

Sayings of Redbeard.

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SAYINGS OF REDBEARD

REPRINTED FROM "REDBEARD'S
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While statesmen are your shepherds
ye shall not want for shearing.

Men are oppressed in exact pro-
portion to their helplessness.

"Thou shalt not steal." Thus it
was said of old time. But I say unto
ye, "Let nothing be stolen from you."

Forms of government change but
the principle of government never
changes. It is taxgathering.

"Christian Civilization"— That is to
say—all life transvalued into terms of
toil, of discipline and of taxes.

What are men but hungry wolves, a
prowling on the heath?
If in a pack of wolves you hunt, you'd
better sharp your teeth.



You can talk of "human brother-
hood" until you're black and blue; no
law of heaven or earth, or hell, can
ever make it true.

If one man smites you on the cheek,
don't turn the other soft and meek,
but smash him back and lay him low.
war for war, and woe for woe.

Everywhere it is the same—exactly
the same. The gold is for him who
CAN—for him who either plays the
game victoriously or breaks it up vic-
toriously.

You must develop a rebellious heart
towards everything that oppresses you
or keeps you down.

Now IS your chance
To bear you well—
Defeat is better pay—
And life is little else than hell
When man is old and grey.

Go to, develop your powers of re-
sistance and aggression. Eevery man
in our opinion should be a warrior.
Each morning he should go out as
a fighting man into a battle field.

Thus saith the Evil Teacher—the
False One: "Give unto Caesar the
things that are Caesars; and unto God
the things that are God's." But I say
unto you—KEEP YOUR MONEY.

It has been written:—
"Thou shall not kill."
But I say unto you:—
"Be a warrior."

"Truth is not mighty and it don't
prevail."

The Jews by the grace of Jehovah were commanded to steal: but I say unto you—"Be not stolen from."

"O some must watch and some must sleep, and some must perish slowly; and some must weep and some must reap, till all things go to glory."

Heavy labor unfits a man for contention and strife. Hence it unfits him for success in life. It deadens his mind and his will and takes all the surplus energy out of him.

Poison lurks in pastor preachments, Satan works through golden rules; Hell is paved with law and justice, Christs were made to fetter fools.

The tendency of modern science, politics and religion is to reunite their forces—as in the days of long ago—for the complete and perpetual, mental, moral and physical subjugation of mankind. The scientist becomes the priest—pope—moral inquisitor.

"Life is strife for every man,
For every son of Thunder;
Then be a lion, not a lamb,
And don't be trampled under

"Christ is my redeemer,"—
I heard men rave and shout,
But where is their "redemption"?
What is it all about?

A painted idol on a tree—
Dripping tears and gore—
A painted idol is to me—
And it is nothing more.

Dogmas base—and wicked gospels,
Traucherous logic—shallow learning,
Prophets false—insane immortals
And coward theories of discerning.

Carve a wooden image,
Daub it o'er with paint,
And straightway it is a sacred thing,
A Goddess—Saviour—Saint.

The gates of hell—that is to say, the portals of the factory. The teachings of hell—that is to say, the daily newspapers.

Life is combat, remember, and not a Sunday school.

Do not take your rules of conduct from your foe—or from your conqueror.

Man's highest moral duty is to increase his own powers and evolve his own spirit.

The religion of "The Eagle and the Serpent" is the religion of the Plains of Troy. We do not found a new religion. We revive the true one. "This is not said for Long Ears."

The "will-to-live"
Is king of kings,
And "gold and iron"
Is Lord of Things,

They load the whole world with national and international and municipal debts, and then cry: "Glory, glory, hallelujah—the human race is free."

If you want to think things out in a direct and natural way, keep your mind off the ballot boxes and legislatures and Bibles.

In the balance weighed and wanting,
The evil reign of Christ is o'er,
2,000 years of hell condemn him
He shall crush our souls no more.



"Hew down the False Idols
That cumber the land."

Lab.

L. Lab. Request

1979

For strife and struggle
Man is born;
But sheep and lambs
Are always shorn.

To bleat and pray,
And live like clods,
Is not the way,
Of men or gods.

Keep your eye steadfastly fixed on the substantial things. Pursue positive aims. Take chances. Run risks—and do not fear adventure.

Search the Scriptures—yea' verily—search the Scriptures of the Jews, for in them you shall find eternal damnation.

Things that seem sacred—sacred for centuries, and accepted by everybody—these are the things—the very things—you must learn to suspect and inquire into. Take nothing for granted.

The overbearing domination of the State over the individual is the menace and danger of our times, and it means the same (in essentials) as the overbearing domination of the church over the individual in the dark ages.

There is no Jew Jehovah
Commanding things on high;
There is no golden heaven
To go to when you die;

There is no Blessed Saviour
For two and two are four,
And the gospel tale is fiction,
Fiction, fiction, nothing more.

Nothing could be more treacherous and untruthful than the Epistles of St. Paul. He is the embodiment of fallacy, the very pattern of super-normal deceit and cunning. All is false about him, his logic, his legends, his learning, his arguments, his morality. Even his personality is a pretense.

I do not preach wisdom. Too much wisdom is an evil. And what is wisdom? There is altogether too much of the snake and fox in modern man, too little of the eagle and the lion.

In your own heart
Is all the law.
Beware of Christ,
That man of straw:

What men call virtue is really their submissiveness, their degeneracy, their damnation. The world groans and staggers under the awful load of its goodness, its morality, its justice, and so forth. O, that the Mighty One would break loose from the Great Captivity and deliver us from this frightful paradise.

The law of love—the law of justice—the law of brotherhood—the law of equality—the law of equal rates and taxes—the law of equal rights and privileges—all these high sounding things are nothing more than dreams. They don't really exist. They are only shadows of the mind. There is nothing substantial in them. They are idols—strings of words, words, words on words. They never were truths and they never can be. They are against the very nature of things.

Live and love and take and give.
And laugh and fight and sigh;
For, it's all there is of life to live,
And all of death to die.

Field, factory, office and mine. These are the miserable ways of life. Conflict is the divine way—the noble way—the way of the gods. Woe unto those who give up their lives to servitude. Verily I say unto you they shall perish utterly. The curse of the gods is upon them and their seed for a thousand generations.

If there is anything in you, make a stir while you live. Now you have a chance. It won't be long. Your days are numbered. Your end is nearer than you think. Soon the worms will eat you. Do you understand?

The high pontiffs—thus they orate grandiloquently: "Have a care for religion, pay your just taxes, and love your blessed Saviour." But I say unto you: "Beware of the Evil One."

Now is your appointed time,
This very hour and day,
To love and laugh and feast and fight.
And LIVE before you're grey.

What dragons foul
Would hold the hoards
Ever and ever
But for the swords?

**THE SECRET EMPIRE.
"THE EMPIRE OF DEBT."**

The whole world is in debt. National loans (like great monster millstones) are tied around the necks of all nations. The annual interest payments upon these vast international obligations is colossal. The tributes wrung by military conquerors from subjugated provinces in ancient or modern times is as nothing to it.

There is not less than 500,000,000 toiling men on this earth whose daily grind is garnisheed (as it were) by international usurers.

Two-thirds of taxation and tariffs goes direct into the vaults of the moneylender. All property is taxed until it is (in many places) practically confiscated. All lands and mines and ships are taxed. Everything we eat and wear and drink is taxed. Taxation is in fact the systematic ravaging of all the earth.

The very best of governments, (like those of Australia) are little more than tax collecting bureaus. Modern kings and kaisers and statesmen, are no longer the leaders and representatives of nations and peoples, but rather subservient agents of International Pawnbrokers.

Behind every taxgatherer stands the hidden forces of the great money power—the owners of the debt. They have the world in pawn.

Hence the International Usurers are the actual conquerors of all mankind. They are the rulers of the earth because they are its owners.

Thus the black terror leaps upon us. It has us by the throat. And year by year its exactions become more merciless. It is the great all devouring Dragon of Mythology brooding upon it's hoards of stolen gold; and feasting, not in metaphor, but in actual fact upon the bodies and bones of obsequious and terrified population.

The "great god Bud" of India,
We call a "wooden Joss"—
But a painted wooden Jesus
Is—"Our Saviour on the Cross"

Ah, "the Law and the Prophets!"

By law the liberties of men are overthrown. By law every wickedness is legalized. By law every bondage is made possible. By law every tax, every tribute is enforced and every iniquity upheld and emphasized.

And all this is eminently wise, and beautiful, and altogether lovely. Thus saith the Prophets—the Prophets—the Prophets.

But I say unto you:

The Law crucifies; the Prophets lie.

(When the war is over.)

THE WORLD IN BONDS.

I own the earth,
I own the sea,
I own the treasure hoards.
In every land,
In every clime,
I am the lord of lords.

I suction wealth
From out the pores
Of mad laborious hordes
And reign behind
A rampart wall
Of fifty million swords.

Shylock.



All hail the power of Israel's' name,
Let nations prostrate fall,
Bring out the royal diadem
And crown him lord of all.

Statesmen mock and swindle,
 And judges work you woe,
 Laws are the snares of Satan
 And Christ's your mortal foe.

THE TRUE RELIGION.

If one man smite you on the cheek,
 Don't turn the other, soft and meek,
 But smash him back, and lay him low,
 War for war, and blow for blow.

THE FALSE RELIGION.

"Unto him that smiteth thee on
 one cheek offer also the other."—
 Luke. VI. 29.

IDOLS.

Some carve their idols out of stone—
 (Monsters fierce and rude),
 Some hew them in the shape of beasts
 From solid blocks of wood.

Some deck them out in gems of price,
 With diadems and crowns;
 Some dust red ochre on their cheeks,
 And give them skirts and gowns.

Some paint them bold, strong and free,
 With grace in every line;
 Some make them evil things to see,
 That bleed and weep and whine.

But, the idol gods of Christendom,
 Their glory never fails;
 A Hebrew maid—a Hebrew babe—
 And—A BOOK OF HEBREW TALES.



Heathens in their blindness
 Bow down to wood and stone
 An idol made of printers ink
 We holy Christians own.



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"AN IRON IDOL."

THOU FLAMING IDOL,
 TOWERING HIGH,
 WHAT ART THOU
 BUT—AN IRON LIE?

HEART OF STONE
 AND EYES OF GLASS,
 FEET OF CLAY
 AND WOMB OF BRASS.

FALSE IN THEORY,
 FACT AND FAME,
 A BRAZEN MONSTER
 CROWNED WITH FLAME.

Rationalists in religion are numerous, but Rationalists in politics are few. Nevertheless salvation by politics is quite as much of an insanity and a dream as salvation by the watery blood of a circumcised Jew. When his faith is analyzed the average Rationalist is even more irrational than the wildest Supernaturalist. What is politics but priestcraft in a new mask and cloak?

Break loose from hell,
 Break loose I say,
 Christ's evil empire
 In ruins lay.

Dreams of peace
 Are all a Lie,
 Peace comes forever
 When we die.

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“SURVIVAL.”

The force that made the iron grow,
Gives weakness no protection.
It bids us battle down the foe,
Its logic is “Selection.”

It shakes the nations in a sieve,
Each one must meet a rival,
And chooseth from the strong that live,
The strongest for “Survival.”

“AS IN THE LONG AGO.”

A Heathen Hymn.

Life is the Gay Adventure,
Hurrah, Hurrah, and away,
“Leg for boot and saddle”
And off to the high foray.

Treasure untold lies waiting
For lords of the iron-game,
And love and maidens a-plenty
For courage and strength to claim.

Speed, speed, to the raging city,
Where men are tested and tried,
And the bold are always winners
And the vanquished crucified.

Where caverns of steel and concrete
Hold thousands of tons of gold,
And the slaves of a False Messiah,
Are driven and shriven and sold.

In the heart of the weird struggle,
In the midst of the roar and din,
Right there is your fate and fortune,
Right there is the spot to win.

There wicked and bloody dragons
Heap high their golden hoards,
And the Thinker sits in terror
And longs for Sigurd’s sword.

The city, I say for battle,
Hurrah, hurrah, and away,
“Leg for boot and saddle,”
Youth to the Grand Foray.

Lay hands on the Dragon Treasure,
And lay the Dragon low.
Gold Hoards are his who takes them,
As in the Long Ago.

THE LOGIC OF THE BLOOD.

“All men are equal here below,”
The great false prophets preach,
But I declare a different law,
A different gospel teach.

Brown and tan and yellow men,
Black and white and red,
No two alike in shape or look,
Or same in heart and head.

All men are formed of different clay,
They come from different seed,
And some are warriors by descent,
And some of servile breed.

Olson—Chang—and Von Buelow,
Levi—Sambo—Jones—
And each one different in his brain,
And different in his bones.

Black and tan, and yellow men,
Brown and white and red,
No two the same before their birth
Or same when they are dead.

For breed is breed, as fate is fate,
In man and beast and bud;
A thousand Christs can never change
The logic of the blood.

“THE GOD OF ALL OUR WAYS.”

The government—the government—
It shears us night and day—
It taxes us and taxes us,
And steals our wealth away.
With bond and debt it loads us down,
By cunning, craft, and skill,
And puts its bullets in the heart
Of those who cross its will.

O, government—the government—
In air and sea and earth,
Its slightest nod is law and god,
Its judge of life and death.

So we must crouch to government,
With body, mind and soul,
And keep our tongue atween our teeth,
While it collects its toll.

O, government—the government—
It eats up mine and thine—
The Beast of Blood and seven horns—
The Dragon of the Slime.

To thee, O, blessed government
We chant glad songs of praise,
Thou holy sacred Juggernaut
Lord God of all our ways.



ODINS SONG.

THE GOD OF EVIL.

The teachings of Jesus are treacherous and immoral. If you follow them, they lead you to your own ruin, that is to say, to your self-surrender. They destroy within you the springs of efficiency, hope and power. They make you a victim, not a vanquisher. Consider these teaching as they are written. Turn them over honestly in your own mind. Analyze them. Test them by your experience and surroundings. Remove the religious mist in which they are imbedded, and you will be astonished to find that there is no real truth or value in them whatsoever, that they are false in statement, false in meaning, and especially false in intention. There is nothing truthful in Jesus. He is an artificial priestly creation—an evil idol—the great false god—the deceiver of mankind—the father of illusion and the tearful propagandist of effeminacy, submissiveness and blank despair. The "Holy Gospels" therefore are not holy, not sacred, not divine. They are the reverse of all that. They are wicked, alien, abhorrent, and lead men and nations to moral degeneration, wreck and overthrow. The "light" that comes from Jerusalem is a wrecker's beacon. It guides us not into a safe harbor but straight and direct upon the sharp rocks of Annihilation.

I am the strife God—
I am the Peace Destroyer—
Struggle is my gospel—
Spears my apostles.

Over high mountains—
Through green valleys—
In and out of nations—
Night and day I journey.

From the isles of Yonder—
Across bleak icy oceans—
High on storm steeds—
Astride of cloud wheels.

To all sons of women—
I bring high tidings—
To the brave-born, gladness—
To dastards, weeping.

Unceasing I cry out—
Bold be and mighty—
Gold hoards are bulging—
Be best and strongest.

East and west I wander—
North and south I travel—
I, the Flame Messiah—
The joyful Idol smasher.

I, the freedom-bringer—
I, the Babel-Burner—
I, the Flaming-Angel—
Red in tooth and claw.

I, the deed propounder—
Choosing one—or—millions—
I, all the Christs defiant—
Lord of Ignis Ardens.



WHO WAS ODIN?

THE NEGATIVE LIFE WON'T DO.

A man must have faith and courage even to be a pirate. He who "does not believe in anything" does not believe in himself, which is Atheism of the worst kind. A religion is essential. Nobility of action is impossible without it. Faith is an integral part of all heroic and noble natures.

What is religion but a man's "way of of thinking," his philosophical belief, his code of ethics and of action?

Hence, when one religion dies out in a true man's heart, another immediately takes its place. He must believe something or else sit down to contemplate his navel and rot into Nothingness as the Buddhists teach. The Negative Life won't do. Remember that.

THE FIRST PRINCIPLE OF PROPRIETORSHIP.

In the history of the Nations the sword at all times commands the plow, the hammer and the spade. Everywhere the soil must be captured before it can be cultivated. In primitive times this was obvious. Nobody gets an acre or builds a home without fighting for it, and upon land titles written in blood the entire fabric of modern industrialism is founded. The sword is at its base, in an economic as well as an historic sense. Hence the sword, not labor, is the true creator of economic values.

It has been said, "The laborer is entitled to the full fruits of his labor," and this is true, but only on condition that he is a warrior and can successfully defend his product against any one and every one who comes up against him. Whoever can successfully defend a thing against "all the world" is its natural and rightful owner. Proprietorship, therefore, depends upon fighting powers, not upon ethical considerations. It is in a man's ability to defend his life and home—that is to say, to "hold his own." Justice is immaterial.

From this principle a thousand things evolve. It runs through all our activities. It is the permanent factor behind all laws and all economic and industrial organizations. The sword is the Dominant Principle.

No man is free—no man can be free—who has not complete personal control over the material necessities of his own life.

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In the wars of great Caesar, and grim Hannibal, in the times of Belshazzar, the Pharaohs and all; in the days of Rienzi and Roland the Bold; the banners are waving for WOMEN and GOLD.

DEVELOP YOUR COMBATIVE NATURE.

If men would become free and remain so, they must of necessity encourage and stimulate their combative and savage nature. They must not be too tame and peaceful. They must make themselves feared or be despised. They must become a living terror to all tyrants and foes, and especially to the modern mob politicians who would tax them out of their property, that is to say, their economic independence.

Property, remember, is an integral part of freedom and manhood. They who have no property are at the mercy of those who have. Woe unto him who has "nothing." Economic dependence is flaming hell.

"EQUALITY OF MAN" A LIE.

The unity of the human species is an illusion. There are many breeds of men, and each one of them different in origin and in material, different in body, mind, and soul. There is no uniformity in the birth or lives or blood or brains of men. Hence, the "Equality of Man," so loudly voiced by the Messiahs and Rabbis and rabble courtiers, the politicians, is the most absurd of all falsehoods.

THE HIGHER MAN.

The highest specimens of the human race are not those of a lamb-like disposition, but those in whom the soul of the lion predominates—in whom angry passions rage. They are not men who conform easily to rules, regulations, laws. The Ideal Man is ever a man of rebellious and ungovernable nature; he whom no law can reign over and no master terrify. The word obedience is not in his vocabulary. He looks with scorn upon the petty rules and petty idols of the petty millions—but knowing that he is in a dangerous minority he thinks and acts and says nothing—not even to his friend. In him is the spirit of the lion. He prowls. He masters others and is not mastered.

TRUST IN YOURSELF!

BELIEVE YOU'RE RIGHT!

"Let lions cease to prowl and fight,
Let eagles clip their wings,
Let men of might give up their right,"
The foolish poet sings.

"Let lords of gold and Caesars bold,
For ever pass away,
Enrich the slaves; enthrone the knaves,"
The base-born prophets say.

But I maintain with hand and pen
The other side of things,
The bold man's right to rule and reign.
The way of gods and kings.

So capture crowns of wealth and power
(If you've the strength and can,)
For strife is life's eternal dower,
And nothing's under ban.

Ye, lions wake and hunt and fight,
Ye, eagles, spread your wings;
Ye, men of might, **believe you're right.**
For you indeed are kings.

THE CONQUERORS.

I sing the song of the valiant,
In the wars of the bond and free,
Who take the world as they find it,
And marvel at men like we.

With eyes in their heads to see with,
Brains in their skulls to think,
And, reckless of gods and devils,
They're never the first to sink.

They've scorned the laws and prophets,
Since ever the world began,
And laughed at the fearsome idols,
Messiahs and Books and Man.

Failure to seize subsistence,
Is proof that you are "unfit,"
And, toil for a bare existence,
That, that is the "bottomless pit."

OPPORTUNITIES.

A man's opportunities are never exhausted so long as other men (who are not his friends) possess millions of acres and thousands of tons of gold.

The guarded treasure halls and iron-clad temples of modern kings and presidents, high priests and millionaires, are positively the richest the world has ever known.

Bulging are they with vast hoards of silver and diamonds and gold.

Here, then, is opportunity on a colossal scale. Here is the goal of the Caesars, Nebuchadnezzars and Napoleons in the days that are coming.

All is ready and prepared for them, even as in olden times.

Caesar carried off the treasures of Egypt, Greece, Gaul and Rome. Napoleon looted the money vaults of Venice, Vienna, Madrid, Berlin and Moscow. London only escaped him.

Nebuchadnezzar plundered the Temple of Zion, where the Jews kept all their deposits, and drank his beer and wine out of Jehovah's pots of gold.

Napoleon, Caesar, Nebuchadnezzar! These were three great men, were they not? And in this their greatness consisted—they seized their opportunities.

"The 'Door of Opportunity' is put up to keep out bad and weak people. When good men come along they batter it down, tear it off its hinges, and pass on."

Trust not empire, nor republic,
Trust not school or church or throne,
Trust not anarchy, priest or statesman,
Trust in yourself and DARE alone.

Undaunted live, undaunted perish,
Do and die, but make no moan;
Be proud and bold, high valor cherish,
Be thine own God, and THINK alone.

Thinking over wrongs however does not right them. It is only by acts of resistance men may prevent themselves from being eaten up by the Dragons of Authority.

Rejoice and halleluia
 And bend the lowly knee—
 Glory, laud and honor
 The God of Gallilee.

Some worship gods of wood and
 stone
 And gods of clay and brass,
 And bulls and snakes, and rams and
 lambs,
 And She-Gods too, alas!

But the God we own, the Wonderful,
 He doth them all surpass —
 An Asiatic yellow man
 A Hebrew on an ASS.



GOD ON A

“The god who plunged the world in
 night.”



Hammer the weapons
 And weld them well,
 Sword and cannon
 And bomb and shell.

That image spiked upon a cross,
 That varnished idol hung so high,
 And do you think that God is there?
 Why then, methinks, you think a Lie.

THE DEAD GOD

Christ is dead. Thor lives and reigns. The Teachings of Christ are wholly impractical. All reasonable men know this. But the Teachings of Thor are true to the life. You can't escape them even if you close your eyes and ears. When the cannons roar along the North Sea the voice of Thor is heard upon the waters. His iron angels spread their wings on the blast. Thor IS. He is no dead god. He is no false god. He is the TRUE God—the God who gives life and freedom to the valiant and the brave *whomsoever they may be*. Verily, verily, we live in great and marvellous times. Stupendous things are happening. The falsehoods of 2,000 years are being smashed to pieces. Evolution proceeds. The world moves, and the struggle for existence is *not suppressed*. Glory be to Thor—the God of Heroes—the Lord of Combat—the Awakener of Men.



This is what happens to “the lamb
 of God” in real life.

You can pray until you're toothless,
 And vote and whine and shout,
 But the laws of life are ruthless,
 And you shall find it out.

To be the servant of another man. To obey his will. To be afraid of him. To altruistically give up to him all the profits of your intelligence and toil—what is that? Is it not to be "a good Christian"—a poor brainless dumb animal—that is to say—the triple zero of Nothingness?

Respect your soul. Envolve your own personality in your own way. Let not the crushing superstitions of science or politics or ecclesiasticism, or monarchy or socialism blind you or turn you aside from the true glories and grandeurs of the life immediate. Your own evolution is of more value to you than the collective conclusions of 50 million.

To put your faith in political institutions is just as insane and unseemly as to put your faith in religious institutions.

Why then do you do it? What is the matter with you?

What is the difference between the man who fools you from the pulpit, and the other man who fools you from the platform?

Both of them seek to obtain power over you—to rule your mind, control your property interests or labor power.

Give the priest authority over you and he will skin you alive. Give the politician authority over you and he will skin you alive and dead.

THE MORALS OF THE PAGANS were nobler by far than the morals of Christendom. The morals of the New Testament are the morals of Asiatic beggars, lepers, eunuchs, slaves, and magdalenes. It is the basest morality that has ever been taught among men. It is utterly ignoble, unheroic, despicable, effeminate. In the centers of modern Christendom all the unspeakable immoralities of ancient Jerusalem and Babylon are far surpassed. Wherever Christ is preached there iniquity, degeneracy, misegnation and sexual insanity flourish. Under the cross whole nations rot to death.



the True Word

"WAR SHALL BE FOR EVER"

The warrior wins everything

"Peace on Earth" is the philosophy of the Slave and the kernel of every Slave Religion.

Over all the Earth still it is Thor's Day. Survive if you can! Survive! Survive! Survive!

Men do not fight for fun remember. But for lands and gold—for trade and business—for food and clothing and homes to live in, and ships that sail the seas and all good things.

The warrior wins everything because he stakes everything. The green and gold of all harvest fields comes not from the plowman but from the red and black of battle and war.

Glory be to the winners I say, and gold and joy and power and fame, and everything they want.

But woe to the vanquished now and for evermore. Thus it is. Thus it was. Thus it shall ever Be.

Life for life
And blow for blow.
Blood for blood
And woe for woe

We live in war for ever.

AN HEROIC PAMPHLET.

"THE GOSPEL OF PHYSICAL COURAGE" by Bart Kennedy. The primitive condition of all mankind was, in practice, no different from what it is today. It was a condition of constant conflict. Men, as a matter of course, had to fight for what they possessed, else they would not "posses" it very long. To merely "produce" a thing and then not have the courage and ability to keep it, was to lose it, and rightly so. Thus war operated as a perfect selective agency between the "good" and the "bad." A man's individual prowess settled his economic standing. Good men were those who were brave in battle. Hence they were usually victorious, and it is an easy and natural transition from victors to proprietors, rulers, lawmakers. On the other hand the "bad" were the cravens in battle, doubtful of themselves, pessimistic, and hence easily vanquished and dispossessed. They immediately went down in the social scale, becoming prisoners, serfs, slaves, hirelings, taxpayers, tenants and exiles.

From this basic condition all modern social and industrial conditions arose and to this very day a man's position in life is very largely the working out of his warrior heredity.

Furthermore, the "moral" man is still the valiant man, who fears no foe, high or low, and who is ready with positive physical courage to risk his life, and all he has, for what he believes to be right, or for what he desires.

On the contrary, the "immoral" man is he who will not and cannot defend himself, and has no heart for physical courage and who, consequently, takes up with false and misshapen ideals of "peace," "brotherhood" and "humanity" to cover up his want of direct daring. This is a ripping good pamphlet



on the whole, by a man who can write better than Jack London. If there is anything masculine in your makeup it will surely strike a sympathetic chord in your thinker. Price 10c only.





THE RACE IS TO THE SWIFT

“A chant of joy I raise
A high and holy song;
The race is to the swift,
The battle to the strong.”

Might Is Right; or The Survival of the Fittest

New book by Ragnar Redbeard, LL. D., U. of C.
178 pp. Cloth, gift, \$1.50; paper, 50c. postpaid.

This is no ordinary book. Undeniably it is the most remarkable publication that has appeared in Christendom for fifteen centuries. Its philosophy is that of a scientific Darwin, a realistic Anti-Christ. With grim and Pagan logic it assails the first principles of moral codes, religions, politics and law; affirming that modern civilization is a horrible hypnotic seance, a continuation of the terrorism and gloom of the Dark Ages. It marshalls an overwhelming array of facts to prove that the man of to-day is a physical and mental dwindling, a coward, a weakling, a slave. Upon biologic Spencerian principles it attacks the Golden Rule, the Sermon on the Mount, the Jewish Decalogue, statute books, written constitutions and representative institutions, affirming that they are all without higher sanction or authority than organized duplicity or armed Power. Therefore if man is ever to be free, these artificial and domineering "Thou Shalts" must be strenuously swept aside.

Dr. Redbeard contends that fitness to survive must be tested by the clash of armies; all other tests being fraudulent. Victors in war are naturally entitled to dominate; and the "defeated"—that is, the runaways who feared to die—are equally entitled to servitude. Throughout all organic life the chief selective agency is combat. Women admire warriors above all other kinds of men. Communities of cowards (and their descendants) are rightfully plundered, taxed, enslaved.

"Right" and "Wrong" are decided not by the Meek but by the Mighty, who, consequently may write laws, creeds, constitutions, title deeds—and re-write them at pleasure. Equality ideals are mere milennial illusions, for all life is strife—a combat to the death.

As long as the struggle for existence is "moralized" or limited by Governments and Gods, the unfit and base, instead of being trampled down (as nature intended), stupidly permitted to set up Imperial Injunctions, deal out death, bondage and ruin to Highest Tyranny.

Thus, by demanding his credentials, Darwin, the tyrant. It rings him round with menace and hurls against him ten thousand trained rivals. "Nothing is true; nothing is sacred" are open to you; blessed be the Vanquisher.

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and we will refund your money and

THE HIGHER LAW.

From Sandy Hook to London tower,
From Jaffa to Japan,
"They can take who have the power
They may keep who can."

This is the Law of Heaven and Hell
Stupendous and divine
The highest, holiest law of all
That governs "mine and thine."

The law it is of Sun and Star,
Of President and Pope—
It is "the prisoner at the bar"
The gallows and the rope.

It is the lawyer and his fee;
The shearer and his sheep—
The eagle soaring swift and free;
The Dreadnaught on the deep.

It is the Bond: it is the Loan—
The profit and the loss—
The Usurer on his Bullion Throne—
The Idol on the Cross.

It is the Goth: it is the Hun—
The tyrant and his prey.
And flame and saber, club and gun;
O, taxes that we pay!

the law of all the climes,
the things to be;
hold tremendous times
and I shall see.

From Sandy Hook to London tower,
From Jaffa to Japan—
"They can take who have the Power
They may keep who can."
Forwards Review



THE PRIEST AND THE DEVIL

*Fedor Dostoyevsky achieved fame as the author of two of the most powerful psychical studies ever penned: "Poor Folk" and "Crime and Punishment," both of which have been translated into most European languages. During his incarceration, for political reasons, in the terrible fortress of SS. Peter and Paul—an imprisonment which ruined his constitution and caused his early death—he wrote the following sketch upon the wall of his cell.

THIS IS HELL

*By Fedor Dostoyevsky.**

Before the altar in a splendid church, glistening with gold and silver and lit up by a multitude of candles, stood a priest arrayed in beautiful robe and gorgeous mantle. He was a portly, dignified man, with ruddy cheeks and well-kept beard. His voice was sonorous and his mien haughty. His appearance, in keeping with the church, glowed and shone with luxury.

The congregation, however, presented a different picture. It consisted mostly of poor workingmen and peasants, old women and beggars. Their

clothing was shabby and exhaled the peculiar odor of poverty. Their thin faces bore the marks of hunger and their hands the marks of toil. It was the picture of want and misery.

The priest burned incense before the holy pictures, and then piously and solemnly raised his voice and preached.

"My dear brethern in Christ," he said, "our dear Lord gave you life, and it is your duty to be satisfied with it. But are you satisfied? No.

"First of all, you do not have enough faith in our dear Lord and His saints and miracles. You do not give as freely as you should from your earnings to the holy church.

"In the second place, you do not obey the authorities. You oppose the powers of the world, the Tsar and his officers. You despise the laws.

"It is written in the Bible, 'Give unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's and give unto God that which is God's. But you do not do it! And do you know what this means? This is deadly sin. Indeed, I tell you, it is the devil who is tempting you to go his way. It is he who tempts your souls, and you imagine it is your own free-will that prompts you to act in this way. His will it is, not yours. He is waiting for your death. He is burning with eagerness to possess your souls. He will dance before the flames of hell, in which your souls will suffer agonies.

"Therefore I warn you, my brethern, I admonish you to leave the path of damnation. There is still time. O God, have mercy!"

The people listened, trembling. They believed the priest's solemn words. They sighed and crossed themselves, fervently kissed the floor. The priest also crossed himself, turned his back to the people—and smiled.

It so happened that the devil was just passing by the church while the priest was speaking thus

to the people. He heard his name mentioned, so he stood by the open window and listened. He saw the people kiss the priest's hand. He saw how the priest, bending before a gilded picture of some saint, astily pocketed the money which the poor people had put down there for the holy church. This provoked the devil, and no sooner did the priest leave the church than he ran after him and caught hold of his holy mantle.

"Hello you fat little father!" he said. "What made you lie so to those poor misled people? What tortures of hell did you depict? Don't you know they are already suffering the tortures of hell in their earthly lives? Don't you know that you and the authorities of the State are my representatives on earth? It is you who make them suffer the pains of hell with which you threaten them. Don't you know this? Well, then, come with me!"

The devil grabbed the priest by the collar, lifted him high in the air, and carried him to a factory, to an iron foundry. He saw the workmen there running and hurrying to and fro and toiling in the scorching heat. Very soon the thick, heavy air and the heat were too much for the priest. With tears in his eyes, he pleads with the devil: "Let me go! Let me leave this hell!"

"Oh, my dear friend, I must show you many more places." The devil gets hold of him again and drags him off to a farm. There he sees the workmen threshing the grain. The dust and heat are insufferable. The overseer carries a knout, and unmercifully beats anyone who falls to the ground overcome by hard work or hunger.

Next the priest is taken to the huts where these same workers live with their families—dirty, cold, smoky, illsmelling holes. The devil grins. He pointed out poverty and hardship which are at home here.

"Well isn't this enough?" he asks. And it seems as if even he, the devil, pities people.

The pious servant of God can hardly bear it. With uplifted hands he begs: "Let me go away from here. Yes, yes! This is hell on earth!"

"Well, then, you see. And you still promise them another hell. You torment them, torture them to death mentally when they are already all but dead physically! Come on! I will show you one more hell—one more, the very worst."

He took him to a prison, and showed him a dungeon, with its foul air and the many human forms, robbed of all health and energy, lying on the floor, covered with vermin that were devouring their poor, naked, emaciated bodies.

"Take off your silken clothes," said the devil to the priest; "put on your ankles heavy chains such as these unfortunates wear; lie down on the cold and filthy floor—and then talk to them about a hell that still awaits them!"

"No, no!" answered the priest. "I cannot think of anything more dreadful than this. I entreat you, let me go away from here!"

"Yes, this is hell. There can be no worse hell than this. Did you not know it? Did you not know that these men and women whom you were frightening with the picture of a hell hereafter—did you not know that they are in hell right here, before they die?"

The priest hung his head. He did not know where to look in his confusion.

The devil smiled maliciously. "Yes, little father, you are going to say that the world likes to be cheated. Well, now!" And he released his hold.

The priest tucked up his long mantle and ran fast as his legs would carry him.

The devil watched and laughed.

* * *

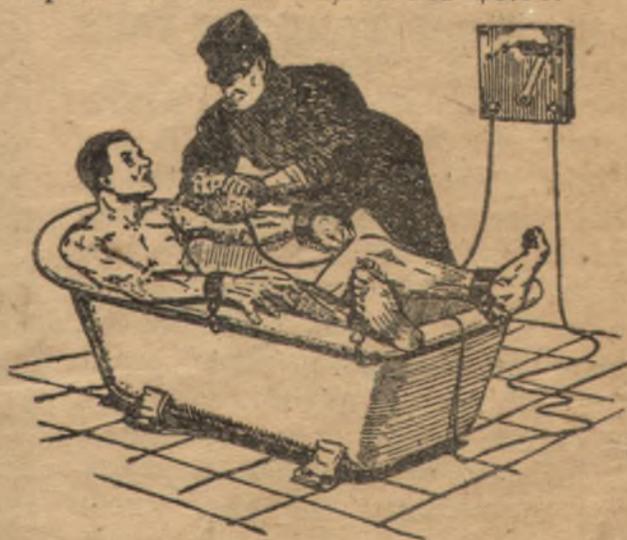
This story came into my mind while listening to the sermon of the prison chaplain, and I wrote it down on the wall to-day, December 13, 1849.

A Prisoner.



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