, the groups could not be dispersed by merely disposing of a few figureheads. Their motivations have come from widely held discontent and organization has formed from within the ranks, not by external imposition. The Boxers, in fact, came from the poorest of the poor, the farmers of the repeatedly flooded plains of Shandong, the people most likely to focus on bare survival over matters of government in perhaps any other time.

Secondly, both movements arise from a state of decline. Imperial China had long considered itself the center of the Earth. It was the Middle Kingdom. Other nations and courts paid tribute to the Forbidden City, not the other way around. It was a shock of epic proportions to everyone when foreigners that had far surpassed them in strength and progress began walking on the streets of their cities like nobles, feared government officials prostrating before them. Similarly, the United States had considered herself a great power for generations, a superpower in a bipolar world for decades and the premier power in a monopolar world for almost three decades. Her people had been the richest, most free, most privileged in the whole World, and now her people were dying by the hundreds of thousands from despair and her prided democracy reduced to blatant plutocracy.

Thirdly, faith in the ruler. The Boxers did not wish to overthrow the Qing. In fact, the motto of the Boxers was "Support the Qing, destroy the foreign!".

While the Empress Dowager and her court hardly loved foreign meddling, she was not the ally that the Boxers hoped. In fact, in many occasions the Imperial court directed the organs of the state to destroy the movement, an action usually only aborted by lower ranking officials who sent back reports that they were merely clubs of local patriots. Only when forced by Boxer action, did the Empress Dowager belatedly send in Imperial troops to support a war that had already begun. In the United States, the mercurial President is no more an ally to the dissident right. All the staff that supported his hard-right policies have been purged and on them no progress has been made since the early months of his term. His Department of Justice wantonly prosecutes his present and former supporters. Yet, among the dissident right, a blind faith on a lone man fighting righteously even while surrounded by serpentine mandarins remains.

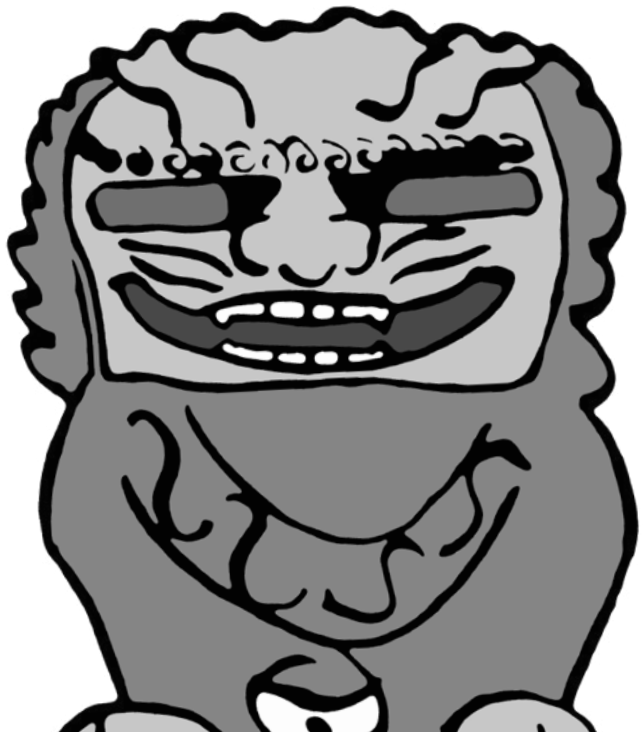
This faith in an impartial higher ruler was also repeated in Japan among the militarists in the 1920's , who launched coups and assassinations against the civilian government, while petitioning the Emperor to no avail. It is interesting to note that in the very same years of the Boxer movement, in 1899, the Finnish people sent the Great Address to Tsar Nikolai II, hoping that he would stop the policies of russification. The Tsar was in fact among the masterminds of the very policies the petition was gathered to address.

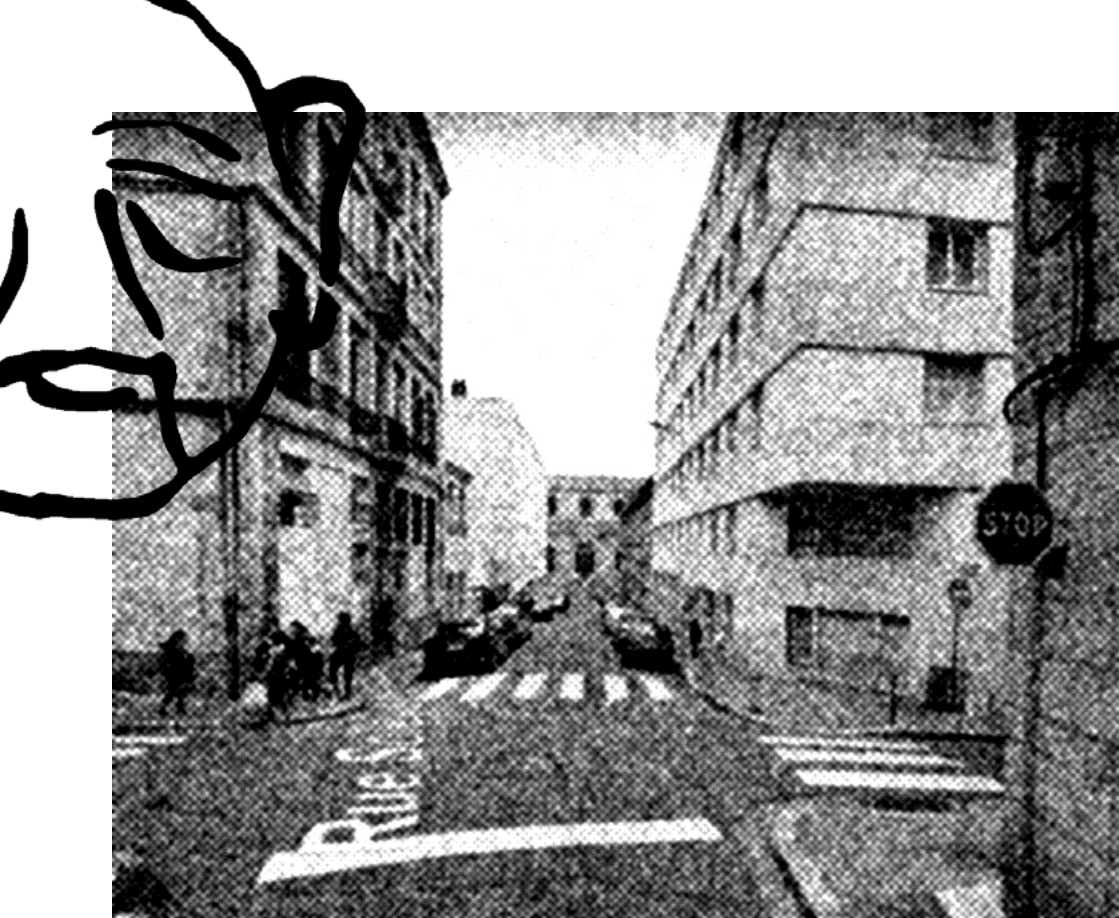
Fourthly, reversal to ancient customs. In the face of rapid change, the Boxers revived traditional Chinese culture. They believed in local gods, in martial arts fought with fists and swords, they held public plays and services and invoked spells to make their men invulnerable to bullets. None of that had anything to do logically with their goals of removing a foreign enemy, but everything to do with the reasons they wished to do so. While their turn to the past made the Boxers hugely popular, that also led to a one-sided massacre when the conflict with Western armies finally came. Their lack of firearms, training, organization, and understanding of the new paradigm they faced was an unsurpassable obstacle on their path. The dissident right is also turning to superstition and nostalgia in their campaign of restoration. They turn to Catholicism even when their Pope and Church disavow and attack them. They focus on public relations – “optics” – over ideological rigor. They seek headlines and fame, even when those headlines are written by their enemies. They organize into social clubs while their enemies are amassing all the terrifying weapons of government.

In summary, if the similarities between the two movements and two eras result in anything like the same outcomes, any prediction given on the fate of the more recent effort on this basis can only be dire. While among the readers of this journal, there are

undoubtedly very few of those who would allow themselves to be associated with the Groyper, this text can be taken as a note of warning to those who find themselves in proximity to the events that may unfold in the United States of America in the coming years. Furthermore, the author hopes that this short polemic will add to interest in the study of history among everyone, as history has been considered the most fruitful field of study by many of the wisest sages of all time.

The description of the Boxers and their rebellion in this text comes from the fantastic book "The Origins of the Boxer Uprising" by one Joseph W. Esherick, which the author can recommend without reservation to anyone interested in the subject matter.





Travel Column

by Britball

There's few things you lot hate more than traveling and those conspicuous consumers that do it. In that I differ from you, so I have taken it upon myself to write a travel column for those who hate travel. Yes, on my tablet.



«Allons enfants de la Patrie...»

Brigitte was 18 when she purchased her record player from the money she had earned working in the sweets shop. Most kids liked les Poppys, but Brigitte got a record with French classics instead from her parents. On quatorze Juliet she would play La Marseillaise from her room in St. Etienne, her only friend through teenage nights.

«Le jour de gloire est arrivé...»

Brigitte got married at age 20 to a coal miner named Jean. It was 1972. At their wedding they danced to the same record, “sur le pont d’Avignon, on y danse!” Jean’s friends from work, migrant workers from Algeria, brought exotic and spicy delicacies Brigitte had never tasted. The couple danced under the starlight and went for a long walk amongst the hills afterwards in the cool summer night.

«Contre nous de la tyrannie..»

1974 was a rough year. Marriage wasn’t what Brigitte had expected and the mines had just closed down last year. Jean would often drink too much, and Brigitte would have to do both the housework and long shifts at the sweet shop.

«L’étendard sanglant est levé..»

In ’88, Jean’s short life ended. It might have been his liver, or it might have been his lungs. He didn’t ever bother

seeing a doctor even when he was coughing blood and his eyes had turned yellow. In fact he hadn't bothered with going anywhere but the liquor store for years.

«Entendez vous dans les campagnes..»

The 90s changed the area around Rue de Soleysel. The sweet shop got competition from first one, then two Algerian confectioners across the street. The church stopped being a meeting point as fewer and fewer people went there and a fence was erected around it.

«Mugir ces féroces soldats...»

When Zidane scored twice against Brazil and brought home the world cup, Brigitte played her old record again. But the Algerian team had more support in this part of the city. They only played three matches, but every time the tea houses were packed. When the Algerians went out, and the cars had stopped smoldering, the teahouses cheered on Zidane all the way to the final match.

«Ils viennent jusque dans vos bras... »

It's 2012. The scratchy sound still comes from her window. Brigitte has very few people in her neighborhood she talks to and lives off benefits. The Tabac on the corner is closed, and there are only two businesses still run by native French people left in the area, the sweet shop and the funeral parlour.

«Egorger vos fils, vos compagnes...»

It's 2014, Bernd moved in across the street, at number 9. France didn't get near the finals this year. 7:1; inside, krautchan was playing the Horst-Wessellied at full volume. But outside, La Marseillaise still plays, through the summer night between the hills of the Loire.

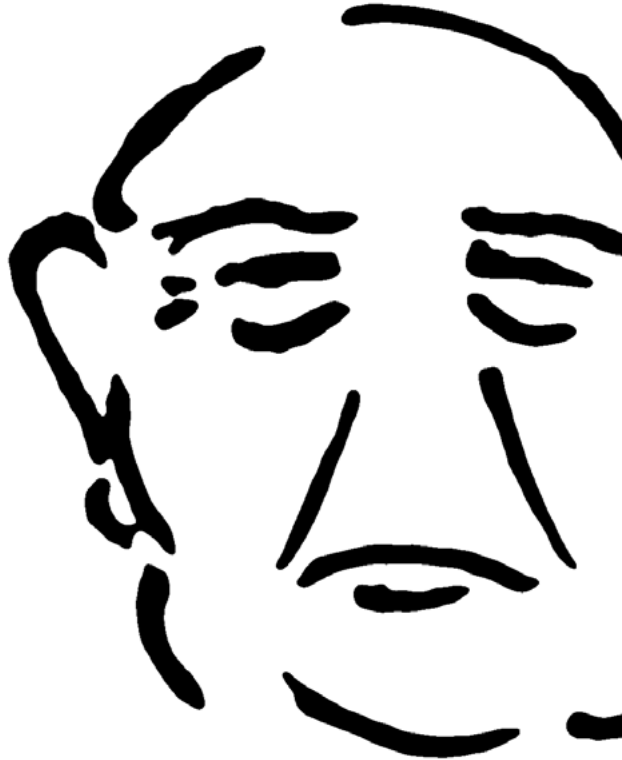
«Aux armes, citoyens

Formez vos bataillons

Marchons, marchons!

Qu'un sang impur

Abreuve nos sillons!»



खंड





Notes from an Unknown Soldier

by Omskball

With a gentle the push of the joystick, the drone takes off and quickly wheezes into the black-blue sky. The face of my comrade is lit in a dim green as he peers into the display of his hand-held controller, the light dreamily diffusing through his voluminous beard. He lets the drone circle for a bit before sending it deeper into high-sec air space. He plays a dangerous game, carefully navigating the drone through an invisible maze in the sky. The price of failure would be absolute, but I trust in his abilities to keep us alive. I take a small map and my battered notebook from my backpack and carefully place them on a large rock before me, adjusting them with the help of my wrist-compass. My partner is still deeply focused on his routine, commanding the drone's erratic movements. He stops for a second to wipe a bead of sweat from his eyebrow and then resumes his work. I wait. A few minutes later he begins mumbling a steady stream of letters and numbers, never looking up from his screen. He trusts me as much as I do him, and I begin translating his codified instructions upon my map and into my notebook. The dry sound of the pen scratching across the paper, filling it with meaning. A muffled howl rings in the distance. A short time later, the mumbling stops

as suddenly as it began and silence returns. I allow my thoughts to wander off for a bit while my comrade does his work. We have been in this desert for exactly three years now – I carved a sigil into the rock to mark this occasion - fighting in the name of God together with a band of devout warriors.

They were a sorry lot when we arrived. Underequipped and hunted, decimated and losing ground. The only thing that held them together was their faith. Where every other group would have long disintegrated, they faced their inevitable doom - and kept on marching with a smile and a song. It had an inherent beauty that could be built upon. And building upon we did. As much as we admired their determination, simply having them sacrifice themselves on the altar of war would have helped no one but our enemies. So, we pulled them back and went underground. Not a hard thing to do in this chaotic conflict. We just disappeared one day to the next. Nobody cared and nobody noticed either. We were just another gang that had been broken on the back of the fiery anvil, and the surrounding warlords immediately flooded in to fill the tiny power vacuum we had left behind and to secure for themselves a small piece of vain glory. We pulled back our men to a stretch of strategically irrelevant desert and spent the next few months drilling and training and teaching them the basics of combat operations and tactics and strategies. Their devotion was admirable. Their skills, however, were laughable, but that was what we were there for anyway. They proved to

be avid learners. Then, earlier than we had anticipated, we were able to mount the first raids, filling our war chest and looting much needed equipment: weaponry, ammunition, supplies, vehicles. We organized some minor amenities for the locals and promised them peace and freedom - and had them repay us tenfold. Eventually, we raided them as well, taking their valuables and liquidating anyone who could have become a threat later down the line. It was mandatory to cover our tracks; it was also the litmus test for our warriors. Some were reluctant to carry out the order. Most could be convinced, but a few couldn't and were sacrificed. It was a matter of faith. The men already knew that the word of God stood above everything else, but they didn't realize its extent. They were simple people from small rural communities and took freedoms with their belief. We taught them very early on that there are no freedoms. The word is to be followed to the letter. We have been introduced to them as scholars and they had no reason to not believe us. They have not been lied to either. We are scholars, and after taking some measures to tweak and adjust the faith we shared our knowledge and chose one especially promising individual as the acting Imam on our behalf. And then, we and our warband vanished once again and sometime later resurfaced 200km to the north under a new name and banner, ready to begin our true work.

A fighter jet roars somewhere in the distance and I return to the moment. I calmly take the night vision binoculars from my thigh pocket and scan the horizon. The plane poses no threat to us, but

every bit of information might prove advantageous. I roughly triangulate its position and vector and write them down in my notebook. A few minutes pass and a slight buzzing indicates the return of the drone. I pick it out of the air in front of me and place it next to my comrade who pulls out his laptop and plugs it in for review. I reiterate the codes and his eyes, now tinted in a cold blue-white, flicker back and forth across the screen. As I put away my notebook, he opens the input console and begins erratically hacking away at his keyboard. I watch him for a moment, emptying the flask I took from my backpack with a few large gulps and then step away from the beige brown camo net concealing our position. I do another few steps and then lay down on the ground, limbs spread out so that I take on a crude five-pointed shape. I gaze up at the stars. I observe their miniscule movements and their erratic twinkling. I let my senses tune themselves into my surroundings. A comet streaks past and I slowly begin to feel the familiar Hum of the universal fabric resonating through my body. The stars



begin to warp and to shift and I get a glimpse of the impossible colors and shapes that are else hidden from the eye. The Hum intensifies, threatening to obliterate my Self. I am almost overwhelmed and soon start to convulse and my stomach empties itself upon the ground next to me. After I feel steadier, I roll myself on my back again and try to concentrate. Acausal forces fragment my thoughts. Underlying to the Hum I now hear sinister voices insulting and mocking me, trying to chip away at my sanity. I come closer to the edge and I edge towards my breaking point. I look upon the eternal darkness of the abyss and it looks into me. Then, suddenly, a crack rips my universe apart and finally, my vision opens and with a grueling scream my astral form pulls itself free from the prison that is my tormented being. I feel myself launched upwards with ever increasing velocity. The sinister entities dance around me, effortlessly keeping pace and pulling and tearing at my ethereal form laughing while I ascend through the realms. I resist them and my now-reality unravels for a second time and



me. When the blade slips from my hand I collapse into the pool of my own gore.

The rumbling and bumping awakes me. I lie in the back of a truck. My wounds are covered in makeshift stitches and soon they will join the chaotic web of scars around them. We will have moved on by them. The road becomes smoother again and the sonorous hum of the engine sings me a lullaby. I start to fade away again and bits and pieces of my past lives zap across the surface of my sedated mind. I am in the jungle, fighting for freedom - in a makeshift base building makeshift bombs - in the snowy planes killing for my race - in the streets of a grand city, battering the same people I used to fight with. Now, I am in this desert. But it will not be long until I shed my skin once more and begin another life. My tale is not yet told and no matter where I go the cacophonous tune I dance to will remain same. I don't care who I fight. I only serve entropy - and my agency is chaos. And my eyes flutter and I fall into coma once more.





A Woman With A Dick - A Rationalization

by Brazilball

Vaginas are harmless and dicks are ugly.

Let's analyze men and women's reproductive organs and contrast them against each other.

How does one come about describing a vagina? I would say it's just a bunch of skin with a crack in the middle of it. A secondary feature, which isn't always visible, would be the clitoris and, possibly, the urethra, maybe. It can have a lot of hair, but most women tend to wax/shave it bare. That's about it, some skin, a crack, clitoris, done.

Now let's analyze the human penis.

Let's start with the weirdest element: the testicles. It's a very wrinkly and very hairy sac containing two balls. And it doesn't stop there. These balls are capable of MOVING by themselves. They can go up and down depending on the external temperature to which they may be at some point exposed. That is something very alien. Alien as in UFO, not foreign. It's fucking weird.

Then you have the dick, but let's analyse more abstractly: the penis is a body of flesh that protrudes itself outwards from the body. That by itself is strange. It is exteriorizing. Then at the tip you have the glans, the head of the penis. It has a very unique shape, almost looks like a hat. And if you keep looking at it, you start getting the impression you shouldn't be allowed to see it. It is EXTREMELY sensitive and has to be kept within a gloving entity called foreskin. Some people don't have it, poor them! The sight of a glans exposed to the air by itself is fear-inducing. Not to mention you can clench your anal sphincter AND THE HOLE FUCKING STRUCTURE WILL START MOVING.

Read again the opening sentence of this analysis. This is why you saw Margot Robbie's vagina in Martin Scorsese's *The Wolf of Wall Street*, but you weren't allowed to see DiCaprio's dick. It's not that Scorsese thought the movie would only be watched by men, so he figured it would only be worth his while to show Margot's vagina, it's just that vaginas are harmless and dicks are ugly.

Recall all the features I just talked about on a dick, they are SHOCKING. Dicks are ugly. It's as if it screams at you every time you look at it. It's frightful! It's inconvenient.

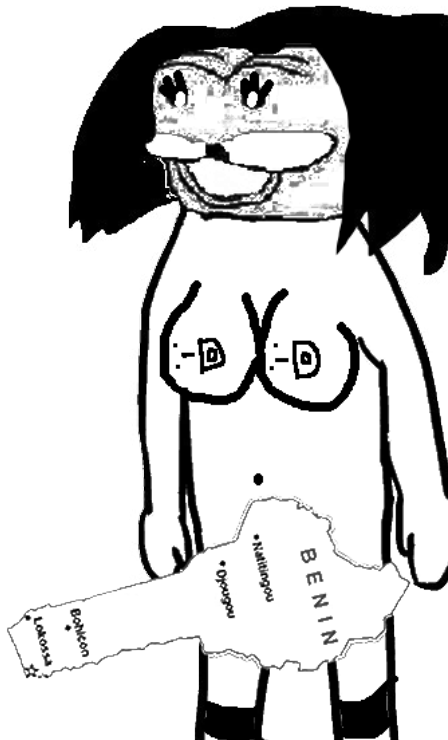
And the rationale behind appreciating trannies is exactly that: frightfulness. You attach a penis onto the inbetweens of a woman and suddenly your brain has no fucking clue how to respond to that stimulus. Provided it's a perfectly feminine-looking, 100% passing tranny, the male brain, upon spotting the penis, is going to go haywire. It won't know what to do.

But since men are animalistic, horny beasts, it will just find a way to appreciate it sexually. It adapts to a very visually aggressive element, the penis, coupled onto a naturally harmless figure, the female body and it all works out.

Thank you for reading my analysis and rationalization.



what the fug
:---DDDD



Mama and Takete

Relating the Mama and Papa phenomenon w
Bouba and Kiki effect.

by Proxyball

There is a constanta among languages accor
which the words for mother and father ten
or at least resemble mama and papa respec
For example: Kung ba, Aramaic abba, Ma
Chinese bàba, and Persian baba all mean
Navajo amá, Mandarin Chinese māma, S
mama, Quechua mama, and Polish mama all mean
mother. Nana and tata are also possible variations.

Of course, it isn't universally followed, although
exceptions are rare, there are some. For example,
in Old Japanese, the word for "mother" was papa.
Georgian, through all stages broke this tendency,
it has დედა (deda) for mother and მამა (mama) for
father. The phenomenon tends to be much stronger
in informal language.

This also extends to motherly and fatherly figures,
although less strong. For example: German Opa for
grandfather.

This is explained as due to a coincidence result-
ing from the process of early language acquisition.
These terms use speech sounds that are among the



easiest, most intuitive to produce: bilabials like /m/, /p/, and /b/, and the open vowel /a/. They are, therefore, often among the first word-like sounds made by babbling babies, which tend to be associated by parents with themselves and to employ them subsequently as part of their baby-talk lexicon.

But why /p/ for father and /m/ for mother specifically?

Here the bouba/kiki effect comes into play. It is the non-arbitrary mapping between speech sounds and various sensory images, such as shape, flavour, texture, and so on. When presented with two shapes, one curvaceous and one spiky, and two labels, one with voiceless, plosive sounds (takete) and one with voiced, non-plosive sounds (maluma), the curvaceous shape is associated with the second label and the spiky shape with the first label, by the absolute majority of subjects. The same happens with flavor, the “harsh” word was associated with bitter chocolate, and the “soft” word with sweet chocolate.

And, relating it to the original topic, it seems to apply to papa and mama (and gender in general) too. Papa (and tata), following the associations of the bouba/kiki effect, has the “harsh” sound /p/ (voiceless and plosive) and mama has the “soft” sound /m/ (voiced and nasal).





Perhaps an experiment would reveal this trend among male and female names?

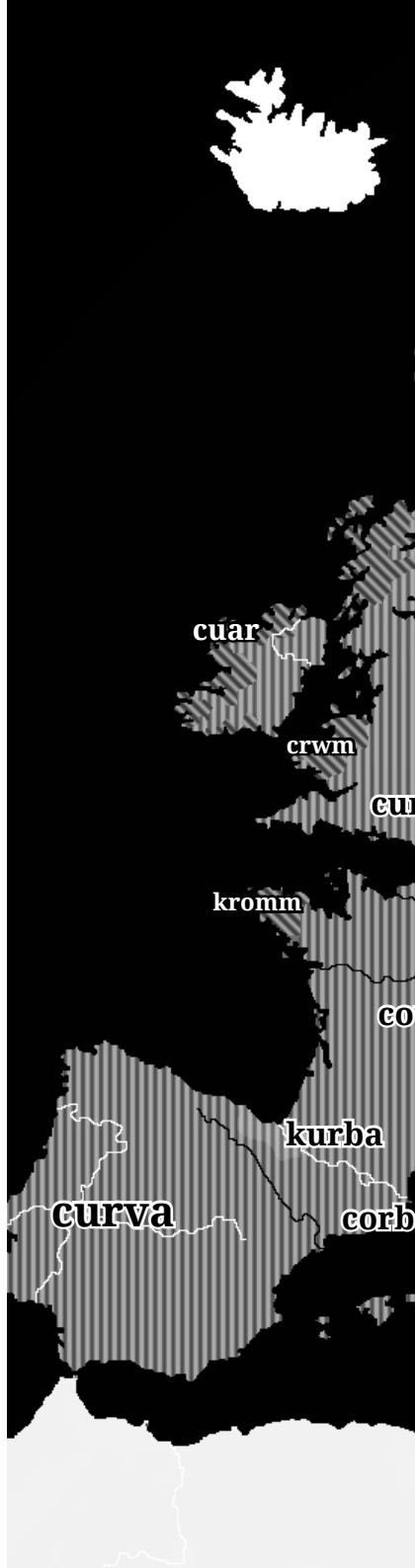


Kurva Curve

Ever noticed how *Kurve* in German means 'curve', but in Polish, *kurwa* with practically identical pronunciation means 'whore'? As it turns out, most European languages possess an equivalent word of either of meanings, and if one tries to draw the line dividing the two meanings, it aligns with the basic East vs. West division.

In accordance with the assburger scholarly tradition of Berndism, Kohlzine presents a map presenting the divide:

-  a *whore* from Proto-Slavic
-  *curve/bent* from latin *curvus*
-  false cognates with latin
-  a *girl* from Proto-Hellenic **kórwā*





kurve

kurvi

kurva

köver

kurve

kurva

urve

curve

kurwa

кyрвa

Kurve

kurva

urbe

kurva

kurbă

kürba

kurva

curvă

curva

kürva

a

кyрвa

kurvė

kivrim

кóρν



translators' den

棺人死富加人為故
不不也貴也之戰王
買貴非匠故血與良
情則輿人輿非馳愛
非輿人成人骨醫馬
憎不仁棺成肉善越
人售而則輿之吮王
也人匠欲則親人勾
不人人欲也之踐
死賊之人利傷愛
則也天之所含人

Old king Liang loved horses, and the king of Yue, Gou Jian, loved the people. A doctor might put his mouth over the wounds of a sick man and suck his blood out, without even being his relative, because he'll profit from it. The carriage maker wills that men prosper, while the coffin maker wills that men die young. It ain't the case that the carriage maker is a good person and the coffin maker is a bad person; it's just that if men do not prosper there will be no one to buy carriages, and if men don't die, no coffins will be sold. The coffin maker has no hatred for humanity, he simply has a profit to make from their demise.

I made the translation based on that of some British guy whose name I can't remember and the original text, which can be found on cetxt.org. I left out the context and his conclusion because I think they were not relevant for 21st century typical Bernds (unless any of you happens to be rulers, like me).

Brazilball




The Church, the Internet and how we are a threat to the government

by Britball

These are interesting times we live in where chans are not only mainstream headliners and targets of public opinion but also discussion topics of major governments and targets of their agencies. What we represent is being deplatformed and driven off the net because of our power. If they cannot control our powers of memetics then the net must change to fit their regimes. In this opinion piece I intend to cover where it all began, how we fell through the cracks and why we appear so threatening to those in charge.

The Church:

This begins with a personal journey of mine, growing up being a member of a Church and becoming intimate with its' inner workings. My mother a raised Irish Catholic and my Father a fresh convert, becoming members of the CoE whilst I was a small boy. In my childhood I became quite experienced in the ways of shame and penance but it wasn't until my early teen



'rebellious' phase I became obsessed with those in society deemed shameless, the drug addicts, queers and generally distasteful individuals whom I saw as having some sort of power. Every one eventually came to disappoint me though, all succumbing to shame in the end and a need to conform to something. This concept of shaming someone to manipulate their behaviour seemed very natural to me in Church but I was a little confused to see the same patterns outside among supposed non-Christians. As I grew older I realised how stupid I was, it made complete sense that because the country had been Christian so long, the culture was Christian even though the people rejected Christ. However, my understanding of shame was that, shame is community driven, utilising a need to not be seen as a freak by others but what to feel shameful of was dictated down by the heads of the Church. If this Christian culture had no Church, how did it know what to feel shameful of... I know the answer now, they learned through television and other media sources, things which never much interested me. I can't say when but Christians rejected Church only to leave a vacuum easily filled by other powers. Whilst the sense of community was dying among people who did not regularly meet their neighbours in Church this shame process became all the more streamlined as these people turned to their various modes of dictation for entertainment, as much a zealot for the dogma as someone who attended Church several times a day.

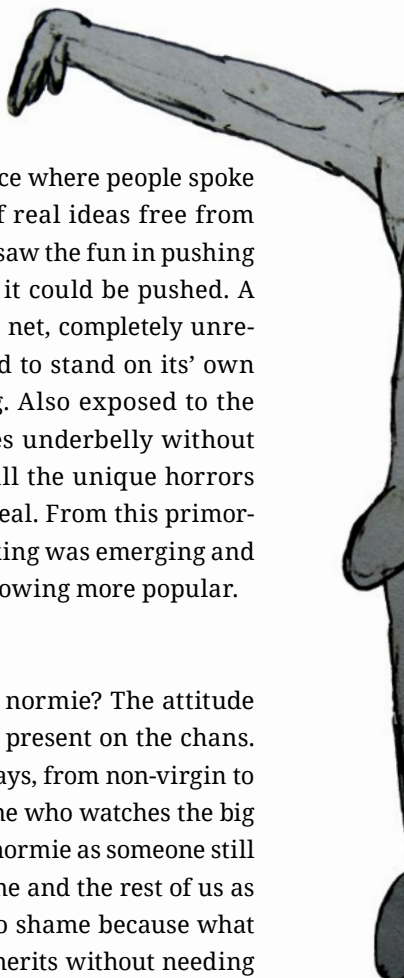
By my mid teens I had learned the rules well enough. For example, simply stating to friends that gays burned in hell would generate the familiar disapproval and shame reaction. In my experience, in your teens you seek approval from others rather than your parents in an almost instinctive need to know your place and find new ways to grow. Harvest time for the Church, with their teen youth groups and specialised propaganda desperate to steer you from seeking approval from anyone else. I'm sure in days of yore when the Church dominated, such groups would be unnecessary. However, it wasn't until this time in my life, when I truly sought approval, that I discovered the biggest flaw of shame based systems of manipulation. Freaks. For every ten teens brought into the Church there would be one, so alienated and rejected by the dogma that they desperately seek approval elsewhere. The kinds of social outcasts that became the perverts, druggies and ghouls I was once so fascinated by. The sad truth is, these lost teens simply didn't realise, everyone else was just pretending to be pure in fear of being shamed. No one, not even the heads of Church were without humanity. If you hadn't guessed, this flaw applies to culture at large.

The Internet:

Assuming Bernd is of a similar age, he will know the internet back then was what is often called the 'wild west' era. Funny how, back then, you were encour-

aged not to reveal your true identity to strangers but the social norms of conformity were still visible. The idea of creating a 'handle' and building a reputation within a group for acceptance was quite common. However, there was a freedom likely not experienced by any previous generation, you could say and do as your pleased with little to no repercussion, at worst you might have to make a new handle. You could see how it felt to be annoying, to deliberately offend or even pretend to be something you weren't. The Internet also did something unforeseen, it allowed those freaks of society to find other rejects and learn from them. No longer would a lost soul need to seek others in public toilets, if you knew what you were looking for, you found them on the net.

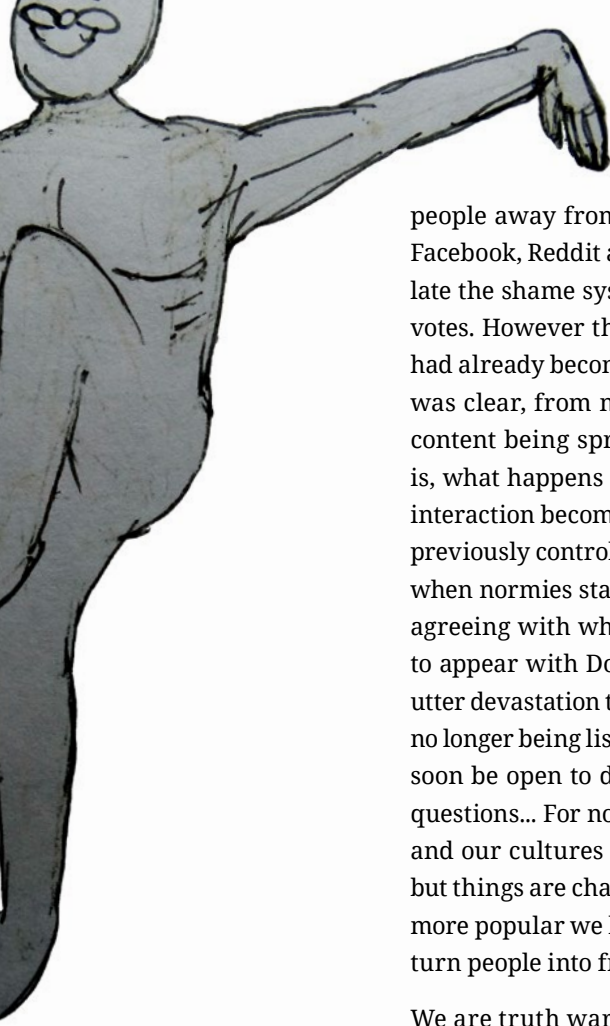
I consider the chans the public toilets of my generation. I wasn't particularly popular and I certainly didn't fit in anywhere in the real. I used to spend hours a day on the net back when that sort of thing was uncommon. I was already into scene and several forums and groups when I found the chans by way of anonIB following a link posted somewhere. From there I found a link to overchan and then a slew of chans, an entire net subculture previously hidden from me. If the chans were a public toilet, then anonymity was the glory hole. This interesting side effect of the net was the main feature, pure anonymity. I have read similar experiences from multiple others, all searching the web but finally



settling in the chans. This place where people spoke freely, had pure exchange of real ideas free from social constrictions or simply saw the fun in pushing extremes just to see how far it could be pushed. A new generation, raised in the net, completely unrestricted, every word expected to stand on its' own merit, pure critical thinking. Also exposed to the true gritty nature of societies underbelly without ever having to go, learning all the unique horrors that existed out there in the real. From this primordial origin a new way of thinking was emerging and what's more it was steadily growing more popular.

The threat we pose:

First, let's consider what is a normie? The attitude of 'us' and 'them' was always present on the chans. I've read it explained many ways, from non-virgin to non-paedophile or just someone who watches the big bang theory. I would define a normie as someone still locked into the system of shame and the rest of us as simply shameless. We have no shame because what we think stands on its' own merits without needing approval from anyone else. We conform only to reality, seeking this truth through absolute honesty, no matter how offensive. This idea is not exactly new, from the ancient Taoist practice of 'chan' to the Order and their laws of nature but what we have is unique in history. A public platform where everything is up for scrutiny regardless of what was said or who said it. The arrival of 'social media' was an attempt to draw



people away from this freedom of communication. Facebook, Reddit and other 'social media' forms emulate the shame system very well with their likes and votes. However the reaction was too slow, the chans had already become too popular. The evidence of this was clear, from mentions in normie media to chan content being spread on normie sites. The problem is, what happens when this idea of shameless social interaction becomes so popular it dominates cultures previously controlled through shame? What happens when normies start thinking for themselves and disagreeing with what they are told? The cracks began to appear with Donald Trump being elected and the utter devastation to the media who realised they were no longer being listened to. Perhaps the normies might soon be open to discuss some of the most forbidden questions... For now the chans are still a public toilet and our cultures are still controlled through shame but things are changing and that is our influence. The more popular we become, by our very nature we will turn people into free thinkers.

We are truth warriors in a culture war unlike anything before. Some may say we are dismantling cultural Marxism but cultural Marxism creates division and uses shame to silence protesters. We do not offer unity to combat division but we are utterly shameless.



pottery corner





pottery corner

Wanderlust

Gritty limbs stir yellow seas,
Flapping cotton, head to knees,
Mobile rods, carved from trees,
And hamsin, 'Migrate!' decrees.

The sun to the rear,
Grains of rock are ablaze.
For year after year,
Scorched by her gaze.

Heart has no home,
Four winds are his walls.
Heart whom yearns to roam,
Shall answer their calls.

The settlers claim the land
To tame the plains they seek.
No man nor god impede the sand,
Vengeance his raiders wreak.

When dust and men calm,
We return to the horde.
'The righteous'll prosper like palm',
Thus hath said the Lord.

Tranquility

Oft times do I roam,
Vast recesses of mind,
Withdrawn in my home,
Reflecting on mankind.

Seasons will undo,
All that man hath wrought,
Null through and through,
All that man hath thought.

Being leadens he,
Who fathoms his own cease,
Blithe are the perished,
They have found Eden's peace.

If I were to fall in battle,
By sword or axe or spear,
Then I would know my time has come,
And that relief is near.

Alas, an end has yet to nigh,
Still I quest for bliss,
Until the day in which I'll die,
And rest in dark abyss.



Slovborgian Sound- Spelling Alphabet #2

by Sloveneball

This article is a follow-up to the article published in Issue 12. Should reader have any questions of the kind; “why use this particular esoteric letter, this is weird,” one should first refer to that article.

Since the writing of first article, a couple issues and inconsistencies have arisen or been pointed out. To address this, four more letters have been added to the alphabet (pushing the full letter count to 49), one letter has been repurposed, and there was a slight adjustment in alphabetic order. A short summary of changes is as follows:

- To accommodate for nasal sounds of indefinite place of articulation – as, for example, the moraic nasal of Japanese usually transcribed in IPA as /N/, a letter for the nasal approximant is introduced. This letter can be thought of as indicating pre- and post-nasalisation. The minuscule glyph is borrowed directly from Japanese hiragana ⟨ん⟩; the majuscule is by graphical analogy a mirrored ⟨N⟩, graphically similar to Cyrillic izhe ⟨И⟩. Coincidentally, this makes the minuscule glyph look identical to the Latin ligature hwair used in transcribing Gothic, as well as similar to a tilde that’s been changed into a full letter: ⟨И һ⟩.

- Some languages, including Japanese and Korean, have a sound that is intermediate between laterals and rhotics, and can allophonically vary between either realisation. In IPA such a sound is transcribed as a lateral flap /ɺ/, though in practice, Japanese and Korean are phonemically usually transcribed with /r/ and /l/ respectively, with allophonic variation only indicated in phonetic transcription. Some languages also have a lateral flap in addition to a plain lateral, rhotic, or both; often this lateral flap is also retroflex (which is not diacritically indicated unless necessary, similar to the (rhotic) coronal approximant). The minuscule glyph is a ligature of superimposed ⟨ɺ⟩ and ⟨r⟩; the majuscule is thus by graphical analogy a letter that looks identical to Claudian letter ⟨ɺ⟩ – half a ⟨H⟩: ⟨ɺ⟩.
- If the coronal approximant ⟨ɺ⟩ gets its own dedicated letter for the syllabic version, the coronal vowel ⟨ɺ⟩, shouldn't all the approximants get the same treatment? ⟨A⟩ corresponds to the gutturals; while there is no lateral vowel yet. To transcribe the lateral vowel, we repurpose ⟨Δ⟩.
- It is therefore necessary to invent a new letter for the dorsal lateral approximant, which was previously written with that glyph. Luckily, there's a natural choice in the Armenian letter ghat ⟨ɺ⟩. While this letter stands for an uvular fricative /ɺ/ in modern Armenian, it was

historically a lateral in Classical Armenian – though usually assumed to be not a true velar lateral /ɫ/ but merely a velarised /ɫ/. To fit into graphical style of Latin alphabet, the majuscule is changed to resemble a turned ‹L›, and the minuscule an ‹n› with long right leg: ‹T η›.

- Similarly, we need to find a letter for nasal approximant’s vocalic counterpart – a nasal vowel without a defined place of articulation – a nasal schwa /ə̃/. An example of a language that has an inventory of cardinal vowels plus a central nasal vowel is Cherokee. A convenient letter shape we find in Chinese zhuyin ‹ɿ›, which stands for the rime /ən/. Similar are also Phoenician and Ge’ez shape of the letter nun, etymologically related to ‹N› – ‹𐤎› and ‹ኂ›, respectively. Graphically latinised, the letter looks like ‹z ɿ›.
- The full alphabetic ordering is thus, based on the same principles (and shifting ‹D η› to go after ‹G g›):

A	B	C	Γ	D	Δ	E
ε	F	G	Ϸ	Ʒ	H	Ɔ
Ξ	I	J	Ɔ	K	Λ	L
T	M	N	z	И	III	O
Ɔ	ε	P	Q	R	Ɔ	S
T	L	2	Ɔ	U	V	W
Φ	X	Y	Z	Ɔ	∅	Ω

English language

The English language – the current global *lingua franca*, is a language with a quite peculiar phonology. If it is easy to develop a straightforward phonetic transcription for a language such as Italian, this is not entirely clear for English; which is a reason for many orthographical quirks of modern English. Many have attempted to develop a phonetic orthography of English; among notable such cases of kc tier assburger outbreaks are also historical figures such as Benjamin Franklin; while the Mormonist church under Brigham Young actually commissioned an academic board led by George D. Watt to develop an alphabet unrelated to Latin to tackle this issue; the system never enjoyed widespread use despite 15 years of incessant serious discussions being published in the alphabet sponsored by the church and government of Deseret. If the system can transcribe English reasonably well despite being intended as universal, this is a good indication of its versatility.

Instantly, a question arises – which English are we transcribing? Being a pluricentric language, there is no common standard written, let alone spoken English. There's even a joke (attributed to Bernard Shaw) that United States and United Kingdom are separated by a common language... To develop a common transcription, it is necessary to first invent some kind of geographically neutral Modern English; that is, to identify which

phonemic mergers and splits have occurred commonly in what standard national varieties (but there could still persist dialects without them), and to disregard any later splits that might be geographically-marked. This kind of constructed neutral Modern English therefore mirrors English as it has been spoken around 1750 AD, although also modernised.

Let us look at the commonly accepted phonemic inventory of English.

Consonants English language is commonly analysed as having 24 consonants. The consonant phonemes of English language are:

	<i>labial</i>	<i>dental</i>	<i>alveolar</i>	<i>post-alveolar</i>	<i>palatal</i>	<i>velar</i>	<i>glottal</i>
<i>nasal</i>	⟨m⟩ /m/		⟨n⟩ /n/			⟨ŋ⟩ /ŋ/	
<i>plosive / affricate</i>	⟨p⟩ /p/		⟨t⟩ /t/	⟨č⟩ /tʃ/		⟨k⟩ /k/	
	⟨b⟩ /b/		⟨d⟩ /d/	⟨ž⟩ /dʒ/		⟨g⟩ /g/	
<i>fricative</i>	⟨f⟩ /f/	⟨þ⟩ /θ/	⟨s⟩ /s/	⟨š⟩ /ʃ/			⟨h⟩ /h/
	⟨v⟩ /v/	⟨ð⟩ /ð/	⟨z⟩ /z/	⟨ž⟩ /ʒ/			
<i>approximant</i>			⟨l⟩ /l/	⟨r⟩ /r/	⟨j⟩ /j/	⟨w⟩ /w/	

In addition, some conservative dialects preserve a 25th phoneme /ɹ/, which behaves as and etymologically is a single phoneme in those dialects. However, it is possible to instead analyse it as a sequence /hw/, in analogy to the sequence /hj/, often

also pronounced simply as [ç]. The corresponding wine–whine merger is nowadays very common, but one may want to preserve the distinction for clarity, if no other reason. In SSS, it is thus analysed as a sequence ⟨hw⟩. It would, however, be possible to transcribe both as devoiced approximants ⟨ɸ̥⟩ and ⟨w̥⟩.

A voiceless velar fricative /x/ is also possible in some loanwords, but speakers generally replace it with /h/ in syllable onset and /k/ in syllable coda. We therefore do not need to introduce ⟨x⟩, as such pronunciation is considered non-standard.

Plosives, affricates, and fricatives of English language come in pairs. Fortis consonants are voiceless, aspirated in syllable onset, and often pre-glottalised in syllable coda – especially true for /t/, which can be allophonically completely debuccalised to [ʔ], particularly in some urban British dialects. Lenis consonants, in contrast, are plain voiced in all positions.

A different allophone of /t/ (as well as /d/) that is encountered in some intervocalic positions is the flap [ɾ]. This is common in North American varieties, and leads to neutralisation, where the two alveolar stops cannot be distinguished. In addition, the sequence /nt/ may also be realised as a nasal flap [ɽ̃] in equivalent positions. As this is still on the level

of allophonic variation, there's no need to introduce new phonemes to the analysis.

It should be noted that ⟨č⟩ and ⟨ž⟩ have no alveolar counterparts that would be written without a caron. However, for reasons of patterning with ⟨š⟩ and ⟨ẓ̌⟩, and due to the fact that this distinction between alveolars and postalveolars is so important cross-linguistically, we simply cannot afford to drop the caron. Postalveolars are also slightly labialised in speech.

The rhotic approximant /ɹ/ is often transcribed simply as /r/ for convenience, but is usually a post-alveolar approximant, often slightly labialised too. In American dialects, it can often be retroflex. Since ⟨ɹ⟩, as a rhotic, is already understood to be post-alveolar, there's no need to specifically indicate that with a caron.

The lateral approximant /l/ has a “dark” velarised allophone [ɫ]; this allophony depends on a dialect, but /l/ is more often velarised in syllable coda than not. In some dialects, it can be fully vocalised to [w] or [ɰ]; example would be West Country dialects where for example it has caused hypercorrect respelling of *Bristow* as *Bristol*.

Since the aim is to provide a common English spelling that doesn't reflect phonetic development specific to any geographical varieties, yod-dropping and yod-coalescence of initial clusters of consonants

with /j/ are not part of the spelling. Exception are cases of the so-called Early yod-dropping, which occurs after postalveolars (including /ɹ/), and clusters with a consonant followed by /l/. The only major variety of English that doesn't have this is Welsh English, where yod-clusters never even arose, as the diphthong /ɪə/ never became /ju:/. Hence, as in British English: *lute* /'ljʊ:t/ <ljût>, *new* /nju:/ <njû>, and *suit* /sju:t/ <sjût>. Neither is affrication of alveolar stops before /ɹ/, which is typical in American and Australian dialects, indicated; we write *trip* /'tɹɪp/ <trɪp>, *dream* /'dɹi:m/ <drîm>, *strange* /'stɹeɪndʒ/ <stpeɪnʒ>.

Vowels There is no other way to describe the vowel system of English language than to call it one big garbled irregular mess. There are so many historical splits, mergers, and diphthongisations overlaid one upon each other since the last time English had a normal regular vowel system in Chaucer's times, that this presents a major challenge to any reasonable phonetic transcription of English using the five vowel letters available in Latin alphabet. This has also obscured the correlation between orthography and pronunciation, leading to that loanwords are generally introduced without any phonetic respelling, leading to additional difficulties in learning English spelling. It is no wonder that competitions for children, where contestants are asked to spell a broad selection of words of increasing difficulty – spelling bees, have originated in English-speaking world – in

United States. Few other languages have a spelling system as unpredictable as English!

Many different phonetic respelling systems have been invented for dictionary purposes, to indicate pronunciation to a reader who doesn't necessarily know how to use IPA. Most dialectological studies of English also focus on the vowel inventory. For that purpose, a standard array of words has come into general usage, introduced by John C. Wells in 1982 for his dialectological book *Accents of English*. He classified all words of English language as belonging to one of 24 lexical sets, defined by a keyword, depending on the pronunciation of their stressed vowel. In addition to that, he recognises 3 more word-final vowels that are always unstressed. While some words have additional irregular variation in pronunciation (e.g. *data*, *tomato*), and while some dialects have additional vowel splits within each lexical set, it is generally enough to define one vowel sound for each lexical set, and we know the pronunciation of vowels in all words in a given accent of English.

In addition to the standard lexical sets, 3 more lexical sets can be defined, corresponding to the syllabic consonants. Those can be thought of as sequences of /ə/ with a sonorant; however, there is usually no [ə] present in their pronunciation, and can thus be understood as vowel phonemes on their own, just like /ə-/ (or /əɹ/), which is included in the standard lexical sets.

The lexical sets, and their transcription in IPA (it should be noted that there is no standard IPA transcription of English vowels – most systems are also based on the most common regional variants, the British and American) and SSS, are:

<i>lexical set</i>	<i>IPA</i>	<i>SSS</i>
KIT	/ɪ/	⟨ɪ⟩
DRESS	/ɛ/	⟨e⟩
TRAP	/æ/	⟨ä⟩
LOT	/ɒ/	⟨ă⟩
STRUT	/ʌ/	⟨a⟩
FOOT	/ʊ/	⟨u⟩
BATH	/æ/	⟨ä⟩
CLOTH	/ɒ/	⟨ă⟩
NURSE	/ɜː/	⟨e⟩
FLEECE	/iː/	⟨î⟩
FACE	/eɪ/	⟨eï⟩
PALM	/ɑː/	⟨â⟩
THOUGHT	/ɔː/	⟨o⟩
GOAT	/oʊ/	⟨ou̇⟩
GOOSE	/uː/	⟨û⟩
PRICE	/aɪ/	⟨aï⟩
CHOICE	/ɔɪ/	⟨oï⟩
MOUTH	/aʊ/	⟨au̇⟩
NEAR	/ɪə/	⟨iž⟩
SQUARE	/ɛə/	⟨ež⟩
START	/ɑːə/	⟨až⟩
NORTH	/ɔːə/	⟨ož⟩
FORCE	/oʊə/	⟨ou̇ž⟩
CURE	/ʊə/	⟨už⟩
happy	/ɪ/	⟨î⟩
letter	/ə/	⟨e⟩
comma	/ə/	⟨ə⟩
bottle	/l/	⟨ʌ⟩
rhythm	/r/	⟨r̥⟩
button	/n/	⟨n̥⟩

It should be noted that the lexical set pairs TRAP–BATH and LOT–CLOTH have the same vowel phoneme, as those splits occurred in British English and American English, respectively, after the split.

English vowel phonemes can be arranged into five groups: lax monophthongs, tense monophthongs, diphthongs, rhotic vowels, and reduced vowels. Tense and lax monophthongs differ in that lax vowels are slightly centralised and also generally shorter than tense vowels, which is why they're traditionally transcribed as long (with length mark /:/) though the primary distinction is that of quality rather than length. There's additional tension in tongue root with tense vowels, though it varies – /i:/ is advanced while /ɑ:/ is retracted. Vowel /ɔ:/ is also tense, though not explicitly marked as such, as there's no lax counterpart! (Or rather, its lax counterpart could be taken to be the much lower /ɒ/.)

Diphthongs are also etymologically tense vowels – and indeed, the close vowels /i:/ and /u:/ are often slightly diphthongised. They, however, are distinct for having a notable vocalic off-glide. This off-glide, however, cannot be analysed as an approximant /j/ or /w/ on grounds that it clearly syllabifies with the preceding rather than following vowel, and due to that between dialects, diphthongs mutate as single vowels.

Similarly, rhotic vowels are diphthong with a rhotic off-glide. Each rhotic vowel etymologically corresponds to an etymological tense vowel. In non-rhotic dialects, such as standard in UK, those merge with tense vowels and diphthongs. For rhotic vowels, the usual analysis does not differentiate between this off-glide and /ɹ/ in onset. However, just as with regular monophthongs, this rhotic glide is clearly associated with the preceding vowel. For example, in careful pronunciation, the word *hero* /'hɪ.ɹoʊ/ ⟨hɪrɔʊ⟩, with lax /ɪ/ and /ɹ/ in onset of the second syllable, contrasts with *here-oh* /'hɪə.oʊ/ ⟨hɪž-oʊ⟩, where /ə/ is an off-glide of the first syllable. It should be noted that in non-rhotic dialects, this rhotic off-glide is preserved when immediately followed by another vowel; however an intrusive [ɹ] is allophonically added in such positions even in words without an etymological /ɹ/ or /ə/. There is also a distinction between rhotic triphthongs (of which only /oʊə/ has its own lexical set due to its merger with /ɔ:ə/ in many dialects) and sequences of a diphthong and an unstressed rhotic vowel; example is minimal pair *flour* /flaʊə/ ⟨flaʊž⟩ vs. *flower* /flaʊə/ ⟨flaʊž⟩.

Reduced vowels are present in unstressed position only, and represent a merger between etymologically different vowels in that position. Syllabic consonants are also included in this category.

Unstressed close vowels may or may not merge into /ə/ in speech; in standard SSS transcription this distinction is preserved. The *happy*-tensing, usual but not universal, merges an unstressed final /i/ with tense /i:/ rather than lax /ɪ/ or reduced /ə/. There's also a corresponding tense unstressed /u/, in words like *into*.

To sum up, following vowels and glides are present in standard English vowel system (without corresponding traditional IPA values):

	<i>coronal</i>	<i>front</i>	<i>central</i>	<i>back</i>	<i>lateral</i>
<i>glide</i>	⟨ǰ⟩	⟨ɨ⟩		⟨ɯ⟩	
<i>close</i>	⟨ê⟩	⟨î⟩		⟨û⟩	⟨Δ⟩
	⟨ɛ⟩	⟨ɪ⟩		⟨u⟩	
<i>mid</i>		⟨e⟩	⟨ə⟩	⟨o⟩	
<i>open</i>		⟨ä⟩	⟨a⟩	⟨â⟩	
			⟨â⟩		

syllabic nasals ⟨ŋ⟩ ⟨ŋ̥⟩

The resulting system is, in fact, oddly symmetric, though it should be noted that actual pronunciations do not straightforwardly correspond to positions in this table. Most notably, tense ⟨â⟩ is as far back as ⟨ẫ⟩, though not rounded. One might be tempted to analyse post-vocalic /l/, often a velarised [ɫ], as a glide ⟨ǰ̥⟩ as well, to complete this system. However, unlike /ɹ̥~ɻ/, /l/ can appear word-finally after both

tense and lax vowels (e.g. *hill* /hɪl/ <hɪl> vs. *heal* /hi:l/ <hɪl>); the sequences don't behave as diphthong phonemes on their own.

Comments

English language, as transcribed by SSS, has 24 consonants, 2 syllabified consonants, 13 vowels, and 3 vocalic glides. This amounts to 37 letters altogether, plus 5 more if one counts syllabified consonants and vocalic glides separately from their corresponding consonants and vowels, bringing the total number to 42.

English language has phonemic lexical stress, which is non-tonal and thus transcribed in SSS with a dot above the vowel. Compound words often have secondary stress besides primary; more than one syllable in a word can be stressed. The distinction between the two, however, isn't phonemic, as the syllable carrying primary stress is always the last stressed syllable in a word. Is marking stress necessary? According to principles, yes; however, studies indicate that superfluous diacritics that aid correct pronunciation slow down not just writing but also reading, therefore stress markings can easily be dropped where not necessary; it is however advised to write them down in writing proper nouns and for oratory purposes, as well as to disambiguate meaning where necessary.

SSS transcribes lexicalised elision with a hyphen; we will encounter this in most cases where English

orthography writes an apostrophe. Examples: *can't* /kænt/ <kän-t>, *I've* /aɪv/ <aĩ-v>, *we're* /wiə/ <wĩ-ě> (where the vowel is etymologically still marked as tense). English possessive, however, isn't a lexicalised elision, as the orthographic apostrophe is introduced solely to distinguish it from the plural! SSS writes no hyphen there. Unstressed grammatical function words – articles, prepositions, and such – should also be attached to their parent word with a hyphen.

Especially when it comes to the vowel system, there are differences between different regional varieties of English language. Should one desire to develop an SSS transcription based on English as pronounced in a specific country, there will inevitably be differences in how vowels are analysed. But exhaustively elaborating on phonology each variety of English is outside the scope of this article.

Schleicher's Fable

Let's finish off this article with a practical example: the Schleicher's fable.

Ʒ-šĭp δæt häd nou wûl so hožsı; wan-əv-ðəm pulıŋ ə-hevı wägŋ, wan kǎŋıŋ ə-bıg loũd, änd wan kǎŋıŋ ə-mǎn kwıklı. Δə-šĭp sed tû-ðə-hožsı;: “Maı hažt peınz-mı, sıŋ ə-mǎn dŋaıvıŋ hožsı;.” Δə-hožsı; sed: “Lısən, šĭp, aũž hažts peın-as hwen wı sı đıs: ə-mǎn, ðə-mǎstz, meıks ðə-wûl əv-ðə-šĭp ıntû-ə-wožm gažmənt fz-hımselŋ. Änd ðə-šĭp häs nou wûl.” Hǎvıŋ hžd đıs, ðə-šĭp fled ıntû-ðə-pleın.

FAQ

How can I contribute?

You can write an article, a poem, make pictures or submit something else creative.

Where can I submit something?

Current thread, email or discord.

When is the next deadline?

Generally every two-three weeks, depending on the amount of content. For exact dates see the thread or contact us

Do I choose the pictures for my articles?

You can choose/make them yourself if you wish to, otherwise someone else can decide for you.

Is there a length limit?

Generally we try to keep articles between 700-3.000 words. If necessary or justified by interesting form or content, exceptions are possible.

What topics are suitable?

Alle, since any topic is KC-tier with the right approach.

How do I know if my text is good enough?

As a rough measure see the already existing texts.

Some are for assburgers, other are less serious.

What needs to be present is at least an attempt to bring some structure into your text, since we don't want a zine made out of random thrash.

We are not grammar nazis, runglisch, weird stylistic choices and grammar abuse are fine, as long as you reread your text and try to be understandable.

Contact

kohlzine@tfwno.gf
discord.gg/juAshwD