

THE POSSIBILITY OF REVOLUTION

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I.
FIRESIDE CHAT
BROADCAST (01 MAY 2016)

Good Evening, Friends. My Florida speaking circuit begins tomorrow in Downtown Orlando. After tomorrow's speech, I will get in my 1994 pickup truck and travel from here to Jacksonville, then to Tallahassee, Pensacola, Gainesville, Tampa, Sarasota, Fort Myers, and Miami, speaking to Floridians all through the peninsula. But before I go, I want to explain what this speaking tour is about.

A few weeks ago, my son Aiden said to me, "Dad, I have a suggestion for your campaign." Now, Aiden is ten years old, and he has attended three of my formal addresses. Two of those addresses just happened to focus on Malcolm X, who has always been a great influence on my political outlook and my speechwriting. But Aiden, reading a book on the Founding Fathers at the time, said, "You should give a speech about George Washington and the battles he fought. He had to fight a war against the British under really hard conditions. I think the people listening to your speeches might want to hear about that."

Immediately I agreed. For what *is* the biggest hindrance to restoring the integrity of our nation? It is the fact that the vast majority of Americans believe revolution to be an *impossibility* – and they are, therefore, no threat to the Government. We pat each other on the backs when talking about the golden days of America, saying, "Our forefathers were farmers with pitchforks who fought and defeated the greatest military the world had ever seen!" But when we think of our own circumstance we say, "No one could ever defeat the U.S. military. We are too divided; people are too comfortable; people have bought into the System; the FBI has spies in every patriot group, hair salon, and book club in America. Things are different now. Revolution is *impossible*. It is *suicide*."

And maybe it is. If we wanted to storm the Capitol building and put every Representative and Senator on trial for treason, we would make of ourselves martyrs. The stranglehold on the American people would only tighten, and our names would never even make the history books. We would be marked as brigands and lunatics, the media would spin our valor as hatred, and our communities would mock us until our own children shunned our very memory.

But – My Fellow Americans – I say unto you that this is the narrative we repeat only because we cannot envision an alternative. So long have you been sold the illusion of the invincibility of the Federal Government that the thought of its dissolution has never actually occurred to you. So long has the moral of the Civil War been shoved down your throats that you dare not speak above a lap dog's yelp, for fear that some new Sherman will march a burning path from coast to coast. So long have you been told that consumerism and retirement benefits and comfort and investments and wages are the point of life that you have forsaken the Spirit. And so has the Spirit forsaken you.

You have fallen in love with all the things that enslave you. A *slave* worries more for his life than for his honor. A *slave* worries more for his wallet than for his soul. A *slave* worries more for

his house, his car, his television, his comic books and cell phones and marijuana than for his *freedom* – which can only be hard won by blood and iron.

I say unto you, My Fellow Americans, that the Federal Government is *not* invincible. Verily, I say unto you that it *can* fall – and more than this, I say that it *must* fall. And if our blood must be the sacrifice, then so be it. I would rather die fighting for freedom than live out my days worried about phone bills and speeding tickets.

You who have come to find peace in this System are already dead. I speak not to you. I speak to your sons and your daughters. I speak to those who have not yet bowed their heads to the yoke of slavery, those who have not sold their souls to the God of Money.

If I, as one man, cannot challenge the Federal Government and its hundred thousand agents and its financiers and its shadowy special interests, then let my destiny be this: I will convince you that *you* can burn down this System. Brothers and Sisters, I am but the first-born among you. I am but a prelude to better players. Believe not in me but in yourselves, for you are the conquerors and creators of the New World.

Fear not. Be strong. And may we all witness the dawn of a New America.

II.
EXTOLLING WAR & WASHINGTON
ORLANDO (02 MAY 2016)

Between last night and this morning I received a series of text messages from a member of the campaign committee. This young man, whose name I will keep to myself for now, has been working with us for months. But his text messages informed me that he only came to work with us because the FBI sent him to infiltrate our campaign. He says he only “collected the intel” (his words) for the RICO case they are building because the federal agents threatened his sister.

If there is someone in this room that is not made uncomfortable by this, you are either the most cheerful fool or the most servile dog I have ever met. I was born at the end of the Cold War. When I was a boy, we were told horror stories of the KGB infiltrating groups – political or otherwise – tapping phones, reading mail, threatening people so they would spy on their neighbors. We heard horror stories of laws written in order to jail more people, courts without due process or any sort of transparency, corruption at the highest levels of government.

Thirty years later, look at us. So we have theme parks and no bread lines. Wonderful. But what political freedom do we have that was not afforded the citizens of the Soviet Union?

It is time to wake up. Long have you slumbered, My Fellow Americans, and while you slept your enemies took control. Like a horde of rats they swarmed into the halls of power, and now they harass our people and eat out their substance.

They pass laws for the good of the special interests, not for the good of the American people.

They have assaulted States’ rights and used that vacuum to act to the detriment of our people.

They have rigged the electoral system so that only the rich can run for office, effectively nullifying the right of representation in the legislature.

They have made it impossible for the American people to participate in the political process so that hopelessness might force them into compliance.

They have denied due process to those who would stand against their invasions of the rights of our people.

They have purposely allowed our homeland to be exposed to dangers of invasion from without and convulsions within.

They have endeavored to overpopulate our States through their malicious policy of mass immigration.

They have obstructed the administration of justice by targeting people like us for the crime of political inconvenience, while those in power who should be tried for treason are not even investigated.

They have made judges dependent on public opinion, to the great detriment of Justice.

They have erected a multitude of new departments, administrations, bureaus, such that their vermin's nest must soon cave in on itself from its own weight.

They have begun among us standing armies in the form of the militarized police that they have funded with federal money and armed with the Pentagon's arsenal.

They have made a machine of the military-industrial complex that cannot be turned off and that no one knows how to destroy.

They have combined with foreign powers to subject the American people to pretended laws and foreign jurisdiction.

They have placed troops in our cities and communities and placed us all under surveillance.

They have protected the police, who have become hostile to us, from punishment for murders or other offenses they commit.

They have destroyed our culture, our land, and our people by instituting a globalist policy in the name of the God of Money.

They have imposed taxes on us without our consent, taxes that would make the Founding Fathers turn in their graves.

They have deprived us of the right to trial by jury in making use of draconian sentencing laws that force criminal defendants to enter pleas rather than taking their cases to trial.

They have maintained the fiction of a jury of peers while disintegrating our communities and excluding our peers from our trials.

They have utterly destroyed our free system of laws and implemented an absolute rule of faceless bureaucracies.

They have fundamentally altered our form of Government from a constitutional republic to a plutocratic oligarchy wearing the mask of mass democracy.

They have allowed the moneyed interests to buy our politicians and legislate for the American people in all cases whatsoever.

They have declared us, the patriots, out of their protection, and they now seek to wage literal war against us.

They have plundered our resources, ravaged our lands, corrupted our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

They are at this time transporting large groups of foreigners to ensure that we are further disenfranchised and robbed of our birthright in the country our ancestors conquered.

They have constrained our fellow citizens to spy on their own neighbors, to testify against their own countrymen, to bring destruction upon their own communities, so that the policies of the Federal Government might be furthered.

They have incited domestic insurrections amongst us and have encouraged the mass immigration of hostile populations.

These rats have devoured our country so that it is no longer recognizable. And yet here we stand, heads bowed, hands clasped, keeping quiet. Why?

It is because we are afraid. And that is exactly what they want.

One year ago, on the New Moon of May, I announced here in Downtown Orlando that I was running for the United States Senate. In that moment, I had everything; in this moment, I have nothing but my family and my purpose.

One year ago, I was a well-respected attorney, a leader in my community, a businessman. I had an office across from the courthouse, drove a Mercedes, lived in a fancy downtown apartment. But since the start of the campaign last May, I have lost every material thing possible. I have been stripped of every comfort and convenience. I have been demonized by the media as a blood-drinking, hatemongering devil worshiper. In the span of a single week, a communist gang tried to assassinate me, and I was expelled from Canada. And when they finally gun me down, the message will be loud and clear: *Do not speak out* – and if you do, make sure it stays on the Internet, where you can bring no real harm to the rats controlling the Federal Government.

Now, why would I tell you all this? Is it because I want to frighten you and shake you up and push you away from doing your duty and fighting this Machine? Nothing could be further from my mind. Rather, I want you to know that everything you will face has been faced before, that everything you will suffer has been suffered before, and that this is the path of all who would stand against injustice, from time immemorial.

As I said earlier, I was born into the Cold War. When I was a boy we were taught that the Founding Fathers were courageous men who sacrificed all to fight tyranny. Despite the anti-American propaganda flooding us today, I still believe this. And I also believe that they would be absolutely *astounded* to see the indignity to which we willingly subject ourselves every single day of our lives.

Can you imagine a police officer pulling over Thomas Jefferson's carriage and threatening him with arrest if he did not allow a search for hemp and laudanum? Can you imagine John Adams tolerating a British soldier who arrested him on false charges? Can you imagine Samuel Adams standing by quietly as a private bank came to control the American economy?

So what holds us back? Why do we cower like beaten dogs in a time our ancestors would act most boldly? In a time such as ours, our heroes would *demand* rebellion; and yet we cherish obedience as a holy virtue.

I answer, ladies and gentlemen, that we fear the uncertainty that defiance brings. So let me tell you a story that I hope will make all your troubles seem trivial, as it makes my own seem barely worth mentioning.

A general once realized that his government was becoming more and more oppressive toward his people. He began to oppose publicly the policies of the government until finally war was declared by the people against the government. And one winter, during the war he was losing, he was forced to camp with his men – and without adequate supplies. No town could shelter them, and the farmers were devastated from supplying two warring armies simultaneously. Without coats or blankets or shoes or food they waited months on end, suffering illness and frozen limbs turned black. Without huts or cabins they suffered snow and storm. Two-thousand, five-hundred men died in the camp that winter, having starved to death or succumbed to disease and the winter's cold.

But more injurious than the physical hardship was the loss of morale. About this another writer once remarked that at this point in the war: “[t]he early enthusiasm of the struggle had passed away. The doubts which the first excitements banished had returned. The novelty of war had gone, and its terrors become awfully familiar. Fire and sword had devastated some of the best parts of the country, its cities were ruined, its fields laid waste, its resources drained, its best blood poured out in sacrifice. The strength now had become one of endurance, and while liberty and independence seemed as far off as ever, men began to appreciate the tremendous cost at which they were to be purchased.”

And yet these men pushed on. Looking back from our place of comfort in this modern America we ask: Why not surrender? Why suffer starvation, gangrene, and death just to change the government?

Because we are Americans, and where we go, arms raised for the rebellion, we extol War and Washington. And if we no longer believe in the Revolution of our fathers, if we are no longer willing to pay the price for freedom and self-government – which price is *always* blood – then let us at least admit it. Let us say, as good subjects, “I submit to you, O Great God Government, and I do not question the wisdom of your agents! Not my will but Thine be done!”

These men under Washington at Valley Forge literally starved and froze to death in order to form their own government. So what in God's name are you afraid of? Poverty? Humiliation? Imprisonment? Defeat? Name your fear, face it, and overcome it.

Never will a tyrannical government reign over a fearsome people. No wolf would suffer beneath a farmer's boot; and no farmer would dare kick a wolf. It is only a nation of well-trained, domesticated dogs that would allow a government such as ours to terrorize them, especially with such soft threats as blacklisting and media scandals and threats of lawsuits. The tyranny of our government is testament to how little a threat they consider the American people to be.

Brothers and Sisters, all I ask of you is that you stand up for yourselves, for your families, for your country. And failing this – if you insist on turning a blind eye and clinging to your jobs and your televisions and your social lives – then I ask that you stay out of our way.

III.
CHOOSING FREEDOM OR THE GRAVE
JACKSONVILLE (03 MAY 2016)

The punishment for treason is death. This serves several purposes. For one, it removes the traitor from society, so that he cannot repeat his offense. Second, his execution acts as a deterrent, as all would-be traitors are discouraged by the clear message that disloyalty will not be tolerated. And finally, the death of the traitor is an atonement, because his crime is so wicked that the only acceptable apology is blood.

In the days our Founding Fathers were plotting high treason, the punishment was not a simple death by rope or guillotine. The traitor was tied to a horse cart and driven to the place of execution through the hostile crowds so that they could spit upon him and throw their garbage and insults at the enemy of the Crown. When he reached his destination, he was hanged – not long enough to kill him, but just long enough to torture him. Then the executioner would take his blade and remove his penis and testicles. Then he would plunge his knife into the traitor’s abdomen, cut straight across in a horizontal line, and pull out his intestines. Only then, once the traitor had been robbed of his guts and his manhood, would the executioner take up the axe and take off his head.

But no Christian burial awaited the traitor. Neither would he be given two coins for Charon to carry him across the River Styx. No, the executioner then chopped his body into four pieces and delivered them to the four corners of England to be prominently displayed as a warning to all who would dare challenge the rightful Government.

Today, in our “enlightened” age, this might seem barbaric. But let us consider the *meaning* of treason. It is the gravest crime imaginable to betray those who have placed their trust in you, and that is why Dante tells us that the lowest circle of Hell is reserved for traitors.

An adopted son who betrays Caesar by conspiring in his assassination;
A wife who betrays her husband by giving information to his enemies;
A man who betrays his family by squandering his children’s inheritance;
A politician who betrays his constituents by selling their resources to foreigners;
A citizen who betrays his countrymen . . .

And here is the real question we must ask: What does it mean to betray your countrymen? Is it to assault the government? Or is it to *assist* the government? The answer to this lies in whether the government *protects* the people or whether it *attacks* the people.

When considering this question in 1775, Patrick Henry said: “For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offence, I should consider myself as guilty of treason towards my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the majesty of heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.”

There are several things to note in this statement:

First and foremost: The meaning of treason is not the defiance of an enemy but the betrayal of those you love. To keep quiet in a time such as ours is the ultimate betrayal of your people. To fight tyranny is not treason: it is your *duty* as an American, as a Westerner, as a man.

The second thing to note is that the question before us is the ultimate question: To be or not to be. This is more pointedly stated, “To live *free* or to die” – because for us, slavery is not an option.

The third thing to note is that the law of Heaven stands above the law of “earthly kings.” Whether you are Christian or Pagan, the laws of God and Nature will always be higher than the laws of self-important congressmen and silly city councilmen.

If there is one thing I hope to accomplish tonight, it is to convince you that you owe no loyalty to your *Government*: your duty is to your *people*. Governments are meant to protect the people, and when the Government has failed at that task it is the *duty* of the people to overthrow it. It is not a choice: honor *demand*s it of you.

The Declaration of Independence states that “when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object evinces a design to reduce [the people] under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security.”

These are not just pretty words. Jefferson did not write flowery rhetoric for the fuck of it. I cannot count the politicians I have heard quote the Declaration of Independence and then immediately disclaim that they hope no one would *ever* think they were quoting it to justify *actual* revolution. Between Ron Paul and Bernie Sanders and the legion of keyboard warriors using the word “revolution” as a hip, cute way to rebel against their parents, the word has been watered down so much that people are scared to speak it without drowning it in caveats and qualifications.

There is too much at stake for me to speak in metaphor buttressed with disclaimers. There is too much at stake for us to *play* at political engagement.

So let me be clear: You owe no loyalty to your *Government*: your Government owes its loyalty to *you*. And when the Government has betrayed that loyalty, its agents are guilty of treason. And the punishment for treason is death.

Now if you think that this is some sort of hyperbolic rhetoric, then I know not what will shake you out of your stupor. Look outside. Look around you. The militarized police patrolling our neighborhood streets, the buildup of government arms in our communities, is no different than the British show of force before the Revolution. Patrick Henry said in that same speech: “Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission?”

And I ask you, My Fellow Americans, why are the local police driving armored personnel carriers and tanks through our streets; why are they dressed in tactical gear and armed with assault rifles; why are they doing drills in crowd control and urban guerrilla warfare; if its purpose is not to force us to *submission*?

They claim that this is all for our safety – whether from drug cartels or ISIS agents or school shooters, who knows? – but its true purpose is clearly a show of arms to intimidate us into *submission*. As Patrick Henry said of the buildup of British armies on American soil and British navies in American waters: “They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other.”

I have said time and again that if you want peace, you must prepare for war. I have said more times than I can count that your Government will not listen to you if they do not *fear* you. What shepherd trembles at the bleating of sheep? What farmer loses sleep at the whining of trained dogs? It is the wolves they fear. And wolves you must become.

I have been counseled against such speech. I have been demonized for it by the media and by certain members of my own political party. They say that we must not speak so. They say that the answer is more argument, more debate, more petitions, more votes, more essays, more media exposure, and so on and so forth, apparently in the hope that we might drown the Government in a tidal wave of papers and soundbites. But mere words, without the threat of actual force, never challenged tyranny. Nor will they ever. The colonists faced this same hurdle when arguing for independence. Patrick Henry asked:

“And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, **we must fight!** I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!”

I want you to let that sink in. These words were not spoken in the summer of 1776, after the Declaration of Independence was signed. These words were spoken in the spring of 1775, with no American army standing between Patrick Henry and the gallows. His speech was as dangerous in 1775 as it would be if one of our representatives gave it now. Neither did he have any illusions as to the dire circumstance he faced; nor did any of the revolutionaries. But to them, duty outweighed a concern for personal safety. To them, the only choice was between freedom and death, because slavery was inconceivable.

The question, then, becomes one of *possibility*. We have this notion in our heads that every American was on fire for the revolution in 1776. There is this picturesque story in which all the oppressed countrymen banded together and fought off the British tyrants and everyone lived happily ever after. But in reality, people like Patrick Henry were in the minority. They had to fight tooth and nail to wake their countrymen to the fact that their homeland had fallen prey to inimical interests. And even when they became aware of what was going on around them, the colonial Americans said that, even if they were being oppressed by the British, there was nothing that could be done about it. The Americans were too weak, too unorganized, too scarcely armed, too unprepared.

The same objections are spoken today: The Federal Government spends more on the military than the next five countries combined. The U.S. military has more funding and more arsenal than you can imagine, and more importantly, the Pentagon is prepared with battle plans in the event of domestic disturbance. The American people have no will to fight, no organization, no training, no weapons that could match fighter jets and drones and God-knows-what-else the Pentagon has been holding up its sleeve. The very thought of revolution beyond social media and the ballot box is outlandish.

To this sentiment Patrick Henry replied: “They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. ***But when shall we be stronger?*** Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance, by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.”

Listen: It is in a tyrant’s interest that you believe in your own weakness. But I say unto you what the Founding Fathers told us all two and a half centuries ago: That to secure our rights, “Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, - That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness.”

In other words, the power of a Government is in the people. And once the people withdraw their consent to that Government, it must necessarily fall. Think not on the things you lack; think rather on the strengths that you have already. Realize that you do not need aircraft carriers and starships and laser cannons to claim your freedom in the country of your birth. What we need God has already provided.

We must have will and faith. We must have love for our families and for our country. We must have the fire of rebellion in our hearts. And if you did not have these things already, you would not be listening to me.

Slavery is not an option for us. Our choice is between freedom and the grave. Who feels otherwise is as far from one of us as is the lap dog from the wild wolf. Patrick Henry concluded his famous speech by asking:

“What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!”

IV.
INTEGRITY IN DEFENSE & DEFIANCE
TALLAHASSEE (04 MAY 2016)

Good evening. My name is Augustus Invictus. I am a criminal defense attorney in Orlando, and I am campaigning for a seat in the United States Senate. Tallahassee is my third stop in a speaking tour throughout our State, which speaking tour concerns the possibility of revolution. By that I mean literal revolution, not the watered-down, meaningless “revolutions” of Ron Paul and Bernie Sanders and all the others who peddle hope for votes.

As you can imagine, people are not turning out in droves for my speeches like they are for those of Ron Paul and Bernie Sanders; and that is because I am not telling people what they *want* to hear: I am telling people what they *need* to hear. Talking about something that will bring strife and disruption and hardship in modern America makes me about as welcome as a dentist in a candy shop.

But such is life. I reckon that the majority of you in this room know me as the blood-drinking neo-Nazi who single-handedly collapsed the Libertarian Party of Florida – because that is the narrative the media has told you. If you came tonight hoping I would explain myself for those things, I regret to inform you that I will not even be discussing them, for the same reason I don’t discuss Justin Bieber’s new wardrobe or Brad Pitt’s newest adopted baby from Nigeria or Indonesia or wherever. Celebrity gossip does not interest me; my business is revolution. But I will give you a word of advice in this regard: When someone states publicly that the first targets in a war should be the media outlets, maybe think about that when the media attacks him.

So no, I will not be talking about animal sacrifice or polygamy or any of that sexy, scandalous stuff. Tonight I want to talk with you about boring old John Adams, that stubborn son of a bitch without whom the United States might never have existed. For those of you that don’t know – American education being what it is today – John Adams was our first Vice President and our second President. But long before serving in the Executive Branch of the newly formed Federal Government, he was a revolutionary. And before being a revolutionary – he was an attorney.

It was John Adams who defended the British soldiers accused of massacring Americans in Boston. No other lawyer in Boston would dare to take the case. Could there possibly be a more unpopular cause than standing up for the rights of British soldiers in the hotbed of anti-British activity? Those soldiers were attacked by a literal mob of Bostonians; the people – commoner and elite alike – wanted them *out* of their city and made no bones about it. And yet here was John Adams, that stubborn son of a bitch, insisting not only that they deserved a proper legal defense – but that they were actually innocent of wrongdoing.

Imagine the sand it takes to say to your own neighbors, “You are wrong.” Imagine the guts one must have to say, “These few are innocent, and you the mob are guilty.” Not on social media, but

in the street. Not a thousand miles away to someone you don't know, but face-to-face with the accountant who lives down the street, the grocer you pass every morning on the way to the courthouse, the teachers at your children's school. Imagine being John Adams and facing down colleagues and neighbors and the members of your congregation and saying, "You are wrong, ladies and gentlemen, and no matter what vile things you say about me, it will not make you any more right."

I heard it said once that the man with integrity has no friends. While that may be a bit hyperbolic, we can be rid of any doubt that integrity will make you unpopular. And yet, while popularity may be the *sine qua non* of democratic politics, integrity is the *sine qua non* of the revolutionary.

I have also heard it said that character is not developed in a time of crisis; it is revealed. The character of John Adams had already been developed at the time of the trial of the British soldiers. It was in their defense that his character was revealed. But the greater revelation came at the time it dawned on him that the Government he served had become oppressive to the people.

Is this not the great crisis of every patriot? When we recognize that the Government we believed in has become separate from and inimical to our countrymen? Here, too, did Adams' character show itself, Adams so well-loved by the Government he served as an officer of the court, Adams who would never have to struggle for the rest of his life if only he continued to assist that Government. For he chose to stand against the policies of his Government rather than turn a blind eye. He joined the revolutionary movement not for thrills or for a more profitable enterprise but because it was his duty to do so.

This defender of the British soldiers did not defend them because he was a lover of tyranny but because they were *men* who did not deserve to be strung up by the mob. This defier of the British Crown did not defy his Government because he was a lover of anarchy but because he could not bear to see his countrymen oppressed. Without this sort of integrity – that which holds fast to what is right without regard to the changing winds of public opinion – there can be no justice.

Now, you might be thinking to yourselves, "That's wonderful young man, thank you for the lecture on civic virtue – but what does this have to do with us? We're over here working for real change, in the present day. We're talking about canvassing, mailing brochures, calling voters, doing outreach, trying to grow the Libertarian Party. We don't have time to fantasize about revolution. You're just as crazy as they said, kid."

To this I answer that it has everything to do with you. All of you who stuff envelopes and hold carwash fundraisers and cold call voters; all of you who work on campaigns for candidates or ballot initiatives; all of you working to grow the Party: integrity is just as important for you as it is for me or for John Adams or John Brown. Whether in peacetime or time of war, if you do not have inside of you that iron reserve to hold fast to what is right, then you will change nothing. Your life will be one of vacillation, your legacy of smoke that will vanish long before your corpse rots.

Integrity means matching your deeds to the words you speak. It means acting in a manner resonant with what you *profess* to believe.

Many Libertarians *say* they believe in the freedom of religion – but in deed they deride even their fellow Party members whose religious practices deviate from theirs instead of trying to understand them.

Many Libertarians *say* they believe in the freedom of speech – but in deed they seek to blacklist and ostracize those fellow Party members with whom they disagree instead of engaging in honest debate.

Many Libertarians *say* they want to grow the Party – but in deed they spend their time tearing apart those members in the Party they dislike instead of working toward constructive ends.

Many Libertarians *say* they want to disrupt the System – but in deed they cannot even be bothered to show up to monthly meetings; cannot spare the time to write a Letter to the Editor; cannot help to organize a voter registration drive. “I have to deal with the kids,” they say. “I got caught up at work,” they say. “I’ve got a lot going on,” they say.

Pray tell, ladies & gentlemen, how it is that you expect the Federal, the State, or even the municipal government to take you seriously about working with the communities when you cannot even work with each other?

But I could spend hours lecturing you about the discord between the words and the actions of those within the Libertarian Party. The point I want to make is that this behavior is systematic. What I say about integrity applies equally to those who are not political activists but who share just as much – if not more – responsibility for what is wrong with this country: journalists, businessmen, and lawyers most prominent among them.

For journalists *say* they want to inform the public – but in deed they do not even try anymore to hide their prejudices. They willfully sway public opinion so that it will conform to their respective ideologies.

Businessmen *say* they want to improve their communities – but in deed they destroy local cultures and devastate the natural environment. They spend less time protecting local parks than they do cracking the whips on the forced march to a uniform modernity.

Lawyers *say* they want to work toward justice – but in deed they turn a blind eye to the rampant corruption in our profession. More importantly, they deny their responsibility to act as the leaders of our society, as the guardians of justice, as the veritable architects of our civilization.

This is, in fact, the group with which I am most disappointed. Libertarians? Let’s be honest, we all have problems with self-importance. Journalists? They are too petty to be considered truly malicious. Businessmen? It is axiomatic that money is the Great Corrupter of Men. Much can be excused.

But lawyers? We have entered into a profession that *demand*s integrity. We have taken upon ourselves the burden of seeking justice, even at the expense of our own profit or well-being. We have taken *oaths* that none other than soldiers and elected officials must take.

And yet I, a mere five years from graduating law school, have become sick at heart with the number of attorneys I have seen eschewing integrity, seeking profit above justice, and spitting on their oaths before wiping themselves with the Constitution.

If you drive around Orlando, you will see countless billboards saying, “Thanks, Dan!” with a dollar amount of the case attorney Dan Newlin settled. His clients pose with giant checks in their hands and big smiles on their faces. These days, the multi-million-dollar jury awards are the sign of success for a lawyer. Gone are the days of Clarence Darrow and William Jennings Bryan – and long, long gone are the days of Thomas Jefferson and John Adams.

Adams, like many of his contemporaries in the legal profession, saw his duty as an attorney to seek justice, to do what was right – and that included abolishing governments and creating new ones. I cannot tell you how often I have laughed when a President of the Bar or some other rich lawyer from a big firm talks about *pro bono* work and legal aid and serving the community. They work in litigation for giant corporations and talk about helping the little man. How far are they from even dimly comprehending the significance of their power and their duty to create entire civilizations when they cannot even see the difference between community service and a marketing ploy?

Throughout this campaign, I have spoken to the apolitical, to the disaffected & discontented. The members of the legal profession are, by & large, so far gone that they can no longer tell the difference between justice and injustice. Those few that can tell the difference know that they are trapped in a Machine but know not how to escape. The prosecutor who is forced to cut a deal with a murderer because the evidence may or may not be enough to convict at trial with a jury of idiots who watch too much television. The defense attorney who is forced to defend a child molester he believes should be hanged. The law clerk who could not find a job out of law school aside from the document review position for a big oil or big pharmaceutical company.

What is the answer for these people? What are they supposed to do when seeking justice inside an inherently corrupt legal system? I answer as I believe John Adams would have answered: Hold fast to your integrity, in defense and defiance. This is what revolutions are made of: not the short-sighted bellowing of belligerent opportunists, but the striving of virtuous men for justice.

My father, who was also a criminal defense attorney, repeatedly told me as a boy that justice and the law are two completely different things. My critics *know* that our System is corrupt. Our laws are corrupt. Our courts are corrupt. Our lawyers are corrupt. Our police are corrupt. *They know this*, and yet they pretend that we can play nice and speak politely and, with pleasant speech and submission, change the minds and hearts of the most thoroughly corrupted men and women on earth. As one who works with the legal system every day, I genuinely pity their ignorance.

Those of you who wish to keep to your Bernie-Sanders-style “revolutions,” please do so. I wish you no ill will. I do not even wish to reprimand you any more than I already have with this evening’s speech.

But that three percent of you who hear my words and long to end this System as I do, I invite you to join the campaign. Count yourselves among the transgressors. And if you do not have a gun, sell your coat and buy one.

V.
INSURRECTION OF HEAVEN & EARTH
TAMPA (06 MAY 2016)

Ladies & Gentlemen! It's good to be back in Tampa – a sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll city if I've ever seen one. I went to college here, you know. And before that I worked in a pill mill right next to a brothel. And like any resident of Tampa, I've got my war stories about the strip clubs here. I've got more history in the Bay Area than Al Capone. I mean, it's Sin City. And that's what you guys came out for tonight, right? LSD & sorcery; trap music & black metal; guns & strip clubs?

Hell yeah, because we are rebels! We put up our middle fingers and do what we want! We're putting the "Party" back in Libertarian Party!

Or at least that is what you have been led to think of us. The media **would have you** believe that we Libertarians are drug-addled degenerates howling at the moon, wearing tin-foil hats. The media **wants you** to believe that everyone involved with this campaign is a racist stoner obsessed with anime & Live Action Role Playing. The media **needs you** to believe that we are a joke – because if the American people were to listen to what we are *actually* saying – not what is being filtered through the yellow journalists – it would be the death of the System that has fed these vermin all along.

Listen, I love drugs just as much as the next guy – *more* than the next guy. I love women to a fault. I am a modern American, for good **and** for ill, and I have never made any bones about that. I am a man of my time. But if you really think that sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll is *rebellion*, you've got another thing coming.

What sort of rebellion is it to smoke weed and go to the pool trying to get laid all day? Who are you even rebelling against? That is the dominant American culture now, if you hadn't noticed.

What sort of rebellion is it to throw all your money away on strippers on cocaine? To spend thousands of dollars every year on festival tickets? To go down the street to Amp and roll your face off? You think the people in power give a damn about your raves? You think your Facebook status updates about free love, whitewashed spirituality, Netflix-&-chill is going to take down the System? You dream, like children dream.

Be proud of that: a child's dreams are beautiful. But one day you will have to grow up if you want to fight the injustice in the world. You will have to grow sharp fangs and wild-hardened claws. You ravers and psychonauts and poets and artists are adorable little wolf cubs – and it is my aim to raise you up as war-bearing beasts.

When I was fourteen years old I had long hair, dressed all in black, wore my Nine Inch Nails & Marilyn Manson t-shirts to school. I was a harmless, teenage "rebel." One day my father said something I have never forgotten. He said, "Son, the beautiful people rule the world, and there is nothing you can do about that. You can hate it all you want, and it won't change a thing. I can hate gravity, but if I walk off a cliff, I am going to fall." He said, "I hate the fact that I have to eat three times a day. It's a stupid waste of time. But if I don't sit down and eat, I will die."

The moral of the story is that fighting a law of nature is self-destructive. You do not attack a system by dressing in weird clothing; you attack a system by putting on a suit, getting an education, playing the game, and then striking at the opportune moment. Brooding in your room with industrial music might be a great time, but I guarantee you that neither Barack Obama nor Donald Trump are going to care one whit about what you have to say. Nor will the special interests backing them give you the time of day.

And this is what I would discuss with you this evening: the true meaning of rebellion.

Let me tell you another story, about a different sort of rebel. When he was fourteen years old, he wasn't pouting in his room about how horrible the world was. No, at fourteen Samuel Adams went to Harvard. His rebellion against parental authority was in studying politics instead of pursuing the ministry. He studied the writings of John Locke and wrote his master's thesis on violent political resistance. He began a newspaper, organized boycotts, and eventually took a hand in leading the Boston Tea Party. *That* is rebellion. It's amazing what a man can accomplish without marijuana and television.

This notion of thug life and rock 'n' roll and rave culture being rebellion against the System is just plain silly. These things are popular precisely because self-indulgence and apathy benefit the System. And it's been that way since the Beatles: "You say you want a revolution. Well, you know, we all want to change the world. But when you talk about destruction, don't you know that you can count me out? Don't you know it's going to be alright?"

In other words, don't *fight* for change. Don't *fight* for a better life. Just get high and relax, man. Everything will work itself out. And don't think about destruction. We need a positive revolution, a peaceful revolution, a revolution of love.

You have been sold the same hippie nonsense for half a century. Today we say we're going to vote in a utopia with Bernie Sanders. Everything is going to be free! Everyone is going to love each other and be treated equally! No possessions, no need for greed or hunger, a brotherhood of man, all the people sharing all the world! You can smoke your weed, the gays can get married, the gender fluid can use whatever bathroom they want!

Forget about that private bank over there controlling our country's money supply and wrecking the economy.

Forget about lobbyists writing their own laws and paying our politicians to push that legislation through Congress.

Forget about the destruction of our nation by the globalists inside our borders.

Forget about the pollution of our soil, water, and air by corporate greed and mindless consumerism.

Forget about the military-industrial complex, the local police driving tanks, the fifteen-year War on Terror, the four-decade War on Drugs, the literal war on the American people by our Government.

What I want is that which is best for America. I want to end the War on Drugs, implement a non-interventionist foreign policy, correct the financial crisis, protect our homeland, demilitarize our police, restore States' rights, restore the rights to freedom of speech & association, the right to bear arms and the right against warrantless searches and seizures. I want to end the reign of terror of the FBI, the ATF, the US Marshals, the DEA, the IRS. I want to abolish the Federal Reserve and repeal laws that benefit special interests rather than the American people.

“But don't pay attention to that,” says the media. “Pay attention to goat blood and hedonism.”

Forget about the Bill of Rights and the separation of powers and all that boring nonsense.

Forget about the anti-American policies our Government pursues in the Middle East.

Forget about the dismal state of our children's education.

Forget about that nineteen trillion dollars in debt they will have to pay when they grow up.

Forget about the fact that mass immigration ends entire civilizations and that our politicians and those financing them are pushing such a policy deliberately.

Just turn on the newest Drake track, light a joint, and play some Fallout 4. Just get high and relax, man. Everything will work itself out. What we need is be a peaceful revolution.

Ginsberg saw the best minds of his generation destroyed by madness; I see those of mine destroyed by apathy. The world is no less corrupt than it was a half century ago – and yet the people have come to accept its corruption, as they harbor some ill-informed faith in the inevitability of progress.

Revolution is not a feel-good hippie fest. It is literal war against the corrupt agents of your Government. Revolution requires steel discipline & iron will, self-sacrifice & selfless devotion. Revolution is an overturning, and an overturning is always disruptive, a breaking a part, a breaking to pieces. It is the Christ's overturning of the money changers' tables in the Temple of God, the overturning of the earth so that the darkened land may face a new dawn.

Rebellion is not casting a vote in a ballot box. The word is from the Latin *rebellio*, a renewal of war. In our case, it is a renewal of the war begun by our forefathers against the Crown of England. It is the renewal of the everlasting war between freedom and tyranny. It is a renewal of the eternal war between the World of the Spirit and the Grey World of Man.

Insurrection is not turning away from your responsibilities. The word is from the Latin *insurgere*, meaning to rise up. We must rise as a dry wind from the desert. We must rise as the waters of a coming flood. We must rise as soldiers from sewn dragon's teeth. We must rise as fire from the Holy Temple.

To end a corrupt System you must fight it, not with ballots, but with bullets; not wallowing in beer, but striving in battle. If you are sick of getting nowhere with your nights at the bar with your apathetic friends, come and join our long campaign.

All of you artists, musicians, poets, psychonauts, and sculptors; all of you philosophers, scientists, and engineers; all of you computer geeks and hackers; all of you MMA fighters and survivalists and hunters: our movement needs you. We need your creativity and your expertise, your vision and your strength. But before this we need you to wake up to the world around you and throw away your hopelessness.

A life awaits you that you have not yet known. It is a life that perhaps you dreamt in youth but lost along the way: a life of purpose, of freedom, of adventure. Surely it is also a life of heartbreak and of hardship – but what life is without these things? The choice is not whether to escape pain and suffering – which are inescapable no matter how many drugs you do, no matter how many beds you jump into, no matter how many concerts you attend. Rather, the choice is whether to live a meaningful life or a meaningless one; whether to give your life to a cause or to devote it to selfish pleasures.

The human experience cannot be reduced to wage labor and concrete highways, bank fees and utility bills, fast food and antidepressants, sitcoms and idle chatter on the radio. Have we become insects that all we have left is to swarm and buzz in our artificial hive?

I want something grand. I want something powerful. I want something that will resound with meaning throughout the ages. And in a society that sanctifies mediocrity, weakness, and meaninglessness, these are revolutionary aspirations.

You need not agree with every point of my political platform. The beauty of Libertarianism is that we are at liberty to agree to disagree. This is larger than one or two policy points, and I want those of you who can see that to join me in an act of true rebellion. I call you forward for total insurrection.

Brothers & Sisters: The fire rises.

VI.
FAITH IN GOD & COUNTRY
FORT MEYERS (07 MAY 2016)

I was in the back of a pickup truck riding through Georgia one day when I saw a sign outside a church that read: “Faith demands a decision before it can work.”

At the time, I was traveling from Orlando, Florida to the Mojave Desert. I took this sign as a message that I had done the right thing in undertaking the Pilgrimage, which is a story in itself. But I would like to talk with you tonight about how I believe this applies to political revolution.

Fort Myers is the second-to-last stop in my Florida speaking tour. The theme of this tour is the possibility of revolution, which possibility seems scarcely to enter the minds of our fellow Americans. It is my contention that it is precisely because the American people believe revolution to be an impossibility that the Federal Government feels it can do whatever it wants.

The President can get away with ordering drone strikes on schools and hospitals and trying to grant amnesty to illegal aliens because he knows full well the American people are not going to rise up in protest.

The Senators and Representatives can get away with selling out our country to special interests because they know full well the American people will not use the force of arms necessary to try them for treason.

The Supreme Court Justices know full well that they can dictate policy in this country because they know full well the American people will do nothing about it beyond holding a meaningless protest and complaining about it on the Internet.

The Chair of the Federal Reserve knows full well that she can do whatever she wishes with our money supply, because the American people can no longer conceive of a System that is not owned by a private bank.

If you were to put the heads of the President, the members of Congress, the Supreme Court Justices, and the Chair of the Federal Reserve on pikes and parade them down Pennsylvania Avenue, I guarantee you that this System would change dramatically, literally overnight. If those in power were to fear this as an actual possibility, then things would change just as well.

But the fact is that those in power are confident that the American people will not revolt. And that is because the American people have convinced themselves that revolution is an impossibility. My aim – in this tour, as in this campaign – is to convince you that it *is*, in fact, possible, and that it is, more than this, necessary.

In Orlando I spoke of George Washington and the dire circumstance he and his men faced in Valley Forge. In Jacksonville I spoke of Patrick Henry and the choice between liberty and death. In Tallahassee I spoke of John Adams and integrity as the *sine qua non* of the revolutionary. And in Tampa I spoke of Samuel Adams and the true meaning of rebellion. The common thread leading through all of these revolutionary men is faith.

There is a famous painting of Washington at Valley Forge by Arnold Friberg in which Washington is kneeling beside his horse, hands folded in prayer, a ray of the Sun shining through the trees of the forest and landing upon the stoic face of this saintly figure. A longstanding legend says that Washington was seen praying so to the God of Armies, and that never had a man prayed as he did. The man who saw his prayer was converted that day to believing that the War was just, and that America was ordained by God to win.

Patrick Henry, as I quoted earlier this week, said that he would consider it an act of treason to his country if he failed to speak out against the slavery he saw being imposed on his countrymen by the Crown. He said further that he would consider it, “an act of disloyalty toward the majesty of heaven, which [he revered] above all earthly kings.”

The integrity of John Adams was no doubt rooted in his faith. He was not overly fond of religion, “[b]ut,” he said, “I must submit all my Hopes and Fears, to an overruling Providence, in which, unfashionable as the Faith may be, I firmly believe.”

Samuel Adams was intended by his parents to be a minister, and I remarked in an earlier address that he broke from this to study politics. Still his faith remained. And more to the point, his faith led him to fight against oppression.

But whether or not one has faith in God or Providence or a higher power of any sort, the fact is that the revolutionary cannot exist without faith in something higher than the life of the individual. Even leaving aside the faith these men had in God, we can see the faith they had in their vision of a new society of man, in which none would be subject to a monarch, but all would be citizens of a nation ruled by its own people, with rights commensurate with their duties.

Faith in a better world was what drove those men at Valley Forge to freeze and starve to death. Faith in a higher law was what led Patrick Henry to denounce the purchase of life at the cost of chains and slavery. Faith in Providence led Adams to do what was right, even through the most miserable of times. Faith in God led Samuel Adams to commit what was considered high treason so that justice might reign over America.

But that was long ago. No British Crown rules over us. And our faith in the Spirit is nigh unto extinct. What principles do we fight for? What vision have we?

It is difficult to rally people behind the cry “We believe in nothing” or a philosophy of “We just want to be left alone.”

Friedrich Nietzsche wrote in *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*: “You call yourself free? Your dominant thought I want to hear, and not that you have escaped from a yolk. Are you one of those who had the *right* to escape from a yoke? There are some who threw away their last value when they threw away their servitude. Free *from* what? As if that mattered to Zarathustra! But your eyes should tell me brightly: free *for* what?”

In an age such as ours, goals and ambitions and utopias are as numerous as grains of sand on a beach. There are tribes that value meekness and humility. There are tribes that value tolerance and compassion. There are tribes that value asceticism and severity. Some want equality above all else, others wealth. Some want a strict religious life, others indolent self-indulgence.

What I speak of is not objective truth, for there can be no such thing. What I speak of, what I value, is of value only to me and those like me. Loyalty, honor, courage, will, strength, integrity: these, to me and mine, are virtues. Intellect, creativity, athleticism: these are what we cultivate. Scholarship, art, music, poetry, architecture: these are what we cherish. Tribe, family, and the home: these are what we fight for.

I have raised my banner. My aim is clear. Those who share our values are invited to join us, and I would urge you to remember at all times: Faith demands a decision before it can work. Don't wait around for us to come knocking on your door, or for the System to collapse. Now is the time to prepare. Work and prepare. War is coming.

May the Goddess bless our campaign, and may God bless the Sacred Land of America.

VII.
PREPARING FOR DEATH & WAR
MIAMI (09 MAY 2016)

If I were to die tonight, if this were the last speech I ever gave, I would only hope that I had held nothing back, that I had said everything that needed to be said, lest honor keep me from departing to the Underworld in peace.

But more than words I worry for my deeds. Was I a coward, or was I brave? Did I do the best that I could do? Was I cruel or was I kind? Was I loving? Did I act selflessly? Did I care for my family? Did I protect the weak? Did I help the poor? Did I do good in this world? Was I a good man?

There is an admonishment that weaves like thread through our history, forming the grand tapestry that is the whole of Western Civilization:

Memento Mori

Remember Death. Remember that this life is fleeting. For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.

What is it but a distraction from our mortality when we obsess over football and celebrities; when we fret for our dead end jobs and who will give us attention on Facebook; when we argue without end about the nonsense that CNN and Fox News are pushing as legitimate political issues? What is the purpose of these things but to distract us from the fact that we are going to die – and to numb the pain of knowing that we have not lived our lives to the fullest?

For those of you who do not know, I am Augustus Invictus, and I am a candidate for the United States Senate. Miami is my final stop in a Floridian speaking tour about the possibility of revolution in this country. Throughout the land I have met people who are ready for it; I have met people who want it as bad as anyone intellectually but who are unprepared in heart; I have met people who are apathetic about it; I have met people who want nothing to do with it; and of course there are the people I have not met because the thought of revolution is simultaneously so terrifying and so impossible that those people would rather just not be in the same room as me.

Why, Brothers and Sisters, is the thought of revolution so terrifying to our countrymen? Our nation was born in war and raised to cherish the ideals of those who declared that war. Every American is taught in school from a young age about the Declaration of Independence, even if it is in a limited fashion. And yet no one believes its statements about the inherent freedom of man to be anything more than mere words. Revolution is now a whitewashed metaphor, representing a large voter turnout or a dramatic change in shopping habits.

Americans now fear a war in their homeland more than they loathe dishonor. To the modern American, long life is more precious than freedom, comfort more dear than virtue, technological amenities more desirable than self-overcoming. We see now what so many failed empires before ours learned too late: Struggle breeds courage; ease of circumstance breeds fear.

This, more than anything else, is what has destroyed the United States of America, just as it did Ancient Rome. And this is why I say unto you: Fear is failure, and the forerunner of failure: and courage is the beginning of virtue.

Our Founding Fathers – Washington, Patrick Henry, John Adams, Samuel Adams, and all the rest – were real men in real times, men with businesses and families and bills and medical conditions and professions. They had as much to lose as you. To be brutally honest, they had far more to lose than any of us standing here.

Let me ask you something that *I hope* cuts through to your very bones: Were the men and women of 1776 *better* than all of us? Were they made of sterner stuff? They suffered beneath a lesser yoke than we. They were more free under the British Crown than we will ever be under the Federal Government, and yet they found the mettle to revolt.

They did not allow fear to choke their voices so that they could not speak out against injustice. Neither did they allow fear to imprison them in their own homes so that they could not organize against the Government. Nor did they, in the decisive hour, allow fear to keep them from raising their rifles against their oppressors.

Fear is the trait of a slave. He makes a virtue of it, calls it “peacefulness.” Courage is the virtue of the free man. This the slave derides, calls it “warmongering.”

To the slave, a free man is insane. How is he going to get food and shelter without the Master giving it to him? How is he going to protect himself against wild beasts and the elements without the shack the Master gives him? And even assuming he could do all that, how is he first going to escape the plantation without getting dragged back and whipped?

Does this not sound familiar, Brothers & Sisters? How are we going to feed ourselves and shelter our children without the welfare system and public housing? How are we going to protect ourselves from terrorists and school shooters without the Federal Government? How are we going to escape this System without being imprisoned or assassinated?

This is why the majority of the American people are terrified at the thought of revolution: They are slaves to the System. We all are, to be perfectly honest. But there are many of us who want freedom, and though the number of us ready to fight for it may be small, there are many more waiting on pins and needles for someone to take the lead; for someone to tell them “revolution *is* possible”; for someone to say to the abyss that is the Federal Government, “This far you may come and no farther; here is where your proud waves halt.”

All fires begin with a spark. One shot at Lexington began the American Revolution. One act of defiance at Fort Sumter began the War Between the States. We cannot know when that catalyst comes for us, which is why I tell you to prepare for War.

But listen when I say that more important than any arsenal is that you prepare yourselves in spirit. Remember Death. Remember that this life is fleeting. For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt

thou return. Think not on the drama at the bars, the new season of sitcoms, the sports statistics. Think about the legacy you leave your children. Think about whether you will leave them a better world than we have now. Think about the meaning of your lives, the integrity of your families, the destiny of your nation. One day you will die, and history will know whether you tolerated slavery or fought for freedom.

To those who are prepared in spirit to fight, I ask you to join our campaign. To those not yet prepared, I ask that you go home tonight and remember Death. For you *will* die; the only variables are when and how; the only *question* is whether your life was worth living.

Hail Death.

Hail the Sun.

Hail the Revolution.