



Ekiris Ikiris

Mafi-a: The Black Hand Path, Drafting

The FreakShow

Listen to me. We need to now reflect on another dimension of this Polite White Reality or 'Freakshow' in the literal sense. For what really is a Freakshow? Not a Carnival, which according to Guenon's *Symbolism* is just an avenue to release your lowest, darkest investments or something in a controlled space, for a while and under the supervision of authority. And today? Well it is not 'okay' because everything has become a Carnival, all the time... Okay. But a Freakshow?

It is just a show, of Freaks... And what does it mean? Well a show, like a polite TV show where the person acts a role but is in reality something and someone else, the actor I mean, like the one CameronEliza.com tried to be when the Hollywood director tried to have sex with her, for the role, and she resisted, the good woman then, and now? Who knows? Not she. I: Evil as anything, see linke above, *ibid*, say. But I do digress slightly. For this is also a Freakshow in *my* sense now, freaks;

for they are one thing, perverts and abusers, and Rapists, of women but also of good gents, like me, and me alone I sometimes think, meeting people in this White Polite Reality of Freakshows. They are freaks and they pretend to be something else, what?

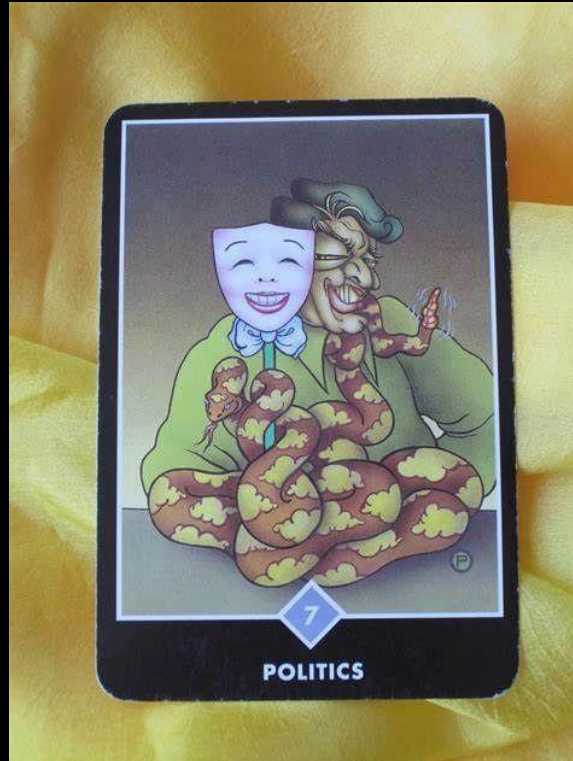
Well, something plastic, CameronEliza.com...In what sense? Well, how else do you describe those fake scenes, where everything is just as if programmed, the dinners, not cafes in Oakleigh, in, say, the Crown Complex, where Ari and my soulmate, if she wants to be and if I want her to be that, which I do in some sense and I don't in another, for she did steal roulette chips from me after all, Biya work, unfortunately, and where the White Freaks are really as if strung on mechanisms that move them, like puppets, except that these puppets are also them, and they put on a show, the Polite White People, this Freak Show, and, and here is the punchline, Ante, they *must* put on the Freakshow. Why?

Because when we say that *they*, now in Heidegger's sense, or close enough, conties, are Polite White Society, we really mean it: they can be nothing else. So this appearance is necessary for them; for they are just appearance in some sense, but not an illusion, for that is something else. Suppose a real mafi-a boss, let's call her 'Ari', pretends to be White Polite at work, which she cannot but it is

just an example, for she really is just rude and angry or something. But *if* she could then she would be annoyed at herself and say, like me, “ahhh that world is so exhausting, that *freakshow*”. As it is with her sometimes, in another sense: [erotic-a.com](#).. But if, say, [Henry Dobson](#), the Racist, for sure, goes to the [Casino](#) and plays the puppet, the Freak, he does not come home and say this. He just says: “I was Dobsoni-aaaaa all night longggg!hahahahaha!...” or something like that, he says. So this appearing-to-be something Good, we could say, and polite and well mannered, is also the *reality* of the *White Polite* Freaks. And now we will get a little technical because *I* want to, and that matters too, I think. But why? Because I am I and you are you and after all is written that difference remains, freaks of a different nature, ladies. Not Sophi-as..

Okay. So in an abandoned manuscript on [erotic-a](#), which wasn't a decoy exactly and that is worth exploring here, but just my notes and anger in a way, and you were able to download it before when ekiris ikris was allowed on facebook, and I no longer am for I said “[that guy called my house in order to kidnap my sister, Jahan](#)...”, and they thought, Steph Lim's company, Run Ban Something Mam!, I wrote about the difference between *real* appearances and *mere* appearances. Let me illustrate. A reality must manifest itself in some way, and that

particular manifestation is *its real* appearance, what else would it be? But when we say that something appears to be a certain way, like Henry Dobsoni-a appears to be all for Refugee and Aboriginal rights but in reality he is a Racist, we use the word differently and usually the two do come apart like this, Race Equality and the Dobsons of the world. But in the case at hand, and we have forgotten the decoys, it seems, the real appearance is also a *mere* appearance: Polite White Freaks *must* exist as a *mere* show, and that is the point; it is their way of manifesting *naturally*, like a pearl manifests as *gorgeous* but not as a conglomeration of carbonate and other molecules, [Toby Handfield](#), and that colour and shine and brilliance is its *real* appearance and not a *mere* appearance. But in Polite White FreakShow this *show* that they really *are* in appearance is also a false reality, a *mere* appearance, with a twist, for they use it [like spiders use their web to trap pray](#), and that is profound but important actually... Pic? Here:



Okay, and for the central point, I know: if you destroy this real apparent appearance of Polite White Freaks, the mask that is *also* the face, as I am doing, they really only become Freaks of Racism and Money Grabbing and cannot exist with themselves, these Anglos, like CameronEliza.com. So they are not as powerful as they *appear* to be...These Freaks. For you would think, naturally, that they have tanks, and airplanes and the police, and Commissioners, like Platt, FairWorkCommissionAustralia.com, and that they can just run you over or throw you into prison for no reason, like they did to Lucky Luciano, and me, as we say on mafi-a.com. But they have to do it in the Polite, Showing way, for

otherwise they crumble to the ground, planes and all. So all you have to do, I know, is show them their show and they collapse.

So in summary we just say: the show is the target and we must continue destroying it, ladies. And your show is good, I like it, for there is a different sense of *showing* off: erotic-a.com