

In These Roaring Twenties

Wulfinna

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This is a general response to the largely conservative reaction to the dramatic loss of Charlie Kirk, noted media figure, propagandist and low-skill debater of college students. This is Not a celebration or condoning of targeted killings. Nobody who is intact as a human being wants a society of permanent violence motivated by an impossible cycle of protracted grievance that ends nowhere in sight. What this is is a thorough sitting down and talking to with what conservatives have insisted is their great, godly mission. At some point, conservatives too must ask themselves "How did we get here?" I will sugarcoat nothing. There is no discussion here; free speech does not mean I need to pull up a soapbox for those who are just going to get pissy and not actually absorb and learn from my words. I really do pray that people get a fucking grip. There were numerous developments over the course of writing my thoughts. I hope to have made the appropriate edits.

In the middle of this miserable fucking decade, a whole century and change after several different seasons of lead, with so much nasty consequence of GOP entitlement holding my nose to their grindstone of demented moralism reveling in naked state-sanctioned cruelty raping our psyches at this very instant — right as it becomes the 24th anniversary of the September 11 attacks — we as a stupid, undeserving settler colonial occupational society on stolen land were instructed to fall on our knees, shit ourselves, thoroughly rub our asses in it for a few hours and proceed to *Sincerely* grieve an ugly, idiotic and self-righteous dipshit who used bogus rhetoric and monetary contributions to support people who intended to kill people like me and my loved ones. That does not mean I am pleased that what happened has happened. I am simply neither surprised nor grieving. If there is an executive order against dry eyes in the midst of some fuck wad perishing, I guess hundreds of millions of people are just magically enemies of this decrepit mob boss state.

Here's a fun fact. I am almost thirty fucking years old. I know. Such a baby, right? Such a youngin, huh? I love when old heads either embrace or belittle the poetic death rattle of my youth. It's always precious either way. **The entire time I have been able to comprehend society and politics**, conservatives have dominated. They were always promised the central, loudest microphone. And as a child, I saw nothing wrong with that. I was honestly groomed into not questioning that. These people had their favorite moment of terror and sorrow with 9/11. They had their Toby Keith-fueled invasion of Iraq and Afghanistan. They had their triumph over the hearts and minds of families made vulnerable by their presidents', politicians', pastors' and CEOs' design. They had their various circuses over George Dubyah, fearmongering video

games, music, faithlessness, an American of color stepping up as presidential nominee. I ate it all up. I nearly slipped down the white nationalist rabbit hole as a preteen. But I encountered actual philosophy before I could go all the way. I guess, like the dumbstruck conservative Georgia trailer park grandpa mainlining *Jesse Watters Primetime*, I can't help but be what I am. In my case, thoroughly passionate about nuance and the knowledge it unlocks.

But knowledge is sin, right? Well, I'm not dead yet, so I haven't seen *their particular* hell. But I have known the only one that matters to me. The only one that instilled a cynical, wicked back-bone. The hell of being tormented as a sensitive, sentimental, carefree child who developed my own creative disregard for how my family and society expected me to behave, for what passions they pushed on me, for what doctrines increasingly showed their vulnerability. Curiosity, the killer of brainless little angels, attracted me away, gradually, from the faith in white "christian" stupidity. I found the underlying music in life. I fell in with the myriad harmonies of passionate intellect illuminated by challenge. I felt the embrace of not any charitable condition of "Freedom", but the inherent *Freeness* in me I had but to permit myself to seize. And as long as I'm alive on these terms of my own, whatever innocent victim of conservative grooming I once was can die repeatedly forever. A victim no more, *my will* be done.

Do not ever piss in my ear about *I'M OPPRESSED*, because you belong to the majority religion on Earth, the majority gender, the majority ethnicity, with an off-chance that you probably have enough wealth to heal anything. No, the problem is not that you are very clearly not an oppressed minority in the so-called United States. It's that your "Ideas" are bad, don't work, don't comport with contemporary standards for anything and their mere placeholder position as "Contender" actually fulfills the chaos which lobbyists push in the pressure cooker of society. We know you are not sincere contenders. You are only persistent pushers of Trojan horses treated with kid gloves by the mainstream illusion machine of peace and wellness under techno-corporatist feudalism. One side begs the public to worship billionaires and the right to obscene wealth, the other begs to be able to pay rent and buy groceries. You would mass murder millions within the latter camp in order to save two or three from the former, who would later get rid of you, the bootlicker, after you've served your purpose for them.

Frankly I just find myself unable to hear my own thoughts amidst the wailing of shit-eating liberals and centrists all coddling the tiny, hurt excuses for "gonads" that the conservatives claim, screaming at their victims to do the very same, screaming at everyone who has a firearm to surrender it and fall on their knees before unquestioned tyranny. No thanks. I hope this entire social configuration is swallowed up by the opened Earth. You're all really incapable of not upholding what screws yourselves and others over, aren't you? I hope to awaken one day in rural Nepal, never speak English again and never pay a passing thought to anything the political side (liberals), side (conservatives) and edge (centrists) ever earnestly peddled out in public. I would rather my only reality for the rest of my life be rice paddies, mountains and thousand year-old shrines and temples than exist for another minute under the allegedly greatest minds of this allegedly greatest country on Earth. If while working the rice paddies, someone told me that Turtle Island rose up and flung the settler colonial genocide machine into the ocean, I would smile, nod, and go on with my life unperturbed.

But breaking from that daydream, I wish very deeply for the totality of stupid excuses for "thought" to simply be ejected into the Sun, if nothing else, just to trigger every self-righteous virtue signaler who gave up on using that term seriously against his enemies back in 2018 after realizing the phrase points to him far more than them. It would be far, far more enjoyable than

what took place two days ago ever could be if people no longer had beliefs that they once clung to harder than their pearls. They would instead be thrust to find reliance on critical thought and adaptability, the same way they thrust the disabled into working to survive when they can't make it to their interview or shift.

How could "beliefs" do this? How does a belief asserted after so long become a legitimate danger for someone else? How do reactions to reactions fuel reaction? How do we manage to break from all of this?

Oh, and if you're new to reading someone worth a fuck at all, **I'm actually not a leftist.** It is not the exclusive possession of any faction to point out obvious harm and to agree on a reasonable, bottom-up corrective measure. I'm not a center-left, far-left, center-right, far-right, middle right or any other political adjective of a person. I'm not any left, right, center, corner or outskirt. I initially branched out from the right (having been raised on Rush Limbaugh and Glenn Beck, having been groomed into the Tea Party movement,) then from the center, then from the left. I am where I am now: against the existence of politics, governance of any sort, society, community, caste. Anything that would be imposed on me as a yardstick that I am expected to satisfy for the comfort of those outside of me, I want it dead more than any person. The sum of my own personal argument is that politics, governance, society, community, caste and anything imposed are all harmful and unwanted by something deep within us. My "politics" is a scythe of negation cleaving off the heads of everything telling me or anyone what to do or how to be. I don't ask to be "Correct" in order to push a social vehicle to a goal. I affirm myself as correct because my thoughts and decisions are correct for my life as I live it. My life has nothing to do with anyone else.

I am also not in favor of any gun control whatsoever. Sorry not sorry liberals. "Control" is not real. In the context of society as it now is, there are only actions and punitive structures for certain actions. The actions are not magically prevented from happening and the punitive structures do not deliver on any imaginary promise to use punishment as an after-the-fact "prevention". In concert with this, I also am not in favor of certain weapons beyond Kalashnikovs, 12 gauge shotguns or RCLs being in surplus, nor am I in favor of the greed of any heir to a weapons manufacturer's estate through "defense" contracts. And as any sane human being would agree, nuclear weapons are a microcosm of humanity's brilliance synthesized with its unbridled cruelty. Any adoration of a nuclear weapon is an adoration of omnicide, and should be looked at the same way we look at someone not simply encouraging suicide, but forcing death on a whole population. There is no real "control" to enforce as a state at the end of the day. Only punishments after the fact. Things are going to happen. Making minor social adjustments can only, at best, lessen frequency slightly or introduce annoyances. There are only patterns, behaviors and sets of information to make unavoidable in the course of human interaction through whatever conditions are lived in. The fact remains that firearms are tools with no inherent connotation unless loaded, chambered and aimed by someone with a purpose in mind, and some non-firearm weapons are Only connotations: irrational shows of state power threatening mutually-assured vaporization.

With all that made clear. Dear Conservatives,

I'm certain that you're clenching your vulnerable little assholes right now. I know that some of you are encouraging all out war like macho little Chadlettes, and I know that some of you are even saying that maybe it's time to lay off the rhetoric. I know that every single day for all of you is a battle against your deepest urges. The urge to be something like me, beautifully androgynous

and fuckable. The urge to *have a cheat day*, take a break from the Leviticus, check your Grindr messages and go for a ride on the Bad Dragon dildo wearing your wife's bra. Or some totally other urge wandering out into sincerely abhorrent territory, always so vibrantly held in your vocabulary to project onto people like me. But that level of detail makes one wonder. It makes one question what preoccupies your minds.

Because for someone like me who basically lives proudly in sin — who utilized my own agency to make my biology what I want it to be against all the tears and fits of "smart" "manly" "men", who adopts a daring critique of not simply a handful of carefully-picked "issues" but the whole coercive arrangement of social life and the social model of "reality" — I'm quite capable of concentrating on what I intend to. Never a moment of my daily life is spent fighting intrusive thoughts about porn, gender, genitalia, drag performers, queer people, kinks, anything at all to do with children. There is no day of my life where I passionately channel my deepest repressed feelings about something and dress it up as some wild discovery *I just happened to have made* — which goes on to be the common reference for my insane ramblings on Rumble or whatever the fuck until I crash out and disappear, reemerging only in a Florida crack den. And yet all of you **visibly and audibly deal with this as a fucking career and a perversion to a regular global audience.**

Do you know why this is? Because I'm actually honest about who I am. And you're not. See, one of us knows the other's mind and one of us doesn't. One of us is halfway alright at keeping a composure and pointing out the other's perfect consistent inconsistency, and the other is too preoccupied with makeup artists, contrived appearances, hubris, smug disregard, uninformed regurgitation of disproved nonsense that sounds compelling to the clueless and the use of trendy lingo to advocate for Hitler's "innocence" or "brilliance" to actually have an intelligible rebuttal that stands up to the fine details of reality. This is easy to succeed in and profit off of when the society is in essence founded on stupidity and paradox religiously shrugged off. It's a sweet deal: get in the grindset for the grift, get your bag, then fuck off to a fascist self-hating twink booty call.

Oh, but I understand. It's all just so hard for you. It's so hard to be a white man, isn't it? You have to deal with fellow men who are comfortable in their masculinity without the embarrassing lifted pickup truck, without the cringe stickers and without the racist "Anti-Woke" tendencies. A worker drone with secondhand outrage is all you're building yourself to be. The man you strain over is more content than your facade of a totally cool Alpha Chad could ever actually make you. Poor soldier.

It's so hard to be a dainty, stupid, bougie little Barbie doll with a rotten yet sanctified vagina, isn't it? You have to deal with women like yours truly who have a different origin story, who rock femininity way the fuck better and more sincerely than you, whose estrogen is probably way more managed than yours. And it all kills you inside because you can sense in the way your husband systematically deals with you like a household chore that he wants to run off, disable location services and savor our beauty, my beauty firsthand — and not because he's a faggot for *just anything* as long as he gets off. He just loves the money he makes talking shit about me. He just loves what I am, loves being my pup more. Like, a lot more. You're lucky to be somewhere a few rungs down.

All of you plastic toasted mayonnaise skin "women" at CPAC and the various other tours of NEW GOLDEN PROMISE SHINING BRIGHT THANK YOU SIR SIR SIR DADDY SIR wear your femininity like a bird with broken wings, whereas we spread ours born anew as if from a

long slumber through dimensions of self, soaring high and with sincerity. Phoenixes screaming their freedom from the fragmented chains and categorical shackles that were never our decision. Imagine that: the realness of real joy, without shame, indeed with pride, and without reserve. Our innate autonomy and self-direction permits us to slice the metaphorical throat of the so-called "god" that Kirk said me and my sisters were abominations to. Challenge accepted.

It's so hard to fight to preserve the alleged supremacy of your allegedly "real" race, isn't it? It's so hard to be Der Übermensch *and simultaneously* "the REAL endangered species!" It's so hard to propagate what comforts your desire for reality when those evil, radical college kids are deviously giving a shit about what persists and what is possible in the *actual reality* that we inhabit, isn't it? It's so hard to be a laughing stock, isn't it? It's so hard to propagate your medieval ideology in a world where everyone enjoys due process, equal protection, civil liberties and antibiotics, isn't it? It's so hard to be owned time after time after hilarious time immediately following your power-drunk frat boy victory lap back in January, isn't it? It's so hard to "Win" all the time, isn't it? Sooo much winning, oh my god!

But hey. Don't worry, Sarge. It's all just Trump Derangement Syndrome, right? (TDS! Laughing emoji.) All that stuff those woke demons are going on about your Trans Derangement Syndrome are just lies and not an insight into your browsing history, right? All those video essays done by soy boy empathy lovers deconstructing your boomer circlejerk are just pampered little socialist snowflake shits who can't change a tire, right? This grievance as a way of life shit survived the talk radio bubble, right? Surely it won't be exhausted any time soon, right?

Right? . . .

In truth, Kirk died not strictly by, essentially, the most blunt form of trolling from a twenty-two year old MAGA Mormon. The trajectory toward his demise came from being unable to be an actually good person. He could have simply not dedicated himself to being a bad person. He could have been any other kind of person. But instead he wanted to publicly demand that his regressive angst be validated. He wanted knees to bend at the prospect of forcibly turning backs on the most vulnerable. He wanted experts in theology to unanimously hand the gospels of Jesus Christ over to him, to his dictate for interpretation. He did all of this in a way that stroked the ego of conservative men who believe that the only surefire way to straitjacket life into what they want is to be a caricature of a stupid brute, and, when convenient, pretend to be a guy who reads. And this attitude taken seriously is leading this country into inflation, civil and global strife, suspension of civil liberties. God only knows what else. It's getting very ugly very fast. The human in me tells that everyone, across political sides, is very uneasy.

And this is all thanks to the terrible idea that all advances and evolution in social life should be scrutinized at the very least, but no article of a shitty patriarch's beloved Glory Days can ever spend a moment under the same microscope. All that conservatism is is a project to sustain what cannot be sustained, what nobody but creeps wants to make immortal. Conservatives of all ages are already very clearly drained by getting their asses handed to them. The most kind, constructive thing I can hope comes to them from all this is a loss of will to fight for what is so clearly not worth it.

If you could man up and face reality sober, you will understand that the death shudder of Kirk brought to him by his own ilk was the only apt rebuttal to over a decade of opulent entitlement, to the systematic laughing at immigrants being brutalized, to the mockery and slander of trans and queer people, the general 4chan "HEY ANONS CRAZY IF TRUE" / "HEY ANONS SO I GUESS WE

WERE WRONG KEK” approach to life and its mysteries, constantly nagging allies for support, awkwardly asking if they want to send porn back and forth, invariably crying over their exes.

Oh, but nobody be mean to the guy who made bank off of standardizing his victims’ continued suffering. No, it’s never time to cry for the truly downtrodden. It’s never time to pay respect to the victims of unmitigated cruelty dressed up as an intellectual position, demanding respect as one — typically getting it. But it’s always time to full ugly face sob and beg for collective forgiveness when a comfortable white supremacist got what he egged on.

Whenever a fan of the orange sludge pile clearly cites conservative pundits as inspirations for the latest citizen-lead massacre, crickets. No collective punishment. No actual steps by any administration to blanket disappear opponents of policies at the time. No crackdown on speech or affiliation. When a leftist protests, breaks some glass and hurts a big bad man’s feelings, then suddenly genocide of political opponents is justified and approved by white Jesus. It can only ever go one way in the eyes of the simultaneously “Supreme” and “Endangered.”

It’s not even that this is “tragic.” It’s all just so fucking stupid. After decades of this shit, even though a victim of his did not do this, if they did, it should not genuinely come as **that much** of a shock to you. A little over ten years ago, in the last days of Obama’s eight year administration, it was the stalwart mission of the simmering online far-right to converge upon polygender otherkin teenagers in Oklahoma using neo-pronouns on Tumblr. That soon morphed into GamerGate, which acted as a comprehensive pipeline into “white identity”, ultranationalism, flagrant antisemitic conspiracy theories and the permission to become a monster. I watched all of this happen a decade ago. I watched the rhetoric, the ass-covering, the targeted incitement, the subsequent sweeping it all under the rug, the full man-baby tantrum over a video game feminist having a few decent points. The screaming, the fake cackling of Sargon of Akkad echoing out through the cosmos of all their side has begot.

We really did ruin life as a whole for fat, comfortably stupid white men’s feelings.

It’s the most pitifully selective stupidity toward consequence as a whole. It’s high school bro hormones reawakened in a forty year old loser with delusions of being the hero. It’s disregard for the next moment for the high of the Epic Own. I myself do not want these particular consequences. I only really want the wrapping up of the central consequences of our alienation, of our bitterness toward real possibility, of our suicidal tolerance of the permanently managed but never, ever concluded business of “Culture War.” Any “substance” on their side is purely vested in bemoaning the inconvenience of considering something before saying it. They want the substance they would acknowledge tattooed on every face, and so hallucinate what they want affirmed, flailing in angry delirium when the one who would bear that refuses.

Being frank, the events of Charlottesville, Virginia in August 2017 should have said it all. Nothing but flags of hate. One hateful flag misappropriating my god’s hammer, my god’s runes. Nothing but careful speeches before cameras dancing around claims of fascism, going out into the streets preaching fascism, mass murder, denial of substance, embrace of entitlement to privilege.

Here is me leveling with you. Conservatives, maybe stop being conservative if you’re strong enough to understand why. Maybe be a human being instead. This doesn’t mean become a Marxist-Leninist-Maoist. This doesn’t mean you have to know *Das Kapital* chapter and verse. This doesn’t mean you have to memorize and recite all six-hundred and eighty-four genders or whatever.

It means maybe, at the very least, just don’t interact with any politics, philosophy, statistics or sociology. It’s far more worth it to enjoy whatever else your life is, to disengage from the per-

manent anger, to feel any tatter of contentment than to die on a hill with a bunch of crazy people you're struggling to see anything of yourself in. Then, the general public will be less inclined to make you reconsider your choices. Because it turns out that when you play a part in building an entire ideology around demonizing and hurting people, those people have a heightened chance of wanting to hurt you back. And in a sense, this is convenient for you, because it produces an opportunity to run away scared, to role play an oppressed person, to take a quick photo op in the middle of a shooting, to go on some grief tour. This all plays into "WAR WAR WAR!" from your side. But really, it was always you who could stop it. You could, maybe, perhaps, read, listen to lectures, interviews, video essays. You could take every opportunity to lower social temperatures when you clearly seat yourself as the driver in the situations you invent. You know deep down that you were always doing wrong. For yourself, your neighbors, your fellow citizens. You were always just too proud to muster the explicit admission.

You were conditioned into thinking that war with all who critique you is justified, because you're the awesome correct christian guy who can only be christian if everyone else is christian, white and republican. You wanted this because you know that the only way your "ideas" can win is if you go straight to the insanity and install insanity as a way of life, if you accuse the opponent of everything you yourself actually do, if you meddle in the functions of the electoral process over months and years leading up to 2024, if you tar any critique of further breaking already-dilapidated elements of a barely functioning society.

You actually do not have ideas. Sure, you cite the same convenient, out-of-context blurbs of the founders' influences. Maybe the odd tongue of flame from Carl Schmitt. ("Good Ole Days," am I right?) But what you really have are feelings: always projected as the sole influence of your enemy, but always concealed as your own, while you take in and vomit out substance proving you wrong, time after time, always rejecting it wholesale. As a hoax. As fake news. As know-it-all drivel, like actually knowing details of things is a vice — because in a society so clearly determined by the lengths of stupidity — **it is**.

Who was it that was going on for decades and decades about how All White Christians are pedophile degenerates who want to shove their garbage down our throats? Oh right! That did not happen. But I remember getting that very treatment by actual throat shovers while trying to enjoy pride month. You know, at an event nobody on Earth is required to go to? But there they were, almost literally shoving a bible into someone's mouth.

The problem is that you want stupid notions artificially elevated as worthy of consideration. You have it stuck in your minds that you cannot truly hold a conviction if it is not the Only conviction. The real hard work of your school of thought is doing written and spoken gymnastics that can only make sense to a paranoid meth-smoker in Arkansas. None of this actually comports with any vetted, contemporary study of what generates a balanced society that materially guarantees wellness and opportunity for everyone in it.

Conservatives have become bankrupt in their alleged Marketplace of Ideas. It was always only posture and never a cutting edge. It was always man's feelings over anyone else's feelings. It was always fervor over reason. Ever since Ben Shapiro used his entire chest to claim that people affected by rising sea levels can just "Sell their homes and move", the entire jig has been up. Every single puffed-up volley of human shit has been deflated to show the orange sludge pile nearly vaporizing from the weight of Big Macs and a predator's paranoid conscience. He may even croak before I can finish writing this.

Every sad effort they pull out of their asses from here on is only going to be the protracted death gurgles of a population of people **desperate to have their disgusting delusions validated**. What you all pass off as "ideas" and "just asking questions" are only childlike rationales for allowing hate, persecution and paranoia, the last being necessary to hold onto monthly contributors. You go about your daily lives asking for a cookie from the jar of society. "If I'm a really really good boy, can I say the N word? Please?"

Upon calm denial, the tantrum of indignation. "Fine! I'll just say it anyway! Conservatives are the new punks!" Oh, poor little bitch baby. It must be so hard being the asshole who does whatever he wants no matter how much he sobs about being "censored." Every conservative is a sad little bitch too proud to admit that he's been disaffected by the capitalism he cheers for, the caricature of "god" he claims to know and worship, the hard work he promises builds character, promises never breaks down a soul under the weight of bills, car payments and the usual sacrifices for basic medical care, or just a single meal.

They want applause for refusing, mocking and actively attacking what heartfelt bodies of knowledge and action would otherwise reach to pick them up out of the sad muck that they presently insist, due to contractual obligation, smells beautiful. I have not trained my spiritual olfaction to ignore the smell of rotten shit, the rank stench of reaching performances. That is all we are afforded to know in this gods forsaken land. All for the comfort of the white colonial standard. All for punishment of innocence, all for the honor of what is nakedly dishonorable. All for permanently enshrining and revising and enshrining and revising.

Would you ever consider actually governing in any way that makes people not want you gone? No, you wouldn't. Because conservative politics literally only exists to have the backs of the minority owning class. It exists to punish the joy of being free in any way. But still, you will fight. You would rather cling to a failed cause than be without a cause, than have the real possibilities of your life beyond dogma as your only "cause."

We earnestly tried the *civil debate* route several times over several decades. We actually heeded our elders in not putting any investment in any reasonable human buried under the fascist conditioning emerging, and we tried it anyway. Debate turned out to be more in line with antifascists than the fascists who hide behind "Conservatism." They could not win in civil debate, so the streets became their medium. The streets were used as a bedrock for the intricate facade of "Ideas" to loop around and pull off enough corruption and illegality to reinstate their favorite felon predator. They cannot stop believing in a Yankee golden spoon diva who would employ the United States military to be in a Broadway musical before he would ever deploy them to respond to Vladimir Putin.

Beliefs. You love them more than your children. You know you really, truly do. (What more are your children to you than emotional currency, only when they're oblivious and going along for the ride, up until they're 18 to 30 and never talk to you again?) Your precious fucking beliefs. All beliefs, and I really do mean **All Beliefs** of socio-political levels of vitriol, are dogshit because they are faith without grounding. The only stand-in for grounding is ego. The only stand-in for substance is "it's how I was raised." It is good and preferable to abolish all beliefs that contradict a free and self-determined life as an individual, that contradict a simple, primal ethic of goodwill and an eagerness to learn and grow as people.

I wish for nobody to die this way again, and so I hope that, somehow, this is not simply the random death of another asshole, that this is not yet another escalation of the permanently postponed but always looming apocalypse of this particular network of empires, but the death

of another empirically failed ideology. The death a former child feels as the sharpness of youth shows itself in the steady response, the careful but casual composure. The recognizing of change, irresistible, unending — but friendly if approached as a friend.

Let that scene of the wave of red MAGA hats rushing and crying like the bitches they actually in reality are be what breaks the backbone of the fake "spirit" of forcibly stunting the free development of organisms capable of critical analysis and self-directed thought in order to feel better about one's own broken life. And as it always seems to be in so-called America, the broken hearts of pissy, entitled white settlers hold the direction of the continent by the throat. Gender ideology didn't do this. You did. Your own kind did. You know you're losing pretty bad when even your own people can't stand you. Decades on decades of hysterical evangelical infiltration into the political process. Decades on decades of refusing your children autonomy and free thought. Crypto currency scams, deals with Saudi Arabia, cutting pediatric cancer research, legislatively obsessing over my siblings, building a base of resentment far better than maintaining a base of loyalty.

This is what you won. Everyone hates you except everyone who is conditioned to say that you're speaking and behaving very based and alpha. You're so brave and amazing for driving the same two variants of vehicles that every vulnerable little baby "man" has. A big stupid lifted Ford or a blacked-out Dodge Challenger. Double points if your fragility made you get both.

Also, stop using made up terms like "gender ideology." It's embarrassing. It makes you look like you repeat made up combinations of words that meth-smokers put together, and you regurgitate it like you're the first person to read Isaac Newton. You're the only ones playing with ideology in the context of scrutinizing trans existence. The study of gender variance only ever mentions politics when discussing what legislative acts of cruelty are interfering in someone's pursuit of happiness. Otherwise, we are only parsing scientific data — which consistently proves your drivel to be false, with no place but the same dustbin that houses phrenology. Stop making your every grievance about my people or any other people.

I also love how a good chunk of you ammosexuals cannot properly identify a headstamp on a cartridge. You thought it was "Trans Revolution Network" or some Cobra Command fantasy dogshit. Don't worry. I'm sure you and your GOP deep state occupation of three-letter agencies will fuck up even more creatively. I look forward to watching you all smacking yourselves in the forehead over and over again until you give up.

There is nothing to conserve but your own health, your very soul, your self-respect. If you cannot simply be conservative in your own life, without forcing yourself upon the lives of others, we have a problem. Stop holding our noses to your grindstone and then magically being unable to endure ours. You would be so lost without what frail power you are already holding onto by your teeth. Be better. That's all you have to *try to want to do*. If you can't: turn your heart off. It's useless.

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