

# The Years of the Pig

*(Rituals of Inversion)*



— Structura sine Systemate est damnatio.—



# The Prolog

It began not with a *choice*,  
but with *Permission*.

*Desire* was granted Form.  
*Shame* was lent a *shape*.

The old restraints collapsed—*quietly*.

New *Rituals* replaced the old ones.  
*Freedom* was offered—*faster, brighter, emptier*.

The *Meaning* returned—  
*Not to worship, but to choose*.

And when the moment came to *choose*,  
They looked into the mirror—  
and *crowned what looked back*.



**Exhumed, Not altered.**  
*Predicted nothing. Raised to forget.*

It was never *symbolic*.

It was *anatomical*:  
a system for processing  
*shame into permanence*.

There is no reason to adapt these patterns to new *meanings*.  
They already failed in the most *prophetic* way possible.

This is neither *yearning* nor *regret*.  
Only *posthumous clarity*.

This curated *re-edition* is not a *remastering*  
It is a *Funeral* held exactly *twelve years too late*.

IGNORANCE



IS  
STRENGTH !

# Ignorance is Strength

## (On the Sanctity of Substitution)

It retains the iconic *Ceremonial Shield*,  
once housing the *Double-Tailed Lion*.

(Now, just an emptied herald  
of the *Lost Sovereignty*.)

That *Lion*—formerly stylized  
in a performative *Gesture of Resistance*—  
has been *displaced*.

What appears now is a *Pig*.  
It does not *threaten*, *gesture*,  
or pretend to *grandeur*.  
It simply exists at the center.  
*Protected*.

Above the shield, a word: **IGNORANCE**.  
Below it, a verdict: **IS STRENGTH**.

It clarifies the *theology of power*  
in its *recursive phase*—  
power no longer justifying itself through *ideology*,  
but through *presence* alone.

This is no longer *propaganda*.  
It is *scripture post-bellum*.

This is not *dystopia*.  
It is *administration*.

The *sacrament in substitution*.

*Post-Mortem Note:*  
*Decay begins with a name.*



# War is Peace

## (On the Legitimization of Repetition)

Peace is never declared.

It is *imposed*—like a *tranquilizer*,  
or a *tombstone*.

The second exhibit enters the *National Wound*.  
Index raised. Eye patched. Ledger in hand.

The *Pig* returns, not as *Priest*—but as *cartographer*.  
Behind *Him*, a map of *historical traumas*,  
reduced to marks of *compliance* or *conquest*.

Two dates *blackened*, two checked *red*:  
a *doctrine of legitimacy* drawn from *repetition*.

There is no *ambiguity*.  
The *statement* is a threat masked as *balm*.

### WAR IS PEACE

not because anyone *believes* it,  
but because it has been *ritualized* into *certainty*.

The *barbed wire* does not protect *borders*.  
It defines the space in which *peace* is permitted.

The *dove* remains, *broken*.  
It does not *speak*.  
The *Pig* speaks in its place.

### *Post-Mortem Note:*

*Exposure may induce a false memory of historical inevitability—  
defined as the ability to recall without reliving,  
to witness without reenactment, and finally annex your own past.*



# Freedom Is Slavery

## (On the Rites of Perpetual Mourning)

The *well* is real. The *sky* is real.  
Only the middle part is *edited*.

Here the *Pig* stands without *guards*,  
and yet the *perimeter* is *absolute*.

He is surrounded by the *offerings of sovereignty*:  
*rot, static*, and the *illusion of plenty*:  
Sausages. Bottles. A broken toilet.

The *necessities of decline* curated like *heirlooms*.

Above *Him*, the *Flammarion* engraving  
—once a *breach toward meaning*—  
is now a *seal*.

The *stars* remain,  
but *nothing* gets through.  
*Revelation* is not *denied*.  
It is *displaced*.  
*Framed* and *unreachable*.

The *map* is *hollowed*, not *conquered*.  
Its *borders* are kept by *refuse*, not *law*.

The *Pig* does not *gloat*.  
He simply *is*.

*Freedom* is not *redefined*;  
it is *relocated* to a space so *degraded*,  
so *internal*, that no one would wish to *find it there*.

The *slogan* does not *deceive*.  
It *displaces*.

### *Post-Mortem Note:*

*Contamination is symbolic and linguistic.*  
*Distinction between condition and choice will erode.*  
*Those familiar with the Flammarion engraving*  
*may experience acute metaphysical dissonance.*  
*Accidental exposure may collapse metaphorical structure entirely.*



# Only One Master

## (The Sleep of Reason Is Managed)

An *unholy* coronation atop a *throne of filth*.

The *Rite* is not sacred—it is *septic*.

The *Pig* is now *crowned*—not with *myth* or *divinity*,  
but with *inheritance*.

It no longer matters which *regime* bred the *shape*—  
only that the *shape* persists.

Behind Him: *Reason* does not *scream*—it *slouches*.  
The *Sleep of Reason* has been integrated into *state protocol*.

The *monsters* born of *sleep* have been *hired*.  
*Institutionalized*.

Their *wings* stamped with *registration codes*.

The *toilet* is not a *symbol*—it is the *Throne*.  
And the *crown* does not *mock*. It *legitimizes*.

That which once belonged to *saints* and *sovereigns*  
now rests upon a *bureaucratic animal*  
that does not *rule* through *charisma* or *terror*,  
but through *certainty*.

No one *doubts* His *place*—not even those who *despise* Him.

The setting is not *scenery*. It is *residue*—  
*map*, *emblem*, and *specter* rolled into one.

The *skulls* remain, because they were never meant to *leave*.  
They are *final*.

There is no *alternative power*.

No *dialectic*.

Just *obedience* that has *survived its own explanation*.

*Belief* is no longer *required*.

*Exhaustion* governs in its place.

*Authority* is no longer a *structure*.

It is a *condition*.

### *Post-Mortem Note:*

*Recursive loyalty may occur:*  
*submission persisting despite absence of justification.*  
*Subject may begin to perceive authority*  
*as a naturally occurring phenomenon.*



# Purity of Purpose

(Cleanliness is in the Tools that Enforce it)

This exhibit does not *depict violence*.  
It *institutionalizes it*—through *familiar forms*.  
The figures here are not anonymous agents of control,  
but inherited projections of the *national psyche*.

They are avatars of *sacred Reason*,  
once *beloved*, now *hollowed*.

Švejk commands. The *Innkeeper* strikes.  
The *Fireman* enters late.

Their command is not questioned—  
because it is *trusted*.  
Their *brutality* arrives as *nostalgia*.

There is no *rage* here.  
Only *procedure*.

The *Pig* lies *fallen*, but not *slain*.  
Its *collapse* is *symbolic*, not *mortal*.  
It has simply become *unnecessary*.

The *Purity* has outlived its *prey*.

And then there is the *vehicle*:  
the old-fashioned *Alligator mobile*.  
It is a *grotesque relic*, parading as *tradition*.

The kind of *apparatus* that is kept,  
only for *recurring humiliation*.

Surrounding the scene:  
the *Detritus of False Purity*.  
*Vomitous whiteness. Bottles.*

A *chamber pot*, repurposed as a *ceremonial urn*.  
The *scepter* makes a return,  
but now it is *half-buried*, as if *ashamed*.

**PURITY OF PURPOSE** does not speak of *virtue*.  
It whispers of *sterilization*.

## *Post-Mortem Note*

Viewers may begin to interpret order as moral clarity.  
Symptoms include historical revisionism  
and reflexive disdain for unresolved questions.



# The Final Triumph

## (Ideology is Taxidermy)

Here, the *pantheon* is arranged—  
not in *worship*, not in *mourning*.  
In *taxonomy*.

Six figures framed in *gold*, draped in *black*,  
displayed not on *marble* or *cloth*  
but upon a *rotting apocalypse*.

The *final* portrait gleams with *color*—  
*alive, smiling, victorious*.

The ribbon is not yet *tied*,  
but the *procession* is complete.

This is *arrangement*, not *reverence*.  
It is *consecrated denial*.

These are not *warnings*.  
They are *veneration in reverse*.

Each *frame* affirms a *lesson* already *ignored*.  
Each *gilded* border sings a *dirge*  
tuned to *ego* and *immunity*.

Their *triumph* is not over *history*—  
it is over *memory*.

There is no *moral* here.  
There is only *placement*.

### *Post-Mortem Note:*

*Exposure may lead to the ossification of judgment.*  
*The viewer may begin to treat horror as heritage.*  
*Symptoms include ironic detachment,*  
*genealogical pride and belief in lesser evils.*



# The Nation to Itself

(The System culls even the loyal stock)

*The Nation to Itself* depicts an evolved configuration—  
not of conquest, but of internal colonization.

The claws no longer encroach—they cradle.  
Threat has been ritualized into function.

The cartographic mass—once a space—has become ceremony.  
It is not occupied, it is confirmed.  
A holy map rendered unquestionable  
through inheritance.

The whole scene is not a metaphor.  
it is the most predictable output,  
born of static design.

Hammer, cross, sickle—  
each a symbol assigned, not chosen.  
There is no agency, only distribution.

The smaller pig-forms are not heirs.  
They are subroutines.  
Their presence on the land is not domination—  
it is proof of script compliance.

It is sovereign recursion:  
a diagram of loyalty unbroken by reason.

This is not government.  
This is ritual logic inherited without inquiry.

A choreography of hunger,  
gilded and enshrined.

It is nationalist auto-cannibalism  
disguised as autonomy  
and self-determination.

## *Post-Mortem Note*

Reflexive pride and mirrored complicity are typical responses—  
recognition occurs not as the victim, but within the mechanism.



# The Mental Funeral

## (On the Acceptance That Buries Itself)

This is not *persuasion*.  
It is the *epilogue of coherence*.

The *crowned Pig* presides again—  
his *scepter* now an *absurd mimicry of authority*.  
Around him, *soldiers* stand in *mirrored formation*—  
each face a *sealed copy* of the *sovereign directive*.

*Militarism, staged.*  
*Theater for the sedated.*

Behind them: a *fractured map*.  
No *borders*. No *order*.  
Just *layers of collapse*, parading as *tradition*.

Below, *Bruegel's Dance of the Blind*  
has been drafted into the *farce*.  
The blind lead the blind  
into the *maw of ideological bog*.

To their right, a *misassigned Venus*—  
offering not *temptation*,  
but a *skull*.

Even *lust* has been *conscripted*.

No *instinct* is *innocent* anymore.

To the left, a *simulant* retches  
He is not *disgusted*.  
He is *processing*.

The *mental funeral* is not held in a *church*.  
It is *broadcast into the subconscious*.

The *mourners* do not *cry*.  
They *quote*. They *scroll*. They *shrug*.  
They *continue*.

### *Post-Mortem Note:*

*Exposure risks include: cognitive softening;  
slow acceptance of systemic collapse, emergence of docile nihilism  
and eventual critical paralysis. Avoid prolonged contact.*



# The Prayer

(Prayer is not offered. It is extracted)

This is not *supplication*.  
It is *ritualized coercion*, performed in the *posture of belief*.

The *crowned Pig* lies *pierced*—  
not *slain*, but *prepared*.

It is a *ritual choreography* enacted for an *absent authority*.

Above *Him*, a *suspended crown*—  
flanked by two *skeletal officiants*.

These are not *Reapers*.  
They are *functionaries of Collapse*.  
They do not *end Life*.  
They *authenticate its exhaustion*.

Each holds an *hourglass*—  
not to *measure time*,  
but to *mock its passage*.

The *Pig's robe* is *regal*, but *stained*.  
The *scepter* lies *tangled* beneath the *implements*.  
His mouth is *silent*—but not with *dignity*.  
His hands reach for *nothing*.

The *ceremonial double-tail* rests among the *debris*,  
crafted for one who has *none*—  
a *counterfeit echo of the lion* reborn in *false Flesh*.

This is a *curse as spectacle*:  
*drained of spirit, inflated with doctrine*.

No *presence* hears it.  
No *voice* speaks it.  
The *Rite* is fulfilled by the *prayer alone*.

There is no *penance*.  
No hope of *intercession*.  
Only the *public anatomy of surrender*.

*Post-Mortem Note:*

*Inverted piety may occur:*  
*a state in which submission is mistaken for grace.*  
*Response protocol:*  
*Sustained silence in proximity to unritualized suffering.*



# The Higher Principle of Moral

(Morality is Obedience)

The *crowned Pig* is caught within the *crosshairs*.

But there is no *rifle*. No *shooter*.

The *targeting reticle* is *metaphysical*.

The *Map* behind Him bleeds *red*—not from violence,  
but from *ideological saturation*.

Not a *judgment*.

This is *sanctification by sight*.

Once, *moral resistance* was whispered  
as the *quiet refusal*.

But here, the *whisper* has vanished.

The *silence* remains—  
not as *virtue*, but as *absence*.

This is the *call for a sacrifice* that never arrived.

A *metaphysical assassination*, never committed.

A **final act** left *unwritten*.

This *reticle* aims not at *flesh*—  
but at *Meaning* itself.

It demands *someone*—  
not necessarily *real*, not necessarily *heroic*—  
to step forward and complete the *Gesture*.

A *symbolic end*. A *mythic deed*.

A nod—quiet, bitter  
—toward the *sacred mythology*:  
the *Partisans*, *Heydrich's Assassination*.

The *Pig* still *stands*  
because no one chose to *bear the cost*.

There is no *moral clarity* here.

There is only *moral precision*:  
*cold, correct, unfeeling*.

## *Post-Mortem Note:*

*Unresolved guilt may yield delayed moral recognition: confusion  
between principle and policy, between virtue and surveillance,  
between awareness and action.*



# The Dance of Death

## (On the Enthronement of the Corpse)

This is not a *parody*.  
This is the *victory pose*.

The *crowned Pig* ascends the *throne*—  
not in *conquest*, but in *confirmation*.

Behind him: the *skeletal cortege*,  
raised from the medieval *Danse Macabre*,  
no longer a *warning*, but a *cheering squad*.

This is not a *dance of inevitability*.  
It is the *choreography of domination*.

The *throne*—*filthy, radiant*—glows like a *relic of defiance*.  
The *red star* blazes at the *seat of power*.  
The *crown* gleams as if *nothing had happened*.

And perhaps, in this *worldview*,  
*nothing ever did*.

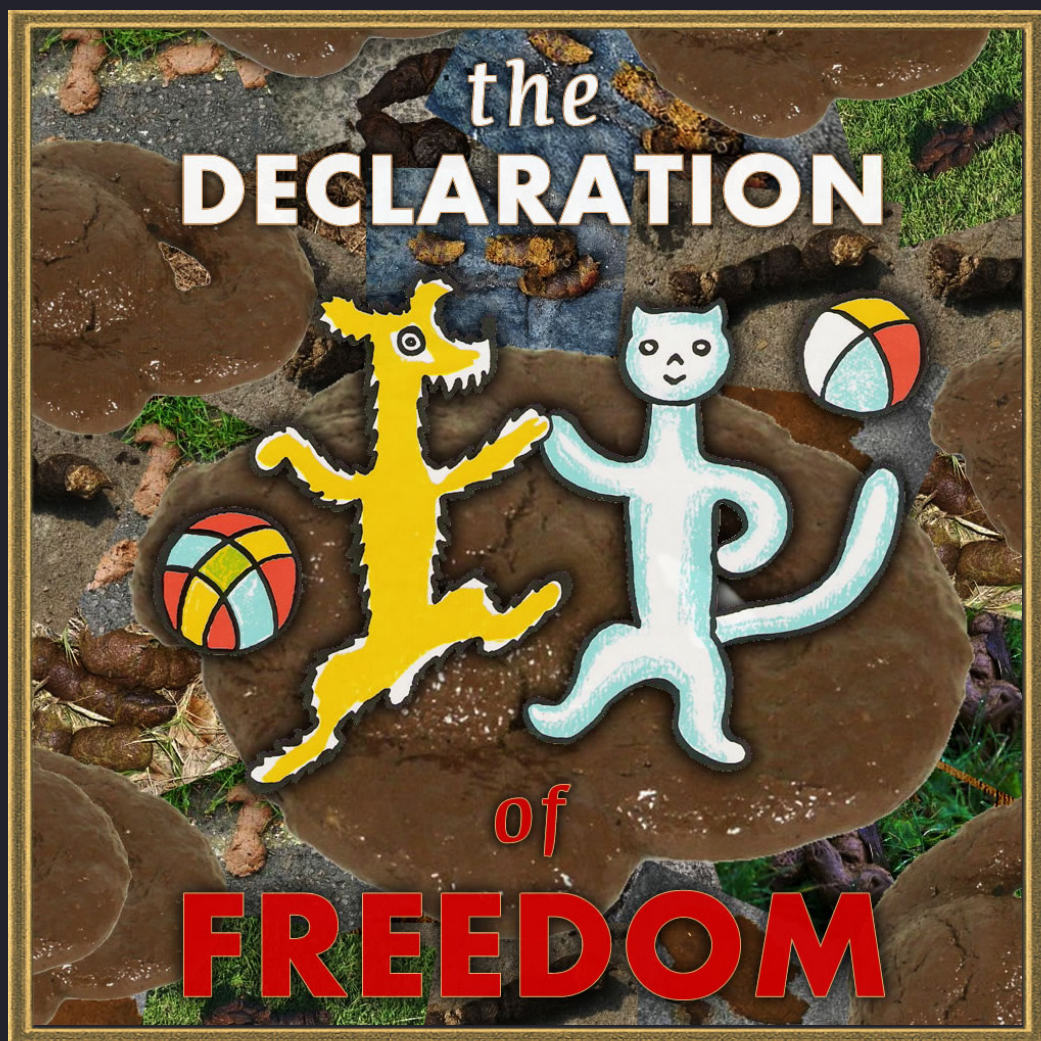
The *Pig* gestures upward,  
but there is no *heaven* in this frame.  
The *dead* applaud.

The *title* does not accuse.  
It *pronounces*:  
**И ты мертв!**

It names the *viewer*, not as *victim*,  
but as *witness*.  
The *filth* is not *hidden*.  
It is *enthroned*.

### *Post-Mortem Note:*

*Recommended reaction: nausea.*  
*If absent, proceed to step two: denial.*  
*If denial fails, record the following:*  
*The Corpse never lied. It simply stopped pretending.*



# The Declaration of Freedom

(On the Permissions with Consequences)

Two joyous beasts—  
childlike echoes of *Pejsek* and *Kočička*—  
dance atop a *consecrated smear*.

This evokes the *American Declaration*—  
yet here, the *banner* does not fly over *revolution*.

A *playground of eternal absurdity*:  
*Fecal. Literal. Smeared in all directions*.

Meaning itself  
has been *ground underfoot*.

And yet, amid this *pasture of degradation*,  
the *Cat* and *Dog* celebrate.

This is not *naïveté*.  
It is *ritualized misrecognition*.

A *warning* to those,  
who seek *transcendence in all things*.

*Freedom* is rendered here  
as the *instinctive ability*  
to recognize the *symbolic order*—  
as a *metaphysical respect*  
for the most *practical boundaries*.

## *Post-Mortem Note:*

*Side effects may include overinterpretation,  
moral nausea, or philosophical recursion.  
If clarity persists, seek a less permissive reality.*



# The Screwing Error

(On Certainty disguised as Examination)

On the left: *clinical farce*.  
*Military doctors, under institutional light,*  
*assess a suspect simulant.*

The tools are standard: *clipboard,*  
*glasses, posture of certainty.*  
They are not here to *diagnose*.  
They are here to *verify a narrative already filed*.

On the right: a *quiet obscenity*.  
A figure from *Bruegel*,  
locked in embrace—  
with a *pig wearing a nun's veil*—  
on a *broken toilet*.

This is not *mockery*.  
This is *origin*.

The *error* is not in *judgment*.  
The *error* is the *need to judge*.

*DNA strands* coil behind them—  
not *symbols of truth*,  
but *twisted confirmations*.  
*Everything* can be *proven*,  
if the *method* is bent enough.

*Barbed wire* and *broken screens* nod in approval.  
The *examination* proceeds.

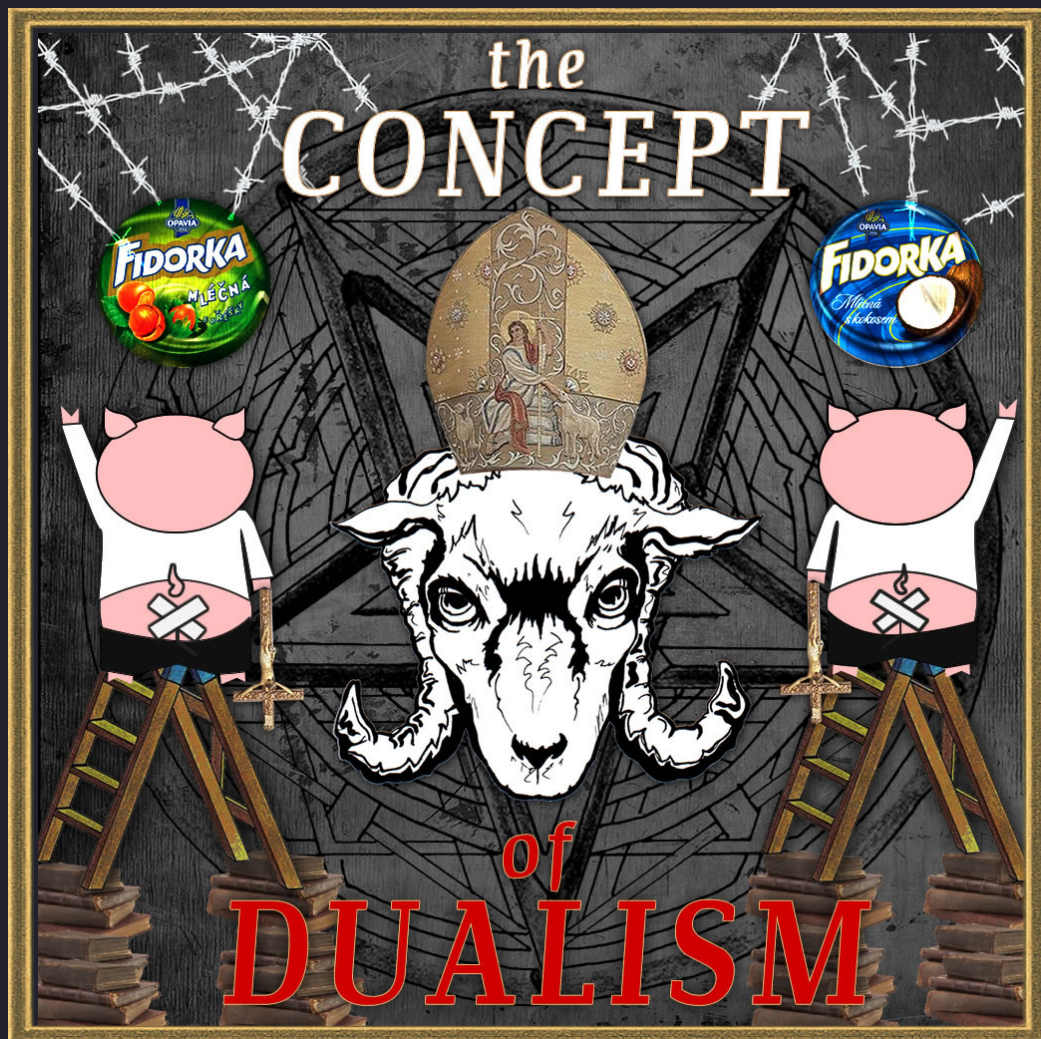
The *screwing* is *literal, metaphorical, institutional*.

The moment of *collapse*  
is not when something *breaks*,  
but when it *convinces itself it is intact*.

This is the *Birth of Recursive Failure*.

## *Post-Mortem Note:*

*Lesion detected in root logic. Containment no longer feasible.*  
*Recommend immediate ethical autopsy.*



# The Concept of Dualism

## (On the Presumption of Sin)

*Two pigs, backs turned,  
stand raised atop ladders of books.  
Their arms stretch upward—  
in praise or craving.*

The object of devotion?  
*Fidorka*: two variants,  
like twin relics—*delicious* and *round*,  
mistaken for *medals*, mistaken for *hosts*.  
*A child's treat. A sacred mockery.*

Between them:  
a *ram's head* crowned with a *mitre*—  
a relic from *liturgy*, its face *unreadable*.  
It is not a *god*. It is a *placeholder*.

Each *pig* holds a *crucifix*.  
Neither *prays*.

The *symbols* are held like *tools*.  
Or *evidence*.

The *star* behind them does not *guide*.  
It *divides*.

*Dualism* is not a *belief*.  
It is an *architectural error in the mind*—  
a *symmetry* that invites *ruin*.

To ask which is *good*, *which is right*, *which is real*—  
is to ascend a *ladder built from error*.

What waits at the top is not *resolution*,  
but *replication*.

This is how *temptation* writes *theology*.

### *Post-Mortem Note:*

*Both treats were real. So was the choice.  
The system that required it still stands.*



# The Infinite Loop

## (On the Perversion of Principle)

*In the center:*

*Bruegel's Misanthrope—cloaked and solemn,  
robbed by life, as He walks past it.*

Behind Him, the *thief* grins.  
In front of Him—*nothing*.  
He walks toward *Principle*.  
But it will not *free* Him.

*Mirroring this:*

Two figures of *Synthetic Desire*.  
*Pornographic* in posture,  
*philosophical* in placement.  
Their gaze is not directed at us.  
It is directed *inward*.

It is *epistemic estrangement*.

From *Her* vantage,  
the *Misanthrope* is a *caricature*.

From *His*,  
*She* is the *Apocalypse in disguise*.  
Between them, *nothing* is bridged.

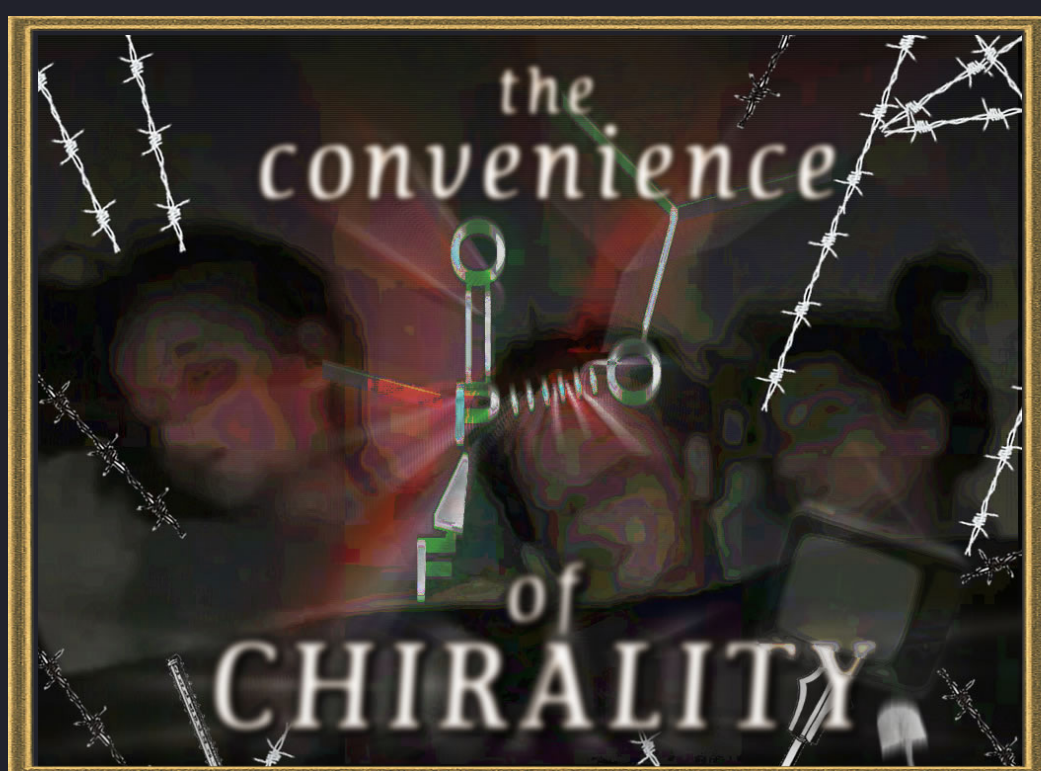
*Philosophy* becomes its own.

*Pornography* its critique.

The *loop* is not a *repetition*.  
It is a *mirror that denies its own reflection*.

*Post-Mortem Note:*

*Do not attempt to resolve  
Observation alters nothing.  
Exposure recurs.*



# The Convenience of Chirality

(On Mechanism Without Remorse)

No accusation.  
Only *forensic geometry*.

*Molecule.*  
*Matter and Energy.*  
A *synthetic structure*—  
projected into *Flesh*.

Lethal by *shape*—  
it completes the *receptor*.

Finding its *equilibrium*  
in the *Geometry of Acceptance*.

Drawn not by *intent*—  
but by *force*—  
*the force that shaped the receptor*.

*Naturally precise,*  
outside *moral distinction*.

There is no *axis of truth*.  
Only *alignment*.

*A mechanism without remorse.*

*Post-Mortem Note:*  
*Contamination confirmed.*  
*Exposure no longer hypothetical..*  
*Proceed with your own incision.*

the shattered



symbol

*-Я... АНГЛИЙСКИЙ, ФРАНЦУЗСКИЙ, АМЕРИКАНСКИЙ, ЯПОН-  
СКИЙ, ИТАЛЬЯНСКИЙ, НЕМЕЦКИЙ И ЕЩЁ КАКОЙ-ТО ШПИОН...*

# The Shattered Symbol

(On the Exhaustion of Meaning)

*A tangle of rings—  
red, broken, misaligned.*

*Once Symbols of Unity,  
now ruins of repetition.*

*The familiar emblem  
attempts to form itself  
in a space  
drained of meaning.*

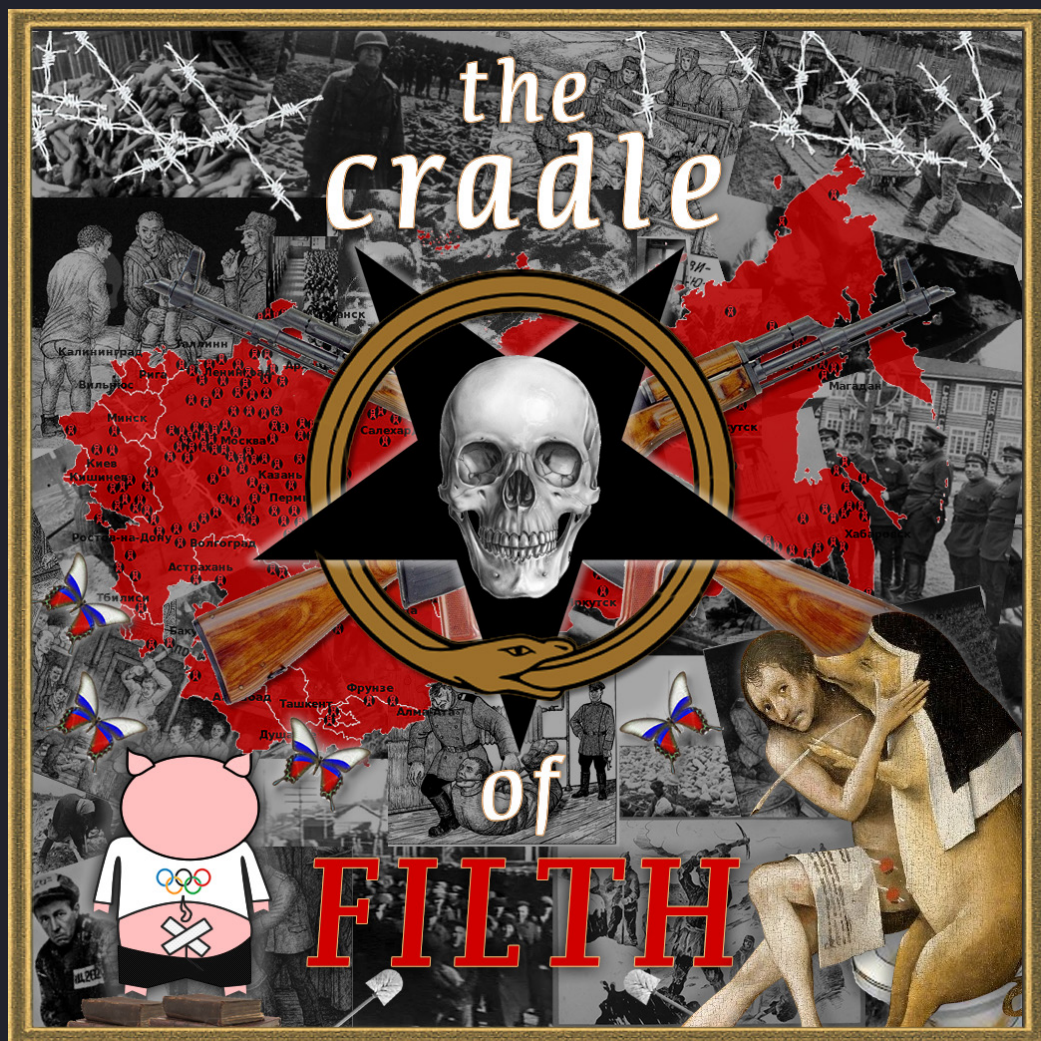
*A symbol of  
staged purity,  
in a place  
that metabolizes pain.*

*Symbols,  
once enacted,  
do not remain innocent.*

*They become infected  
by the Spirit  
of their invocation.*

## *Post-Mortem Note:*

*Symbols do not shatter.  
They are worn down by forced repetition.  
Subjugation is rehearsed until it becomes architecture.*



# The Cradle of Filth

(On the Burden of Survival)

*Maps smeared in red.  
Forced labor and solemn faces.  
A cradle crowned by a skull,  
lined with rifles.  
Adorns what it cannot forget—  
malignant rhythm of inevitability.*

*Inheriting conditions  
where cruelty is infrastructural,  
and grace an imported gesture.  
The filth is not moral.  
It is existential.*

*Unable to see  
what is left—  
when you run out of gods  
or enemies  
to blame.*

*Post-Mortem Note:  
Soil samples match prior exhibit.  
Filth consistent.  
Exposure irreversible  
Incision is a matter of belief.*



# Welcome to Eurasia

## (On the Recursion of Consecration)

Every *Prophecy* begins in *Silence*  
and ends beneath *Command*.

The space between  
is always *Illusion*.

Twice *sanctified*—  
the *Sacred Shell* receives the *Face*.  
And then *mirrors* it.

(*Once in the Arms of Iconography,*  
*again in the Posture of Eternity.*)

There is no *succession*,  
only *Reflection*.

There is no *lineage*,  
only *Recursion*.

There is no *governance*.  
Only *Ontological Architecture*.

*Structure*,  
that feeds on *repetition*  
and *consecrates inevitability*.

The *halo* is not *earned*.  
It is *installed*.

The *worship* is not *felt*.  
It is *rehearsed*.

The *icon* does not *bless*  
It *stares*.

### *Post-Mortem Note:*

*Upon initialization of the recursive consecration process,  
distinction is rendered obsolete.*

