

*To the Grey World of Man:*

*They say that only failures become revolutionaries; that those who perpetrate violence in the name of a great cause only do so because they have failed at everything else in life. In other words, they only become revolutionaries because they have achieved nothing of value in the "real" world.*

*Witness ye the glory of my life at 29 years of age: I have four children, each of whom should be the envy of every parent in the world; I have attained a Baccalaureate Degree in Philosophy with honors; I have attained a Doctorate in Law, **cum laude**; I have acquired licenses in the profession of law in the States of New York, Illinois, and Florida; I am scheduled to acquire two more such licenses in North Carolina & Massachusetts; I am Editor-in-Chief of a poetry journal; I run an independent publishing company; I have opened my own law office in downtown Orlando; I am an MBA candidate; and I have accomplished a few other things that will remain off the record for now.*

*I am of genius intellect & cultured, well-educated & creative, well-mannered & refined. I am God's gift to humankind where the English language is concerned, and I also happen to have a basic knowledge of Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, and Italian. I am musical & artistic; I am athletic & possessed of militant self-discipline; and I am many other things. I have a Cadillac & a poodle, multiple computers & a personal library; I live in an apartment downtown, right across the street from the courthouse; I have been to Paris & Vancouver, to Cairo & Dubrovnik, to Mexico City & Siracusa. I dress better than all of you, pronounce my words perfectly, and have a winning, professional handshake. I am everything you ever wanted to be. I challenge any of you, then, to accuse me of being a failure in this artificial civilization of yours. For it is beyond dispute that I have played your petty game, and I have won.*

*But your game no longer holds any interest for me. Your architecture is vapid & worthless, as is your decadent culture, the mindless drivel you call music, the filth you call democracy. You waste your lives watching pure excrement on television, shopping at the strip malls, planning your vacations to resorts & theme parks. The Internet, with its infinitude of information, is used for reading celebrity gossip & watching sitcoms. You have begun to reduce argument to memes & human communication to trite sound bites. Life has become trivial – and if you cannot feel the human spirit decaying, you are already dead. As for those in the profession of law: The vast majority of you are nothing more than parasites. The only reason you eat, the only reason you can afford to have roofs over your heads, is that the lives of others have been ruined by the very laws & social order you claim to be legitimate. You feed off others like worms, and were this world & their lives just & in order, you would be out of work. Look upon your lives, and repent.*

*This modern civilization of which you are all so fond deserves naught from me but the violence of my contempt; and if you were strong enough, you would hold the same contempt & turn your torches upon the world as I shall.*

*WITNESS YE MY RENUNCIATION:*

*I hereby renounce my licenses to practice law, my diplomas, my affiliation with Rollins, DePaul, and the University of South Florida, my United States citizenship, my membership in the Roman Catholic Church, my law firm, my publishing company & poetry journal, and all of my material possessions.*

*To those who believe that this great renunciation is evidence of mental illness rather than the initiation of a spiritual journey: If my example stirs nothing in you, if you can see no further than the confines of what your secular humanism & its hallowed psychiatry allow, then there is nothing I can say to you that would wake you from your slumber. You are less than the beast in man. You are fungi. Would to God that you pass quickly from this Earth.*

*HEAR YE MY FINAL WORDS IN PEACETIME:*

*I have prophesied for years that I was born for a Great War; that if I did not witness the coming of the Second American Civil War I would begin it myself. Mark well: That day is fast coming upon you. On the New Moon of May, I shall disappear into the Wilderness. I will return bearing Revolution, or I will not return at all.*

*War Be unto the Ends of the Earth,  
Augustus Sol Invictus  
Orlando, Florida, USA  
XX Aprilis MMXIII Satvrnvs*