

The Death of Civilization

By Anna Von Reitz



Many people hearing the words, "death of civilization" react with fear and horror, just as they associate "change of government" with bloodbaths and guillotines and gulags.

Instead, we should be happy with the death of civilization, because it means the end of thousands of years of venal manipulation and interference in the destiny of this planet and of mankind in violation of Universal Law.

We don't have to struggle or fight or shed any more blood; we can simply stand back and let Nature take its course to reclaim the unnatural and unfriendly cities that have been the hallmark of civilization ever since Cain killed Abel.

As we watch, Detroit is returning to Nature, large swaths of once formidable asphalt parking lots the size of ten football fields are sprouting young saplings and dandelions. Willow trees and alder bushes and renegade lilacs are populating new unplanned greenbelts throughout the city, weaving threads of wildflower ribbons among the ruined and dirty houses and abandoned gas stations.

No need for any Apocalypse. It has already very quietly come to Detroit and Cleveland, Gary and Indianapolis, New York and Memphis, even Chicago is crumbling away amid tortuous ruins of railroads and silent elevated train routes, road ways, and tenements. Yes, even that brawny, brawling, sleepless giant is falling asleep behind the boarded up remnants of factories, hospitals, schools, and churches.

Perhaps all the lockdowns were a vain attempt to keep us from literally seeing what is happening to our country and what poses as civilization worldwide.

Religion has failed us. It doesn't matter which one.

Most people are tired of race-baiting and victimhood, both; like mini-skirts and pet rocks, they've had their day, worn out their novelty, and no longer seriously motivate anyone.

The philosophies of men, with the possible exception of Stoicism, have proven false. Or, even if true, useless.

The Hegelian Dialectic is boringly monotonous, with the Robber Barons of yesteryear doing the same old things as Robber Barons [today](#), but tellingly, George Soros had to pay people to throw bricks when he sponsored the 2020 riots.

Think about that. The downtrodden, disenfranchised, disillusioned Municipal citizens of the United States were deprived of their hard-won Equal Civil Rights by a stroke of Donald Trump's pen, and George Soros had to pay them to go throw bricks. He even had to provide pallets of E-Z Throw bricks at the pre-planned riot sites.

That kind of bought and paid for "civil unrest" is actually the death of civilization, a poor, puny, and telling death-rattle that only hurts poor people in places like Minneapolis--- a city that used to sell insurance for all the cars and trucks that Detroit created.

Every day, in every way, the version of America that people imagine, is fading away.

It's not requiring anything violent or dramatic to accomplish this, just massive amounts of Government subsidies encouraging all our basic industries to move somewhere else where labor is cheaper anyway.

The so-called elections were always phony and always rigged, and never public, in anyone's living memory. We finally noticed the role of the unelected and unaccountable Electoral College, and said, collectively, "Oh, it's the Electoral College that elects each President. The rest is all just Smoke and Mirrors. Our votes don't really count."

The political parties remain, crooked and gluttonous as any dying succubus; diseased customers bring class action lawsuits against the restless prostitutes who

line street corners in Boston, shoulders hunched, collars pulled up, as the autumn wind begins to nip at their bare thighs.

One girl carries a sign saying, "Vote for Kamala, she couldn't be worse than Joe." Another girl carries a sign and stands right beside her, saying, "Oh, yes, she could." People laugh as they pass by.

I overhear them discussing the lawsuit: WTF, do they think we are unionized? Wish I could afford to go on strike.

Yes, civilization, such as it is and such as it ever was, is dying. Perhaps we are just too bored, worn out, and disillusioned to keep it alive. The floodgates are open and crammed with Americans waking up like bears coming out of hibernation.

The Brits look even more nonplussed.

All these so-called civilized and developed nations have been losing population ever since the Second World War. Their populations have steadily declined and they've been forced to open up immigration to keep enough people working as bellhops and tour guides.

Norway isn't Norsk anymore, and at their current birth rate, the Japanese will simply cease to exist--- not that they will go quietly into the night.

The genocide that stalks us, and civilization, too, is a cowardly sort of monster, built of lies and breaches of trust, fraud, personage, and barratry, mindless greed and contempt, fueled by equally mindless consumerism ---- and all promoted by men who have lost both their conscience and their minds.

It wasn't the rubes driving their turnip trucks that caused this; no, it was the college boys in their nice tennis togs and Armani suits. It was the beady-eyed Old White Men sitting in their club chairs, nursing their gin, brushing their tweeds, taking up boardroom space in every major city from London to Beijing and back again. And don't forget the high class whores, gossiping about each other at The Club.

Maybe it's a good thing that civilization, meaning that Roman condensation of unconscionable social contracts designed to foster elitism, indentured servitude, and willing enslavement, is nearing its end. Whatever its benefits to the few, can't be justified in terms of the harm it has done to the many.

Everyone who trots to the opera pays for it with a thousand good men, leaving even our more innocent pursuits tainted with the smell of blood and iron, an intangible reek of imprisonment and toil. And as for the gold that we steal from the ground and then call our own, it's a pretty bauble and little else, just one more delusion we can chase, if we want to.

No, both civilization and Bertrand Russell are dead. Safely dead. Freed of the endless dialectic, no longer morbidly fascinated with the warring desires for freedom and safety. No longer evading our desire to be left alone in peace.

"Only within the scaffolding of these truths, only on the firm foundation of unyielding despair, can the soul's habitation henceforth be safely built."

Despair must be "unyielding", our signature product, the honest recognition of our mortality and losses. We must accept that and forget that once, we were immortal and free.

Or should we remember that with all our hearts?

Let civilization go, willingly, with both hands. Listen to the wind in the trees, the calling birds. A full Hunter's Moon rides through the sky [tonight](#), sending slanting shadows among the birch trees that more than ever, at the time their branches are bare, remind us that they, too, are alive and not despairing.

Civilization can die, together with all its lies and excuses. Other dreams can be built, other values expressed. We have the freedom to determine how we will be together and how we will be apart.

We can each determine the meaning of our own lives and our own self-governance. We can know what we want, in our heart of hearts.

Now, more than ever, facing the reality of a dying world, a world made by men who were stubborn and selfish and blind, we can afford to let go and be ourselves, no longer needing nor clinging to any false authority.

No longer threatened by anyone else's opinion.

[Tonight](#), I have been called a "Necromancer" for bringing forward a "dead government" and making it live, but in truth, the government of this country has never died and cannot die, for it lives in each one of us.

I used no magic spell to invoke the hoary ghost of America; no, the ghost of self-governance has a mind of its own. It says in a grave and even tone, "I was before Rome and will be again. Civilizations come and go. Governments rise and fall, but ever and always I was here, before them all."

Next, I was called an Alchemist, because I was brave and accepted the responsibility of transformation, took the world in my hand like a piece of clay, and began to work it into a different shape. New institutions. New values. New measures.

This is not the work of an Alchemist. This is the work of a Creator.

We are the Creator race, and others blame us, for the imperfections that make their lives miserable --- never realizing that this is a work in progress and that they are works in progress, too. What we see here that is manifest, is not perfection, but it holds the seeds of perfection within it and within each one of us.

In the space between what is real and what is imagined, we can find the pathway forward and find that vision of ourselves that was made perfect eons ago, always working, always guiding, always striving to make of each one of us that vision that our Creator held in completeness before this world was born and before these stars were set in the heavens and before any of this was made manifest.

From the first to the last, our names are known. Our lives are the markers on the path; we must give ourselves up to achieve perfection. We must accept the imperfect. We must live with every breath.

Those who know what it is to love with no sense of self, holding nothing back, come to me now. Those who have surrendered their ego and their pride, their plans, their expectations, come to me now.

This is the place, and the time, and we are met in this great enterprise.

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