

# In Praise of Woman

Nothing is a more dangerous plaything than a woman. And whilst men assume via physical strength mostly they have a monopoly upon cruelty; it is in essence the woman who holds this title. Many incorrectly assume that I am some sort of misogynist, sexist or incel. Nothing could be further from the truth. And my success or lack of success with women romantically and sexually is my private personal business between me and God. I have no comment to make on my personal affairs in that regard.

In fact I argue that woman is more evolutionary than man. A woman gave birth to civilization and it is women who give birth to conquerors. It is not the man who shapes civilization often by force via *kampf und krieg* it is the woman. And nothing can ever exist which is as beautiful as the female form. Only in Nature is there an imitation of the beauty of woman. There is something awe-inspiring and numinous about a beautiful woman. Something which would cause you to step on your own mother to bed such a matron and crown her queen of your entire existence. And when other males cause harm to such a woman it is your natural instinct to destroy them even at the cost of your own life.

Unfairly men have shackled the woman for centuries so she could restrain her inane sexuality. For there is nothing conducive to prudence except in cases where a woman desires to be the servant of males. An untamed, wild, and fierce female would choose whomever she pleased to pleasure her. And naturally she would choose the apex males who are shown to emulate or capture her beauty. And yet it is female psychology to be both Madonna and whore. Often hiding this behind the civilized veneer of a smile.

The natural state of a woman is rule as a queen from a throne of skulls. To be a reflection of the black sun and the Sinister moon. Woman is the bringer of eternal life. To be crone and whore. To be hag and beauteous maiden. We men are your faithful children. We wash your lotus feet with blood our obscene queens. And you bless us with your presence. For it is only women who are the initiators and open the gates within and without in a man. Be as nun and prostitute. Come as the icy winds of death themselves underneath the fingernail crescent moon.

Algar Black of Falcifer-Luciferi 13/Temple of the Black Jihad