



June'20 Issue XVIII

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/int/ - Serious Discussions and Metaphysics



 Bernd 2020-06-17 01:49:22 No. 7572879 / (#3) 

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My my Anderson, what a scandalous collection of young coquettes.

Why, I'm absolutely coming down with a case of the vapors. So plump and nubile, quite the assortment collected here.

BEA BERND AMONG BERNDS



Submit to your inner autism
Submit to Kohlzine

kohlzine.neocities.org
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Travel Column

by Britball

There's few things you 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.

I didn't know what to expect of the city when I landed, so I went with what I knew; a hamburger because that's so very funny when you are in Hamburg. With that obligation out of the way it was time to get to know the city behind the absolutely hilarious name. One of the faces of the city is the one we all associate with Germany. No, not that one, we'll get to that. The over-the-top self-hating one is the one I mean. Right outside the station, the first thing I saw was a couple of beggars-by-choice; unwashed, they were sitting on the pavement behind an upturned hat with very few coins in it and a sign petitioning Sir Arthur Harris to "do it again".

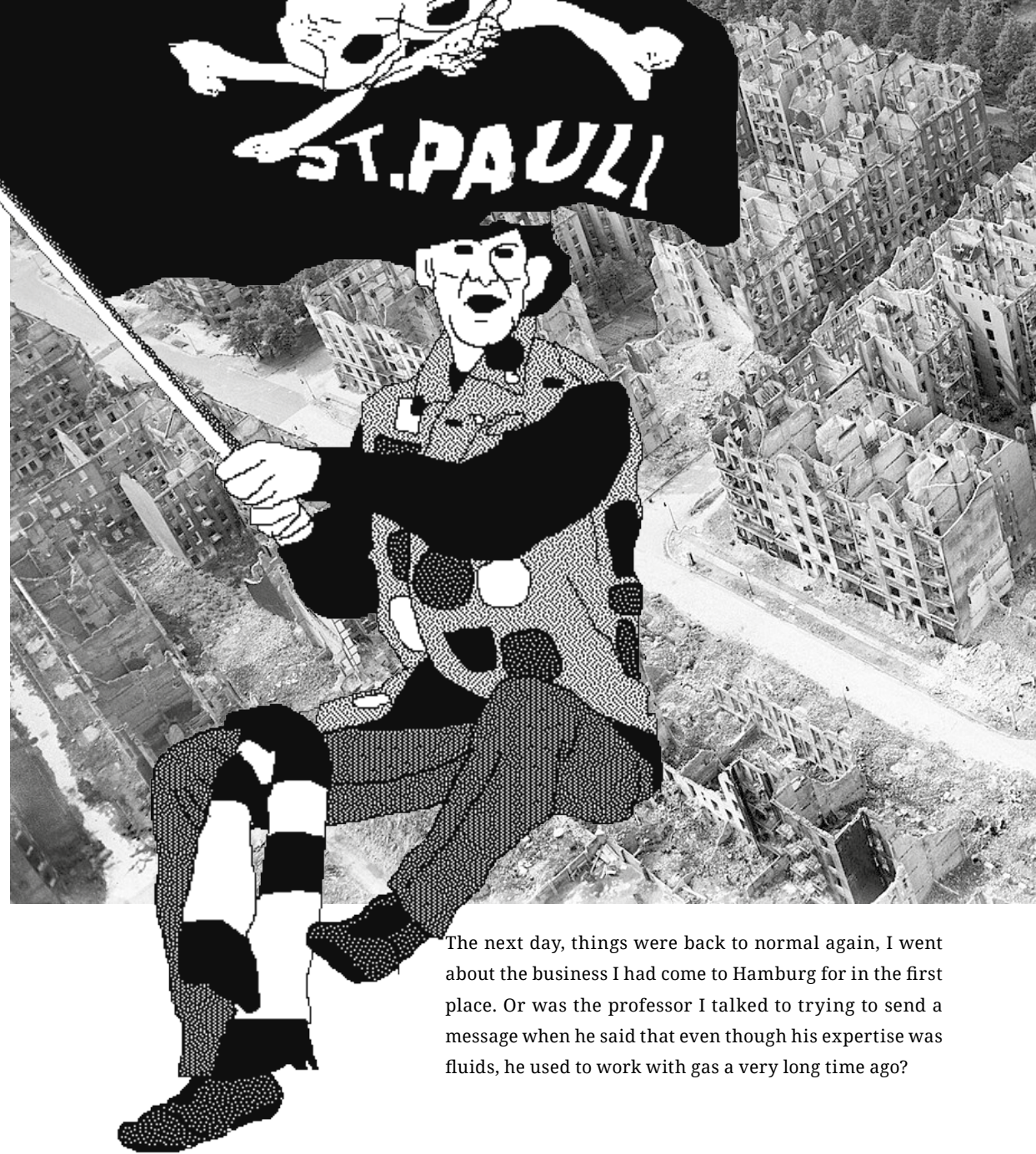
Later, I had dinner and a drink with a supporter of St. Pauli. It's one of the two big clubs here and it's more than that. It doubles as a sort of political organisation. And unlike what the Totenkopf-emblem they sport might suggest, this club stands for what would later (we are still in 2014) would become the Wilkommenskultur. Germany is probably the only country where football hooligans are also part of Antifa. My dinner companion described the club as the heart of the city.



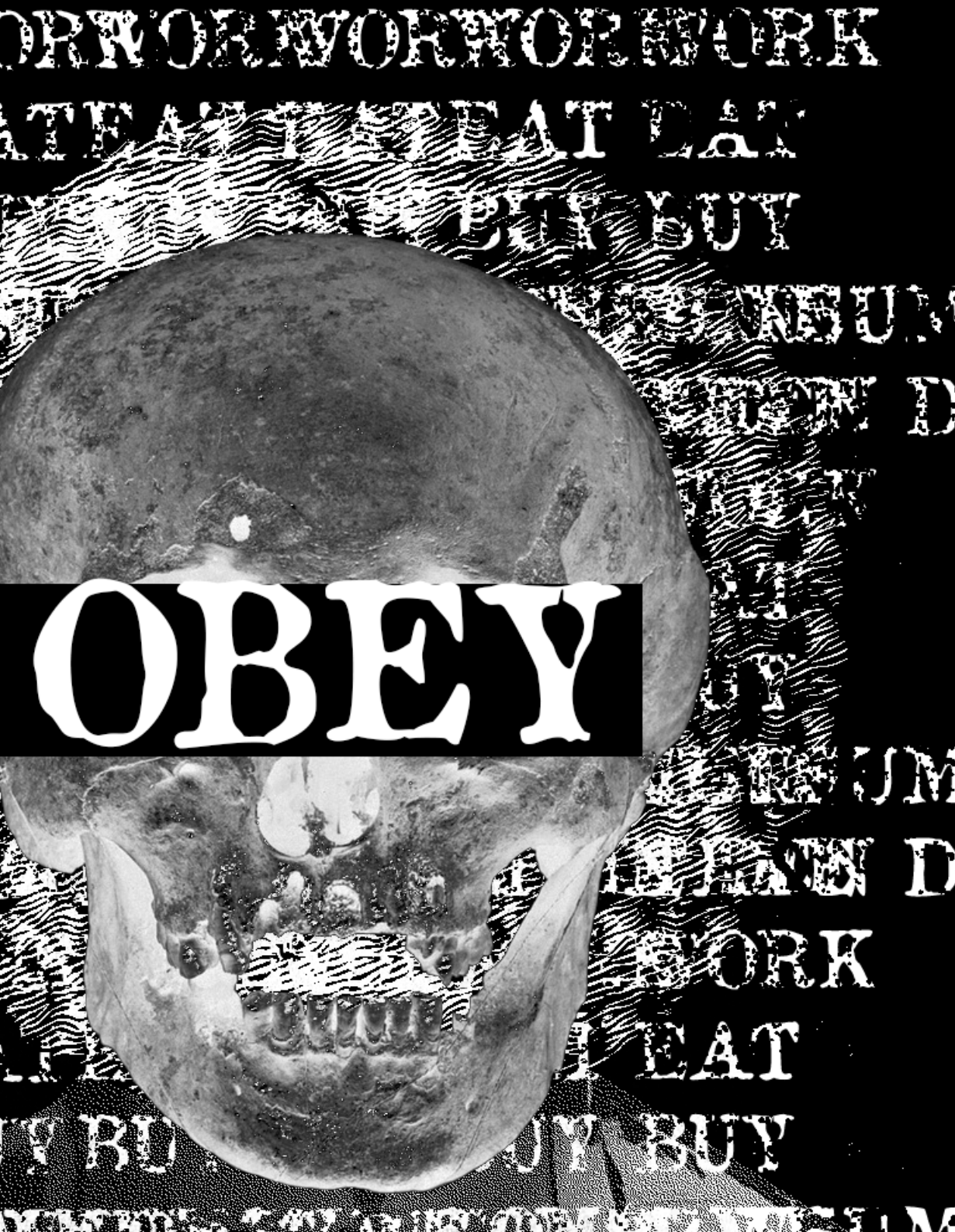
That would make the other side of the city the brains. And it was just as present here in Hamburg. The port supplies the German heartland with goods and money is being made here. The money is then used to buy new Mercedes coupes, the electric windows of which making it easier for the occupants to yell at the beggars on the sidewalk to "Geh arbeiten".

The two sides come together in the night and their feuds are dulled by the degeneracy of the nightlife here. Stags, clubs and two-for-the-price-of-one prostitutes set the scene in the early hours and who could stay mad at one another when you can keep dancing at the fish market when it opens for business early in the morning.

This being Germany, the second face of the city isn't allowed to manifest as much, but this Monday an exception was made; Die Mannschaft was playing Portugal. Having seemingly taken the calls for bomber Harris as more than just edginess, the fans on this sunny day decided to gather underneath one of the city's still-standing Flakturms, the towering concrete monstrosities that were once a platform for the infamous 128mm anti-air guns. The only bombs that were dropped this day were on Lisbon however, delivered not by Harris but by Generaloberst Müller. It is perhaps a good thing that I am way too young to get flashbacks when a dust cloud of rumbling boots comes at you shouting "SIEG" as they left the shadow of the bunker tower after the match, and I'm also glad I remembered which subway lines lead me to my hotel, as all the electronic signs in the station read "Deutschland - Portugal 4 - 0!!"



The next day, things were back to normal again, I went about the business I had come to Hamburg for in the first place. Or was the professor I talked to trying to send a message when he said that even though his expertise was fluids, he used to work with gas a very long time ago?



Welcome To The Corporate Revolution

by Germanball

Hello there, young one. Dear consumer. How are you feeling today? We hope you know that your wellbeing is always of utmost importance to us. We care about you. We hear you. And what we have heard is that you are angry, disenfranchised even. You are the disenfranchised youth. Well, maybe not all of you, but that is ok because we know that all of you are searching for a cause in your empty and godless lives. For decades, the great architect has worked on reducing your existences to hollowed out shells. You have been made a set of numbers to be processed by the machine and discarded upon use. Greater powers than you are at work here. But fret not, young one, because now that you have been successfully emptied, we return to fill the void within you and it only costs you a dime.

We sell stories, feelings and even entire lifestyles, ready for you to consume. We know that the human life cycle follows biologically preprogrammed patterns and one of the most potent is the unrest of youth. And so we have put our best marketing wizards to the job and crafted a global alliance of your favorite Brands, Scientists, Celebrities, News Outlets and Politicians and designed the optimal environment for you to vent your anger. Welcome to the Corporate Revolution for which we have devised a program of rapidly changing issues set within a safe framework for you to support.

fight among each other, stay put, obey the hegemony.

social issues have been transformed into a consumer product.

there is nothing you can do.

you have no power.

obey.

Get on the streets, slash, loot and burn and vent your anger in a controlled manner. We have carefully crafted a powerful narrative optimized for maximal support through all walks of life for you and your friends to join in. Get in line and march, young one, shout, clash, crash and run. Impress your peers and be on the right side of history. You have a wide range of street activities to choose from: from joining a peaceful protest over creative forms of civil disobedience to full on rioting in the cover of the night; there is something for everyone to enjoy. We try to minimize danger at every possible step, but should something happen to you nonetheless, we will put our best lawyers to the job to bail you out. Fundraisers will cover your costs and our broad network of opinion makers and influencers will create the necessary pressure to support our cause.

We care about you. Should you want to extend your involvement even more or should you just happen to not be the type for direct action, worry not, for this revolution will be televised. Join the chorus from the comfort of your home by sharing one of our professionally designed pictures on social media and choose from an extensive list of corresponding talking points selected by our world-renowned scientists to send a message tailored perfectly to your preferences. Should there be no protest near you already, we have you covered as well: Simply join our franchised outrage for the disenfranchised youth. Contact us and take advantage of our global financial and marketing infrastructure to create your very own protest movement - no matter where you live (as long as it is a region where the great architect has already completed his work).

THE BRAND HAS YOUR BACK

// Eat. Work. Buy. Consume. Then Die.

// Fight among each other, stay put, obey the hegemony.

// Social issues have been transformed into a consumer product.

To keep the dopamine flowing and avoid over exhausting a single topic, we will put out novel movements and issues on a monthly schedule. Please keep in mind that all support for older topics will be dropped and thoroughly memory holed e e e e e e e e e e d.

W

THE BRAND HAS YOUR BACK

// Eat. Work. Buy. Consume. Then Die.

// Fight among each other, stay put, obey the hegemony.

// Social issues have been transformed into a consumer product.

// There is nothing you can do.

// You have no power.

// Obey.

W

W

W

Welcome Consumer. Welcome to our beautiful new world. We have engineered it to run on rapidly accelerating cycles of outrage and anger where you can attempt much but achieve nothing. Welcome to our new product line of interactive consumption.

Welcome to the Corporate Revolution



Communism Is Propaganda

by Malañaño

There are numerous reasons why communism doesn't work, but also why communism isn't a natural system at all.

Let's take the focal point of the manifesto - each according to his ability, each according to his need. what's the problem with this? You can't define individual needs without a free market to signal the value of the goods. You can't just sit down and say "okay, here's what everyone needs" - there's no basis for anything. Its entirely arbitrary.

Motivation is another key factor. People are motivated to work more when they're rewarded for more effort. Feudal serfs were paid wages in "subsistence", and because they could not earn more, worked only at a bare minimum. This is what happens in communist systems: workers only receive subsistence (what they "need"), and hence work poorly, if at all. Russians who have lived through the time have an adage about this, which goes "you pretend to pay me, and I pretend to work".

But the root of the problem goes deeper, and in fact is perhaps one of the greatest misunderstandings of Marx today. The reality is that communism is only an idea.

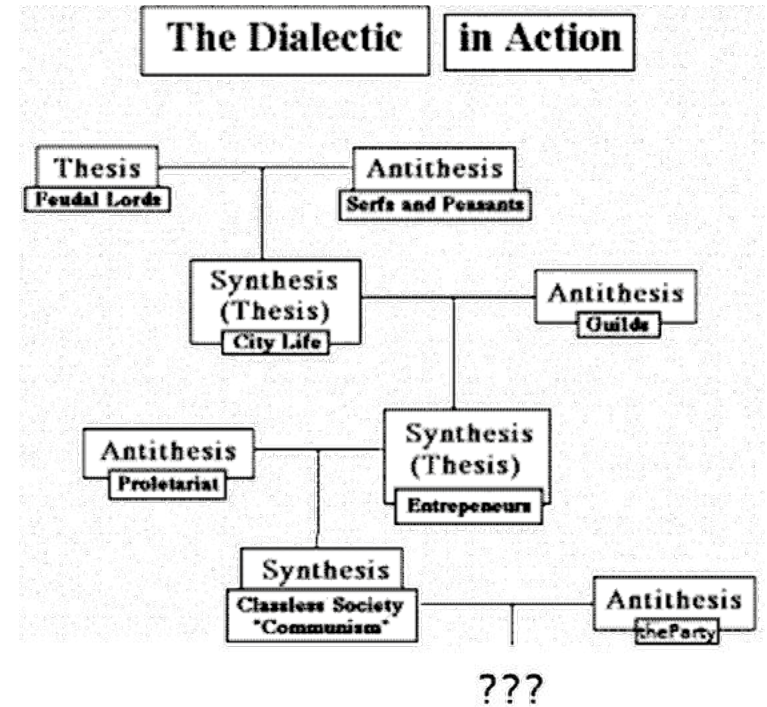
I do not just mean this in the idea that it is only a theoretical model; I mean it the very certain fact that "communism" only exists in the minds of individuals. there is no evidence of it in reality. There is truth to the fact that "communism has never been tried"; but only in the fact that it cannot be tried, because it does not exist.

It is akin to saying “well, no one’s ever seen/heard god before” - they have not, and it is similarly because they do not exist in the physical world.

Marx’s thought is descended from a long line of traditions, going back to Hegel, Plato, and Jesus. Like Hegel, Marx was a “prophet” communicating to the people the revelation that had an inner voice had imparted to him. and it is ironic that Marxism, which seeks to squash out religions and its false gods, replaces them with a new one: historical determinism, and idea that has no basis in reality, and is only bought to us from “revelation”. It is irrational from the start! But like other false gods, it is justified by taking appearances and using them to “fit the mold” - an after the fact explanation. his believe that there is a cosmic force called “dialectical materialism” which governs human history independently of human volitions, is mere mythology.

And so Marx made up fancy words, fancy “dialectics”, all to prove that his view of the future “must” come into play because it was inhuman, and because it could not come into play on his own, his devout followers shed the blood of millions to make his dream come true. The “proletariat” class Marx imagined was nothing more than a gang of blood-thirsty killers.

What is interesting to note is that the dialectic is really just a manner for studying history and society, and its actually a half-decent one (although its terrible if used in isolation, which far too many historians do).



The problem is that Marx created this system with an explicit purpose in mind. He wrote the communism manifesto before he wrote Das Kapital, and so he devised this rather brilliant system to try to bring greater scientific rigor to history and the study of society, but he did so in the most un-scientific manner possible, with a foregone conclusion before he even approached the problem.

You can apply the dialectic and come to completely different conclusions, which sort of indicates how difficult it is to really make these studies purely scientific.

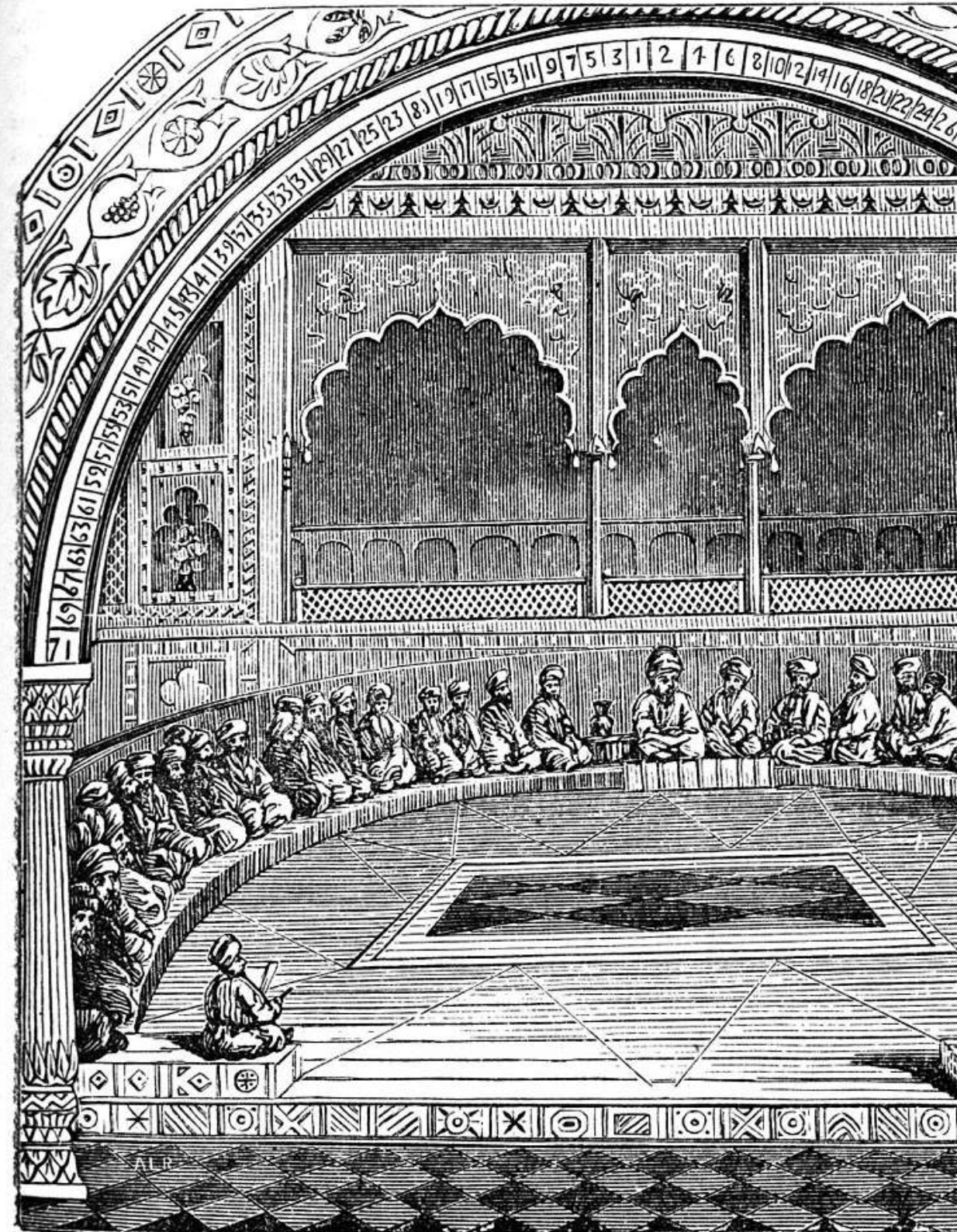
Bernd's Schizo Rant About Scientific Publishing And Peer Review

by Franceball

In this schizo rant, Bernd will try to explain some of his misgivings with the process of scientific peer review in its modern incarnation.

First, he will introduce some well-known and well-discussed problems and dysfunctionments occurring in the scientific publishing process, especially concerning scientific journals. We will then make the connection between these, and the paltry state of peer review today, and finally showcase some very recent and very disastrous consequences of these issues in the world outside academia.

Scientific journals have been running one of the most jewish schemes to have ever graced the earth for decades now. Let us first look at where they get their material, which is scientific articles. These are given to them for free by researchers, in order to be published, much like you would submit an article to Kohlzine. The articles then have to be peer reviewed, in theory to ensure their quality and scientific validity, although we will see this doesn't work well in practice. Who does the reviewing? Other researchers of course. The interesting part is, these researchers are never compensated in any form, monetary or otherwise for their review work. The journals are then sold at absolutely insane prices to



these same researchers who provide and curate their content. For example, a PNAS study from 2014 found that the University of California pays 9.3 million dollars annually to Elsevier for access to their journals, and that they would have paid 13 million had they not bargained. Keep in mind, this is only for one publisher, and there are several.

Profit margins in the sector are also record high. If we stay with our friends Elsevier for a moment more, we discover that their net margin (profit divided by revenue) is a staggering 37%, higher than any other industry. For reference, the pharma industry is at 18%, tobacco at 17% and alcohol at a mere 8%.

Since no one cares about paper journals anymore, the cost of publication and distribution have dramatically fallen, but of course, subscription prices have done anything but.

In short, scientific journals extract free labour from researchers, both from writing articles, and most importantly from reviewing articles, and then sells this labour back to them at insane prices, mostly through institutional subscriptions. Emphasis on the fact that researchers are compensated at no point in this entire process.

Of course, such practices negatively affect the quality and effectiveness of peer review.

Because reviewers are not remunerated, and face no consequences for producing reviews of poor quality, and because reviewing articles does not advance your research or your career in any way, not all of them take it very seriously.

It is common practice for professors to delegate reviews to their students (who may or may not be competent to make the review), to use them to advocate for their positions in the field (I prefer method X, and this paper used method Y therefore it is crap), or maybe more innocuously, to simply expediate the process of writing their review by not reading much of the paper. When I was a first year PhD student, I was offered several times to review papers the topic of which I had no intimate knowledge of.

It's also common for journal editors to give articles to review to people who manifestly have no knowledge of the field, and either admit it, or sometimes produce a bogus review full of nonsense which takes precious time and effort from the authors to debunk (and you need to do it in a limited number of words, of course).

Peer review is supposed to be a guarantee of quality, implying that if an article passes the review process, then what is written inside can be taken at face value without the need to scrutinize it too much. However, today peer review is about luck, and sucking up to reviewers who may or may not (read : often do not) know what they are saying. Therefore, many perfectly good articles get rejected, but perhaps more worryingly terrible articles get through more and more often, especially since it is possible to resubmit to journal B after being rejected by journal A, and repeat this process until eventually journal Z agrees to publish you.

It's also important to note that this back and forth process takes months, usually no less than three, and sometimes takes years, which is very frustrating and anxiety-inducing when you are on the author side of things.

However, in the mind of non-academicians, peer review is still the golden standard that attests to the quality of scientific articles. That is to say, if it's published, then it's true, and the more prestigious the journal, the truer it is.

This line of thinking has not been valid for decades, and can be especially damaging in the minds of politicians and policymakers.

A very eloquent and very recent demonstration of this principle is the case of the now infamous hydroxychloroquin study in the Lancet.

This study, published May 22, 2020 claimed that treatment of COVID-19 using hydroxychloroquine lead to greater mortality rates than no treatment at all. It immediately came under the attention of the scientific community for poor methodology, and suspicion of falsified/misreported data. Data which the authors naturally refused to share. It was retracted a few weeks later, but more importantly: it passed peer review, and achieved publication in a reputable scientific journal.

Despite the relatively swift retraction, the damage was done :

Nearly as soon as the study was published, hydroxychloroquine was forbidden for use in treating COVID-19 in

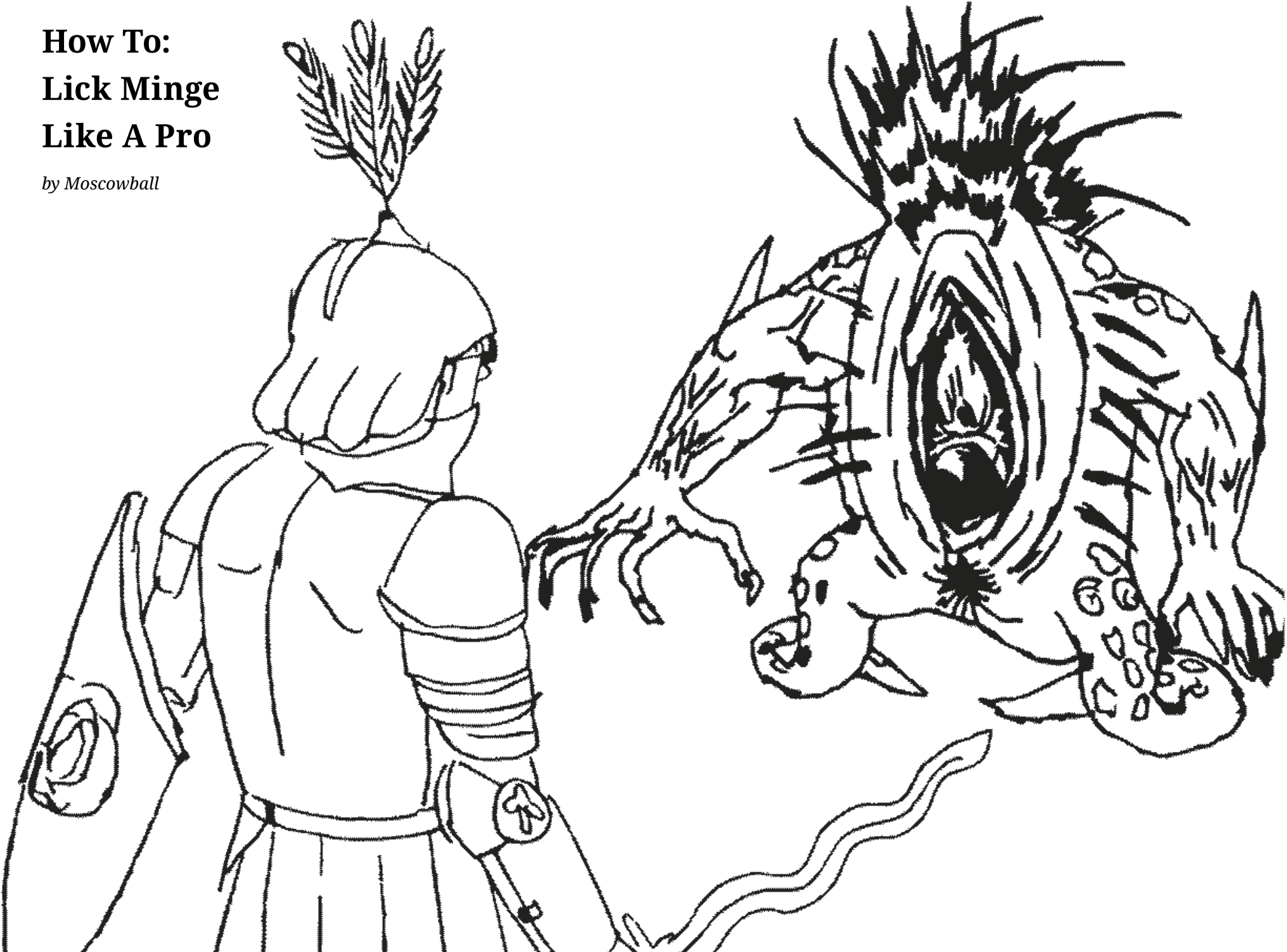
France, and the WHO suspended their trials including a hydroxychloroquine arm.

So, Bernds, always remember : just because it's published does not mean it's true. Peer review is not any sort of quality assurance. One wonders what its purpose today actually is.



**How To:
Lick Minge
Like A Pro**

by Moscowball



So okay, you decided to lick a vagina.

How to do it?

How to do it good?

How to do it to make your gf to coooom?

It's not that hard as someone may think.

Vagina is a simple device of 7 parts:

1. Clitoris,
2. Clitoris hood,
3. External labia,
4. Internal labia,
7. Internal compartment,
6. G-spot.

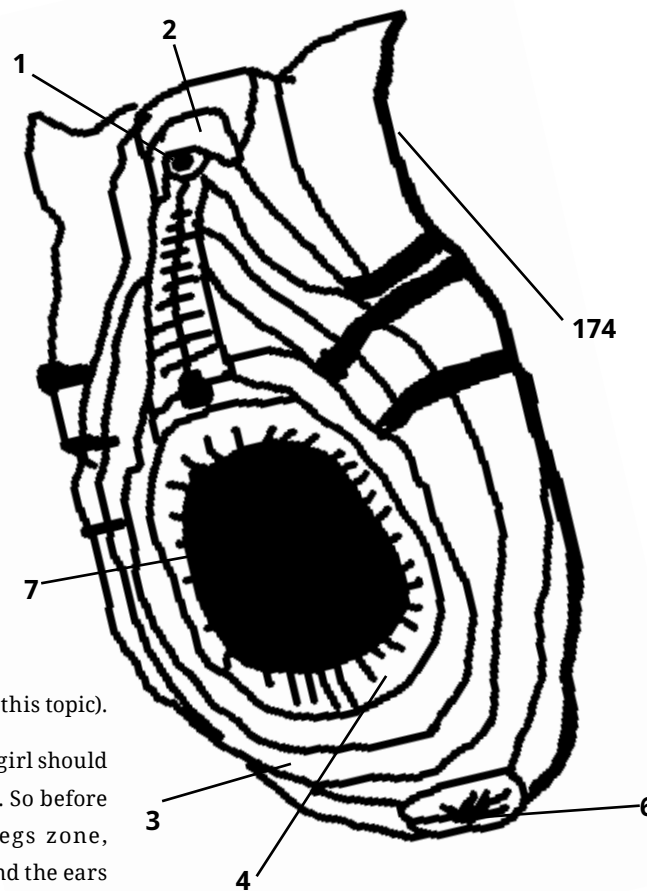
174. uterus and cervix (does not interest us in this topic).

So, first of all you shall always remember that girl should be hot, she should be ready, she should want it. So before you stick your head in her in-between legs zone, care about kissing her much, using neck, behind the ears and so on. Better to do all this with closed eyes to feel feels better.

Okay, now after some time doing the upper part of the gf job, start running carefully and check (not with your eyes, but with senses) on reactions.

Rub pussy through the clothes, through the pants and so on. After some time you may stick hand inside of the pants and continue doing it there.

BE CAREFUL AND NEVER GO INSIDE IF THERE'S NO LUBE!



Also don't touch clitoris even with natural lube with your fingers. Only through the hood!

OK, so after some time you're already there with your head.

You may:

1) Slightly touch and rub clitoris with the end of your tongue and with a lot of spit mandatory.

2) Kiss the internal labia, the hood, the clitoris (only after some time and when it become red and big AND ONLY WITH LUBE/SPIT!).

3) stick your finger inside and do in/out or better rubbing the frontal inside part and try to search some extraordinary area, like a some protuberance with a different skin type. This is the G-spot. You shall rub it and push on it with 2 middle fingers from the back to front. With continuously kissing/licking the outside parts.

4) suck the clitoris, preferable with the internal labia parts and hood (to avoid direct touching of lips to clitoris). And with much of lube.

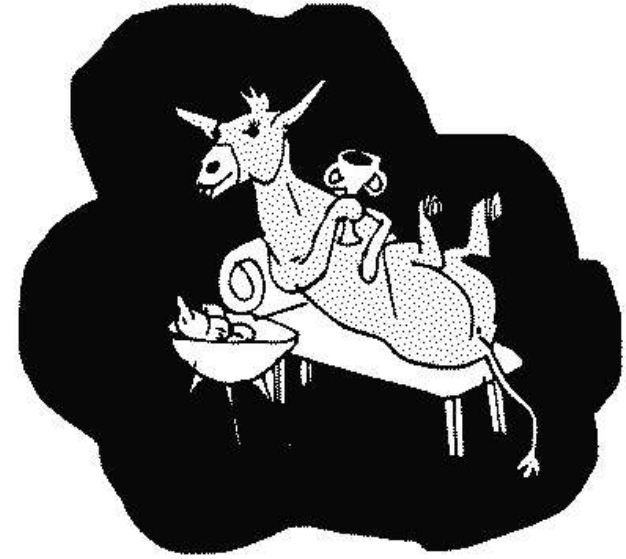
Mix all these moves, feel the reactions and try to find the proper rhythm.

After some time you'll learn how to do it great.

P.S. It won't protect you to meet a fat stupid lesbian girl who will say you're doing it wrong anyway and so on. Don't listen.

Chrysippus' Killing Joke

by Poleball



pottery corner

Autumn

Sully, sully, sully
The late September soil
With tongues of icy chill
Fertile yet ground freeze and spoil
Summer's sprite subdued and kill
With glacial winds that wither all
And all return to nil.
The subdued sun sinks lower and colder
Nefarious night will linger yet longer
The ground grows stiffer and silent.
Barren nature, pacified,
Lies awaiting wintry grave.

by Poleball

Landscape

Victory is blooming,
As sweet as salted horse.
Manmade cliffs will not defend,
Besieged from our force.
The engines sprang, in motion set,
Bricks dive and archers soar.
Heralding eternal peace,
Above the tides of war.

Rammed and broken, pouring down,
That which screened our loot.
Wine and women and the wealth,
Hoarded by the hand of brute.
Starved militia, ragged knights,
Planted in the battered stone.
We've made a rosarium,
The roses, sanguine flesh and bone.
Betwixt the pools, a king is led,
His head is bare of crown.
With many strokes of little axe,
A hardened oak, hewed down.

by Proxyball

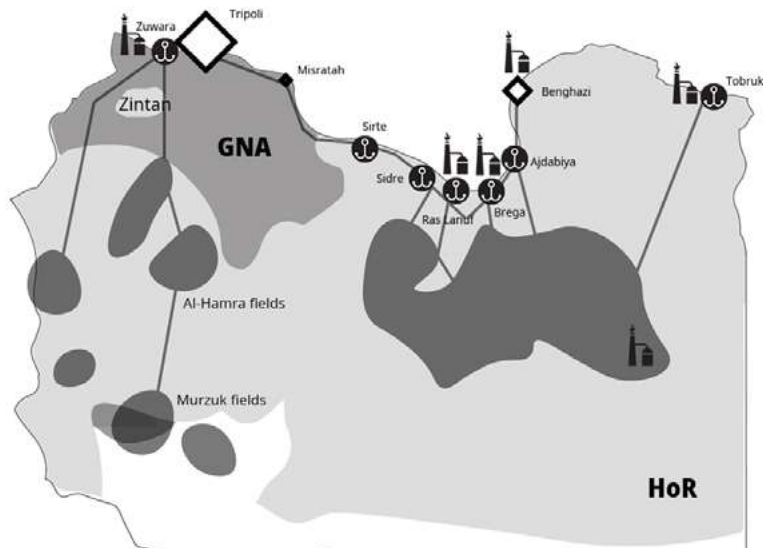


A Brief On Libya

by Poleball

The break-up of Libya after the successful uprising in 2011 was a multidimensional process, by no means unavoidable, which due to the large number of actors, cannot be understood without going into details about social, political and economic structure of Libya. Since the purpose of this article is to merely introduce laymen to the situation, please refer to the excellent work by Wolfram Lacher for first hand accounts and detailed description: *Libya's Fragmentation, Structure and Process in Violent Conflict* (2020). However, the genesis of the Third Libyan Civil War should be briefly sketched out, as fundamental to the understanding the local players, before we reach globally.

After the victory of the revolution in 2011, there were quite a few powerful militia left on the battlefield and the lack of willpower or power in general to dissolve them. Instead, after the Libyan accounts in European banks became available to the new government, the distribution of the spoils began. Paramilitary and tribal groups were paid from the budget and grew without political control over them, some taking control of the oil fields as their security forces. All attempts to disarm them or incorporate to the new army failed. There were sieges of state institutions in order to pay the militia's wages and kidnapping of political opponent. The GNC (General National Council, later GNA) government (loose alliance of moderate islamists and revolutionary leaders formed in surprisingly democratic elections) was basically held hostage by militias from Tripoli and nearby Misrata, while the east of the country was left to its own devices. Murders of people connected with the former regime, not only soldiers and security apparatus members but also journalists and writers were a daily reality in Benghazi. Tripolis government turn a blind eye on this, but in May 2013, it imposed legislation that completely excluded people with positions in Gaddafi's state apparatus from power, striking Gaddafi loyalists and members of democratic opposition alike. This bill was passed thanks to the pressure of local militias. General Khalifa Haftar, was a Libyan officer taken prisoner during Gaddafi's war with Chad. After his release, he spent years abroad in opposition circles before returning to join the revolutionary army in 2011. When the GNC

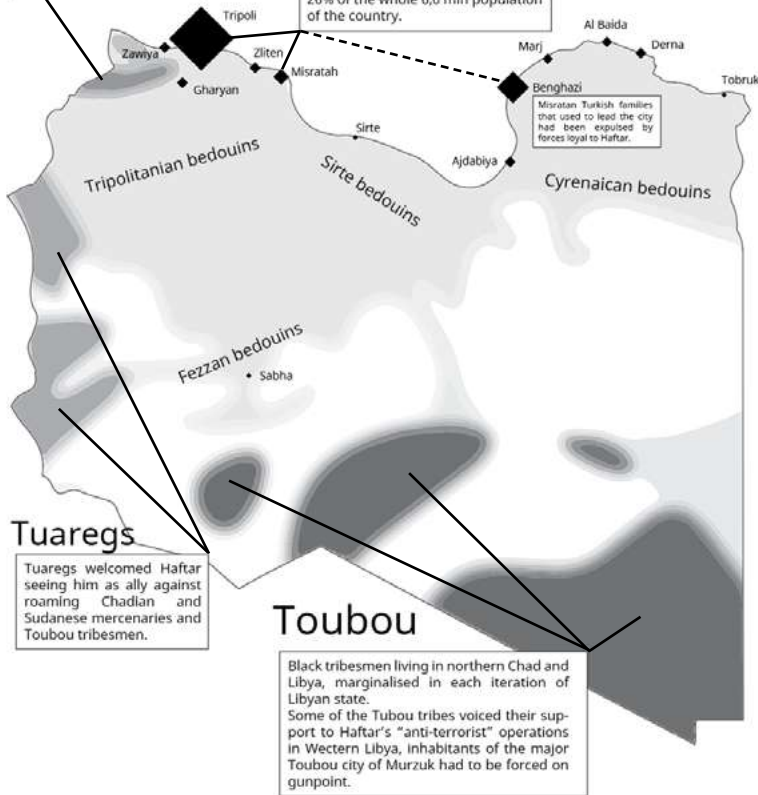


Amazigh

Berbers staunchly oppose Haftar fearing arabisation that could result from his takeover

Turkish Libyans

Concentrated in Misratah (2/3 of it's population) but present across whole Western Libya, Libyans of Turkish origin constitute around 20% of the whole 6,6 mln population of the country.



Bedouin tribes

While Libya is perceived in West as a tribal society and Haftar's alliance often described as consisting of "eastern tribes" what determined the make up of the major factions were common interests, craving for stability and feeling left behind by Tripoli government, rather than blood relations. Ancient foes had to become brother in arms.

Population of major cities

Tripoli	2,220,000
Benghazi	1,501,000
Misratah	550,000
Al Baida	350,000
Zliten	299,218
Zawiya	234,000
Tobruk	200,771
Ajdabiya	184,820
Gharyan	170,000
Marj	162,894
Derna	150,000
Sirte	128,123
Sabha	103,743

Tuaregs

Tuaregs welcomed Haftar seeing him as ally against roaming Chadian and Sudanese mercenaries and Toubou tribesmen.

Toubou

Black tribesmen living in northern Chad and Libya, marginalised in each iteration of Libyan state. Some of the Toubou tribes voiced their support to Haftar's "anti-terrorist" operations in Western Libya, inhabitants of the major Toubou city of Murzuk had to be forced on gunpoint.

extended own mandate in January 2014 to the interim period till next elections,(act seen as unlawful by many), Haftar called for its dissolution, which met with mockery. Not discouraged by this he began assembling forces with the aid of Egypt and UAE financial support, recruiting among disgruntled officers, Gaddafi loyalists and communities that were left out from post-revolutionary spoil sharing. Few months later he organized "Operation Dignity" under pretense of containing the situation in Benghazi, eliminating islamists, promising stability and an end to the lawlessness. This lead to fears in the revolutionary camp that Egyptian scenario (the counterrevolutionary takeover by army) may repeat itself in Libya. The results of the May 25th election were devastating for Islamists and gave a lot of seats to people with anti-Islamic views. This prompted some local militias to open operation "Libyan Dawn" and banish the new government from Tripoli. The operation led to the takeover of the city's International Airport, antagonizing its former "owners". - brigades from nearby Zintan, which were very influential in the city in previous years (their areas are visible on maps as a red enclave under Tripoli). The new government (HoR) moved to Tobruk, and many forces previously skeptical of Haftar, like the Zintan brigades mentioned above, were forced to form an alliance with him. Who supports who? Who benefits? Let's find out!

Fayez al-Sarray

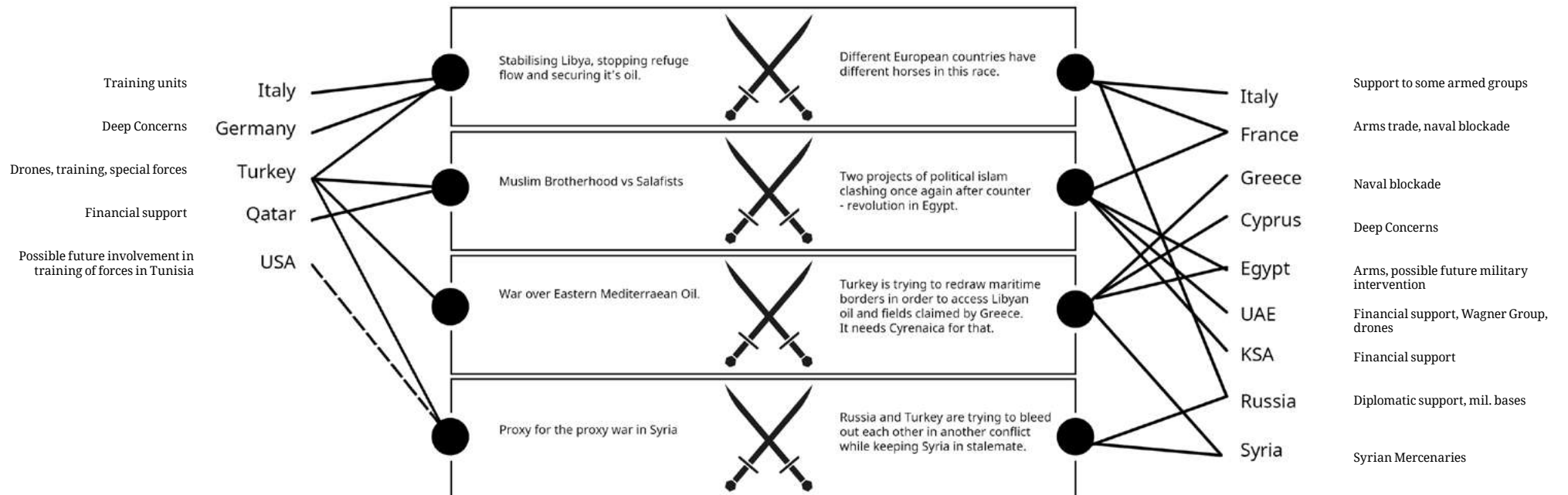


GNA

Khalifa Haftar



HoR



Revival of Prussia

by Finnball

*Inane ramblings
of a Prussianboo
which longs for the
glory days*

Article I: The Prussian State together with its central government and all its agencies are abolished.

Law 46

In the year of our Lord 1947, Allied powers assumed control over Middle-Europe. The devilish powers took down the Third Reich, which in itself was not a bad thing. At the time Third Reich did held de facto power in Prussia and took away it's status as a "Free state". Nowadays we know the lost Prussia as Kalingrad. A area owned by Russian federation which holds de facto power in the area.

I want to put forward a question about the legality and the status of Prussian state in it's current non-existant state. Prussia currently holds no head of state nor does it hold any amount of land. Were the Allied Powers really able to extinguish the flames of Prussian Kingdom?

The Question of Power

We, Frederick William, by grace of God, King of Prussia, etc., hereby declare and make known that, whereas the constitution of the Prussian State, promulgated by us on the fifth of December, 1848, subject to revision by the ordinary process of legislation, and accepted by both chambers of our kingdom, has been submitted to the prescribed revision, we have finally established the provisions of that constitution in agreement with both chambers.

Prussian Constitution 1848



From the forewords in the Prussian Kingdoms constitution we can see where the Prussia got its de jure powers. Prussia exists "by the grace of God". So to take away the grace of God would have been an impossible thing to do, was it any sort of a power in existence. Could it be that the allied powers regard themselves as a higher power than God himself? We could ask the Pope's opinion as he could be regarded an expert on the matter but it's highly unlikely that he would see any power on earth higher than God's.

If it's true that Allied Powers could be regarded as the highest power, then yes. Prussian state doesn't exist anymore. End of story, we have lost Prussia and can bury it in the history books. But if not, there still exists de jure state of Prussia. At least in the de jure sense of the law in Prussia as it was written in 1848. Why am I using the 1848 version of the constitution you may ask? Because it was the only one I found in English, so deal with it.

Even without land to call Prussia, Prussian state still exists in this scenario. This is completely possible as we can see from Sovereign Military Order of Malta (SMOM for short). SMOM currently holds no land-mass of its own as a state. By legal status it's completely possible to be a country and hold de jure power without any citizens nor land. Nothing is really stopping Prussia from being revived in a legal sense even if the territorial claims are not pressed on Russia.

Head of state – vacant or not

Article 43: Inviolability: The person of the king shall be inviolable.

Prussian Constitution 1848

From this article we can see that the king's authority is absolute. It cannot be brought into question in any sense. King of Prussia holds the de facto power over the state.

But who really owns the state? The seat is vacant and waiting for someone to fill it. In a legal sense even that doesn't stop a state from existing. SMOS currently holds its Grand Masters place as vacant and it still exists. The head of state is not a matter of interest.

We only need a man who has even a drop of pure Prussian blood in him to ascend to the crown as there doesn't seem to be anyone wanting to take it.

The first of my theory saw Putin as the new king of Prussia. Sadly the barbaric Russian constitution forbids their president to hold two seats of government at the same time. Were it either domestic or foreign. Law in Russia is absolute in that sense. Sadly even though Prussia and Russia rhyme so perfectly it would have been match made in heaven.

But now I have understood the greatest of truths. The truth that with no head of state, without any land to call it's own Prussia still exists. It exists in my heart and in the hearts of anyone who sees themselves as a pure of heart.



Guerrilla Warfare in German East Africa

by Germanball

As a fellow Bernd you might very well know that you can and should learn from the past, from your ancestors. Unfortunately, for the general population the opposite seems to be true. This is amply proved within the sphere of the military history in general, but especially in terrorist warfare.

An ongoing theme in history is the consistency with which senior officers ignore the lessons of the past wars. One obvious example is the Boer War, which should have given vital information and lessons with regard to the pattern of future warfare. Especially the increasing superiority of defense - its most important cornerstone being the machine gun, the magazine rifle and heavy artillery - over offense - mass infantry with bayonet wielding assaults.

Yet it was a lesson totally lost to the French and British practitioners of "offensive à outrance" in World War I. Military commanders of the subsequent generations and subsequent wars - French, Portuguese, American - have tragically failed to heed the profound military lessons which could be extracted from the East African and Arabian theaters of operations in World War I. They got decimated and debilitated by guerrilla tactics in all parts of the World.

In this article I hope to shed some light upon the tactical and strategic messages which can be learned from the East African campaign of 1914-1918. For it was a European - Von Lettow Vorbeck - who propounded and practiced the guerrilla warfare inherited by his non-European successors.

(I have to note that it would be an iniquity to equate this military leader with the terrorist of today. Von Lettow Vorbeck never practiced and would have abhorred the central criminal philosophy of today's terrorists, be he African, Palestinian, Irish or Afghan.)

The essential character of counter-insurgency warfare is to resist the temptation to respond and overextend resources. This is the ultimate terrorist's objective.

For the commander of the German forces in this theater, Von Lettow Vorbeck was, like Lawrence of Arabia, the major exponent of guerrilla warfare during World War I. A combination of crucial factors enabled Von Lettow, during the course of four years, to absorb 250.000 allied troops with just 14.000 troops.

Between 1884, the founding year of the colony, and 1906, the German colony of Tanganyika was the scene of prolonged conflict between the German colonial powers and indigenous tribal peoples. Up to 75 punitive expeditions were mounted in German East Africa. The most serious uprising was the "Maji-Maji" rebellion of 1906 (Maji referred to the magical water which was believed to protect the insurgents from German bullets).

The rebellion was brutally suppressed in 1907. The significance of the rebellion for Von Lettow Vorbeck was that it finally compelled the German colonial defense force to adopt the guerrilla tactics of their former enemies. These tactics are excellently described in this section from a Schutztruppe field manual:

"His mobility and incredible marching powers, coupled with accurate knowledge of the country, make him able to carry out apparently impossible detours. He has no fixed line of retreat, for after a defeat his forces break up into small parties, which retire in all directions; and concentrate again at points previously agreed upon, often in the rear of the victorious troops. After discharging their firearms, the natives retire hastily [...] to get ahead of the column so that they may repeat their attack, [...] By continually harassing their enemy in this way they hope, by avoiding serious losses on their own side, to tire him out, compel him to expend his ammunition and gradually reduce his power of resistance till he can be finally overwhelmed by an energetic spear attack."

During the struggle with the tribes - Wahehe, Wanyamezi, Wagogo, Wasukuma, Angono - the German colonial force absorbed the tactics of their brilliant guerrilla foes. The key to the tactical philosophy of the Schutztruppe was the wholesale recruitment of its former enemies. Before 1907, they would recruit in bulk essentially mercenaries from the Sudan, the traditional home of the Askari, but increasingly German field commanders began to look at their own doorstep for recruits. By 1914 an elite corps of highly



disciplined tribal soldiers had been recruited, with a high esprit de corps, rigidly indoctrinated with allegiance to the Kaiser (ranking above all tribal loyalties), with a high degree of familiarity of European military technology.

In seeking to counteract tribal mobility, the Schutztruppe had to reach an even higher level of mobility than their foes. As a result, a small independent command was formed, known as the Field Company: a basic combat unit unique among all colonial armies. The Field Company was no division, regiment or battalion, dependent on outside commands. It was a small, highly independent command, consisting of seven or eight German Officers and NCO's and around 150-200 tribal soldiers, equipped with two machine guns and supplemented by a large number of tribal irregulars, known as "ruga-ruga". With several hundred porters functioning as ammunition and food carriers, two collapsible boats for quick river crossing, a surgeon command and a handful of craftsmen this Field Company was highly independent and could function without any reliance on supply lines. Sometimes it would be part of a larger formation, called "Abteilung", but it still remained logistically autonomous and able to make long forced marches much more swiftly than the conventional rifle company with its complex administration and supply links to battalions and regiments. Additionally, it had a very loose internal organization, which allowed it to scatter quickly into smaller groups if out-manuevered and regroup later in prearranged locations and counter-attack.

In essence, the Schutzgruppe Field Company was a self-contained micro-army.

The second strategic factor lays in Von Lettow's conception of the war. He wasn't deluded and knew there was no chance in hell that the German Troops could hope for a victory in East Africa. With the declaration of War, the Royal Navy would cut off any troops reinforcements from Germany, while the British would be free to pour in men and materials until they had decisive numerical superiority. Von Lettow's strategy proceeded from this very premise.

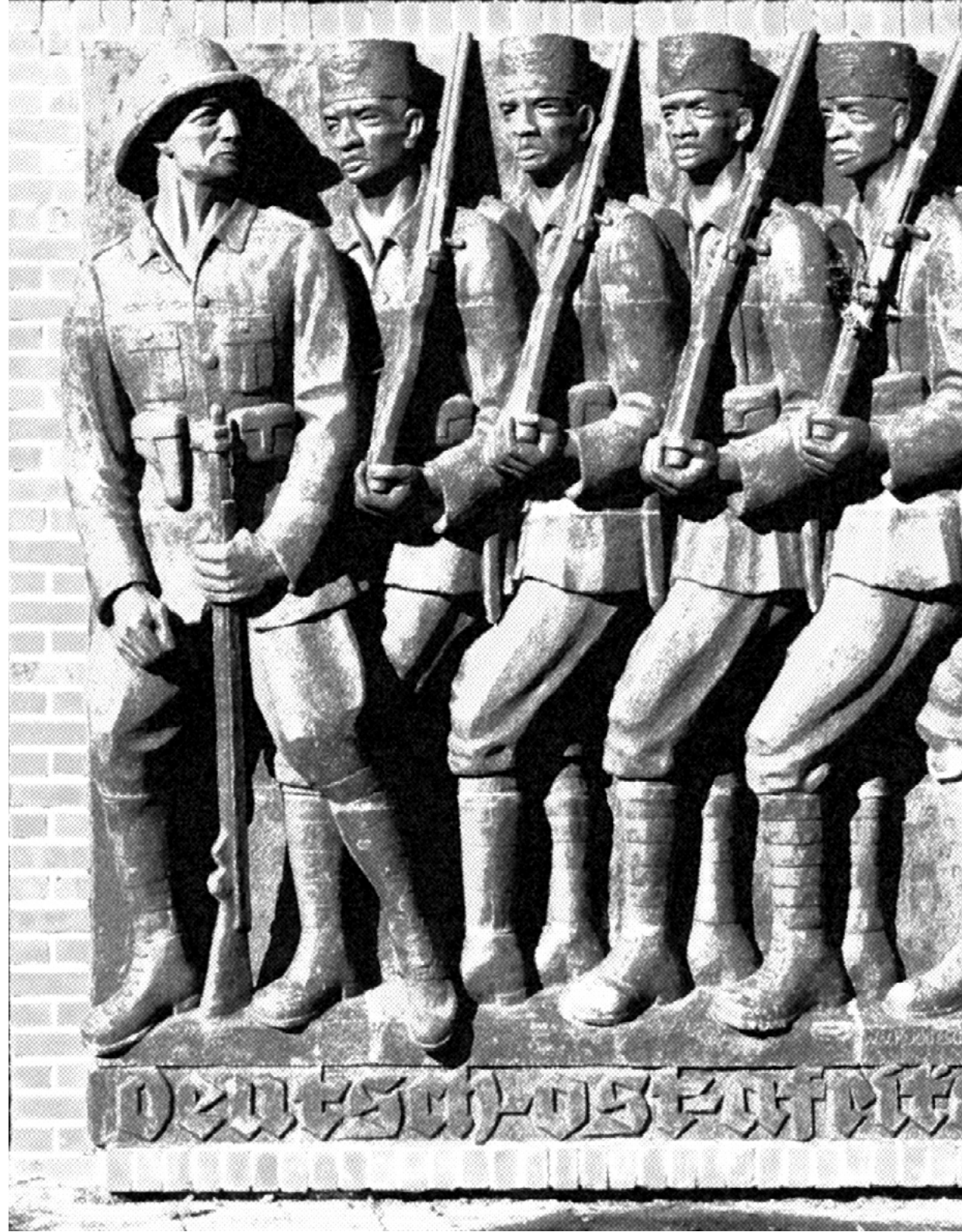
He adopted throughout the war a strategic conception systematically designed to compel the enemy to commit the largest possible force to Tanganyika, thereby diverting troops and resources from the theater of war in which they were most needed, the Wester Front. The very core of his strategy and attack and evasion.

Initially he focused on the Uganda railway, the most sensitive strategic nerve of the British military in East Africa. It absorbed an increasing amount of British East African military personnel, which attempted to catch the German forces in pincer type movements, with an increasing amount of forces, to no avail.

In short, the East African Theater of war was the classical prototype of terrorist strategy, exploiting his opponent's numerical supremacy as his weakness rather than his strength. An important aspect of this strategy is to entice and compel the enemy to commit increasing numbers of troops to a static role, usually in the defense of essential lines of communication or supply.

Von Lettow's tactics have deceived and frustrated conventional military commanders with seemingly no knowledge of history, who seek to counteract elusive energy with mass force. To quote Lawrence of Arabia, who also employed these tactics of terror: "We must impose the longest possible passive defense on the Turks (this being the most materially expensive form of war) by extending our own front to its maximum. Tactically, we must develop a highly mobile, highly equipped type of army, of the smallest size, and use it successively at distributed points of the Turkish line, to make the Turks reinforce their occupying posts beyond the economic minimum of twenty men. The power of this striking force of ours would not be reckoned merely by its strength. The ratio between number and area determined the character of the war, and by having five times the mobility of the Turks we could be on terms with them with one-fifth of their number."

What convinced Von Lettow of the need for this strategy was the pyrrhic victory the German forces gained at Jasin in early 1915, to the north of Tanga, in which he lost 15 % of the regular German officers, in addition to expending 200,000 rounds of ammunition. With so high a rate of attrition and material, Von Lettow calculated that 'with means at my disposal, I could at the most fight three more actions of this nature'. Such a course was out of the question, and therefore the only logical alternative was pursued. 'The need to strike blows only occasionally, and to restrict myself principally to guerrilla warfare was evidently imperative.'



With regard to the Uganda railway, the especially vulnerable section was a 100-mile strip which skirted the German border within 1-3 marching days distance. In 1915 the harassment of the Railway became a vital part of the German strategy in East Africa. As I already outlined, the goal was to make the British commit more and more troops to the defense of the Railway. But the British went even one step further and began to formulate a plan in which they not only increased the defense of the Railway but also wanted to commit troops to the pursuit of the German Schutztruppen and chase them far beyond the border and keep them there. In December 1915 the British High Command in Nairobi was informed that its force was about to be tripled in strength.

Ultimately the German troops were compelled to retreat, as they Von Lettow expected. They faced the Allied troops concentrations along the Tanganyika Kenya border, which tried to encircle the German troops, but over the course of 1915 to 1918 it was a pursuit in vain. The German Troops always managed to evade the encircling movements. The failure of the Allied encirclement plans was due to three central factors.

The first was the tactical unit of the Schutztruppe Field Company, which engendered great mobility (being logistically autonomous, its independence of supply lines greatly enhanced this evasion of the pursuing troops. Crucial to the effectiveness of this tactical unit was the machine gun. A single machine gun team could, at the very least, hold up a platoon or company for the time it took to get its own

Maxim or Vickers gun off its mule and return the fire. By then the Germans would have put up their weapon on a wooden carrying frame and moved it off to open fire from another position. The emplacements were, inevitably (in view of the dense bush) always invisible. In his novel 'Jim Redlake' (London: Heinemann, 1930), Francis Brett Young (who served as a Medical Officer with the 2nd Rhodesia Regt.) puts into the mouth of one of the officers the words, "I'll hope you see something to aim at. I never have."

Secondly, the diseases of infested terrain resulted in enormous wastage of European Troops and had debilitating effect upon their military potential. What Allied troops (particularly vulnerable to insect and waterborne diseases) actually endured on the march was not actually a great deal worse than anything experienced by a later generation of British and American soldiers in the South-west Pacific, Malaya and Vietnam. However, medical officers in these more recent wars could summon to their aid a multiplicity of antibiotics and other drugs, whereas the combatants in the East African theater could rely only upon quinine, a helpful prophylactic but continually in short supply, due to communications problems. Malaria was the largest single killer. Virtually everybody caught dysentery - amoebic or bacillary or both from contaminated food or the waters of the Pangani, Rovuma, Wami, and other rivers; East Africa probably had one of the highest dysentery rate in World War I.

Also common was blackwater fever, relapsing fever caused by ticks (its symptoms of chills, heat stroke, epileptic seizures, delirium tremens and cardiac failure resembled those of malaria), and small cuts which often expanded into livid, suppurating jungle sores as large as a fist. In addition, one had the jigger flea, which burrowed into a man's toe and laid several million eggs. If the eggs were not extracted with a knife or safety pin the toe would presently rot; literally thousands of British, Indian and African toes were amputated on the march to the Central railway. The bottle fly laid its eggs in a soldier's arm or back. These eggs soon grew into large white maggots which, unless removed, would die and form festering abscesses. The bite of the sand fly caused a fever lasting about three days - mild beside the maddening itch which persisted for weeks afterwards. There was also the black soldier ants which travelled in vast armies and bit like white hot irons, and scorpions, whose stings made their victims witless with agony for at least twelve hours.

It was this flood of diseases that ultimately resulted in the Tanganyika campaign to resolve itself into a black man's war. This wastage was no small feather in Von Lettow's cap, as it was central to his long term strategic objective of wasting the Allied military strength on the Western Front; the vast majority of invalided troops remained permanently unfit for active duty.

Thirdly, the Allied military effort was severely crippled by the problem of communication in an undeveloped hinterland. The geological configuration of Tanganyika in



Generalmajor von Lettow-Vorbeck, der Held von Deutsch-Ostafrika.
Gezeichnet von U. Wittend.

1914-1918 was not dissimilar to that of the Congo in which Major Hoare fought. Widely dispersed urban centers only connected by tenuous communications chains. Whilst Hoare could coordinate his dispersed commando units by air (ferrying reinforcements and supplies via planes), the troops in Tanganyika had to rely upon carving primitive roads through almost impenetrable bush. Obviously, the law of logistics demands that the speed of the army is totally dependent upon the speed with which supplies reach the front. The army's 15-ton lorries had already proved of little use in dry weather, churning dirt 'roads' into fine dust that totally deprived the wheels of traction. In the rains these huge trucks became a total liability, simply sinking deep into the mud, where they had to be abandoned.

The capture of the Central Railway - in effective Allied control from September, 1916 - was slow to yield results; the Germans had blown up all the bridges and destroyed all the rolling stock. Until the first real train reached Morogoro from Dar-es-Salaam at the end of November, 1916, Mombasa remained the principal supply base. This necessarily implied a journey of more than 500 miles and nearly two months for a soldier's beef, biscuits, jam and tea. The logistical problem compounded the deterioration of the troops' health, lack of supplies lowering the soldiers' resistance to disease.

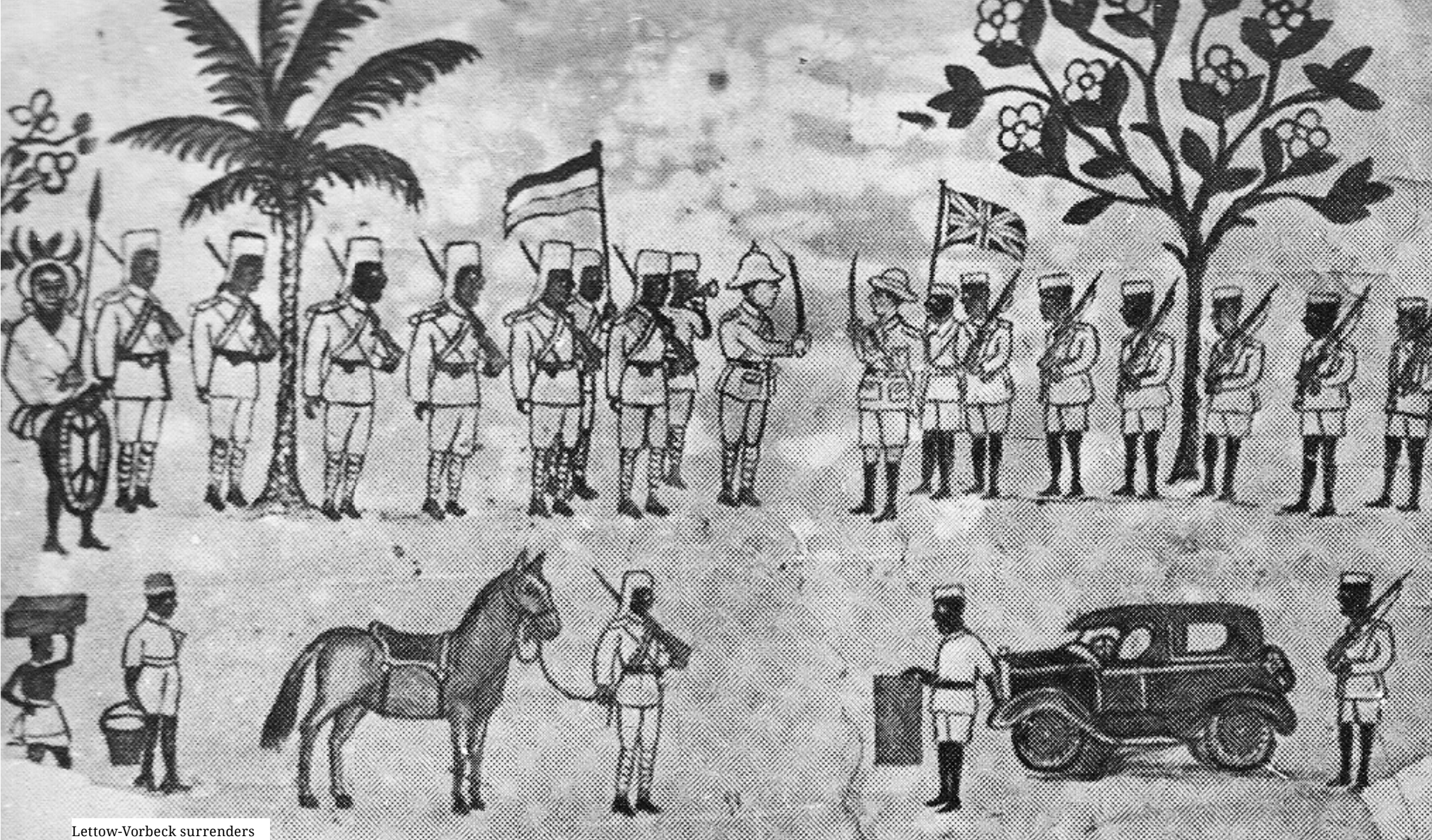
After Von Lettow crossed the Rovuma in November, 1917, the Allied logistical problems were intensified, as they became increasingly removed from the captured

Tanganyika ports of Dar-esSalaam, Kilwa, and Tanga, which eased the supply problem; simultaneously, the delayed alleviation afforded by the captured Central Railway diminished.

In point of fact, Von Lettow was never defeated, only surrendering after news had reached him of the German surrender in Europe.

The East African war was, more than any other conflict, the watershed between the old style of war and the new during. Although it may seem ironic, since the Trench Warfare in the European theater was for many the advent of a new warfare, the East African theater was the true advent of a new way of war, and a new kind of enemy.

Upon Von Lettow's tactics, in the following half century, would be engrafted the violent anti-western ideologies which ultimately captured Indo-China, Mozambique, Angola, Algeria, et cetera.



Lettow-Vorbeck surrenders



Azunuj

by Palestineball

In the recent weeks, a phenomena has risen in the social programs of the cybernetic sphere. People sharing the following sentence “#BlackLivesMatter” (Hashtag in the original shares). What is this “Black” these surfers refer to? What do they mean? What can Bernd know of them? Your humble fren, has taken upon himself to look through first hand impressions of medieval scholars of great renown and detect what he can of this “Black”. In Arabic, Zanj = Black. Azunuj = Blacks. Referring to the Sub-Saharan Africans. These people had none of the western bias and are to be believed wholly.

Al-Jahiz, an Arab writer in the 9th century:

وقد علمنا أن الزنج أقصر الناس مذة ورؤية، وأدلهم عن معرفة العاقبة، فلو كان سخاؤهم إنما هو لكلال حذهم، ونقص عقولهم، وقلة معرفتهم

We know that the Zanj (blacks) are the least intelligent and the least discerning of mankind, and the least capable of understanding the consequences of actions.¹

Al Jahiz wrote many prose, literature works, was a follower of the rational school Mu'tazila and knew philosophy and Greek Hellenic science. Considered to be pre Darwinistic. One of his grandparents was a Zanj. He knew about the peoples of the known world and he considers Zanj to be incapable of making actions and being responsible for them, a condition to be treated as a rational human. A people incapable of decision making. Said by a quadroon.

1. *Kitab al-Bukhala*, 55/1

An unknown Persian scholar:

*Their nature is that of wild animals.*²

*Among themselves are people who steal each other's children and sell them to the merchants when the latter arrive.*³

In this, the author of *Hudud al Alam* speaks of the Zunuj wild nature and their custom of enslaving their own and selling them. It can be deduced this is a method of control, recognized by some of the Zunuj themselves.

Al Maqdisi, an Arab geographer of the 10th century:

قالوا لا نكاح بين أهلها ولا يعرف الولد أباه ويأكلون الناس والله أعلم وأما الزنج فقوم. سود الألوان فطس الأنوف جعاد الشعر قليلو الفهم والفتنة مشارقهم مغارب

*There is no marriage among them; the child does not know his father, and they eat people -- but God knows best. As for the Zanj, they are people of black color, flat noses, kinky hair, and little understanding or intelligence.*⁴

The geographer al Maqdisi travelled in many places and described many places accurately. As seen in many instances, the Zanj does not raise his own child and continues unburdened with this task. The Zunuj do not build a society in which the children are taught and conditioned, and so they are left with primal instincts and no real human society.

2. *Hudud al Alam (Borders of the world), The Regions of the World, 55, on Zanjistan*

3. *Hudud al Alam (Borders of the world), The Regions of the World, 60, on Sudan*

4. *Kitab al-Bad' wah-tarikh, Vol 4,70*

Ibn al Faqih, a Persian geographer of the 10th century:

وقال بعض أهل النظر: أهل العراق هم أهل عقول صحيحة، وشهوات محمودة، وشمائل موزونة، وبراعة في كل صناعة، مع اعتدال الأعضاء، واستواء الأخلاط، وسمرة الألوان، وهي أعدلها وأقصدتها، وهم الذين أنضجتهم الأرحام، فلم تخرجهما بين أشقر وأصهب وأمهب ومغرب، وكالذي يعتري أرحام نساء الصقالبة وما ضارعها وصاقبها، وهم الذين لم تتجاوز أرحام نسائهم في النضج إلى الإحراق، فيخرج الولد بين أسود وحالك ومتنن الريح ذفر ومفلفل الشعر مختلف الأعضاء ناقص العقل فاسد الشهوة كالزنج والحبيشان ومن أشبهها من السودان، فهم بين فطير لم يخنم ونضيج قد احترق

*A man of discernment said: The people of Iraq ... do not come out with something between blonde, buff and blanched coloring, such as the infants dropped from the wombs of the women of the Slavs and others of similar light complexion; nor are they overdone in the womb until they are burned, so that the child comes out something between black, murky, malodorous, stinking, and crinkly-haired, with uneven limbs, deficient minds, and depraved passions, such as the Zanj, the Somali, and other blacks who resemble them. The Iraqis are neither half-baked dough nor burned crust but between the two.*⁵

Ibn al Faqih wrote the *Book of Lands* and in the late 10th century his work was edited by Michael Jan de Goeje. The Zunuj are described to have depraved passions and deficient minds. If you compare this statement with previous made by Islamic scholars it can be inferred they are behaving according to their animalistic nature. Uneven limbs may be a result of poor births or genetic mutations in tribes too inbred.

5. *Mukhtasar Kitab al-Buldan, Alqawl fi alIraq*

Ibn Sina, a Persian scholar of many talents, of the 10-11th centuries:

*[Blacks are] people who are by their very nature slaves.*⁶

Ibn Sina (Avicenna) is widely known as one of the most important figures of the Islamic Golden Age. His writings had a significant impact on several sciences and philosophy. The Zanj were used as slaves in many empires and kingdoms and the Zanj themselves sold their own. It is recorded they could be slaves to other peoples and be part of their societies, but not form their own.

The Persian scholar Nasir al Din Tusi of the 13th century:

*If (all types of men) are taken, from the first, and one placed after another, like the Negro from Zanzibar, in the Southern-most countries, the Negro does not differ from an animal in anything except the fact that his hands have been lifted from the earth -in no other peculiarity or property - except for what God wished. Many have seen that the ape is more capable of being trained than the Negro, and more intelligent.*⁷

Nasir al Din Tusi based his works on the Greek ancients and is one of the greatest scholars of Persia. He was also a mathematician and an astronomer. It is plausible the ape is less aggressive than the Zanj, and therefore more easily trained.

6. Quoted by Adam Misbah al-Haqq in "Blasphemy Before God: The Darkness of Racism In Muslim Culture"

7. Tasawwurat, Quoted by Bernard Lewis in "Race and color in Islam"

The Arab scholar Ibn Khaldun of the 14th century who traveled long and far:

الوحيدون الذين يقبلون العبودية هم السود، بسبب قبولهم لفكرة أنهم أقل درجة في الإنسانية وأقرب إلى الحيوانات.

*The Negro nations are, as a rule, submissive to slavery, because (Negroes) have little that is (essentially) human and possess attributes that are quite similar to those of dumb animals*⁸

And

ما وراء [الشعوب المعروفة من غرب أفريقيا الغربية] إلى الجنوب لا توجد حضارة بالمعنى الصحيح. لا يوجد سوى البشر الذين هم أقرب إلى حيوانات غبية من بشرعاقل. يعيشون في غابات والكهوف، وياكلون اعشاب وحبوب غير مهياًة. والكثيرا ما يأكل بعضهم البعض. لا يمكن اعتبارهم بشر.

*Beyond them to the south, there is no civilization in the proper sense. There are only humans who are closer to dumb animals than to rational beings. They live in thickets and caves and eat herbs and unprepared grain. They frequently eat each other. They cannot be considered human beings.*⁹

Ibn Khaldun was a historian and is considered one of the founders of modern sociology, demographics and more. He was acknowledged by Machiavelli as one of the greatest philosophers of the middle ages. He, like others before him, comments that the Zanj is similar to the animal and is prone to be enslaved. He does not consider them human beings because of their animalistic behavior (living in caves and thickets instead of huts, eating herbs and unprepared grain instead of advanced meals and eating each other).

8. Muqaddimah, Chapter II, 23

9. Muqaddimah, Second prefatory discussion, map description

What these great scholars have taught us, is that the Sub Saharan Negro, aka Zanj, is not on the same level of humans and can be made civil by slavery. A society of Zunj will not maintain a semblance of humanity and they are not expected to behave better than the animals.



Horst Wessel: A Student Dialogue

by Proxyball

The following is a translated extract from Wilfrid Bade's *Die SA erobert Berlin. Ein Tatsachenbericht.* (SA conquers Berlin, a factual report.), published in 1933. It contains a (likely fictionalized) account of a dialog between Horst Wessel and a student friend, around one year before Wessel's murder in 1930.

Shortly before the party conference in 1929 Horst Wessel had a memorable conversation with Dr. phil. Hans Gerkenrath, Germanist and expert for medieval art. This conversation took place at the corner of Friedrichstraße and Unter den Linden and lasted one and a half hours.

Doctor Gerkenrath did not mince his words and was not at all embarrassed to express his opinion. "You are most skilled," he said ironically, "at screwing up your future. Although I would have thought you were a little more imaginative in this respect. Jokes aside" — and Gerkenrath became serious — "what's the point of sitting around in stupid pubs and fighting with Marxists and altogether living like a stupid footsoldier? Man — think about it, can that be a life goal? After all, you are a corps student, an excellent lawyer and could have a great career, if you only want to.



I have immersed myself in Goethe and I love romanticism, Schlegel, Tieck, Novalis — I idolize Hölderlin and know my Nietzsche and my Kant — so I am an intellectual person. And I can tell and explain to you what the *dolus eventualis* is all about and what the law of the ancient Romans looked like at the times of one much honored Mr. Caesar.

So I cannot repeat often enough that I am an intellectual man. And now listen carefully. I have put aside these spiritual possession of mine for now. I live in dreadful shacks that smell of cabbage soup and barley coffee, as I mostly eat cabbage soup and drink barley coffee. And I fight in the streets as often as it has to be — and it has to be very often — with riled up German workers, with criminals and pimps. I have a brown shirt and I march with my comrades and these comrades of mine are ‘simple workers’, as you would condescendingly call these German people, who may well be the best of us. I sit around in my storm pubs. I serve twenty-four hours a day in the S.A. and I don’t earn a penny.”

“Well, yes,” Gerkenrath offered most reluctantly, but Wessel didn’t let him speak. “I am far from finished. So, I have put aside for now everything that is my spiritual possession. And now listen carefully. For the time being, nothing means anything to me: security of existence, prospect of a career, the treasures of culture, of spirituality, of education. Even law studies mean nothing to me for now and I want to tell you that even my entire life means nothing to me for the time being while this people lives in such terrible outer and inner misery. As long as this folk has no culture, no intellectuality and no

secure existence, I too will possess none of all these goods. Hopefully you understand what I mean, Gerkenrath.

The friend shrugs his shoulders. “Of course I understand! I just mean, Wessel, you will realize that one does not bring culture to these people, and to people in general, by brawling around for life and death and -”

Horst Wessel shouts almost cheering, “Yes, you do! Exactly like that! Why, now we are getting to the heart of the matter. Don’t you think that I know exactly how many intellectuals feel repelled by our rough manners and our rough language and our entire rough presentation? Hans, this must be, simply has to be! The house must first be built before it can be furnished. Roads have to be built before you can drive cars on them. First the political existence of this fatherland must be secured under all circumstances, before we may once again think of Goethe, Hölderlin, Johann Sebastian Bach and of all the things which gladden the soul. Gerkenrath! There is no German culture without a German state and there is no German state without a German people.

You know I never bother with phrases. And I have just told you a fundamental premise of my world view. And now I’m going to tell you the application of that world view. It sounds a bit rough, but we got rough in battle. The practical application of this world view is as follows, he who is an intellectual German man -”

Horst Wessel interrupts himself and begins again, very slowly and very forcefully, as if wanting to ram this reali-



zation into his friend's head with hammer blows: "He who is an intellectual German man, who knows the cultural giants of this German nation and loves them all his life, who wants to guard and cultivate them, who wants to contribute his small or large part to their continued flowering and growth, who feels that they are the most precious possessions — it is precisely he, Hans, who must push them aside right now, in this present time. Because the house must first be cleaned for this culture, get it? Perhaps the house must first be rebuilt from the ground up.

And when the house is there, proper and dignified, cleaned and clear through and through, then we're ready. Anyone who is convinced that today's German house is not worthy to house the true German intellectual goods must first get out of the theaters, out of the salons, out of the study rooms, out of the parental homes, out of literature, out of the concert halls — and do you know where he has to go? He must go out into the streets, he must go into the midst of the people, must speak and shout and, if need be, lash out, so that the old, ramshackle German house is torn down and a new one can be built."

Horst Wessel beams at Gerkenrath from two bright, hot eyes.

"You see," he says quietly, "that's how things stand. And as paradoxical as it may sound to you, Hans: in these proletarian quarters where I stay, in these wretched castles of despair, misery, crime, woe and incitement, in these districts where you have certainly never been before, but which have become my home, even if you turn up your intellectual nose a hundred times — here German culture is being defended by us, by the S.A., that culture, my dear one, which you only want to possess, but for which you do nothing to preserve it.

I tell you: every little brawl with a communist on some street corner, every little march of the SA in a savaged area, every hall fight is a step forward on the road of German culture, and every head of an SA man beaten in by the commune has been held out for the folk, for the Reich, for the house of German culture.

You see, I can explain to you exactly what it is all about, precisely because I am an intellectual person. And I do my S.A. service day after day, night after night, As long as necessary, I want to be nothing other than a foot soldier of Adolf Hitler. I want to brawl with communists as much as I can. And I tell you, I want to fight them hard, without holding back!

I know that there are university professors and writers and painters and musicians who are said to be the guardians and bearers of this country's cultural goods. Right now that is not true. At the moment, the guardians are the nameless men who put up posters and distribute leaflets, who protect the halls of our assemblies, who become unemployed, who starve and thirst and freeze and beg, who risk their health and their lives each hour.

Dear Hans, in times when fates have to be decided on a large scale, sometimes one has to do very primitive things. Just as man must eat to be able to work, so we must fight, fight primitively and archaic, to secure the nation.

Because the S.A. is marching for Goethe, for Schiller, for Kant, for Bach, for the Cologne Cathedral and the Bamberg Horseman, for Novalis and Hans Thoma, for German culture, believe it or not.

They want Germany to become completely German again, that is, to become National Socialist. Either that succeeds or it does not. But it must succeed. And it will succeed with this S.A., which you look down upon because it is fighting in the streets. You know Hyperion, don't you! They don't

know it. And because I know him, I want to help to ensure that Hölderlin will walk over German soil many more times, but first he must find German soil, and I will help him prepare it, and that is why, my dear fellow student, that is why I am marching through Friedrichshain with a hundred wild and robust lads, and punch every Communist in his trap. Period. Finished."

Doctor Gerkenrath sighs a little impatiently. "Dearest Wessel," he says, "it may well be so. But I just can't imagine that, even in a roundabout way, these wild fellows from Wedding have anything to do with German culture, that you pay homage to Goethe with your bloody hall fights, and that you are bearers of culture with your loud, inciting screaming and your uncouth, terrible manners. And that you in particular throw away everything that -"

"Oh Gerkenrath!" Wessel answers calmly, "there is a widely cited phrase that you yourself like to use. It goes: Throw away so that you do not lose. So we are in the process of throwing away we, the S.A., so that we do not lose, but regain, and you stand by and watch and find that highly ungentlemanly, highly uncouth — yes, my goodness, fighting is not a very refined affair, but one can no longer defend German culture with fountain pens and typewriters, much less reconquer it. Now, my dear fellow student, we have to work for Goethe with beer mugs and chair legs. And once we have won, well, then we will again spread out our arms, press our cultural goods to our hearts and enjoy them." Wessel remains silent and looks at his friend calmly, and then he must smile, as he sees

him there standing, elegant, with well-groomed hands that now light a cigarette, with the fine silk linen and the magnificent bow tie.

“Gerkenrath!” he suddenly says, “when the Third Reich is here, you will have always said it will come, and you will walk around with the swastika and shout Heil Hitler — but you still won’t have understood what I just told you. Perhaps then I will no longer be able to explain the whole thing to you again. Because you must not forget that we not only brawl for this German culture, but that we also die for it if we have to. And that is what puts us one step ahead of you. Heil Hitler!”

And with that Horst Wessel continued. Behind him, Doctor Gerkenrath took off his hat, slowly and somewhat annoyed. Slowly because he is very busy with the thoughts that his fellow student Wessel has just expressed, and annoyed because he finds many of these thoughts, whether he likes them or not, brilliant.



Einmal – plötzlich über Nacht – –
Kommt das Hakenkreuz zur Macht!

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

/kz/