



## Selann

There was much that was unusual about Selann, at least in the times in which she currently lived. Unusual in her name; in her dwelling; in her appearance; and of course unusual in the truth that she was a witch of a quite rare and pagan kind who had their genesis in her ancient homeland of England: a sorceress who needed no spells, no incantations, no potions, no spoken words at all, for her simple presence - her being-near - or her mimetic full-moon imaginings sufficed to calm, beguile, beshrew, or prepare someone for her archetypal arrival at their then place of meeting or dwelling.

Tall, lithe, with plaited blonde hair and clothes that were not unfashionable in England and Germany in the 1930s she resembled nothing more than a member of the Bund Deutscher Mädel, while her own dwelling - an isolated old, small, cottage, hedged in by trees, in the hills of South Shropshire - was reachable only via a rusty iron gate from a narrow rural road and which gate gave access to a mile-long rutted track unsuitable for motor vehicles, with her cottage guarded by three Alsations. Aged only thirty three she had - before settling in rural Shropshire - spent the last decade of her life travelling widely to places as diverse as Iran, Syria, Egypt, Morocco, Germany, Sweden, Finland, Russia, France, America, and Nepal; in the process building a network of friends, admirers, and lovers both male and female. None of whom had visited or could visit her cottage for she was discreet about herself only ever providing a private post office box, or an e-mail, as a contact address. Which contact details she, of course, changed on a regular basis.

As for now - a sunny cloud-free warm Spring day - her latest lover would be expectantly waiting in the dwelling near where he worked: a garage, beside a large detached house, converted as that garage had been into a holiday-let years ago in better tourist times and which garage had been his small if now scrupulously kept clean Church Stretton home in the three years since, aged seventeen, he had left the nearby school.

Perhaps unnecessarily he spent most of the hours of his waiting that May Sunday morn cleaning that dwelling again, several times venturing out to the road nervously wondering if she might be early or worrying that she might not visit at all. Worrying, for the dwelling was not even his own, settled as it was on the east-side of tree-lined Sandford Avenue, beyond the old Roman road, leading upwards as that avenue did - between Helmeth and Hazler hills - to the medieval town of Much Wenlock some twelve rural miles away.

Not visit; not visit him again; for all he had was his lowly-paid work in a local shop. And his books, of course. Perhaps it was his interest, manifest in those books, that interested her when first they met as she, a customer in that shop, asked about his Odal-rune badge. But there she was, waiting outside at the end of his working day to then walk beside him while he at her prompting ebulliently talked of his one consuming interest: of how the story of the holocaust was a lie. He had offered coffee, tea, on their arrival at his dwelling but she simply took his hand and led him to his bed.

The sound of a motorcycle impinged upon his reverie. And there she was; leather-clad, removing her helmet, and settling her German bike upon its stand.

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Selann had provided a list of world-wide contacts and Alex eagerly - at weekends and after work - set about his task, using the money she had gifted to buy a state-of-the-art notebook computer and pay for a weblog to host his holocaust revisionist writings and those of others; and - in his enthusiasm for the task - it did not seem to matter that she, in the following months, only visited him three times and then only to spend a few hours with him in his bed before she, sexually satiated, dressed herself to leave to go to wherever it was that she lived or to call upon whomsoever she then desired to be with.

Pride of place on his weblog was given to Myatt's iconoclastic text *The Theory Of The Holocaust*, for the essence of genuine National-Socialism was, Alex enthused, expressed in a private letter by Myatt, a copy of which Selann had somehow obtained and shown him:

"There is something quintessentially British - or rather European, in the racial sense of that term - in such traditions as the Badminton Horse Trials, which I recently attended. There were thankfully no non-Europeans there; just sportsmanship and something ineluctably European and so very cultured. If one understands - feels - these truths then one has presenced the essence of what NS Germany was, beyond the propaganda, the lies, of the Magian and beyond what the myth of the holocaust demands we believe. Some British people know if only instinctively this truth about events such as this although such truths are seldom publicly admitted, for obvious reasons, given the power that the Jews - and those who are under the influence of the Magian ethos - now have over our Media [...]

In general, individuals such as myself have been much mis-understood, as is only to be expected given that so few of our human species, it seems, have reached the stage of individuation let alone gone beyond that to wisdom.

Thus my motivation as a National-Socialist - as that of individuals

such as Adolf Hitler, Leon Degrelle, Rudolf Hess, Otto Ernst Remer, Colin Jordan, John Tyndall, and so many others - was idealistic, noble, motivated by the best of intentions; although that is not how we are portrayed by those who for whatever reason do not and perhaps never will understand the essence of National-Socialism.

The essence is, for example, in the beautiful Alison Balsom playing - with organist David Goode, of Eton College - the Concerto in D major by JS Bach in the Sophienkirche in Berlin. There is so much numinosity in such a performance, in such a place, in such music, in the individuals presencing there that beautiful music. Something so ineluctably Western, cultured, and civilized.

Thus we felt we needed to, we desired to, preserve such beauty, such numinosity. To give our unique culture - such beautiful people, such music, such places - a chance to survive and flourish amid the barbarism we found, experienced, in our lives and which barbarism we knew existed all around us, internally in our own lands and externally among other less cultured peoples [...]

And thus did Alex - re-inspired, certain that the letter was genuine - continue to publicly rail against the Magian status quo with its multiracial, anti-White, pro-mundane, agenda and its anti-NS, anti-Hitler, propaganda:

There is such hypocrisy in the agenda of almost all Western governments to foster 'racial equality' through laws, schemes, indoctrination (in schools) and through propaganda. Hypocrisy because such governments and the supporters of so-called 'racial equality' rail against and seek to 'root out' racism among Whites and the so-called 'institutional racism' they claim is still endemic in the police and the justice system and elsewhere, while positively encouraging or turning a blind eye to Black and Asian (and in America Hispanic) groups and organizations which laud Black/Asian/Hispanic pride, culture and heritage, and while seeking to outlaw what they say is the 'hate' and the 'extremism' of White groups which promote our White culture, White pride, and our White heritage.

In other words, Whites have been and are being demonized and made to feel guilty about their culture and heritage and about wanting to live among their own kind. Hence why every new film or every new or continuing television series in a land such as England invariably has some Black/Asian person or persons in it (usually portraying some professional person or someone who is good) and why when Whites such as TV producer Brian True-May said that the programme he produced did not and should not have any non-white characters because the series was a "bastion of Englishness" he was suspended (and later replaced). Similarly, Clarissa Dickson Wright was widely condemned in the media when she, on visiting a certain English city, had the temerity to describe parts of it as a ghetto and that she felt a pariah, an outcast, in her own country. She was further widely condemned when she later said that she "never believed that political correctness was a reason not to say what I have experienced".

Similarly, the crimes, the brutality, of some Blacks and some non-Whites is ignored in racial terms while any infraction by a White - such as a White police officer shooting a non-White suspect - is jumped on and trumpeted as 'another example of racism in society/the police' or by whomever. Thus campaigns like 'Black Lives Matter' are lauded in the media and by mainstream politicians while a campaign with the slogan 'White Lives Matter' is either ignored or reviled as

yet another example of the 'extremism' of 'racist hate groups'.

Similarly, the European colonization of other lands - such as Africa and America - is reinterpreted to make the White man not a bringer of culture and civilization (and thus the bringer of law and order and the end of corruption) but instead a racist aggressor, with the aggression, and often barbarism, of non-Whites in such lands either ignored or explained as a natural reaction by victims to such racism and such aggression. Thus the routine brutality of some native Indians toward White settlers is ignored while examples of White brutality against native Indians are endlessly trumpeted as examples of White racism. Similarly, the slavery of Blacks by Whites is a cause célèbre, another example of the racism inherent in Whites, while the longer lasting slavery of various Whites peoples by the Romans is just a footnote in history.

There is also hypocrisy in the continued anti-Hitler propaganda and the 'evil' of National Socialism evident - it is claimed - in the holocaust. Every year there is some new film or some new book or some new documentary denouncing Hitler, and National Socialism, just as every year there is some new film or some new book or some new documentary about the holocaust, with it being mandatory for schoolchildren to be taught that the holocaust is fact and that Hitler and the Nazis were 'evil'. Hypocrisy because Stalin and his communists killed - by forced starvation, mass shootings, purges, forced labour in gulags such as Kolyma - at least ten million people (and probably millions more) from the 1930s to the 1950s, and yet - despite Stalin and his henchmen killing far more people than Hitler is alleged to have killed - we have not been flooded, year after year, for over fifty years, with books, films, and documentaries, about the evil of the gulags or about the evil of Stalin or about the evil of State communism. Neither is it mandatory for schoolchildren to be taught about the gulags or about the Great Terror. In addition, there are no legions of books, films, or documentaries about the mass killings of German soldiers and the mass rapes of German women by Soviet troops, nor about how hundreds of thousands of Germans died of starvation due to Allied bombing and sanctions, nor about the deaths of the hundreds of thousands of German civilians who died because of the Allied bombing of German cities. Instead we in England are treated almost yearly to stories about the Blitz: about how the evil nazis over the course of a year killed some 40,000 civilians, even though the number of Germans killed in just one city (Dresden) over just two days as a result of Allied bombs amounted to some 25,000 to 30,000 while at least 40,000 German civilians were killed in the Allied bombing of Hamburg in July 1943.

Hypocrisy also because while many Germans have been tried - and some executed - for alleged war crimes in the second world war, no Allied or Soviet soldier or commander has ever been tried despite the fact that the Allied and the Soviets killed far more German civilians (and surrendering soldiers) than the German military are alleged to have done.

In the final analysis, such hypocrisy, such double standards, about that war and about the White race have not been challenged (except by a few - media reviled - revisionists) because of the story of the holocaust of the Jews during world war two. For the rather unlogical argument goes that since that alleged holocaust was "the worst crime in human history" (which in comparison to Stalin's terror, it was not) everything else pales in comparison, for the ideology that led to this 'heinous crime' must never again be allowed to take hold: that ideology must be outlawed, denigrated, its followers persecuted to the ends of the Earth, just as books, films, and documentaries denouncing it must be churned out year after year forever.

But what if the holocaust of the Jews was a story, a myth, the product of war, and post-war, propaganda? Then the whole foundation of such double standards

crumbles; the whole justification for forcing Whites to live in multi-racial societies - and for brainwashing them to hate Hitler and the nazis and their own ancestral racial culture - is gone. Read Myatt's article *The Theory of the Holocaust* and decide for yourself. As Myatt writes: "The onus of proof for the theory of the holocaust is upon those who have made [a] specific scientific claim, and their proof can only be by scientific means. Those who doubt or who are skeptical about this theory of the holocaust (for whatever reason and from whatever motive), do not have to prove anything, for as it says in Al-Majallah al-Ahkam al-'Adaliyyah: the burden of proof is on him who alleges."

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As for Selann, she in her anonymity was not surprised, months later, when Alex was arrested for "inciting racial hatred", nor when he was found guilty and imprisoned, even though through trusted contacts she had discreetly arranged a solicitor, then a barrister, for him. But she was somewhat surprised - and pleased - when she learned of his loyalty for he never once mentioned her to the police, or to anyone. And for this she would reward him on his release: a female companion to share his life, some well paid work. For she knew that every rebellion - every successful act of Aeonic Sorcery against the Magian - had, and subsequently hallowed, its martyrs. Time now therefore, as Alex began a new life in jail, for her to find and cultivate another potential nexion: Falciferian, Vindexian, just two aspects - two outer appearances - of one particular pagan sorcery.

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