Just a few — as Christ says divinely — are the elected, while the remaining are suffocated under the stagnant, shameful weight of their own obese, blasting mediocrity. These latter are those who were born from the most failed marriage of all ages, namely: The marriage of Jerusalem with Athens. Paradoxically, to be an orphan from this disgraceful couple is the real blessing of Christianity. No paediatricians on Earth shall sign birth certificates for those monstrosities, born from that atrocious, infelicitous marriage between the Church and the Academy. Bring them all to ground and ruin them by hammering their municipal-dialectical gods in the name of the Gothic One. No faith can spring from hordes. Theo-Socio-Hooligans all of them are!

As usual, scholars went and still go clueless, craving about the possible authorship of the icon printed above. This uncertainty went to very point as to classifying it as apocrypha. I fancy myself that behind all this farcical searching for “historical origin” are Hermeneusus Zeitgeist’s historical lunacy and his schooling acolytes. The blessed source of the Will of Wonder, far from them is treasured.

Humbly,

your mean, base, useless servant

il signore Pecorelli, tuttologo e pittore molto rumoroso.
Scholars’ naiveties are perilously endless. Professor Howard Kainz is not an exception to this rule. In his many panegyrics on il signore Giorgio Hegele, our emeriti academician at Milwaukee finds propitious addressing himself as a Teutonic preacher, trying to justify what is unjustifiable. Pseudo-vicar Hegele was by no means a Christian:

Christianty has emptied Valhalla, felled the sacred groves, extirpated the national image as a shameful superstition, as a devilish poison, and given us instead the imagery of a nation whose climate, laws, culture, and interest are strange to us and whose history has no connection whatsoever with our own.

Because of being naturally humble and of a kind nature, I am printing above a superb icon from The Protestant Divine Comedy, an essentially Christian iconography where Odin’s children have no room whatsoever. Hopefully, professor Kainz & Co. may stop quaffing the cup of sparkling ale and eating Sæhrimni’s vaunted flesh.

Humbly,

Your mean, base, even spiteful servant,

Il signore Pecorelli, tuttologo e pittore molto rumoroso.