

# The Third American Crisis

by [Paul H. Yarbrough](#) (August 2024)



Golconda (René Magritte, 1953)

**“Now is the time that try men’s souls.”**

That was “once upon a time.” That was once.

NOW is the time to find men who have souls.

But what if there are no men? There are certainly but a few available. The few who have survived or not run from the fray have no safe home in society, apparently. They hide out with

the rats of media and their associated government fleas, always in danger of modernity's black death of *cancellation*.

Do not look for men in government nor "mainstream" media (you may find women—though few ladies—who try to demonstrate, who pretend strength in body, mind or spirit, and splattered with tattoos to flash a poetic femme fatale of vulgarity).

The men? The rainbow, not of promising no more overruling waters but of arbitrary letters of the alphabet indicating skulking fugitives from creation forming into false manifolds of life.

Or better the comparison perhaps would be of two scows of modern mental garbage oozing in the overflow of flotsam and jetsam adrift, piloted by pirates of Washington on the Potomac and leaking and poisoning life's waters by media. The men(?) watch as the pirates spill and poison.

And government's lowest common denominator of men(?) ploys and perverts in the name of some wicked faux national founding in the name of a government ruling God.

Men with souls? H.L. Menchen saw real "truth marching on," post the *great address* piled on the real men with souls.

And do not look into the military either; the product rules force upon them waste, and turn away men with souls. Men who raised flags on volcanic tops and shouldered arms across strange continents and those who remembered places like the Alamo and those in Gray-wear who found a separate independence away from a monstrous powerful *first-blue* empire are gone and too few have the character replacement parts to say "I will ask, where is my home?"

Honorable men of "Dixie" gallantly in defeat *against the in-house beast of the state* now shake their heads monumentally in disbelief.

Men with souls are few now because only the *few* disdain degeneracy and are willing to cull its blight.

Soulless men lurk in the sewers of Washington, the irony of the namesake attached to thousands of so-called lawyers (guileless law degree bureaucrats) who fumble and stumble with "jury of one's peers" nonsense bloviating before the garbage scow of media; whose namesake could not tell a lie. Those forwarded into today's modernity cannot, will not, tell the truth.

Soulless men write the writs wresting laws from law and imprisoning minds they cannot have and quartering souls they do not want. The judges now are the pitiful residue under the modern foot and sword of Saul.

A nation of laws or a nation of men? Doesn't matter. Neither exist with souls.

The government-empires not once but twice seceded from, '76 and '61, then, and the government we "have" now is no more than a block of filchers posing as human gods. They have never held any truths to be self-evident. They know and have never known any truth. Arguing with their mindsets is to argue with Satan.

Once a focal seat of government striving for more perfection in its limited establishment among *sovereigns*, though within a century having irreparable damage sweep through stealthy, as faux popularly believed unitarian governance dauntlessly destroyed the sovereign's law and history, while damning the future of colored manhood and citizenry, cowardly geldings of government drew the blood of courageous men and all men began to die: body and *soul*.

And that horrible disease of political-party spread like venereal in a brothel. The defeated sovereigns rolled over and took up the banner of disease—the only weapon available, still choking on their own blood.

They had played "Dixie" in Washington but the disease like its mother, the brothel, was a paintbrush covering truth with artificial hallelujahs.

Subsequent fools mostly yellow journalism historical fakers, reportage ragamuffins fed the disease of party unanimity

Today the rot has won the day in a land (the island) of thousands of law degrees but only a handful of lawyers. A land of thousands who swear allegiance as constitutionalists but only a handful who have read its words or understand its simplicity. Where bureaucrats of party-disease print their own money for themselves and spend it.

An island that serves and pledges allegiance to the flag of The Jolly Roger and JR's bastard-child, the Rainbow Flag. In destroying Bonnie's Blue, they destroyed Key's Star Spangled. Moreover, corrupted it to *National*.

But this island place of home for the once proud *union* (the seeds of corruption planted long ago by the demon *nation-farmers*) *now occupied* by contemporary unmanly miscreants has "earned" the derisive barbs and directed utterances of swamp, cesspool, corruption and promotes the storyline of where men go when they lose their souls—hell. The name of that grand Virginian has been mottled with today's public "*men*" who salute flags with skulls and pretty colors painted by those men and women with crossbones on their chests and breast.

Do you not understand? When men become soulless, they lose not only their sovereignty, but their God.

When will you listen to those voices who died in the name of law and the very sovereignty that supports it. The men whose monuments you spit on and remove in the name of that disease of the political persuasion.

Do you not understand? Do you not see that if they can convict a man who was a president of your "nation" with a monster

trial-show directed by a corrupt ersatz judge and mobsters posing as jurors which was in fact no more than a villainous gang. Many of these jurors being heirs of those who were lied to and told they had been “freed” from real men—real men who were shedding their blood for sovereignty and liberty. Oh, but had they read or listened to their brothers Booker T. Washington and Walter Williams instead of Allan Bragg or Al Sharpton they would see the mob leader without truth marching on.

Do you not see that there never was, never has been and never will be a nation without *sovereign* union members to orchestrate it.

And only men with souls can direct.

*Deo Vindice.*

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