

THE CENTURION METHOD

Complete Age of Iron Edition



CRAIG & LUCY FRASER
with PAUL WAGGENER

We worship at the altar of steel and wood, stone and muscle; kneeling statues of chiselled gods hewn straight out of the bedrock from which they spawned. Using the Guerrilla and Primal training programs we prepare the human body for whatever the cruelty of nature may thrust upon it.

The Centurion Method seeks to emulate the training pattern of ancient military communities, taking inspiration from the Greek Hoplites, the Soldiers of Rome and the Barbarian kingdoms surrounding the Empire, to create a fitness regime that tests the applicant to their utmost limits. We focus on training that is useful, practical and natural, everything functioning through the prism of R.E.A.L.

R. REALISM. Training should be useful in a real world survival situation; can you carry an injured partner? Can you move long distances with little food and water? Can you move through wilderness with damaged limbs, quietly and stealthily?

E. ENDURANCE. The system focuses on quick movement over long distance, carrying heavy weight, just as the Romans were required to carry 30kg across 30 miles in a day.

A. AGILITY. The horrors of first century battle would have required soldiers to be fast, light on their feet, and above all able to jump, climb, crawl and fight for long periods without rest.

L. LOYALTY. Community bonds are what made the Mannerbund so effective; brotherhood in the face of adversity was the only way to survive in such harsh situations. Training is focused on team activity, assistance, camaraderie and friendship.

As well as the core Manual of the Centurion Method, this Iron Age edition comes with all of the expansion packs included, many of which were only printed in short runs or have never before seen the light of day. The work of the Praetorian and the Legion of the Black Flame via the VIR Cult is in dragging the elite of the Centurion Method toward the logical conclusion of all training systems and programs: the lofty heights of total self mastery.



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BADASS

In memory of dim Hyperborea...

*With thanks to Terror Graphix for the cover design and ????? for
the artwork.*

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Fourth Edition 2014.

Introduction to the Revised Edition 2014

This revised 2014 edition has been in the works for some time. When initially Paul and I had the discussions about spreading Centurion Method doctrine in the form of supplementary “expansion packs” I always envisioned a “complete” edition which would contain everything we had worked on singly and together, as a kind of journal which coagulated everything we’d expressed.

A lot of these works swallowed up whole months of my life in 2012 and 2013, each one becoming everything I believed the Centurion Method *should be*.

Now, at the beginning of 2014, as we march towards the 100 year anniversary since the outbreak of WW1, I can’t help but think that the creation of the Centurion Method and my feverish destruction of its hierarchy as soon as one began to emerge is a distant echo of the latent destructive urge which gripped the major players of that Great War.

We all seek destruction.

We all seek creation.

The two go hand in hand. One nation/person wants to expand and to grow, which requires the removal or destruction of an opponent. Creation in the womb of the female requires the destruction by the hand of the male. Our passivity and meekness over the last half century in the Western world has seen our total moral, spiritual and social decay verging on full collapse. We are ripe for destruction, so that someone else may begin creating. But I do not believe

our creative spirit has died just yet, and so I believe there is a little more destruction left smouldering in our veins before we take the long and quiet road to Hell.

The companion project to Centurion Method, *Sigurd*, which also saw publication this year, sought to do the work which was impossible with CM. Creating a fully spiritual and fully physical creature has proven to be a mighty task and perhaps what I set out to do with the CM training manual was too epic, too vast and confusing to the majority of its readers. So, by creating *Sigurd*, I cut the nose off CM and allowed it to flourish of its own accord, as a method of removing the human being from his comfortable home in the city, putting him back into the uncomfortable vista of nature and requiring him to thrive. *Sigurd* could therefore become as lofty as I possibly hoped, shattering my dreams of how aggressively spiritual I could make something which is fundamentally about lifting heavy objects. By doing so I revealed (to myself more than anyone) that the seeds of that project were littered all over CM doctrine.

This collection then has become something of a rallying cry for all those involved, in expressing the first small wave of what will become a vast ocean of projects and publications on spiritual, mental and physical fitness, we have put a stake in the ground of everything we hope to cover.

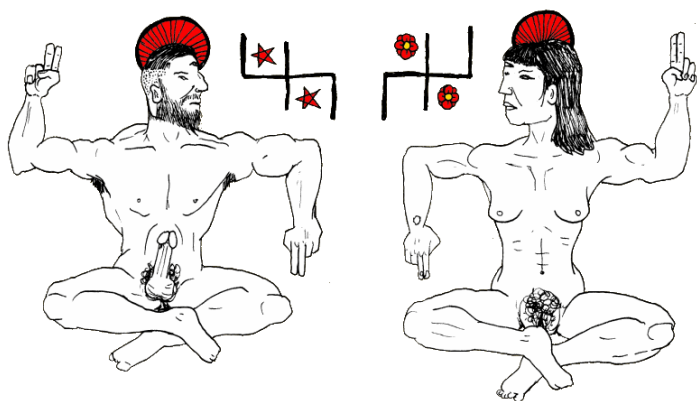
This is not finite, it is not a finished article, everything here is open to fluidity and progress and reinterpretation over the years. Whatever happens, this was the first line drawn in the sand....

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THE CENTURION METHOD
REVISED TRAINING MANUAL

BOOK ONE
THE THEORY OF
SUPREMACY



Preface

This book is about fitness, health, and exercise. A *new yet ancient* program of force that the world hasn't seen replicated outside of forced labour camps or the bowels of the jungles, forests and tundra for hundreds if not thousands of years. But this book is not just about fitness and gyms and routines of sets, reps and weights (although we do use them). This book primarily deals with philosophy and ideas, for there is where the human being is altered, not at the weights rack or the treadmill, not even on the wooded trail or under the smooth kiss of sweat soaked spandex. No, the human being is altered essentially in the mind, and any program of successful overcoming will alter the man first, and then the body. You will forgive me then for speaking in lofty and seemingly unrelated terms whilst we lay the foundations for what will emerge as a simultaneously glittering and ashen monument to the human animal.

The big questions in life; why are we here? Are we alone? Are we unique? What are our origins? All of these *ivory tower* introspections are of course only of use to the human who concerns himself with the metaphysical and the abstract. I leave such concerns to the great thinkers of our past, Nietzsche, Evola, Jung, Crowley; anything else would be colossally arrogant, to assume that the modern man has anything left to add to the already bloated and ineffectual mass of lore on human nature and the problem of *mind, body and spirit*.

The other questions which are much more fun (and applicable to daily life) are where did *you* come from? Are *you* unique? How do *your* origins influence *you*? These questions are only answered by the introspection into the human mind, which is contrary to the study of human nature. Human nature is an abstraction. The Victorian or Edwardian would have thought of human nature as intrinsically related to God's will, God's creative force etc., being a relatively devout and orthodox protestant people (in Britain and America at least). The Roman or Greek however would have launched into infinite diatribes about human nature in relation to the gods in their halls of marble and crystalline light, human nature as you see it is specific to the lofty ideals of the generation. The human mind however is eternal, all peoples across all millennia agree, all philosophers agree, all scientists, religious idealists and simpletons agree the human mind is the realm of primal urge, desire and unconscious thought. For the Victorian or Edwardian orthodox this would have been coloured by the idea of sin, built in and handed down since Eve. For the Greek or Roman (in a Platonic sense) the human mind

would be coloured by the fall from graceful non-corporeality into the flesh of physicality, depending of course upon the school of thought. Whatever the answer or the interpretation, the mass of human intelligentsia agrees, the human mind is the realm of the simplest form of man.

Before we dive into the swamp of conflicting and over complicated concerns of the human mind, let us quickly destroy any previously held convictions.

The human problem is an entirely sociological one; it rests not on the foundation of human knowledge or human achievement but upon what the human *does not know*. Since we first crawled from the swamps and thicketed jungles we have been terrified of what we do not understand and cannot explain. Since that moment we have been endeavouring to control nature or at least remove the most violent aspects of her constant assaults upon our collective person.

One of the most pertinent and catastrophically disastrous developments of this desire to control nature and the wildest elements of the human beast was the invention of politics. Nothing has so cruelly and fantastically castrated the modern human, so intimately and totally separated him from the cradle and crucible of nature from which he was born.

The Grecian and Roman idealists who came up with the idea of the *polis* and the body *politic* no doubt had a secular and simplistic ideal in mind, believing at first that their autonomous city states, self-governed and self-sustained would be perfected through a polite hierarchical

democracy. Of course the original Republican urge manifested through inevitable evolution into the horror of the ego focused dictatorship and the monstrosity of corrupt Imperial rule, contrary to the very roots of the 'political idea'. Politics as a way of coming to a logical conclusion is utterly and totally idiotic. Let's say 500 people live in a village, they meet and declare a representative from each part of the community, so that eventually a so called council of elected persons, say fifty of them, represent each person, in theory. These people then sit down and discuss the best options for the populace in terms of protection, food, water, shelter etc. If there is a disagreement then the issue is put to a vote. A third of the populace argue vehemently for one position, whilst two thirds of the populace argue another, eventually subduing the rebellious third by a 'vote', which is nothing more than the majority asserting its dictatorial right through superior power. Even the most pristine and elevated ideal is reduced to a simple threat. The majority rule through their vote and are coerced and aligned according to the politician's aims, which are nearly always nefarious and catastrophically selfish.

Of course none of this is the fault of the men and women involved. Humans are selfish, humans are concerned with their own power and will stop at nothing to make sure they get what they want. History is littered, nay sculpted, by the tales of an oppressed or repressed people rising up and slaughtering the elites who presumed to 'control' them. Of course, I have here pointed out the failing of democracy to represent everyone involved, but right wing conservative dictatorship is ten times worse, one person or a small group making the decisions for a huge amount of

people to benefit only themselves is fundamentally flawed. On the opposite side of the spectrum with the left and the liberal bents of socialism and communism you have the stupidity of getting all of the people to make all of the decisions, which is just impossible and leads to an inevitable dictatorship through the 'party' or personality in control (the dictatorship of the proletariat fast becoming the state worship of a figurehead like Stalin for example).

What I am trying to point out is that politics and the top to bottom idea of treating everyone and everything the same is purely idealistic and not practical at all. This idea pervades the entirety of human society and civilisation like a disease, a virus that poisons and pollutes everything we do and create. Business is the worst culprit, providing humans with a wealth of options and things to spend their 'money' on whilst bending to the will of the majority even when it is bad for everyone. *The people want sugary, bready, fatty food, quickly sell it to them so we can make a profit. The people want a quick fix, they want a system that gets them fit immediately with minimal effort, quick, let's sell it to them so we can make a profit.* Such a system does not exist.

The human creature does not want what is good for him, he wants an easy life, good food, the senses sated and dulled by regular stimulation, he does not enjoy excesses of hot or cold, dry or wet, always seeking the mean and the average. If we look at Britain, a country with one of the coolest, wettest summers, and the balmiest, wettest winters, with the most westernised technology obsession (outside America) we see some of the laziest, fattest, most sedentary creatures on Earth. Considering our origins and the battles

of feverish tribalism that have taken place on this island over the centuries, the current state of health in Britain is an abomination and a horror.

This book will look at how, why, where and with whom human beings evolved, we will deconstruct the human mind and look at what fuels our desire to be fitter, healthier and stronger, contrary to the rest of the human herd. We will then discuss in detail the undeniable truths which human kind cannot avert its eyes from, no matter how hard it tries. Once these 'inappropriate truths' are declared we can begin to apply them to a program of fitness and delve briefly into history to see when humans have excelled themselves and their species' stupidity to do something incredible, whether that is for simple survival, or conquest of each other for resources, territory or simply for flesh.

Chapter 1 - Where Did Humans Evolve and What Did They Learn?

So to begin with, the first place we must go is the root, for as any moron will tell you, if the root is poisoned the plant withers and dies, and from the condition of the leaf you can see the condition of the root. In this great and varied plant that is the human race we have some atrophied leaves which are dying, poisoned and bloated through malnutrition and overfeeding. Others are underfed and blighted with diseases and illnesses of the mind and body. Others still, a varied few from each nation, are virile, healthy, green and blooming. This variation, this glorious abundance of type which the human plant offers comes from one root, and the reasons some leaves are able to be so grossly malformed and physically sick and yet still survive is because of the brilliant health of the original plant.

That root is the Homo sapiens ape of our ancestral past, the very same fleshy vehicle which you still inhabit; it has been the same for hundreds of thousands of years of evolution. From the perspective of Darwinian science if a creature reaches a point where it is able to adapt violently and successfully to stimulus without the need for evolution, it has reached a level of almost physical perfection. This is where we stand, the human animal, perfect in every way, able to adapt to any stimulus and survive, to the detriment of every other creature on planet Earth. Human beings live in the icy wastes of the North Pole, they live comfortably in the arid deserts of the equator, they live in the thick jungles of the tropics and they live in the dense carpeted forests of

the various continents. We adapt frighteningly well to adversity, nay, we thrive upon it.

Leaving behind any puerile notions of right or wrong, let us now look at what we learned in our original home. We make sweeping generalisations across continents and land mass, across social divides and tribal sword rattling, but the core truth is there, hidden under layers of veneer, as Robert E Howard would say, and beneath the mask is the ape revealed, screaming and blood soaked.

Put yourself in the jungles of central Africa of thousands of years ago, your fellow tribesmen adorned with lion skins and wearing feathers in their hair, painted for the hunt and for battle; the clattering of spears against hide shields, taut and thrumming with the anticipation of the fight. A cry goes up, the undergrowth parts and a rival clansman bursts through the bush, his muscles stretched and sharp, sprung and ready to strike, his spear half slung over his shoulder, teeth bared, bounding towards you.

Now put yourself on the wild empty plains of the Russian steppes, the Caucasus mountains spread like a broken spine along the horizon, each one capped with the first of the Autumn snows. A freezing wind drones in from the north, dusting everything with a chafing bite of the promised winter. Your people are migrating south, the furs and skins of bear and bison wrapped around their shoulders, the clan leader marching far ahead on the back of a black horse that champs wild and still barely tamed. The open steppe spreads out before you, untameable, ferocious, and hostile. The wind carries the sound of huntsmen on the

wind, an enemy tribe perhaps, harrying the slow, the aged, the sick, the young. The line of your people spreads out like a thin dark trickle of life against the wind streaked grasses that whistle and sing. The sun is setting, night is falling, many will die.

Put yourself in the grassy meadows of northern Europe, the snow-capped mountains standing sentinel to the far north, the dark brooding forests, black and moody, enveloping all the hillocks and meadows for hundreds of miles in every direction. The morning mist rolls in thick and stagnant, clinging to the dew soaked grasses that spread a cold and bitter carpet under your bare feet. Far across the snow choked passes a horn blasts warily and fearfully, a single pillar of smoke rising from the villages to your back. The hair on your arms and neck stands up, prickling you with the cool morning air. War is sounded in that black horn blown warily and fearfully, war that is coming to your village.

Finally, drop for a moment into the vine tangled swamps of what would one day be China, the birds chortling in the branches high above, the sun coming in sleepy beams of light through the canopy, frogs and insects croaking and chirping in the dense black water that creeps silently among the arching roots and stagnant pools. Stepping panther quiet through the undergrowth you pause for a moment, the tracks of your prey growing harder and harder to follow, the flint dagger in your fingers growing slick with sweat. Your breath comes in short sharp rasps, desperate to not be heard. Quietly the tiger parts the leaves to your hind and lets her widened eyes bore into your soul.

Turning to greet her you see the two paws as large as your head, razor claws flexing in and out as she tastes the air. Sweat beads on your shoulders as you hunch to the ground, flint dagger at the ready.

What did we learn here? What did Mother Nature teach us whilst we suckled so hungrily at her teat, before we so arrogantly pulled away and strutted off into the stars to play at being gods? We learned what all other creatures in Nature have learned across the aeons of their (and our) evolution. Let us look at the varied and harrowing success of the human across every situation he is thrust into, I am not looking for any of your modern interpretations of right and wrong, or good and evil or any of those distinctly Current Era assumptions which we lofty and scientifically hypnotised grunts are so fond of, we are looking at the simple truths of the ancient human experience. I have separated these into some simple headings so we can look at them more deeply and all at least agree that early man would have been mightily influenced by their presence in his social and spiritual life. And remember, what influenced your DNA ancestors for the last twenty to thirty thousand years will *absolutely* have an effect on you.

Tribalism and Xenophobia

Let us not be simpletons and idealists, let us not look to modern utopian desperation and think of a cuddly *My Little Pony* world where our ancestors all sat around a cave fire and broke bread with one another, sharing meat and wine with African, European, and Asian alike. This is cold hard truth. When members of one tribe met members of

another tribe they fought. It was not uncommon for the word for “enemy” to be synonymous with the word for “not of my tribe”.

The tribe was the god of the ancient man. Before religion came along with its pernicious ideas of separate soul/body/deity conception, man was wholly part of creation and the creation was part of him. The wolf pack does not share food with the other wolf packs, the lion does not share meat with the wandering cheetah, the gorilla who is chasing a female in season does not let a rival from another group wander into his territory and have sex with her. We are highly territorial and frighteningly xenophobic creatures. Prick the wafer thin crust of our humanity with the pin of intelligent introspection and you will find a ravenous madman skulking with thigh bone club waiting to kill every interloper onto his ‘patch’.

Remember we are not saying that this is right or wrong (we do not believe in such abstractions), but humans have evolved as tribal creatures. The tribe was our life, if the tribe was weakened, gave forth weak infants then the whole entity suffered. If the tribe was weak in defending itself, if its males became fat and lazy, the women were carried off and raped by stronger males. If the women became barren or malnourished the men would leave to find better women to impregnate and bring forth children. If an area became stagnant of food or water, the tribe would move as a cohesive whole into another area and fight or chase out the humans dwelling there. History is a knacker’s yard of grim legends and myths of the migration and invasion of huge swathes of tribes wreaking havoc across the planet. White

men are some of the most cruel and vindictive proponents of this kind of racial xenophobia. The history of the Celt from his home in the mountains of Turkey, out across Europe is one of ethnic cleansing in the most cold and brutal fashion. The history of the Indo-European from Scandinavia to Russia, India to Egypt is one of expansion and expulsion, no remorse, no mercy, the tribe survived and the tribe ruled, everyone else was enslaved, chased away or executed. We can look at Africa, Asia, the Americas, every continent and find the same story, tribes hating each other, killing each other, putting whole rival nations to the sword so that we could take their land, breed with their women, eat their food and set up home in their caves, huts, or villages.

This xenophobia springs from a very sensible and rich wellspring of preservation of your own people over that of others. Remember, I'm not talking about how humans *should* act now, I'm talking about how we *did* act for thousands of years. If you wanted your immediate family (tribe) to survive, then when another tribe was stumbled upon or encroached upon your territory, you may have held some kind of cross familial meeting, you may have attempted peace, but when the going got tough, you would grab a flint axe and bury it in their skull. If we're honest, humans developed most of their inter-tribal relations on the back of a beating or a strangling.

Selfishness and Hatred

Now we move onto selfishness, the other lynchpin of human evolution which everyone so reviles and abhors in themselves and others.

Selfishness, self-importance, concern with your own needs and wants before those of others, is something that cannot be hidden or ostracised in the minds and hearts of men and women across the world. It is something that has been with us since we first stood up, arched our backs, yawned and began to walk on two feet.

We need not explain it, it's simple, unlike some forms of xenophobia or tribalism, selfishness is buried within the core of ourselves, it cannot be overcome, it is *intrinsic* to our nature. We want what is best for ourselves, then our family, then our immediate friends and associates, then the rest of the world. Putting forward any other hypothesis than the intimate and intrinsic selfishness of mankind is utter lunacy.

Hunger, Pain, Disease and Death

This is one of the many overlooked aspects of life that has influenced the human beast, one that I find most interesting. Humans hate being hungry, they hate pain, they hate being ill and above all they hate death. Yet these forces are what have driven us to evolve into the beings we currently are. Unlike the honed and toned predators of the environments in which we live, we have no claws, we have no rows of sharp teeth and we are relatively poor at long distance sprinting, especially after the prey we would traditionally stalk. Unlike the other herbivores of the environments in which we live, our eyes are not on the side of our head, we do not have several stomachs for digesting large amounts of foliage or grasses and we are bipedal, making escape from lions, wolves, tigers and panthers pretty

difficult. However we *did* evolve to be able to climb, we did evolve to think, we did evolve to outsmart both predator and prey and ended up becoming the most dangerous creatures on earth.

The constant presence of hunger evolved our metabolism into a finely tuned machine which thrives on fasting and lack of food and then the sudden presence of large amounts of fatty, protein dense organ meats. The constant presence of pain, either the burning hot sun in the south or the driving snow in the north, struggling to feed ourselves, survive against our fellow animals, build shelters, tools, etc. meant we lived with almost permanent stress pumping through our veins. Disease would have hounded us, as it does every other creature, parasites, nutritional problems, everything that we modern humans face would have been present in the ancient world, but we would have almost certainly just left the sick and diseased behind to die, they would have just slowed us down. The most present and prevalent aspect that drove our evolution and that of every other animal on planet earth, is of course death. Without death evolution stalls, as it has in some ways for us as modern creatures, death is the barometer of progress. By culling off the weak, the sick, the ill, the crippled, nature ensured that only the most adaptable and ferocious humans survived. You should always remember that, you are the product of a family tree that stretches back millions of years through a line of highly skilled apes that did everything they could to survive, no matter what the cost.

Madness and Violence

There is a well-known assertion among psychiatrists that if everyone in the world did a personality test they would come out with some kind of neurosis or mental illness. That is, in the terminology of the mental health professionals, *everyone* would be required to have psychotherapy or be committed to an institution. That is a fact.

Let's think about that logically for a moment, this in effect means *EVERYONE* has a mental problem that the scientists want to 'fix'. None of us is mentally healthy; we all have inflated or deflated opinions of ourselves, others or the world. We all have imaginary friends, whether in the spirit world or in the heavens, we all have fantastic ideas of what did or did not create us and our surroundings, and far more commonly we have eating disorders, unhealthy thought patterns, sociopathic or psychopathic tendencies and almost everyone is narcissistic to an extent.

But where I differ from the psychologists and psychotherapists is in my answer to the above problem. Their answer is to try and help everyone, try and cure everyone, make them see their error and get them back in line. My answer is – leave everyone to it. There must be a reason we're all mentally ill, and it's because this situation in which we currently find ourselves is frankly, maddening.

Our ancestors were self-obsessed, sociopathic, anti-social, xenophobic, blood thirsty maniacs by all accounts! Let's take the Celts as a brief example, and the wider Indo-European inhabitants of the ancient world. These people

were head hunters; they saw tribal warfare as more of a sport than a physical necessity to protect their people and would often meet in large groups just to hack each other up with rocks and spears. They believed the soul of a man resided in the skull so would gather up the heads of their foes and heap them up as a testament to the greatest warrior in their tribe. Celtic myth and legend is full of the most bizarre and disturbing obsessions of warriors and kings gathering heads at their feet, asking for the head of an enemy or impaling heads on sticks as a warning or threat to others. Retrieving the head of a loved one or family member and bringing it back to your tribe was seen as a great achievement among the young fighters and would often spark a blood for blood feud that would rage for centuries, some of them in a sense are even still going¹.

Violence and insanity go hand in hand and our ancestors seemed to care very little for the health and vitality of their enemies, concerned only with the survival of their immediate family and tribe at best and their fellow countrymen at worst. Everyone else was fair game and history across the planet is a bloodthirsty mess of tales of rape, butchery, murder and suicide. One need only examine the myths of any tribal people and discover the relatively pandemic obsession with deeds being celebrated that would nowadays get you a life sentence or death row.

¹ The reader is encouraged to view the sagas and myths of the Irish and Cuchulain specifically for reference here. Head hunting, blood feud and retrieval of a loved one's skull are rife throughout the texts.

Whilst all of this is obviously abhorrent behaviour, we must accept, it is in our nature, humans like madness, it goes with the territory and we like violence, it defines the borders of our territory.

Rape and Conquest

The final thing we have to look at is possibly the most disturbing and easily the most morally jarring trait of our ancestral forebears, but again it is one that has polluted our subconscious, and probably will hound us for eternity. That fact is rape.

One of the most endemic and systematic forms of warfare that mankind has ever engaged upon is that of the sexual conquest of rival tribes and nations. When we were not committing wholesale genocide of our neighbours who inhabited the land into which we were migrating, we were putting men and children to the sword and impregnating their women. In effect the military code of conduct for the ancient hominid *Homo sapiens* was “*if we can't chase them out, we'll breed them out*”. Let's look at one of the most famous quotes of Genghis Khan, oft paraphrased for film and book,

“The greatest happiness is to scatter your enemy, to drive him before you, to see his cities reduced to ashes, to see those who love him shrouded in tears, and to gather into your bosom his wives and daughters.”

Genghis Khan was a barbarian of the most basic sort, if we want to take a glimpse beneath the veil of ‘humanity’ we need only look at the conduct of this man and

his Mongolian soldiers during their carving out of one of the largest empires the world has ever seen.

The Khan knitted together a ramshackle horde of warriors out of the cruel and iron shod brutality of the Mongol steppes and swept across Asia and most of Russia and the Near East in a swathe of bloodshed and genocide. The Mongol horde delighted not in empire, they did not sack cities or claim thrones for themselves, they burned, they stole, they massacred, solely for the splendour and enjoyment of battle. The Khan delighted personally in nothing more than entering a city, killing the rulers, giving the loot to his men and raping the women. From the point of view of civilised western man this is disgusting and horrific behaviour; from the point of view of our ancestors of 10,000 years ago this kind of behaviour would have been greeted with approving nods.

We cannot play around with the facts, it is now estimated in some circles that the DNA of Genghis Khan resides in 1 in every 200 Asian men, so to put it politely/bluntly, Genghis Khan fathered an unthinkable amount of children in his short and violent life.

The minds of men are a depth unplumbed and it is a well-known adage that a man's true character is revealed by how he treats people when he believes there will be no consequences. In the modern era that torturous and despicable aspect tends to come out during war, when old grudges are suddenly sparked into violent conflict. We need only look at the horrors in Yugoslavia or the Middle East to see that when people are given the opportunity or smoke

screen of warfare under which to commit atrocities, the old spectres of genocide, mass rape and ritual humiliation suddenly rear their ugly heads.

I am not trying to morally justify rape here, on the contrary, but we need to look at how and why human beings would behave in such a way when thrust back into situations which they feel *require* them to commit atrocities. Ending a human life is a highly stressful affair, however you look at it, so when a man is handed a gun or a sword or a club, he is no longer Joe Bloggs from down the road, he is suddenly dropped back into the first cave and he stands over the first victim and he commits the first murder once again. All human veneer is shredded away and the beast within is revealed, every time a human executes another human, wherever, however for whatever reason. When this beast is revealed, all the beastly elements of his persona are revealed also.

Animals regularly and consistently rape each other, sometimes for domination (especially homosexual rape in mammals, felines, canines etc.) and sometimes simply for procreation. When looking at lion and wolf mating patterns one could be forgiven for thinking it was always based on rape. Human beings would have been the same in our ancient societies. The people of one tribe when conquering a neighbouring tribe would have seen the utter and brutal necessity in massacring or enslaving the men and infants and taking the women as their wives. This behaviour is seen *everywhere*. The Bible contains several instances of it, with the Tribe of Dan being *instructed* by God himself to massacre some Philistine tribes and forcibly take their women as new

brides. The Quran contains similar if slightly veiled references to the actions of invading forces and Islamic history is clearly one of rapine and slaughter when looked at from a third person perspective. The history of empires and their gradual expansion and contraction wherever they were instituted is again one of massacre and rape. The Romans, the Persians, the British, the Ottomans, everywhere large numbers of males go under the black flag of war; they inevitably end up harking back to old primitive habits and committing rape. Whether we see this from a cold scientific perspective and admit it as a biological programming we will struggle to undo, or we see it from the moral human perspective and lament it as a generally masculine patriarchal trait, we have to agree, it is a disgrace and a disgrace that has hounded humanity since its infancy. It is not something we have to 'face', it just is what it is.

What we have to admit when we discuss any of the above, xenophobia, violence, hatred, rape, tribalism, is that these are clear and present elements of human history from our first birth to our current technological world supremacy. Where we have attempted to subdue nature and the natural elements of ourselves we have only made these situations worse. What would have once been tempered with basic human necessity is now held back, like a poisonous wave and suddenly bursts forth with horrendous violence. In the last 100 years it is estimated in excess of 160 million people have died because of war, whether directly or indirectly. That is a staggering number.

What we have to accept is that humans are violent creatures, non-violence is counter to our nature, however

you try to justify or explain it. We are apes, we are mammals, we are animals, we are not lofty creatures created by a benevolent deity a few thousand years ago. We are beasts that have a heritage of millions of years of brutality and violence.

Violence is all we have ever known, and as we have seen throughout the aeons, it is probably all we ever will know.

Chapter 2 – What Are the Truths of the Universe?

When we speak of truth I am not talking about humanist moral truth, which has been abandoned, I am not talking about scientific truth, which is relative, I am talking about the truth which no one can deny. So this truth which we explore must be self-evident, it must be there for all to see, blindingly obvious and undeniable.

That truth is of course, sex and violence.

We can dress it up if you like and call it ‘creation’ and ‘destruction’, but from a human ‘in the world’ perspective (as opposed to a human ‘in the lab/study/library’), those two truths can be reduced to sex and violence. We will deal with each one separately but we must first discuss how humans like to partition and apportion meaning to subjects to box them off and cripple their interaction with one another. Sex is reduced to the simplistic act of procreation; it has become nothing more than the physical act of consummation, the penis and the vulva merging to a staid ejaculation of sperm meeting with an ovum to create new life. If it is not in this completely sanitized perspective it is in the base and rather nauseating hammer and tongs of pornography which removes the procreative aspect and leaves only the two slabs of meat smashing together for nothing other than narcissistic flesh worship. Violence is reduced to the physical act of hitting or impaling another human with a part of the human body or a weapon, be it blade, bullet or bomb. Violence is so much more than that, as we shall see.

Sex – The Creative Truth

Sex is the summation of human desire, the pristine hunger of the human spirit to create more of itself, as with all other creatures in the known Universe. Everything is seeking to replicate itself, from the simplest virus or bacteria, all the way up to the most complex and dominant predator on our planet. Replication is the driving force behind *everything*. Evolution resides in the prime original force for creatures to mutate, adapt and alter themselves for their environment, solely to better the chances of surviving and breeding further, in effect nothing more than a crazy loop of ever expanding and diversifying complexities.

For the human animal this desire is rooted in flesh, for some creatures it is more a smell/sense/season rooted action, take dogs and cats for example, leaving scents and breeding in spring or when the animal is in season. Humans however are able to breed all the time, any time of year, and are in season regularly in sync with the lunar cycle. This has opened up a dizzying opportunity for us to be *permanently* sexually aroused, as we can see in the patterns of Friday and Saturday night booze and booty binges. Men and women love getting dressed up, in what equates to an enormous mating display, take drugs and inebriants to reduce their inhibitions and then proceed to choose each other based on fleshy considerations and then mate (but not breed). All of this can be explained quite simply in the pack mentality of our similar mammalian cousins.

We can look at other apes, other carnivores and other herbivores to better understand human behaviour when it comes to sex.

Wolves live in a tribal group where everyone is related in some way, the pack is led by a dominant (alpha) female and a dominant (alpha) male. The male and female are (generally) the only ones who breed and the pups are looked after by the rest of the pack. The group hunt together and move together as a single unit and share everything in a strict linear hierarchy. When it comes to breeding the female will come in season and make displays and the males will begin the infighting and squabbling which results in the alpha male either continuing his dominance or being ousted by a younger relative (usually one of his own sons or nephews). The female will assert her dominance by punishing the other females for breeding and possibly killing the pups they may birth. Rape is an institution in canines, used for dominance among the males and general breeding habits between the males and females.

If we look briefly at the behaviours of herbivorous herd animals we can see that sex is again used as a biological weapon, a threat to allow only the strongest and hardest to breed and survive. The herd is usually more female dominant, with a larger number of females and infants to a very small and even sometimes single male. This single male will be the largest, strongest and most physically dominant masculine force in the surrounding territory and he will assert his dominance over the herd by mating with every single female of breeding age, no matter their relation to him or response to his advances. If a younger more virile male

approaches the herd they will fight, and the winner will become the new dominant male of the herd until a newer, younger male comes along and repeats the cycle.

When it comes to us hominids we can look at two generally differing types of ape that bear remarkable similarities to us, the chimp and the bonobo. Both live in central Africa and both exist in highly social groups with a highly complex regime of dominance through either the male or female. Chimps tend to exist in militaristic tribal communities, with a dominant male and dominant female much like the canine/wolf system. The male exerts his dominance over the other males and the females through violence, beatings, physical domination and rape. The chimp pack will go out on irregular hunts for monkeys or other small animals and they will show almost feline/canine traits when bringing down and slaughtering prey. Chimps are *highly* territorial and will murder any intruder onto their soil, whatever his background, without remorse. They regularly establish and adjust the boundaries of their territory with other chimp packs by making forays onto neighbours' land where they kill other chimps and steal food.

Bonobos on the other hand exist in very laid back communities led by women, with an alpha female adjusting the social and political dynamic, not with violence but with sex. It is said that the Bonobo is the sex addict of the animal kingdom and he/she will engage in the sexual act not just for procreation but as a recreation, a pastime, a stress reliever and a balm during times of aggression. If there is an argument in the pack the alpha female will solve it using sex, and the Bonobos spend a large amount of time

grooming each other, cuddling and generally relaxing. It has been said before that if the Chimps are the drunken Skinheads of the ape world, the Bonobos are the stoned Hippies.

In the rest of the animal kingdom the same themes pervade everything; Nature is a highly sexualised and creative place. The laws of Evolution, the diversity of the plethora of creatures which assail the senses on all sides, are but the outermost rim of the wheel of life, which spins around the central axis of 'sex'. The creative principle, and the flamboyant, display focused nature of the male/female divide, is something which is deeply absent from the life of many westernised humans, partly due to the stigma and abhorrence associated with sex which has been passed down by the Abrahamic religions, and partly due to a fear of women handed down to us from the Dark Ages.

For many, such a principle as 'sex' has nothing to do with fitness, for the few (and we are the few), such a dynamic and beautiful force as *creation* is present in all things. The spark of life should be at least acknowledged if not actively worshipped by those seeking to better themselves. The desired aesthetic of sheer muscular superiority which is the focus of 99% of bodybuilders and gym users points glaringly to the huge importance placed upon sex by the average person. We should not ignore that basic human urge.

Violence – The Destructive Truth

There is a well-known saying that opens this subject perfectly, given the previous glance at sexual chemistry as a

creative force; *"War is to men, what motherhood is to women."* Since we first crawled from the collective womb in primordial Africa we have been a species in feverish love with violence. Unlike most other communal dwelling, pack mentality mammals we thrive upon and relish violence. When other creatures move into the territory of a rival they usually allow their enemies to escape, or if they put up enough of a fight then they are killed, but always with careful instinctive planning and attempts to minimise violence. Other animals don't want to risk injury to themselves by mindlessly attacking others. Humans on the other hand, throughout history have moved into the territory of rival tribes or cousins and mercilessly slaughtered them. We seem to *enjoy* inflicting pain and misery on each other. It would seem from an outside perspective that after sex our favourite pastime would be genocide.

Why is this? Well again, sadly for those species we have annihilated, violence is the other axis on the wheel of evolution. In nature life is brutally cruel, if you cannot survive the influx of foreigners attempting to take your land and kill you, then you are too weak to survive and nature just brushes you away. Take the Neanderthals for example, by all accounts and the gist of modern archaeological discovery there was a brief time when *Homo sapiens* and Neanderthal lived in the same areas as one another, being spawned from the same archaic root. However, once we started learning how to wrest ourselves violently and passionately from the rest of nature, we began to eradicate the Neanderthal wherever we found him. This was not racial cleansing, this was species cleansing. And we did a bloody

horribly good job of it. All archaeology points to the unsettling fact that the Neanderthal in all his thousands of years of evolution was wiped out by us, purely because, like us, he stood upright and ate similar foods. When it comes to survival of the fittest it seems early man was a cruel hand.

In modern times from a purely sociological perspective human beings adore violence. We thrive upon pain, although we have now sanitized and renamed much of what are highly stressful situations. Violence against the self we call 'discipline', refusing to eat is called dieting, working out so hard you get injured or dedicating your life to violent sports like rugby, football or martial arts are all accepted pastimes for large numbers of people. Violence issued by the state in the name of 'cultural discipline' is called 'law and order' and meted out without mercy by gun toting cops in America and baton wielding jack booted cops throughout Europe and the westernised world. Lastly we can look to the favoured pastime of the English, Welsh, Scots and Irish, that blessed and most holy sacrament, the Friday night piss up. Countless millions across the UK every weekend go out into the centres of towns and cities across the land; they drink themselves into an alcohol fuelled haze and batter one another. Alcohol is the new communion wine of our aeon, and our bloodied fists are the prayers which we offer up to our new gods of intoxication and violence.

Assumptions

Putting aside my intensely masculine penchant for taking extremes and proclaimed fact as dogma, we can at least assume everyone agrees that the creative principle as

embodied in WOMAN with sex and the birth of infants is probably *the* most important force in the Universe, and conversely that the destructive principle as embodied in MAN with violence and killing is *the* most important force in terms of evolution and the evolutionary requirement for animalistic elitism in terms of ability in the natural world. We can now step forward into the very human world of “fitness”.

Chapter 3 - The Application of Fitness

Charles Darwin coined the term *fitness*, a fact not many people know. Before him there was no such word as 'fitness' to describe someone's physical health or superiority over the rest of the herd in terms of ability and physical appearance. His loosely cited quote is –

“In the struggle for survival, the fittest win out at the expense of their rivals because they succeed in adapting themselves best to their environment.”

Quite clearly 'fitness' to Darwin didn't mean the physical fitness we now deem it to be. Indeed as many have pointed out, very 'unfit' creatures have survived purely because they discovered an evolutionary niche which allowed them to not be very fast or muscular or agile at all. Sloths and pandas for example: very slow, very lazy, and perfectly *adapted* to their environment.

However, this does not allow human beings to say “ok, cool, I'll be fat and lazy, pandas are”. Pandas and sloths are highly specialized creatures who eat very little and move very little to maintain the metabolism required to survive in their environment. Human beings on the other hand when taken into account of Darwin's quote are absolute masters, bar none, of adaptation. What other creature thrives in the Nordic wastes of ice and mountain and equally thrives in the Arabian desert of sand and scorching sun? Perhaps the canine? Ironical then that it has become our evolutionary companion.

What the human being has been able to do is adapt itself frighteningly quickly to whatever stimulus or form of natural repression was instigated by Nature. If it was too cold we killed animals and wore *their* fur instead of growing our own. If it was too hot we dug wells and found water. If it was too wet we built boats. If it was too mountainous we farmed the steppes. We are veritable geniuses when it comes to exploiting (and symbiotically harmonising with) the flora and fauna of the environment in which we find ourselves and then exploding in population. In terms of Darwin's 'fitness' maxim we *always* win out at the expense of our rivals (usually resulting in their extinction or adaptation to our presence) and adapt to our surroundings. No other creature has thus far mastered this, albeit perhaps some insects, no other mammal then.

Fitness then as Darwin viewed it had nothing whatsoever to do with how physically able a creature should have been in its environment. The dinosaurs were ridiculously fit and they all died out. The Neanderthal was large, muscular, stronger than us and probably faster, but we were more intelligent (shrewd would perhaps be a better word), so we won out. Fitness has to do with intelligence and the ability to violently and aggressively adapt to your surroundings to better evolve or survive whatever potential pitfalls could appear before you, without warning, without mercy.

Human beings face a diverse and highly varied plethora of threats from all angles in our day to day life. Car crash, earthquake, terrorist attack, military invasion, nuclear war, train crash, economic collapse, home invasion, rape,

murder; we do not live in a stable society and to sit on your arse and do nothing all day is the moral and physical equivalent of partying while Rome burns, pure simpleton logic. But the modern fitness world does little to adequately prepare people for the worst either, it simply sculpts their physique (albeit often not too well) and reduces their risk of early death by CHD or cancer. What we need, as a highly adaptable ape, is something that spurs our evolutionary desire to survive, to kill, to mate and to put ourselves and the tribe first.

Exacerbating the Problem

To put it simply, what the fitness industry and the fitness experience needs to do, is excite the evolutionary urge in human beings so their focus is yanked back to a most basic desire to survive.

The easiest way to do that is to heighten the feelings of the three core lynchpins of evolution; sex, violence and tribalism.

When people are in the gym they are grunting, they are panting, they are heaving heavy objects, running, sweating, adrenaline and endorphins are pumping around, testosterone is flowing (in both sexes) and the general atmosphere is one of physicality and animalism. What the modern fitness world effectively does is encourage humans to act like domesticated beasts. When a dog is encouraged to be playful, yank on a toy, chase a stick, he is not playing with you, he is practicing hunting and killing. More wolf like canines will catch the toy and shake it violently, often a little perplexed at their actions, they are pretending the toy is a

bird or rat they have caught and are breaking its neck. We encourage the dog to be wolf like in this behaviour and if the dog then displays its 'true' form and attacks a human or becomes too boisterous we punish or eventually destroy it. The fitness world does the same. Humans are encouraged to dress in spandex and skimpy clothes at the gym, to grunt, sweat, shout and go into 'beast mode' but if someone started stomping around screaming at the top of their lungs or stripping their clothes off and howling like a wild animal after lifting a ridiculous weight they would be asked to leave the gym. Yet this behaviour is totally human.

Look at the anecdotes of people in war, or survival situations, car crashes, accidents and so on, or times of particular stress like grief or rage; they don't experience the high stress and politely nod, stop what they're doing and take a breath, they howl, they scream, they grit their teeth, weep and roar, gnashing, biting, foaming. *This* is the real feeling of adrenaline, it is the fight or flight reflex, and it is what is stimulated by extremities of exerting activity.

So, what could we (should we) do to heighten this experience and encourage the human to adequately *experience* themselves and therefore evolve faster, harder and more efficiently?

Firstly, let's allow humans to be humans. Let's try to get outside and experience our core fundamental desires and fears as human apes. Training should predominantly take place in our natural habitat, the woods, steppes, mountain sides, plains, jungles and deserts. The training should be in minimal clothing and footwear, barefoot if possible and

naked if we're being totally honest and frank with ourselves. This is not a game, we are human beings, lets *feel* the air on our skin, *feel* the elements. Heighten tension, give rise to the animal nature in man and allow it to *flow*. Drag it up from the most abnormal and hidden recesses of the pits of human desire, make it a force to be reckoned with, know your own limits, your own passions, be irresistible and creative.

Chapter 4 - Training in the Old Way

Now we can leap forward with gusto and ambition towards the 'right' way of doing things, which of course is a self-fulfilling premise as every 'way' is the 'right way'. We must first understand that in fitness, regardless of any assumptions we have made in the previous three chapters, *all roads lead to God/Rome*. Whatever path you choose to take, whether it is strictly endurance, long distance, short distance, slow, fast, hard, easy, eventually if you are doing it the right way, you will get fitter and harder. The human body cries out to be fit, it always has done and always will do, even if 99.99% of the population became obese, sedentary and technologically dependant, an elite few would *still* achieve greatness, as they always have.

What we can now explore is the brief historical precedent for the 'Centurion Method' desired levels of fitness, we can look at where we want to provide a baseline, who created those baselines and then explore what they did and why. From there we can establish what we will do and it will be obvious *why*.

Firstly then, we can look to Greece and Rome, those most ancient seats of pagan worship of the martial and the warlike, where our modern aesthetic of superior fitness and competitive sport originates.

Spartans and the Agoge

We can leave the epic history lessons at the door, if you want to learn about Sparta and the Grecian ideal which spawned its logical outcome, the Spartan warrior, buy a

book on the city states, the surrounding political situation and then the history of Greece itself. Sparta was basically one of many autonomous city states which made up the wider entity of Greece, separate but allied with Athens and the neighbouring Grecian democracies, Sparta was something of an enigma. Its elites were all soldiers, they did no other work and left 99% of the physical responsibility in the city to slaves, whom it was fully legal for Spartans to hunt down and execute any day of the year, whenever they felt like it. Sparta was a city on a permanent war footing; her men were trained from birth in a cruel system of eugenics to be the hardest, coldest and most elite fighting force in Greece and ideally, the world.

The famous battle of Thermopylae, a much hyped up and over mythologised conflict which actually involved a much greater number than the alleged '300 Spartans', was lead primarily by King Leonidas and his elite bodyguards. These men fought off the Persian assault *almost* single handed and sparked off the brash nationalism which led to the Greeks ousting the Persian invaders. This battle has gone down in history as one of the great victories of individualist libertarianism over imperial dictatorship, by a free thinking and life loving people. Let's not forget the Spartans had a perfectly honed system of training for their children which would nowadays get a parent put in jail.

This training system was known as the Agoge, and it is what we try to emulate with the Centurion Method. The Agoge (pronounced *ah'go'gay*) received its male warriors at the tender age of 7 years old, after the general requirements of society had already meted out any biological mutations

and left them to die at the bottom of a cliff or of exposure outdoors. These 7 year old boys were put through a brutal regimen of physical training as well as psychological, physical and sexual abuse, which taught them to block out pain and suffering and enjoy the privations of the martial life. They fed on little and were expected to steal to survive, although they were beaten or sometimes executed if caught stealing. The whole system encouraged them to become stealthy, cruel, sadistic and vicious if cornered, challenged or insulted. It worked ridiculously well.

The Spartan men were (in comparison to their slave cousins) large, broad, muscular and brutish. They filled their time with rowing, lifting, running and fighting. Their diet was (obviously) Spartan, they lived on a strange mix of animal flesh and bone stews mixed with gruel like porridge and a solid mix of dried fruits, figs and such. The warriors carried their shield, helmet and sword with them on any training, which all weighed over 20lbs and they were required to be accustomed to hunger, dehydration and extremes of cold and heat.

What this all amounted to was, of course, a highly specialised and elite fighting force. The Spartans wrestled with each other, trained hand to hand and learned to kill with their short fat blades from a painfully young age. Their sarcastic (laconic) sense of humour which was often misunderstood was laced with a fatalistic and malignant xenophobia which eventually poisoned them from the inside out, but for a time, they were gods among mere mortals.

The Centurion Method, in my position to cherry pick from whatever I feel like, seeks only to mimic the brutality, the irony and the cruel simplicity of the Spartan training system. We don't want to mimic their political ideals or their abuse of children, but we do want to encourage their ruthless service to an ideology which put the cause before the flesh, at any cost.

The Legions of Rome

We can now look at that much misunderstood and generalised entity which is the Roman Empire. Historians and laymen tend to fall into one of two camps with Rome: passionate adoration or utter hatred. The Romans achieved so much, at the cost of so many lives and the swallowing of thousands of indigenous populations into their homogenous mass that from any perspective, political, social or theological, people will gravitate toward respecting or despising the Empire, for whatever reason. I personally am British, so from our national perspective, the Roman invasion and settlement of Britain *feels* like a negative thing. But then the Saxon and Anglish (among hundreds of Germanic tribes) invasion of Britain is generally regarded as a good thing, whereas the Norman invasion is seen as bad, but we are all composite mongrels of all the European races, whatever your supposed 'heritage'. Whatever way you look at it, the invading nations brought with them something of their own culture and for good or bad it often benefited and enriched the local populace even if it enslaved and humiliated them. Regardless of the actions of the Roman Empire and its demonic/angelic head in the Senate/Dictator, one thing can be agreed upon without

argument, the sheer brilliance and martial superiority of the Roman armies over its enemies.

The Roman Legions were feared throughout Europe and Asia for more than 500 years, occupying much of the European landmass and parts of North Africa, Asia and the Near East for enormous amounts of time, and boasting itself as the deadliest fighting force the world had then seen. The Legions would have put most of the onus of their success on their discipline, training and tactics.

At the time 90% of Europe's fighting forces, those military forces which could be called upon by a nation to defend itself from Rome's imperial might, were merely hordes of locals gathered together under one banner to turn back the enemy. They were only trained insofar as their lives had then required; a case in point being the barbarians and the Germanic tribesmen whom the Romans faced in their assaults on Germania, Gaul and parts of the Baltic region. The pagan hordes were extremely good at what had then been the accepted form of warfare, i.e. charging upon your enemy from a fixed position in one great mass and hacking them up with swords, axes, spears etc. with a small section of men on horseback. What the Romans did was bring military precision to the mess of battle. They arranged their troops in ordered lines, with summary execution a regular punishment for stepping out of line, they took the Spartan ideals of loyalty and honour and pushed them to their logical conclusion. Roman armies must have looked ridiculous to the pagan hordes of Germania, but they were painfully effective. Row upon row of shields that interlocked from neck to knee, creating a wall of impenetrable brutish

force; facing up to the naked wrath of the pagan barbarian warriors nearly always resulted in a Roman victory. It is an accepted fact that the might of the Legions was often only checked in its brutal march by political factors back at home in the capital, politics always finds a way to blunt the nose of any military force, no matter how brilliant.

From the perspective of our fitness focused endeavours the Romans provide us with an excellent source of inspiration and training methods. The Centurion Method is named after their commanders who led the units within the famous Legions. These men were hardy, disciplined, firm and famed for their cruelty towards their own men as much as the men they faced in battle. The legionnaires prided themselves on their loyalty to Rome, to the people of Rome and to each other. Their training consisted of brutal, long marches which had to be completed very fast, often 5 miles an hour with full armour, helmet and shield as well as sword and pack. They slogged through the deserts of Arabia, to the icy forests of Germany, the sodden bogs of England to the mountainous death traps of the Alps, but wherever they went, they lived and they fought and they won.

The Centurion Method places a large chunk of its emphasis on the training methods of the Spartans and the Romans, but it is worth noting that the enemies against which the Roman forces found themselves most tested were those of northern Europe. The Empire snagged quite publically on the might of the northern Germans and Scandinavian tribes, the Rus, the Barbarians and the Picts/Celts of Scotland and Wales specifically. Coupled with

the political problems back home, it was the tenacity, sheer cruelty and dogged will of the woodmen which they faced that eventually turned the tide of the Imperial conquest of Europe.

We would be fools to not also consider the methods used by those barbarians.

The Barbarian Myth

The reason I have titled this subsection the Barbarian 'Myth' is because there remains to this day an idealised and fantasised version of the Wildman and his kin, the Scythian, the Pagan, the Barbarian. This version is often at best exaggerated or at worst simply invented, but this too is something I want to explore briefly from the perspective of our collective 'myth' which is this idea that we can get fit the 'old way' and benefit more from doing so.

What is the Barbarian Myth then? Well, it is a fundamental almost masochistic desire by civilised people to idolise the wildness in mankind. Just as we are doing here, by stating that something is missing in our way of life and harking back to a bygone era where things were 'better', we too are mimicking the pattern of thousands of years of reminiscence and hindsight. The veterans of World War 2 looked to the veterans of World War 1, and they to the Victorian and Georgian imperialist ideals of Britannia. Those veterans modelled themselves on the knights of the medieval period, who looked back to an age of chivalry in the Roman or Celtic days, depending on their persuasions, and they too to an earlier age of great kings and indefatigable warriors of an ever more ancient time. Every

tribe has its mythological or legendary forebears, very real and physical men who through their feats managed to achieve immortality through the folk renditions of their actions. We can look back to the writings of the Greek philosophers who wrote of Hercules and Heracles, of Jason and the other mythical men of Sparta, Corinth and Athens. We can look to Romulus and Remus of Roman myth, those crazed warriors supped by their wolf mother. Irish, Celtic, Germanic, Slavic and Nordic myths all share a similar bond of crazed warrior bands, half human, half god/fairy/demon/elf who led their men on bloodthirsty head hunts or battles for magical artefacts.

Some of the most prolific chroniclers of the barbarian myth were the Greeks, who maligned and yet also celebrated the Scythians on one border and the semi-mythical Amazons on another. The Scythians were a very real folk who lived in the Caucasus regions north east of Greece, in what is now mostly southern Russia and Turkey. The Scythians were a virile and aggressive race who focussed their religion and livelihood around the horse. They were highly successful in their brutal form of subjugation of the surrounding races and accepted tribute from a large number of powerful empires, namely Persia and Egypt. The Scythians were a nomadic people, much like the Mongolians who were similarly horse oriented and barbarous in their desires.

Why would barbarous people be respected by civilised folk? Well, it seems obvious really. The Romans claimed descent from a pair of wild warlord brothers who were weaned by a huge wolf. The Greeks claimed descent

from half god half warlord barbarians like Hercules. The Germans and Nordics claimed descent from Odin and Thor. It is the same for most peoples across the European and Asian landmass. Barbarians are celebrated because they are simple. Simple desires, simple lives, simple truths.

When you're mired in the awkward impossibility of life in a settlement, the idea of leaping onto a horse, semi clothed and wielding a sword or battle-axe above your head, tattooed and wild, seeking to destroy or pillage anything you come across, is a highly entertaining idea. For us in our entirely sedated modern society, the appeal of leaping onto a steed and plundering the ripe lands of the four corners of the earth has become an all pervading fetish, beyond any good reason.

Men want to lift weights because they want to feel like Hercules and Odin, women want to be strong and voluptuous because they want to feel like Athena or Hera. We might not know it or admit it but we all want to be barbarians.

The Barbarian speaks to something in us that allows us to be what we *really* are. Without the accoutrement and mantelpiece decoration of civilisation or morality, the *wildman* in us all is allowed to run free and dangerous, at its most basic level.

The Importance of Ritual

One of the main reasons people fail with their fitness program is because they don't ritualise it enough, they make it 'something' they do, or something they have to fit into a

‘schedule’. It shouldn’t be something you feel you struggle to achieve, or find it hard to get motivated for; it should be something you feel an almost religious adherence towards. This is where the idea of ritual comes in.

In my personal praxis I find myself infinitely more motivated when I put myself in a place of reverence for what is about to happen, where I almost invoke the spirit of the tools which I am about to use. It is a long running joke between my wife and our friends that the grass or tarmac is our prayer mat and the steel or rock is our scripture. There are thousands of sayings about the importance of various human functions,

“There must be something holy about salt, for it is in our tears and the ocean”

“There is nothing that can’t be cured by salt; the ocean, tears or sweat.”

Mud on your hands, sweat on your brow, muscles sore and aching, there is nothing more innately human than the ritual of using your body.

Try to find the time to be in nature as part of your fitness program, at least once a week, even if it’s only to go outside and workout in the garden or go for a run where you live. Our ancestors (whatever your background) were intimately connected with their surroundings, the seasons and the landscape in which they lived.

Their rituals of burial, the kurgans and barrows of the east and west of Europe, the most basic barbarian ethic

of returning the tiller of the soil to the soil, or the horse bound warrior to the eternal horse lord in the skies. The barbarian has always been intimately linked with the soil through his burial rituals and worship of the Old Mother Goddess. Another aspect which we could explore is the blatant hero and ancestor worship which the old folk engaged in. Most of their observances of festivals were in some way to honour or request the blessing of their ancestors or elders upon the tribe or their young. The intimacy with which they worshipped hounds and canines in general, as companions and friends in the constant hunt for food and survival, and the same situation with horses, the steeds upon which the barbarians made war and transported their nomadic populations across the steppes, woods and plains. Finally the mystery of steel, the quote I bloody love from the Conan films, which we can paraphrase to fit our aims.

*“Fire and wind come from the sky, from the gods of the sky, but Crom is your god. Crom, and he lives in the earth. Once giants lived in the earth, Conan, and in the darkness of chaos, they fooled Crom, and they took from him the enigma of steel. Crom was angered, and the earth shook, and fire and wind struck down these giants, and they threw their bodies into the waters. But in their rage, the gods forgot the secret of steel and left it on the battlefield, and we who found it. We are just men, not gods, not giants, just men. And the secret of steel has always carried with it a mystery. You must learn its riddle, Conan, **you must learn its discipline, for no one, no one in this world can you trust, not men, not women, not beasts... Steel you can trust.**”*

Of course Conan's father is talking about swords, but we can apply the same worship of metal to the use of steel weights. This you can trust, *this*, says the barbarian, you can trust.

Back to the original point, and the closing point about this entire chapter, the people who came before us were vastly superior in physical ability, endurance, agility, flexibility, strength and fundamental "*will to power*". They overcame themselves daily, and we stand in the glorious position of being able to cherry pick from their systems and training methods to create for ourselves a unique and terrifyingly powerful system that will change not only the physical self but the entire mental, spiritual and emotional faculty as well.

Get outside, look at the clouds for a bit, and put your roots back into the soil.

Chapter 5 – The Cathedral of the Woods

So, we've covered the human mind, we can leave it there. Explore yourself, explore your surroundings, that is the maxim and the charge coming down to you from the aeons black past, pulsing forward on a tide of blood that threatens to drown everything. The longer we hold back the tide, the greater the eventual flood. Men could be to blame, but the pre Celtic cultures of Europe were matriarchal, and they loved violence, but of course, this is up to you to work out and come to your own conclusions.

One element we must explore before we tear up the soil, expose the graves, heave up the bones and interrogate our fathers and mothers about their way of life, is the soil itself. As we have briefly touched on, putting your *roots* back into the soil, what could this mean?

I don't want to get too Zen about all this, I don't want this to turn into a self-help manual and get all preachy and Biblical about ways to save ourselves from the pernicious threat of madness and destruction at our own hands. But I do want to make some cold hard statements about *where* you need to put your roots and how you need to water them. Very simple. So this chapter will be short.

There is only one healer that stands mighty and tall above all others, the mother from which we spawned and the belly to which we will one day return, and that is the tree.

The Tree of Life, the World Tree, Yggdrasil, Irminsul, Donar's Oak, holy trees, sacred groves, trees in the

top of burial mounds, totem poles, pillars of Baal, the Tree of Nimrod. The tree means something, the tree speaks to us in an older way than our fellows, animals, insects, birds, predator, prey. It speaks to us of something far older than that which we can see and touch and alter. Spend some time sitting beneath a tree and you will find questions answered in the stillness of your mind. Listen to the trees whispering to each other in the bowels of a cloudless night, this is the muttering of gods enmeshed with us in this material life.

Whatever your beliefs, whatever your religion, whatever you hold onto to keep the madness of the abyss at bay at night, the tree is undeniable. The tree starts as a tiny seed, buries itself in the earth and then explodes into life, the years roll by, the lives of humans but a momentary fleck upon the passing bark, and it grows and grows. Trees, oak, birch, ash, thorn, they group together and form woodlands, great expanses of darkened landscape shrouded permanently in a twilight of their creation, creaking and groaning to each other. It is here that we can escape the cities and the grey and the straight and the narrow that we have created, and we can switch off.

It is here that the true experience of the Centurion Method is had. Most heavy lifting programs require a gym, but with met-con focused workouts you can do it at home, even better, do it outside, a *thousand* times better, go to the woods, or at least find a tree. Stand beneath it, and pause for a moment, breath, listen to it and just be for a few minutes. No worries, no pressures, no city breathing down your neck, even in the midst of a city; just you and the tree.

Now, in this spot, you can begin to work, you are the first man, standing beneath the first tree. If you feel like it you can be Cuchullain standing and talking to Badb, squawking in the branches, you can be Odin hanging and taking the runes, you can be Arthur shaded by the oak before the Lady of the Lake offers Excalibur, be whoever you want to be. You are *human* and this is *tree*.

This is where we become human beings, not in the glare of lights and music and the fanfare of the modern fitness explosion. It is under the shade of a branch, pulling ourselves into its limbs, clambering over its roots, hefting from branch to branch, clawing, leaping, landing, rolling; it is here we are back in our wildest form, *before* we came down from the trees.

Whatever you do, *whatever* you believe, explore a tree once every week in your workouts. If you take away nothing else, this is the paramount teaching of the Centurion Method, bring trees, nature, the Earth and the Stars into your workout plan. It may not make you bigger, faster or stronger, but it will make you *better*. Our ancestors knew the importance of correct relationship between a person, the land in which he lived and the people he shared it with. Explore that relationship.

One of the elements most highly valued by your ancestors would have been comfort with the seasons, and the obvious understanding this would have brought between man and environment. For that reason the Centurion Method for the dedicated individual should pivot around exploring their surroundings in every way in which

they manifest. Obviously putting aside excessively dangerous situations, you should be able to say with comfort and experience that you *know* what it is like to hike in a blizzard, or swim a lake in winter, or go running in the swarming heat of summer. These are not challenges, they are merely pointers. I have swum in the North Sea off the coast of Scotland in winter, I have swum streams in January when snow was thick on the ground, I have climbed mountains in driving rain that made hands and face go blue. These are par for the course in some cultures. The Northern climes of the Eurasian continent, of the Americas, these are harsh and brutal environments during large chunks of the year, so prepare properly, make sure you're not doing something stupid, bring a friend along and do something that makes you proud of yourself.

Go trail running; find a route through woods, streams, rocks, there's always some barely excusable route even for you city folk. Find a way to get out into the 'wild' and experience running across rough terrain, barefoot if you can manage it. Feel blisters, feel rocks jabbing your feet, feel the scrape of bark on your toes as you climb. In fact, it's highly beneficial for your entire training routine if you make a daily excursion into extremity. Cut yourself on trees, crawl through mud, hide in reeds, roll around in snow.

Go mountain climbing, go hiking, wander for hours, fairy led among the thorns and the wild places, at least once a month. Stand atop the mountains, the hills, the barrows and abandoned castles of your people wherever you are from. Again, *whatever* your religious beliefs, the patron god of the Centurion Method is Crom, the Lord of the Mound,

the Place of Sacrifice, the Crooked One of the Tumulus, the Bloody One of the Burial Mound. He is seen at the top of the mountain, the metaphorical/allegorical mountain of your life, he is death, he is evolution, he is your perfect self, arise and go toward him, ever upwards, ever striving, ever onward.

Chapter 6 – The Guerrilla Program

The Theory

Lift yourself out of your current situation for a moment. Just as in the previous chapters we momentarily imagined ourselves hunting through the thickly vined canyon forests of primordial Africa, now let us imagine a moment of pure survival, pure horror.

* * *

You are crawling on your belly through the sparse undergrowth in a frost dampened pine forest, silent, breathing low and quiet. A rust spotted, grime covered Mauser rifle slung limply over your shoulder, the strap digging into your neck as you slink through the rot darkened mud. Before you creep three men, behind you another two and a young woman, all silent, all ashen faced, all gaunt with hunger and weak with fatigue.

A hand is raised up front and you all freeze, barked orders echoing through the woods far up ahead, the dim yellowed glare of a spotlight dancing through the misty gloom. The voices of the enemy are silenced as they begin to trudge noisily in your direction, will they see you, will they catch you? Your hairs stand up on your neck, the cool wind dusts your exposed legs with light rain and the fog begins to thicken as night draws in. Somewhere an owl hoots wistfully, the air is dank and ripe with tension.

With a screech of sudden violence your companion leaps to his feet and drives a crude handmade stiletto knife

into the throat of one of the enemy soldiers, his gun firing prematurely and alerting the rest of the patrol to your presence. You are on your feet before you can think, the Mauser slippery and awkward in your sluggish adrenaline jolted hands, cracks of gunfire fizzing and snapping from the slim pillars of the trees all around you. You ping off a few shots in the general direction of the troops who seem suddenly enlivened and engaged by the fight. Without pausing to think you bolt off into the darkness, the searchlight behind you catching your outline now and then and exposing you to the sudden horrifying shouts of your pursuers and the spattering of gunfire from their rifles. You hear no other feet, none of your companions running beside you.

The forest seems to spread out forever in exact replica, no features, no alteration, no landmark, nowhere to hide.

Night swallows you beneath the hooked roots of a gnarled old tree, gathering you up in the stinking tunnel mouth of some musky subterranean denizen, a badger or fox. Morning comes with a soft haze of grey light sifting through the trees and waking you to the sound of padding footfalls on the pillow soft bedding of pine needles that carpet the woods. The enemy troops skulk in pairs through the undergrowth, searching for you, hunting you. You spring from the jaws of bullet and blade and bound toward the rising sun, heading east, for countless hundreds of miles to the border.

* * *

A narrative with no meaning, but a narrative that speaks of what thousands of people have experienced throughout human history. The life of the guerrilla, the outlaw, the revolutionary, the partisan, the bandit, the soldier behind enemy lines; hunted, desperate, starved and left to fight a war without hope of salvation. Men and women placed in these situations are often the greatest warriors, for the human will is found at its best when dropped in the centre of the whirlwind of chaos.

People find themselves in the darkest of moments. Think about the heroes who go onto autopilot and find superhuman strength and determination in the brief seconds all others would shy from. This is survival and communal instinct merging and finding it's most poetic and human expression; the mother who lifts the truck off her child, the soldier who pulls an armoured vehicle off his comrade.

An example I'd like to dwell upon briefly is that of the British Special Forces dropped into Norway during the Second World War. These few men were told they would be meeting with Norwegian resistance forces and then be led to a secret German base which was allegedly developing plans for prototype nuclear weapons, and needed to be shut down to further the Allied cause. The handful of troops went out into the Norwegian wilderness and stationed themselves out in the abyss of mountains, forest and snow and awaited orders; orders which did not come. They waited for months, slowly starving, living off a practically poisonous moss they foraged off nearby trees and rocks, in a small shack without much more than a fire, the clothes on their backs and their skeletal comradeship. Finally their orders came and

rendezvousing with the Norwegian resistance, they trekked across the icy wastes and successfully destroyed the Nazi base, with relative ease and small losses, even though each had lost an enormous amount of weight.

Why are some people able to do such superhuman things? Obviously there are slight nuances of design which the human body can tap into which act as reservoirs of inhuman ability, our muscles never properly firing more than 30% of their tissues at any one time etc. But humans regularly do incredible things with their bodies to escape, fight, survive and *live*. We have always done so. War presents us with a totally unique set of problems; we thrust ourselves into a situation where we must be harder, faster, quieter and crueler than our enemies. However you look at the problem of war, whatever your opinions of it, it pushes humans to their limits and is a commendable pattern to mimic when it comes to keeping/getting fit.

The Guerrilla Program then is designed around best mimicking the actions and training methods of those ancient and modern historical groups and individuals who have mastered the human body, their surroundings, and the ability to master others through superior mental and physical aptitude.

We should be training like desperate soldiers gripped in an eternal war with an enemy that neither knows us nor hates us, but wants to control, demoralise and eventually exterminate us nonetheless. This is the war that countless people have fought, and it is a very real prospect which hovers over the different nations, populaces and

peoples of this planet. Why not be prepared for *whatever* the future may bring?

The Training

You're desperate, dehumanized, naked, cold, wet, haven't slept for days, eyes burning, head throbbing with dehydration, the water is poisoned, the distant thrum of a klaxon sounding your escape, the hunters tracing your every footstep, every drop of blood, every hair a signpost for the hounds at your heels.

You're alive, keen eyed, ferocious, your nerves aching taut like a coiled spring, ready to bolt at any moment; sleep is for the weak. You chew a button lodged in your cheek, saliva flowing, eyebrows raised, razor sharp for the sound of a cracking twig behind you. Bark, leap, sprint, hands around his throat, silence, the dull splintering crack of a broken neck. Dragging the body a few hundred yards into a ditch, strip it, pull the clothes onto your shivering gaunt frame, slip the gun into your trousers. Off again, off into the woods, into the night, faster than the hounds can keep up.

What are you training for?

Why are you here? Do you want something more? Do you want something different? Because here it is.

Don't train in your Nike running shoes with your running shorts and your Lycra vest. Don't train with a water bottle in one hand and a stopwatch in the other. Train barefoot, run in the snow and the ice, swim a partially frozen river. Run naked. Run with the biting cold between your

teeth, run with the wind in your hair and the driving rain beating you to the ground. Train with a knife in one hand and a brick in the other.

The Guerrilla Training is laid out in the form of a series of workouts in the Training Manual at the end of this book. The patterns of your workouts are entirely down to your position in the grading system (Paides, Paidiskoi, Hebontes and Praetorians) and are based solely on your own abilities and their evolution. It is not the workouts that matter, it is the attitude and grit with which you face them. The Guerrilla takes every waking moment as potentially his last, you should greet every push up, pull up, squat and burpee as if it was the last movement you do before you go rapping on the gates of hell.

R.E.A.L.

The final aspect of the Guerrilla Training which needs to be looked at is the application of each of the workouts to four criteria, so that each part of the program encourages an all-round and concrete mastery of the subject, as opposed to illusory and impractical specification.

This application is called “R.E.A.L.” which stands for Realism, Endurance, Agility and Loyalty (or Love). We will deal with each one in turn.

Realism

Above all else this is the core focus around which the Centurion Method should cycle, even if you’re doing one of the many strength and power workouts which involve

classical weightlifting moves like deadlifts, thrusters, squats etc. Realism is something which has been all but abandoned in the modern gymnasium. People learn to run by running on a treadmill not tarmac, they learn to cycle by using a stationary bike not a mountain bike; they learn to lift heavy awkward objects by lifting static weights on cable machines. Obviously this is neither practical nor realistic.

The Centurion Method requires that every workout be applicable across the board of required movements. So even if you're doing a routine which is heavy on press ups, pull ups, squats and lunges, and it feels like a typical met-con circuit style workout, it should be applicable *anywhere* and that is the difference. When we design a workout of classic bodybuilding aesthetic moves, the workout is doable with a log, a rock, a scaffolding pole *and* a barbell, no matter what the weight or the 'gym' you're using.

If you find yourself slipping back into the routine of working out at the gym and using loads of equipment it is solely because of association. You just need to get outside, lift some real objects and remember why you started the Centurion Method in the first place, because we encourage *real* fitness in the *real* world.

Endurance

Once we have the solid foundation of realism laid down for all the workouts, the next step is to create an adequate level of endurance. Far too many modern workout systems and splits rely upon doing "legs" one day and "back" another day, "shoulders" the next and "abs" the next etc. In real life your body wants to work as a unified whole

and fire all the required muscles at the same time. Compound movements are therefore preferred over isolations, no matter what the desired outcome. If you want to do “back” one day and “shoulders” another, the muscles used on the previous workout should not be isolated out so they are not still required to fire along with the rest of the body. To alleviate this potential problem, every isolation focused workout which is trying to increase muscle mass on upper body or increase strength on the limbs should (and does) include lots of compound explosive exercises, like pull ups, burpees, deadlifts, squats and so on.

Endurance is something a huge amount of people ignore, for sheer want of looking good with over 50kg on a barbell or more than 20kg on a dumbbell for some potentially fatal exercises, for ego and little else. If you really want to get better you start from the beginning and work your way up. No one would start their fitness program by doing the London Marathon without any training beforehand. It's the same with weightlifting and explosive exercise programs; you should be prepared for week in week out, workout after workout of burpees, pull ups, press ups and little else. This is the foundation of endurance, it is the same for everything, start small, become a god and *then* advance and exceed.

Agility

Much like endurance, agility is a side-lined and maligned subject among most fitness obsessives. I'm not talking about mixing a few MMA workouts or explosive clap press ups into your strength training workouts, I'm talking

about the fundamental use of your body for the basic needs of survival. This is the Archaic workout system at its most basic urge. For survival and nothing else, can you lift your body weight? Great. But can you swing your legs up, wrap them around a branch or beam and then pull yourself up and over to safety? That is what is truly important about agility.

We focus on yogic moves, the military and Kshatriya aspects of the yoga of Old India, not the arty farty new stuff, the basic simplistic and fundamental moves which warriors used to stretch out their limbs before and after battle. There is nothing girly or wimpy about stretching and being flexible, it is fundamental, inherent, human beings are designed to be agile, limber, flexible, we dance, we jump, we climb, it's what we are.

What we do is focus on all of these aspects, you should be getting big *and* doing agility/flexibility exercises to remain lean, defined and functional.

Loyalty

The final element of R.E.A.L. has nothing to with your physical form and everything to do with the other side of the triangle, the spiritual and emotional elements. These are nearly always overlooked by modern fitness professionals, and are actually probably one of the most important aspects. The Barbarians, Romans, Spartans, all military institutions throughout history have emphasised the communal side of physical training, especially for war. Community was one of the strongest binding factors for ancient human beings, far and above any other driving force.

Horses, dogs, steel, war, all of these things gave the tribe cohesion and focus, but it was their relationships with each other that were the glue that held the whole thing together.

Nothing is different in our gym/fitness situation. When you go somewhere and workout, you're exposing yourself to the people around you. This is why 99% of people don't even go to the gym, they're scared of being laughed at or judged, they want to be supported and encouraged, but there is no support structure. CrossFit gyms have stumbled across this aspect and it is one of the reasons the franchise is so successful, because the clients who pay month in month out for the use of the 'Box' feel like they are part of something. The same is true of martial arts clubs; they make the client feel like he is part of some ancient tribal feudal community that is fighting for its survival against a wild and dangerous outside world. It is pure genius, even if they didn't mean for it to happen.

What we need to replicate is the communal aspect of the ancient tribal/feudal societies and their martial cultures. Which is actually quite easy, again, humans innately want to do it.

If you're training at the gym, talk to people, make friends, go with a friend and do the same workout. If you're training outdoors, bring friends round, make a thing of it. Instead of going drinking on a Friday night, bring friends round and do a workout *then* go drinking when you're all sore and aching. Pain and suffering bonds people of the same persuasion. Create new bonds.

Chapter 7 - The Primal Movement Program

The Theory

Travel again, backwards this time instead of sideways or laterally. We'll go back into a long forgotten and much maligned stage of our history. Take the steppes for example -

* * *

You are crawling on your belly through the sparse undergrowth in a frost dampened pine forest, silent, breathing low and quiet. The tip of your flint spear digging into your thigh, the thin cord of stretched gut tugging at your neck as you slink through the rot darkened mud. Before you creep three men, behind you another two and a young initiate, all silent, all ashen faced, all gaunt with hunger and weak with fatigue.

A hand is raised up front and you all freeze, dawn hinting through the gloom, the ominous shadows of the pack keening and sniffing the air. The rumbling breaths of your prey are deafening as they begin to trudge noisily in your direction, will they see you, will they attack you? Your hairs stand up on your neck, the cool wind dusts your exposed legs with light rain and the fog begins to thicken as the morning draws in. Somewhere a lone wolf howls mournfully, the air is dank and ripe with tension.

With a screech of sudden violence your companion leaps to his feet and bellows the cry of action, hurling his spear through the air towards the lead boar, his screech of

horror alerting the rest of the pack to your presence. You are on your feet before you can think, the spear slippery and awkward in your sluggish adrenaline jolted hands, several of the young male boar are running among your group, tusks smashing into broad thighs and exposed innards. You swing the flint tip towards a snorting male who seems enlivened and engaged by the fight. Without pausing to think you bolt off into the darkness, the screams of violence behind you seeming to suddenly quieten as the pack separates and your brothers are trampled. You hear no other feet, none of your companions running beside you.

The forest seems to spread out forever in exact replica, no features, no alteration, no landmark, nowhere to hide.

The full heat of the day thrusts you into the high branches of a gnarled old tree, gathering you up so that no predator can catch your scent on the breeze. Evening comes with a soft haze of orangey light sifting through the trees and alerting you to the sound of padding footfalls on the pillow soft bedding of pine needles that carpet the woods. Your father and one of your uncles are stalking through the woods, they look bloodied and dejected. You tiptoe along the length of a curved branch and drop down to the forest floor, their glances of shame cutting deeper than any spear.

* * *

This narrative speaks of every human being across time and the globe, regardless of race, colour or creed. The human being has stalked the natural gloom of his environ for millennia, first with bare hands and teeth, then with

spear and bow, and recently with bullet and blade, but the hunter and the hunted remain the same. The human animal has foraged through bushes and glades for fruit, berry and vegetable since his first gaited upright steps. He has in various fashions hunted and trapped his neighbours in the animal kingdom with ferocious tenacity and indomitable will. It is testament to our sheer force of determination and unstoppable hunger that we have now reached the point where we may possibly push ourselves near to extinction by destroying the very habitat in which we live. Evolution has crowned us as masters of our environment and therefore by default, the very destiny of the planet on which we live. Ironical really that our destructive nature may well be what destroys us.

From the point of view of our fitness model, what can we take from our ancestry of war, bloodshed, violence and a mastery of the skills of hunting? Well, let us briefly look at the hunter-gatherer in his natural environ.

He is lean, quick witted, sharp as a knife, fast on his feet, a good climber and incredibly agile and flexible. Why then should a modern potentially sedentary being mimic this behaviour and attempt to gain some of that flexibility and enduring muscular aptitude for himself? Well, that agility transfers directly into our modern life. We are very lazy creatures in the west and we tend to enjoy sitting around and eating more than anything else, so our muscles, bones, tendons and organs, like those of any other animal who sits doing nothing, begin to atrophy and die. The old maxim is true: use it or lose it.

If we train in flexibility and endurance for agility, our bones strengthen, our muscles lengthen, our explosive power increases and general fitness shoots through the roof. Human beings are incredibly versatile and a vague gymnastic ability goes a long way in aiding the recovery of the more explosive and classically 'weight lifting' muscles. If you can do the splits and really deep lunges then when you do really heavy squats or explosive leaps your limbs will recover faster and with less fatigue.

There is that other looming spectre of the fitness world as well, injury. It seems everyone gets injured these days for one reason or another. Stretched hamstrings, snapped tendons, exhaustion, fatigued muscles. All of these problems are due to incorrect use of the muscle and then sudden correct use in an incorrect environment. The most common situation we hear about is runners, running awkwardly and with a strange gait all the time for long distances, then suddenly running for real and tearing something. If you use the muscle in the wrong way all the time and never stretch it out or do anything to make it flexible and capable of perfect flexion and extension then it *will* break.

Primal training strips everything back to its most basic elements, everything is slow, fixed, controlled and focussing on the use of the limb in the correct manner.

The Training

Part of the job of the drastic moving forward of fitness methods is the understanding of its cyclical or spherical nature. New ideas are inevitable, new fads, new

methods, new programs, new shortcuts, they will come and go, but certain elements will weather the storm no matter what happens. To paraphrase philosophical theory, one way of understanding this is to imagine a cue ball on a snooker table. If you put a black dot on one side and then rolled the ball at random away from yourself, eventually the black dot would touch the surface of the table, and then at a *different* point it would touch the table again, but with the ball somewhere else. Nietzsche described this loose idea as a conception of time, of advancement and 'inevitable return'.

From the point of view of our fitness goals, human beings have *always* kept fit through work, not by choice but by necessity, for survival. As we have aged and become weaker through our lack of physical work, we have started to *need* to keep fit in gyms and with ever quicker and more efficient fitness programs. As the ball rolls forward we will inevitably return to previous methods as these fancy modern fads fall away, proving themselves useless through their lack of viable and useful results.

We need to create new words for old ways and new ways of describing and working the same program, in the most bizarre fashion the most ancient method becomes the shocking new idea that the outdated fitness fanatics can't get to grips with.

This Archaic or Primal training should encourage you to train like you would have trained and moved in primordial Africa, ancient Egypt, barbaric Rome. It should access those most basic urges and desires of the human animal. Let us keep it simple, flexible, agile and dangerous.

Chapter 8 – The Iron Law

Firstly, let us make one thing clear, this law has many names, but it is a law of nature, we can overcomplicate things, we can sentimentalise things, we can apply all the moral laws of men and society to nature, but she will not yield. When thrust into the face of our mother all inability and lack of preparedness will be suddenly exposed to the light of evolution, with nowhere to hide, few would survive even one night under the stars.

I call it the Iron Law, which is a mix of different versions snatched from popular culture and philosophy, but I will touch on a couple.

- **Iron Price** – from Game of Thrones by George R.R. Martin, this is the concept of the Iron Islanders, that things can be bought with the “Gold Price” i.e. money or wealth or influence of any sort, and then those same things can be bought with the “Iron Price” i.e. taken by force of blade, bow or brawn.
- **Riddle of Steel** – from the Conan the Barbarian films, not strictly present in the books of Robert E. Howard, but definitely a theme he would have agreed with. Conan’s father tells him as a young boy that he cannot trust women, friends, foes or anything else, but he can trust steel (swords, knives, shields).
- **Might is Right/Survival of the Fittest** – The most philosophical representation of the idea came with the book “Might is Right” by Ragnar Redbeard (clearly a pen name). Regardless of argument about

authorship, the book deals with the application of social Darwinism in its simplest (and by extension) most aggressively abhorrent forms.

- **Ironmaster** – *“I am your master. What was yours now is mine. I have power of life and death over you. And my law is this weapon which I have called, Iron. From now on you shall live under the Law of Iron.”* Ironmaster (the French Film)

I would encourage everyone reading this book to explore these sources in full and remember to keep your natural, bullish, blood and broken sword head on and ignore the immediate reactions of your socially conditioned 21st century sensibilities.

So, what am I saying here? What is the Iron Law and how does it relate to fitness? Well, a quick quote from a Robert E. Howard story; Conan is in a boat on his way somewhere and the boatswain casually drops into conversation -

“Barbarism is the natural state of mankind. Civilization is unnatural. It is a whim of circumstance. And barbarism must always ultimately triumph.”

Nothing could better describe the Iron Law in my view. The idea that civilisation is the crowning glory of mankind, that without cities, without the internet, without the media, politicians, economy, society blah, blah, blah, we would all be skin wearing savages skulking over crude fires in the mouths of caves is not only blatant lies, it is reprehensible propaganda on the part of the ruling classes. Humanity clawed its way through the filth of our evolution

with tooth and fingernail, broken and bloodied, by fighting and mastering each other and ourselves. When first we glimpsed the glories of science and technology it was through the lens of peace and large civilisation, those early pioneers could have never known that their technological discoveries would herald the end of mankind at our own hands.

If we are to move forward it must be on ancient lines, the old paths if you will. But these old paths must be the ones trod most frequently. Superiority in physical stature and ability is the name of the game and the Iron Law has and always will dictate the survival of the species.

Now, when we apply this to fitness the maxim rings true for every circumstance. The reason you have not had the results you want in your weight loss program, your muscle gain program, your agility and flexibility program, whatever you've been trying (or not trying as the case may be) is because you're coming into the situation as a sensible, 21st century human being with an iPhone in his pocket and a £45 Nike training vest on. Leave all of that at the door, and invoke the Iron Law.

There is a famous quote from Arnold Schwarzenegger, *"For me life is continuously being hungry. The meaning of life is not simply to exist, to survive, but to move ahead, to go up, to achieve, to conquer."* This is where we're coming from. When you walk into the gym, *whatever* you're planning on doing to keep fit, lose weight or build muscle, you should do it with conquest and victory in mind. The

Iron Law covers every aspect of your lifestyle, inside and outside of the gym, wherever you choose to work out.

We need to alter the way we perceive and approach each other in the fitness environment, I know we've covered this before, but from the point of view of the Iron Law, if you go into the gym, the woods or your garage and have aimed to do so many reps and sets of a specific exercise, *you better damn well do them*, or you leave a weakling, defeated, a failure. You set that goal for yourself, so succeed, you are your own worst enemy and your own dictator all at once. Be the Centurion, discipline yourself, be cruel, do not let yourself lie and justify weakness. Be a human.

We will end with a quote from *Liber Al* by Aleister Crowley, and I personally feel nothing should drive you to strive further and aim higher than realising that we stand at a crossroads as a species and a generation. We move away from the errors of the past and onward, glorious, crowned in sweat, with bloodied knuckles and bruised muscles.

"Now let it be first understood that I am a god of War and of Vengeance. I shall deal hardly with them. Choose ye an island! Fortify it! Dung it about with enginery of war! I will give you a war-engine. With it ye shall smite the peoples; and none shall stand before you. Lurk! Withdraw! Upon them! This is the Law of the Battle of Conquest: thus shall my worship be about my secret house."

Chapter 9 – Changing Lives One Grimace at a Time

Well, here we are, the end of this road and the beginning of yours. I'd like to finish with a final chapter on changing lives, to reiterate for the final time before you begin your training program, what it is you're aiming for and what it is the Centurion Method hopes to achieve *through you*.

Nietzsche spoke well before his time on the death of morals and their arbitrary and pointlessly cultural application. One of the most brilliant and easily applicable ideas he wrote on was the *Übermensch*, loosely translated as 'overman' or 'superman' but expressing something deeper, an idea of a future human (or human evolutionary goal) which has utterly overcome the pettiness of our current and historical humanity and has excelled to something greater.

"I teach you the overman. Man is something that shall be overcome. What have you done to overcome him? All beings so far have created something beyond themselves; and do you want to be the ebb of this great flood and even go back to the beasts rather than overcome man? What is the ape to man? A laughingstock or a painful embarrassment. And man shall be just that for the overman: a laughingstock or a painful embarrassment..." – Thus Spake Zarathustra (Nietzsche)

To not put it too bluntly we can see something of this creature in ourselves, in the modern generation which has begun to march from every slum, city, wilderness and island of this planet, in the very backwaters of creation, a new species is emerging, one which is violently and expressively surpassing what humans have achieved before.

Throwing off the apish concerns of yesteryear and moving gloriously toward some pristine Luddite tinged dystopia. We can only hope.

What the Centurion Method sincerely hopes to do through you is to have a hand in this evolution of the human species. What better motivation for your exercise and study than that you could be contributing to your children being *better* humans. Not morally better, not physically or intellectually superior, but simply *better* in whatever fields of endeavour they may happen to find themselves in.

We have to develop a new human aspiration, give rise to a free thinking and libertarian species of godlike warrior poets. Not godlike in the moralistic or fatalistic sense, but godlike in their physicality, their impartiality and their superiority over themselves and their ancestors. As this creature evolves in you, as your muscles grow, your heart enlarges, your lung capacity increases, the mitochondria in your blood increase, your brain capacity increases, you are more able to think, to feel, to *evolve* towards something greater than what you already are.

Physical perfection is something that has become maligned and ignored by the majority of the human herd, in an age of politically correct acceptance of what is frankly nothing more than illness and spiritual hernia. If you wake up and look in the mirror and see something you don't like, or something you want to change, then *change it*. That is but the beginning of a process which should see you becoming exactly who were *born* to be.

Fitness and the metaphorical change which occurs in the body through the change in the psyche, therefore becomes the highest form of worship of the divine. Once more we remember the Centurion Method's patron god, Crom. It is unwise to call upon Crom, he sends only death and destruction from his towers in the mountains. But he sends such trauma to encourage us to grow, he is the disciplinary force booming down from the heights of our past and future, he is the collective conscious of our ancestors and our descendants urging us to become *everything* we have ever or will ever be.

Tense, exhausted, stretched, heaving breaths in ragged lungs, excited, pumped full of endorphins, hormones throbbing through swollen muscles, taut and aware. This is our God; sex, violence, death, growth. Go forth and evolve.

BOOK TWO
THE PRACTICE OF GLORY

The Workouts

Introduction

This manual has been designed to change your physical form. Make sure you have read the entirety of the previous section fully and understand its contents. The evolution and adaptation of the modern human mind is founded in philosophy first and physicality second. Far too much emphasis is laid upon numbering, documenting and scaling workouts with reps, sets, diets, calories, nutrients, distances and weights and far too little is rested upon the alteration of the mind for the benefit of the participant.

The Centurion Method has scant concern for how you look, if you want to get a beach hard body with solid six pack abs, a wide flared pair of pecs with good strong triangular lats sculpting down towards your picture perfect glutes and quads, you can piss off to Men's Health and use their infinite wisdom in creating Barbie dolls out of a demi-god that has existed since the Pleistocene era.

Yes you will look good; if you're a man you will gain muscle, you will lose weight, you will sculpt and tone your physique and you will start to *look* like the god-man that you are, and If you're a woman, you will lose weight from your ass and your thighs and your belly and you will get toned abs, tight arms and shapely legs. But our main point here is that we don't care about that. The aesthetic alteration is a *side effect* of the physical aspect in general. You will get faster, stronger, fitter and harder through this process and *that* is the point.

Let's take a brilliant example I came up with of the difference between the Centurion Method and what I call the Barbie Doll Method.

Two shops on the British high street, both are registered with the local council as selling clothing to the public, both sell shoes, coats, hats, jackets, shirts, trousers etc. and both are regularly busy with their specific clientele. One is a hiking/mountaineering shop like Blacks and the other is a fashion clothing shop like Topman. Let's say a guy walked into the hiking shop and started trying on different mountaineering jackets with different boots specifically designed for a specialised type of climbing, he turns to the shop assistant and says,

“Hey do these boots look good with this jacket?”

The shop assistant has never been asked this question before in relation to the coats and shoes, he is normally asked about togs and thickness of boot heel and if the shoes come with a guarantee that covers walking 1,000 miles in 3 years. He pauses for a moment looking at the customer and says,

“Well, um, yeah I suppose they look good together...”

Now, let's say a different guy walks into Topman and starts trying on jackets and shoes in the same way, he doesn't look at himself in the mirror, he just starts squeezing the bottom of the shoe and feeling the thickness of the jacket, he turns to the Topman employee and says,

“In your opinion, will this jacket keep me warm in minus 10 degree on the side of a Turkish mountain? I’ve got a climb in six weeks and I need some good hiking equipment?”

In this instance the shop assistant wouldn’t have a single thing to say, in most cases he would probably just tell the customer to go down the road to the hiking shop and buy a coat from them, as he wouldn’t trust himself to give the correct advice in this situation. And that would be the right thing for him to do, because anyone buying a coat from Topman to go hiking in would be mental.

My point is, these two shops are highly specialised, they might not look like it, but they are. The hiking shop has no real idea about fashion; it doesn’t *really* concern itself with such things beyond basic understanding of how to market its product to the general populace. The same is true of the fashion shop, it doesn’t care if its product only lasts one season, most fashionable folks will come in next year and buy a new winter coat by then anyway. The difference is in their purpose, what their clothes are for, and *that* is the point.

The Centurion Method will make you look good, absolutely it will, no doubt about that, but we’re not in the *business* of making people look good, that’s not what we’re here for. In the same breath we can say without doubt, the gyms, magazines, supplement companies and fitness brands are not really all that concerned with making a successful and physically able human being out of you. All they’re really concerned about is weight loss, toning, sculpting and

shaping. Fitness First are the least ashamed of this fact. 50% of their clientele sign up for gym memberships to lose weight, to market anything other than weight loss to the majority of its clients is therefore commercial suicide. If they started marketing and altering their product for athletes and survival fanatics they'd be mad, it would result in mass exoduses from their gyms and a failure for their marketing teams. The same is true for the Centurion Method; we are here to make you fit, able and prepared for whatever life may throw at you, whatever the stimulus, whatever the outcome.

So, when engaging in this revolutionary program, we encourage you, read the main bulk of the other book first, *then* begin this system of training, you will honestly benefit from it a whole lot more if your perspective on training and the human body system has been altered. That book has been designed to assault the senses and get questions and ideas bouncing around that appear to be self-evident, but we are not looking for political, social, philosophical converts here, we just want you *thinking* and asking questions about yourself, your history and above all your future. Then we can continue here and *change your life*.

The workouts and systems in this manual are designed to be partially cherry picked from and partially used as a skeleton around which you would build your own workout program.

Designing Your Program

The first step in this highly specialised and personal process must be in designing your program of fitness to reflect your specific goals. In theory you could work your way through all of the workouts from beginning to end doing one after another, but your fitness would probably suffer due to the immense amount of pressure put upon it at different times, basically it would be pointless.

Fitness Testing

To accurately place yourself on the scale which the Centurion Method uses, you need to do a basic fitness test, which consists of a few basic timed exercises.

EXERCISE	DESCRIPTION	TIME/RESULT
1.5 Mile Cooper Test Timed	Run 1.5 miles as fast you can at maximum intensity and then record your time	
Pull Ups 1 Minute	Do as many pull ups as you can in one minute and record	
Press Ups 1 Minute	Do as many press ups as you can in one minute and record	
Plank Timed	Hold the plank position for as long as possible and record your time	

When you have completed the above you should get a result which places you in one of four categories.

Paides - Beginner

EXERCISE	DESCRIPTION
1.5 Mile Cooper Test	16 mins +
Pull Ups 1 Minute	Less than 5
Press Ups 1 Minute	Less than 10
Plank Timed	50 seconds or less

Paidiskoi - Intermediate

EXERCISE	DESCRIPTION
1.5 Mile Cooper Test	Under 14 mins
Pull Ups 1 Minute	Between 10 - 15
Press Ups 1 Minute	Between 15 - 20
Plank Timed	Between 1:15 - 1:45

Hebontes - Expert

EXERCISE	DESCRIPTION
1.5 Mile Cooper Test	Under 12 mins
Pull Ups 1 Minute	Between 16 - 20
Press Ups 1 Minute	Between 21 - 30
Plank Timed	Between 1:50 - 2:30

Praetorian - Elite

EXERCISE	DESCRIPTION
1.5 Mile Cooper Test	Under 10 mins
Pull Ups 1 Minute	More than 25
Press Ups 1 Minute	More than 40
Plank Timed	More than 4mins

The fundamental alteration we have made to the Centurion Method since its initial creation is the way that these grading levels work. They do not affect the frequency of your workouts, nor do they require you to behave differently to the upper or lower grades, the only difference is that you require more of yourself and your fellows. By removing the element of expectation (or lack of) to the grading we allow the user to work as often or as little as they please, the only person judging you, being *you*.

Selecting the Workouts

The workouts in the next section of the book are divided up into three major groups, with some overlap, but they generally work along simple lines. There are roughly 33 of them, with a slight bias towards Strength and Power, because that is the bread and butter of a warrior's lifestyle.

The way this has been worked out is along classical roleplaying/board-game lines, we want to get it into your head that this is an adventure, hell if you want to give yourself a bloody fake name when you do Centurion Method, *go for it!* We encourage any madness, any sincere absurdity, any weirdness; the Centurion Method is based

upon it, built on it. Dress up like a wild savage when you work out, fuck everyone else.

The workouts are divided in the following manner –

- **Finn's Wolves (explosive/circuit workouts)** – Based upon the Irish Celtic mythical hero Finn McCool and his warrior band the Fianna. The recruits to the Fianna had to prove themselves with insane feats of physical ability involving running, jumping, climbing and fighting.
- **Conan's Kozaks (strength/power workouts)** – Based upon Conan the Cimmerian created by Robert E Howard. His Kozaks were the wild hillmen who fought with him in the mountains against sorcerers and Nemedian knights.
- **Romulus' Legions (endurance workouts)** – Based upon the Legions of Rome, specifically those legions engaged in combat in northern Europe, who had to endure cold, long distances, general pain and misery and then die in battle.

When it comes to the Primal workouts, when you add them to your weekly split (which of course can be altered to your commitments or lifestyle), you should just do them in consecutive order, and when you get to the end, come back and repeat the cycle. Each one should be pushing your agility and flexibility along specific lines so cycle them accordingly.

Again one of those fundamental alterations we have made in this collected version of the Centurion Method is

this premise of workout selection. Those of you who have the original manual will know it featured 100 workouts, and you were required to select them at random depending on your schedule. We have this time around decided to focus on the creation of a more select collection of workouts which allow the user to see the different styles of workout *within* Conan/Finn/Romulus and then *create their own workouts*.

One of the major problems with giving out workouts to an expectant beginner is the increasing and obsessive reliance on the further creation and dissemination of those workouts by an HQ. Centurion Method had/has no HQ, the creation of an environment to workout in and the creation of the workout itself was always supposed to be organic and down to the user. These workouts then become hints and signposts, not orthodox formats set in stone.

The Guerrilla Program

As explained in the first section, the Guerrilla Program of the Centurion Method is focused on cycling the muscles used during workouts which should strike all major groups and create a creature that can effectively do anything. We covered everything above in terms of tapering and altering so make sure if you start a workout and it is too easy, alter it, and the same goes for finding every single movement impossible.

FINN'S WOLVES

Hercules

Style

10 rounds +

Workout

1. 30 second sprint as hard as possible
2. 1 minute sprint as hard as possible
3. 20 x strict pull ups
4. 20 x jump squats

That Awful Sneer

Style

10 rounds

Workout

1. 5 x strict pull ups
2. 20 x push ups
3. 20 x squats
4. 10 x burpees

Cultist

Style

5 rounds

Workout

1. 35 x burpees
2. 2 minute plank
3. 25 x kettlebell/dumbbell/rock swings
4. 20 x push ups
5. 15 x pull ups

Sword of Surtr

Style

3 rounds +

Workout

1. 60 x burpees
2. 20 x press ups
3. 15 x jump squats
4. 3 minute plank

The Great God Pan

Style

3 rounds +

Workout

1. 30 x decline press ups
2. 30 x press ups
3. 30 x divebomb press ups
4. 30 x wide grip press ups
5. 30 x close grip press ups

The Mask of Death

Style

15 round circuit

Workout

Using bar or log, and two dumbbells or rocks -

1. 5 x deadlifts
2. 5 x press ups
3. 10 x flyes
4. 10 x burpees

Sculpting Gods

Style

10 round circuit

Workout

1. 10 x dumbbell flyes
2. 10 x press ups
3. 5 x pull ups
4. 1 minute plank

The Shattered Lance

Style

10 round circuit

Workout

Using rock/dumb/kettle -

1. 10 x rock swings
2. 10 x military press
3. 30 x jump squats
4. 1min plank
5. 5 x pull ups

Athena

Style

8 round circuit

Timing

One timed run through

Workout

Use log or bar -

1. 10 x pull ups
2. 10 x thrusters
3. 10 x military press
4. 30 x press ups

Dying Well

Style

Three rounds +

Workout

1. 30 x dumbbell swings
2. 20 x burpees
3. 20 x leg raises on bar
4. 20 x 2 dumbbell lunge walk
5. 10 x pull ups
6. 1 minute plank
7. 30 x squat pick ups
8. 30 x press ups

CONAN'S KOZAKS

Arise and Conquer

Style

20 round circuit

Workout

1. 5 x strict press ups
2. 5 x strict pull ups

Goliath the Philistine

Style

One timed run through

Workout

Using kettle/dumbbell/rock –

1. 4 x 10 bicep curls (each side)
2. 4 x 10 farmers raise (each side)
With weight held down by hips with arm straight, bend elbow to pull weight up to chest and then let down, one rep. Repeat.
3. 4 x 10 high pulls (each side)
Holding weight in front of you, down by groin, pull up towards your chest, descend and repeat.
4. 4 x 10 skull crushers
Holding weight behind your head with bent elbows, straighten arms to lift weight above you, repeat.
5. 4 x 10 rows (each side)
Holding weight down by groin, bend at the hips so torso is at 45 degrees and pull weight towards chest. Repeat.
6. 4 x 10 Clean and Press
7. 2 x 25 press ups

The Beastman Liveth

Style

One timed run through

Workout

Using a heavy log/bar -

1. 10 x press ups
2. 5 x pull ups
3. 3 x 5 deadlifts
4. 3 x 5 squats
5. 4 x 5 thrusters
6. 3 x 5 clean and press
7. 3 x 5 bent over row
8. 30 x burpees

The Flail

Style

One timed run through

Workout

Using rock/kettle/dumbbell -

Superset no.1 x 3 (so do the following three exercises with no rest, three times) -

1. 10 x press ups
2. 10 x bent over row
3. 10 x flyes (each side)

Superset no.2 x 3 -

1. 10 x bicep curls
2. 10 x thrusters
3. 20 x burpees

Superset no.3 x 3 -

1. 25 x bent over row
2. 25 x press ups

Indra's Spear

Style

One timed run through

Workout

1. 4 x 20 log overhead press
2. 4 x 10 log thrusters
3. 4 x 10 log seated military press
4. 4 x 10 swing to curl
5. 4 x 10 flyes
6. 4 x 20 farmer raises

The Kurgan

Style

Two rounds +

Workout

Using 10kg sledgehammer and log/bar –

1. 100 x sledgehammer swings (50 each side)
2. 50 x thrusters
3. 50 x squats
4. 50 x press ups

Poisoned Mead

Style

One timed run through

Workout

Using log/bar and two rocks/dumbbell/kettlebells –

1. 2 x 20 press ups

Superset no.1 x 3 (following exercises back to back with no rest, three times)

1. 20 x thrusters
2. 20 x bar rows
3. 20 x dumbbell rows (each side)

Superset no.2 x 3 –

1. 20 x military press
2. 20 x bar rows
3. 20 x dumbbell overhead press

Superset no.3 x 3 –

1. 20 x bar bench press
2. 20 x dumbbell bench press
3. 20 x press ups

The Kali Yuga

Style

One timed run through

Workout

Using log/bar and rock/dumb and sledgehammer –

Superset no.1 using sledgehammer and log (3 exercises back to back no rest) –

1. 25 x sledgehammer swings (swap sides each round)
2. 20 x press ups
3. 20 x bench press

Superset no.2 using rock/dumb –

1. 20 x bicep curls
2. 20 x squat pick ups
3. 20 x thrusters

Superset no.3 using log –

1. 20 x thrusters
2. 20 x weighted squats
3. 20 x military press

Hardship

Style

One timed run through

Workout

Using rock/dumb/kettle and a sledgehammer –

Superset no.1 x 3 (three exercises back to back, no rest, three times) –

1. 25 x rock swings
2. 25 x military press
3. 25 x bicep curls

Superset no. 2 x 3 –

1. 25 x dumbbell swings
2. 25 x bench press
3. 25 x high pulls

Superset no.3 x 3 –

1. 50 x sledgehammer swings (each side)
2. 25 x press ups

The Pyramids of Imtep-Ahon

Style

5 round circuit

Workout

Using log or bar –

1. 20 x thrusters
2. 10 x cleans
3. 5 x military press

Wider than Beowulf

Style

3 rounds +

Workout

1. 20 x press ups
2. 30 x wide grip press ups
3. 10 x commando press ups
4. 5 x divebomb press ups
5. 5 x decline press ups

Then using a rock or dumbbell –

1. 20 x bicep curls
2. 30 x bicep curls
3. 5 x military press

Steel and Gore

Style

One timed run through

Workout

Using a rock/dumb/kettle –

Superset no.1 x 3 (three exercises back to back, no rest, three times) –

1. 100 x bicycle punches
2. 25 x push ups

Superset no.2 x 3 –

1. 30 x bicep curls
2. 30 x military press
3. 30 x bicep curl to military press

Superset no.3 x 3 –

1. 30 x squat pick ups
2. 30 x thrusters
3. 30 x one armed pick ups (15 each side)

Centaur

Style

One timed run through

Workout

Superset no.1 x 3 -

1. 25 x dumbbell lunges
2. 30 x squat pick ups
3. 20 x burpees

Superset no.2 x 3 -

1. 20 x deadlifts
2. 25 x 2 one legged situps
3. 1 minute plank

Superset no.3 x 3 -

1. 20 x press ups
2. 10 x thrusters
3. 5 x pull ups

ROMULUS' LEGIONS

Kingdom of the Dwarves

Style

One timed run through

Workout

One minute of the exercise with no rest between sets, rest when you're done -

1. Squats
2. Mountain climbers
3. Swings of a medium weight
4. Divebomb push ups
5. Jump lunges
6. Bicycle punches
7. Side lunges
8. Clap push ups
9. Pull ups

Hindu Kush

Style

Two round circuit

Workout

1. 1 minute skipping
2. 20 x divebomb push ups
3. 1 minute box jumps
4. 5 x burpee pull ups
5. 30 x tricep dips
6. 1 minute jumping knee raises
7. 30 x squat to lunge jumps
8. 1 minute mountain climbers
9. 20 x press ups
10. 1 minute burpees
11. 1 minute plank

Twenty Minute Nuke

Style

One timed run through

Timing

One minute of each exercise

Workout

1. Skipping
2. Press ups
3. Bear crawl push ups
4. Pulse crunches
5. Jump squats
6. V fold sit ups
7. Tricep dips
8. Burpees
9. Pull ups
10. Jumping lunges
11. Burpees
12. Swings with 5kg weight
13. Squat to lunge jumps
14. Plank
15. Jumping high knees
16. Divebomb push ups
17. Frog leaps
18. Jumping squats
19. Skipping
20. Press ups

Workout Thirty - Evil One

Style

Five round circuit

Timing

One timed run through

Workout

1. 1 minute skipping
2. 10 x bear crawls
3. 15 x jump squats to star jump
4. 10 x burpees
5. 15 x burpee pull ups

Soil and Kin

Style

One timed run through

Workout

1. Burpees
2. Plank
3. Jump squats
4. Press ups
5. Skipping
6. Burpees
7. Leg raises
8. Jump squats
9. Press ups
10. Skipping
11. Burpees
12. Plank
13. Jump lunges
14. Press ups
15. Skipping
16. Burpees
17. Leg raises
18. Jump squats
19. Press ups
20. Skipping

Brutus

Style

Five round circuit

Timing

One timed run through

Workout

1. 2 minute skipping
2. 5 x pull ups
3. 15 x press ups
4. 30 x pulsing crunches
5. 15 x burpees

The Banshee

Style

One timed run through

Workout

1. Burpees
2. Plank
3. Jump squats
4. Press ups
5. Skipping
6. Burpees
7. Leg raises
8. Jump squats
9. Press ups
10. Skipping
11. Burpees
12. Plank
13. Jump lunges
14. Press ups
15. Skipping

Then 3 rounds of –

1. 10 x pull ups
2. 20 x swings of a 5kg weight
3. 30 x shoulder press of a 5kg weight

Skull Korps

Style

10 round circuit

Timing

One timed run through

Workout

1. 10 x burpees
2. 10 x press ups
3. 20 x lunges
4. 1 minute plank

Nose in the Dirt

Style

One timed run through

Workout

1. Plank
2. Bear crawl
3. Bunny hops
4. Mountain climbers
5. Press ups
6. Leg raises
7. Sit ups
8. Press ups
9. Shoulder row with 5kg dumbbell
10. Plank
11. Burpees
12. Squats

Torture Chamber

Style

One timed run through

Workout

1. 1 kilometre sprint
2. 60 x weighted squats
3. 50 x press ups
4. 40 x weighted sit ups
5. 30 x weighted squats
6. 20 x press ups
7. 10 x weighted sit ups
8. 1 minute plank

On Your Feet Soldier

Style

One timed run through

Workout

Whilst wearing a 5-10kg weight vest or backpack for the run, then take off for the exercise sets –

1. 1.5 mile run
2. 100 x burpees
3. 50 x press ups
4. 50 x jump squats
5. 1.5 mile run

Seven Drunken Knights

Style

One timed run through

Workout

1. 50 x jump squats
2. 100 x squats
3. 25 x jump squat to lunge
4. 100 x lunges (50 each side)
5. 50 x jump squats
6. 50 x burpees

The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing

Style

One timed run through

Timing

Record best time

Workout

1. 1 minute plank
2. 30 x squats
3. 1 minute plank
4. 30 x jump squats
5. 1 minute plank
6. 30 x burpees
7. 1 minute plank
8. 30 x burpees
9. 1 minute plank
10. 30 x burpees

The Primal Movement Program

Quite in opposition to the Guerrilla program, the Primal Movement program is aimed at taking the muscles which have been so cruelly worked in the other workouts and giving them a long deep stretch, with flexibility as the main focus. What we are hoping to create is a gymnastic agility, which coupled with the ferocious strength and power of the Guerrilla system will result in the classical Grecian aesthetic. There are a couple of running workouts included which explain their primacy and reasoning, so don't jump to conclusions, do everything as it is prescribed.

Some of these primal/archaic workouts are designed to strip back your humanity, pull away the layers of the onion as it were, so ideally they should be done alone outside, or in the privacy of your home. I live in a quiet village in south west UK, and I genuinely stand stark naked at my back door after a long yoga session. Nothing, literally nothing, compares to having your bare feet on the ground (soil if you can) and your hands in the air, whatever the weather, with the wind in your hair and the stars staring down at you. This is perfection, this is our scripture, to pull away the barriers we have put up. Be the animal.

Long Distance Running

Style

Running

Movement

Find a point on the map or a landmark nearby you've always wanted to visit, seen it in the distance or signposted. Don't concern yourself with how far it is or record any kind of distance.

Run to that point, and back again, don't stop, keep going. When you get there do the following moves –

1. 20 x lunges, very slow and deep
2. 20 x squats, very slow and deep

Emphasis on all of this is to get you running without a distance or number in mind, just the destination and the sheer joy of the flight.

Climbing the Mount

Style

Climbing

Movement

Go to a tree or pull up bar and do the following –

1. 30 x hand changes

Hold yourself in a classic pull up position, let go with one hand and swap hand position, so go from an overhand to underhand grip, or reach for another branch. Hold on and swap the other hand, repeat this 30 times.

2. 30 x bear crawls

Emphasis on the long slow crawl, don't worry about perfect form, just crawl on all fours and stretch out all the muscles used in the hand changes.

This might not seem a lot, but if you're finishing it in ten minutes you're going too fast, repeat it a LOT slower and really *feel* what you're doing, listen to your body.

Stalking the Deer

Style

Survival practice

Movement

This workout is to simulate hunting, so you need to get into that mindset...

1. 10 x 100 metre lunge walk

Go into a classic lunge and keep your head level, take a lunge step forward without the head raising or bobbing, this is even better if you do it with a partner and there are penalties for being spotted.

2. 10 x 100 metre squat stalk

Go into a classic squat and do the same as above, smaller steps, keeping the head from bobbing.

Try to switch off here, pause a lot, practice being still in nature, try not to rush through it and get home. This is more in the mind than in the body.

Uphill Running

Style

Running

Movement

Find a hill, no matter how big, steep, whatever, if it's a slow incline that's fine, you'll just have to do it more times, if it's really steep fewer times. For an average incline -

- 10 x hill sprints
- 20 x lunges
- 10 x hill sprints
- 30 x squats
- 10 x hill sprints
- 30 x burpees

The Dragon

Style

Jumping practice

Movement

A lot of people can't even jump to bench height for some inbuilt fear that holds them back. So, find an object that is at an uncomfortable height, say a stool or bench, whatever is hard for you and do the following.

1. 20 x box jumps
2. 20 x squats
3. 20 x box jumps
4. 20 x squats
5. 20 x boxless jumps

Remove the box to one side and jump as high as you can, try to see how high you can jump in comparison

6. 50 x box jumps

Climb to the Top

Style

Running/climbing

Movement

Find a wood, mountain, hill or whatever, some wilderness site near you. Everyone has something, even if it's a short drive away. Whether you have a steep hill or a tall tree, climb it repeatedly. Over and over again, this is endurance.

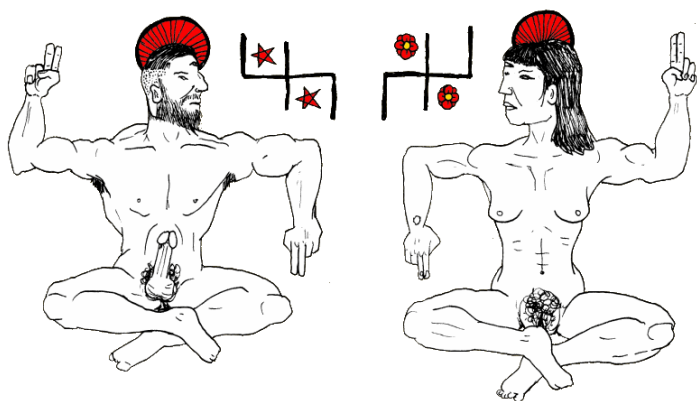
Feel your body, touch it, flex your muscles, breath in your lungs. Be alive. Do what you have always wanted to do.

And by Crom, do it well.

"I am not afraid of an army of lions led by a sheep; I am afraid of an army of sheep led by a lion..." – Alexander the Great

OPERATION WEREWOLF EXPANSION PACK

By Paul Waggener



Transmission #1- "Iron and Blood"

To the berserker cults spread across the diverse nations of this planet: Remember, this is not simply a "fitness" regime; it is a form of approach to life that has room only for the strong and the dedicated. Constantly overcome your own weakness with an iron will, marching forever forward beneath the awful black banner of self-ascendancy.

My name is Paul Waggener, called Grimnir by the Wolves of Vinland; I am the first-*named* Centurion Method Pitmaster. Located in the Appalachian bio-region of what is currently known as "the United States of America," I preside over and participate in the rites of ascendancy and self-transformation that make up the training regimen of the Centurion Method.

I have been involved in "physical fitness" in some shape or another, on and off, since I was a teenager- mostly

standard weightlifting, until in my early 20's I started practicing mixed martial arts and through that, began engaging in high intensity interval training. I have always loved the personal challenge of any physical work, just making it to a training session day after day, putting in the time, seeing the results and getting past the stage in which both mind and body rebel and try to tell you to quit.

My main interest area since I was young is the study of mysticism and the occult sciences, at first worldwide, then gradually but surely narrowing down to the Germanic and Indic traditions. The study of these topics come with their own set of challenges, which, although not usually physical in nature, are just as demanding to the human psyche as any cross-training session. They place a strain on the mind, the Will, the inner belief and very Self of an individual.

In many spiritual traditions, and certainly in the Judaic ones, the body, mind, will, self and so on are split up into the physical (generally seen as negative, sinful, or profane) and the spiritual, that unseen force that permeates the body and will transcend the material world on physical death, travelling to whatever (un)happy home the man or woman has earned with his or her actions on this plane.

In the Germanic way of thought, this is not so. The *Lik*, or physical body, is seen as one distinct but equally important part of the soul-complex at large- the temple or chariot wherein resides that holy fire that energizes and gives it vitality and life. It is a thing to be glorified, adorned and beautified, a direct manifestation of what is within it- ideally strength, beauty, right action and iron will. Again,

this is not to say that the body has more importance than any of the other parts, nor that they or their development should be neglected, simply that each is a lynchpin in the wholeness of being- all pieces of a great work of art that must be maintained and kept up through constant application and devotion.

I did not bring these ideas up to begin a diatribe on Germanic spirituality necessarily- I have other writings that deal with this topic more specifically, and they are beyond the scope of the current work. I brought them up to show the general flaw within the greater world of physical fitness: it cares only for the physical. It has no grasp on the ideas of holistic life reform- a change that must occur through all parts of the Self. In order for that which is without to change form and transcend its current state, that which is within must first be altered and strengthened.

The Centurion Method operates with a complete understanding of this basic principle: “...*the human being is altered essentially in the mind, and any program of successful physical fitness will alter the man first, and then the body.*” This approach is why I chose and have remained with CM.

The way that the Method does what it says is to place the individual into difficult, uncomfortable circumstances, doing difficult, uncomfortable things. Every workout is a challenge to the will, certainly, but so is any workout in any gym across town. What makes CM unique is the way in which it appeals to the Primal- you are not (usually- this will be covered later) in a gym. You are not using hand contoured weights, nor listening to piped-in pop

music, nor lightly sweating, cooled or heated by the central air, nor or you waiting like a domesticated beast for the treadmill to come open while the fashionably groomed and tanned potential eunuch fiddles with the latest piece of technology in his manicured hand.

You are experiencing unmediated reality. Gritty. Dirty. Often ugly, sometimes beautiful. Dangerous and unforgiving. You and the elements, not one against the other, as humanity so often sees its dichotomy with nature, but unified: the one existing within the other, where we belong. The hardship that this style of training brings with it is the very thing which culls from us that softness and weakness that has been conditioned into our very DNA for generations of "civilized living." The more we remove it, the more wild, free and untameable we become- and this is the unveiled Truth behind the Method that we use: it is a system of magic and mysticism, rooted in the primal warrior cults of the ancient world, recognizing that a man or woman's strength comes from the primitive, the animalistic areas of his psyche- and that through the cultivation of these areas, we break the chains that have been placed upon us and become our own masters.

Berserkers, Spear-Wives, Pit-Masters: we use these terms and images to add a separation from the mundane world in which most of us are forced to live, in order that this separation plants a seed in the mind of the practitioner, growing his own mythos, gradually living less and less in the world that has been laid out for him and more and more in the one that he creates with his own will and action. We are creating a new world here in fires of the old one- and the

new world will be ruled by true strength and true beauty- not the shabby replacements we have grown accustomed to. So, practitioners of this wondrous and terrible Art: I salute you. Your strength makes me grow stronger. Onward to the task at hand.

What is Operation: Werewolf?

First and foremost it is a rabid resistance to normalcy, mediocrity and the drab, feeble world you find yourself in. It makes you an opponent of fear, weakness, excuses. It makes you a proponent of triumph, strength, truth, achievement.

Operation: Werewolf manages to do this only with a commitment from you, the operative. A commitment to Total Life Reform- complete dedication to the ideals and aims of the Operation itself.

The Operation's watch-words, "Iron and Blood" are not only indicative of an extremely aggressive program that focuses on physical transformation through the combined alchemy of iron weight and clean, strong blood, but also its aim to "conquer territory," and be an extremely visible and dominant vanguard of the Centurion Method- taking it out of the field and backyard and onto the city street, the public terrace, the local gym- with the idea of competition rooted firmly in mind to drive the operant further and further towards self-mastery.

Operation: Werewolf is Purification through Strength. This means that instead of spending agonizing hours pondering the meaning of life, or the issues that arise

as part of the human condition, we pre-emptively strike at these agonies and inflictions of the filthy world of Man by building a strong fortification against them. We do this first through a hardening of the body via brutal strength and conditioning regimes- this is because we believe that it is first in the physical realm where we begin to build our Will, and that from here, we have a firm foundation to bolster the Spirit. By proving to ourselves that we possess the resolve and fortitude required to perform these austerities, we develop confidence in our own ability, determination to continue on our self-ordained path, and that ferocity which is necessary in order to maintain our course.

Those who are unable to pass this First Gate of Op:W, that is, the Discipline of Iron, will never reach beyond the mundane world in which they exist, for until we master our bodies and push them to new limits, we have no concept of our own potential and resolve.

Because this is the first marker on the road to becoming the beast-god, the wolf-lord, it should be entered into with wild abandon. The aspirant should glory in his new flesh, sacrificing his time, his weakness, his addictions on an altar of Blood and Iron.

If you are holding this in your hands, it is assumed that you are training with the Centurion Method already. If you are not, begin doing so. What follows is the driving philosophy and threefold Ordeal of Operation: Werewolf.

OF WOLF AND MAN: On Trial and Ordeal

"I welcome all signs that a more manly, a warlike, age is about to begin. An age which, above all, will give honour to valour once again. For this age shall prepare the way for one yet higher, and it shall gather the strength which this higher age will need one day-this age which is to carry heroism into the pursuit of knowledge and wage wars for the sake of thoughts and their consequences. To this end we now need many preparatory, valourous men who cannot leap into being out of nothing-any more than out of the sand and slime of our present civilization and metropolitanism; men who are bent on seeking for that aspect in all things which must be overcome; men characterized by cheerfulness, patience, unpretentiousness, and contempt for all great vanities, as well as by magnanimity in victory and forbearance regarding the small vanities of the vanquished; men possessed of free and keen judgment concerning all victors and the share of chance in every victory and every fame; men who have their own festivals, their own weekdays, their own periods of mourning, who are accustomed to command with assurance and are no less ready to obey when necessary, in both cases equally proud and serving their own cause; men who are in greater danger, more fruitful and happier! For, believe me, the secret of the greatest fruitfulness and the greatest enjoyment of existence is: to LIVE DANGEROUSLY. Build your cities under Vesuvius! Send your ships into uncharted seas! Live at war with your peers and yourselves! Be robbers and conquerors, as long as you cannot be rulers and owners, you lovers of knowledge! Soon the age will be past when you could be satisfied to live like shy deer, hidden in the woods. At long last the pursuit of knowledge will reach out for its due: it will want to rule and own, and you with it." - Friedrich Nietzsche

There is a divide that exists between Wolf and Man- it is a divide that has existed forever, a gap between the comfort, the decadence, the weakness and the stupidity of civilized man and the howling hunger of the ravenous creature that lives out on the edges of the world, seeking his prey with single-minded determination.

This wolf aspect is a nature that some are born with: a breed apart, always different from the herds of glassy eyed sheep, bleating out their banal message of apathy and enslavement with a feeble voice. His is a spirit of Fire, of Need, of Hunger. This nature was the birth right of the ancient hero archetype, a nearly forgotten principle of what Man could make of himself if he could but cast off the trappings of this rotten, weak world and reach further.

In more recent years, not only has this divide we spoke of lessened and blurred, it has encountered the new threat of disappearing entirely; there is a war currently being waged- a war against Strength, a war against those who would become Mighty. It is an insidious type of warfare, in which the ammunition is mass-media, ingenious social engineering, a general smear campaign on anything that reeks of overt masculinity or aggression, the end goal of which is to keep all civilians civil, to extinguish that primal ferocity that the strong look to uncover and encourage in themselves and their companions.

The reason for this war is simple: those shadowy minds that exist in their lofty positions of worldly power will brook no competition to their thrones. Recognizing that in order to keep what is theirs, they must foster a mentality

of meekness, cattle-like idiocy, rampant consumerism and child-like gullibility, they have campaigned to champion these aspects in their populace for year after year.

Go into an urban area and look around you. No matter where you find yourself, in any country of the so-called "civilized world," you will find people wearing the same clothing, listening to the same music on the same technological devices, eating the same fast food poison and drinking the same toxic libations in the same franchises. Complete homogenization. Anyone who breaks this mould is seen as pariah, looked at askance with mistrusting eyes, reported to authorities, possibly as a potential threat to "polite society."

This is what the Way of the Wolf encourages:

In a world of the weak, the mindless, the dead spirits and sparrow-hearted, we must be outlaws. Men and women forged of steel and fire, with a will unbreakable and a hero's understanding that his or her life is destined for something greater than to be another follower in the hollow cycle of masticate, defecate, procreate, disintegrate. We take it as an evident Truth that our life is to be lived for us, while we are here, and that nothing and no one can force us to live in such a fashion as we do not wish.

So, we must look to our archetypes and heroes, to once again widen this gap between Wolf and Man, to take up the sword and mantle of the Conquering Spirit and ascend above the all-pervading grey of this banal and apathetic world. It is only through a thorough and merciless look at our lifestyle and habit that we can begin to make the

changes necessary to transform ourselves into Living Gods, a total Life Reform from the ground up that alters our complete Self.

In his book "The Hero With a Thousand Faces," (absolutely essential reading for the CM Berserker or Spearwife) Joseph Campbell puts forth the idea that every heroic archetype follows the same threefold path on his road of Becoming: Withdrawal, Initiation, Return. It is my contention that this triad should be explored and followed as a model of personal reform, one step at a time, until the individual, once soft and untested, is a perfect representation of the heroic or godlike archetype he has set out to emulate.

The first necessary movement toward this ideal is that of withdrawal, removal, separation from the comfort that one has grown accustomed to, from the previously conditioned ways of thinking, from the surroundings of softness, weakness and stupidity that bring the would-be hero down to their level. At the first stage of our development, we are not strong enough to always stave these things off and so we become ensnared by them, enmeshed in their illusory qualities or easy comforts. Whatever archetype we look to, be it Siddhartha or Wotan, there exists this separation period of wandering, journeying to the underworld of the psyche, or experiencing the "dark night of the soul," seeking to break his own limitations first by simply discovering them.

This is perhaps one of the most important parts of the withdrawal process, the discovery of the Self as it

actually is, not as we wish it to appear. Until we can look inward without compromise, without mercy, dissecting and tearing ourselves apart and examining each piece with the cold scrutiny of ego-free honesty- we will never know ourselves, our strengths and weaknesses, and therefore, can never move onward from our own limited and foolish perceptions of ourselves. The reason that this process must be undertaken in a separation period boils down to one word: distraction. We are in a constant state of distraction throughout our day, some self-inflicted, some stemming from an outer source, but it is a constant and complete bombardment of the senses that assaults like a poisonous fog. It is absolutely essential that at this point in our awakening, we remove those distractions that we have control over and seek to limit those that we do not, by placing ourselves in a nearly unassailable situation of hermitage or wandering for a period of time sufficient to our goal.

We must enter into the bosom of discomfort, shattering our own notions of what we can go without, how much we can strip down our essentials until they are at their barest minimum, what we can get by without. As Campbell says,

“He must put aside his pride, his virtue, beauty and life and bow or submit to the absolutely intolerable.”

After which time, of course, we realize that what we had previously thought to be “intolerable,” is in fact, completely within our realm of tolerance- we have merely decreased our wants, our softness, to reset our thresholds of

comfort- this process is a constant one of hardening and re-hardening.

In practical terms, this withdrawal can take many forms. One can choose to simply fill a pack with essentials and “hit the trail,” perhaps going on an extended wilderness walk of a few weeks or more, but certainly not less- at this point it is imperative that we not allow ourselves to be side-tracked by the “easy kill,” what some call “premature enlightenment,” a feeling that often occurs early on in an ordeal of this type. One rushes to the conclusions he wishes to find and names them “revelations,” really just his weaker self saying, “let’s get through this as quickly as possible so we can return to the comforts of home.”

Another method would be to move outside of one’s usual surroundings on a permanent or semi-permanent basis- literally moving away from the established comfort zone, preferably into a quiet or more secluded dwelling place where contemplation and asceticism can occur in relative solitude.

One can even simply introduce periods of time into his daily routine, if these others are deemed not possible, that are solely given over to the Self, out in nature, alone with the genius loci, whereupon he will undergo the all-important self-study, contemplation, disintegration of current unwanted or unhealthy processes or philosophies and the “paring down” of his non-essentials, time-wasters, mind-clutter and other anchor-weights on his movement Upward.

During this time, we turn the aforementioned merciless gaze on ourselves, no longer limited by the distractions of our normal life that we had previously been trapped by, and we destroy ourselves. To again quote Campbell,

"The agony of breaking through personal limitations is the agony of spiritual growth. Art, literature, myth and cult, philosophy, and ascetic disciplines are instruments to help the individual pass his limiting horizons into spheres of ever-expanding realization. As he crosses threshold after threshold, conquering dragon after dragon, the stature of the divinity that he summons to his highest wish increases, until it subsumes the cosmos. Finally, the mind breaks the bounding sphere of the cosmos to a realization transcending all experiences of form - all symbolizations, all divinities: a realization of the ineluctable void."

This is where we begin the second part of the process, that of Initiation. The purpose behind any initiatory experience is for the initiate to be re-born into a new state, a new form of existence- signifying the idea that he has shattered a boundary of some type and has emerged on the other side, a different being entirely. More importantly, what we are discussing is the process of self-initiation; not content to undergo another's evaluation and opinion on ourselves at this point, we act as our own jury of peers, stating to ourselves, once we have freed our minds and wills from conditioning and feeble-heartedness: "You are now ready for the next phase of your own existence."

Our only question at this point becomes: What is the next desired phase of our existence? Armed with the

knowledge of ourselves and our true desires that we have gained during our time of withdrawal, we look to the hero archetype, whatever our chosen template of emulation- be it established in the lore of humanity or an as-yet-unwritten example of strength and self-overcoming- and we become it.

We completely and utterly immerse ourselves in our newly chosen persona, throwing it over our spirit like a wolf-hide, bonding with it and making ourselves one with its every aspect, a newly self-created being of wonder and glory.

This is not an overnight working, but an entire lifetime of living up to that archetype which has been chosen and created, now represented wholly by ourselves, a re-living and re-telling of the ever-true myth of the hero or god; we have undertaken a weighty and relentless endeavour on our broadening shoulders, and it is our solemn duty to never falter on this path of the predator, the conqueror, the champion- so that one day, another would-be hero might follow in ours, choosing to take up our mantle and make himself into what we once were.

“Furthermore, we have not even to risk the adventure alone; for the heroes of all time have gone before us, the labyrinth is fully known; we have only to follow the thread of the hero-path. And where we had thought to find an abomination, we shall find a god; where we had thought to slay another, we shall slay ourselves; where we had thought to travel outward, we shall come to the centre of our own existence; where we had thought to be alone, we shall be with all the world.”

The third and final step of this is the Return. We are not indebted to anyone, but at this point in our lives, now archetypes, prime examples of the bygone but now resurrected heroism of man, it is our duty to Return to the world of men as living proof of a breed long thought to be dead and entombed forever.

Our Inner Fire must burn so hot and bright that it outshines the sun. Our Will must be like the heart of the eternal mountain- unshakeable, immovable, constant.

For good or ill, as symbols of Life or Death, Joy or Terror, we make of ourselves Living Runes, perfect embodiments of supreme cosmic principles, and as such, we are an Awakening Force that will bring on the age spoken of by Nietzsche, *"a warlike age about to begin."*

Our deeds and self-initiation will bring on the storm that gives birth to an age wherein it becomes possible to live out our lives in a fashion that will make us immortal.

THE FERAL FRENZY: On Physical Violence

This is something that at one time or another finds its way into almost everyone's life in some form- Violence. The dictionary's simple definition of this word is "*rough or injurious physical force, action or treatment.*"

There has been a great deal of discussion so far in the growing beast that is Centurion Method about the use of violence in the training regime; everything from doing damage to one another with crudely fashioned weapons to MMA style pit fighting, the descriptions of which leave one with images of blood pouring from wounds, noses smashed and swollen, cheekbones punched out.

People in general seem to have an incredibly strong reaction to the topic of violence, whether we are discussing sanctioned matches of hand-to-hand conflict, street fighting, or even war on a mass scale. The emotional responses among the normal herd beasts usually run the gamut from discomfort, shock and disapproval to downright disgust and horror- these folks are probably not familiar with the quote from George Orwell that states:

"Those who 'abjure' violence can only do so because others are committing violence on their behalf."

Even if they were, my feeling is that they would not understand the underlying implication that it is a violent world, even if you are not always the one directly experiencing that violence. Our species at its most basic level only understands violence as the final law, and even the most bleeding-heart, "non-violent" people in the world are

completely reliant on that very violence they claim to abhor each and every day to keep their precious system alive and well in working order. To use a large quote from writer Jack Donovan in his essay "Violence is Golden:"

"Order demands violence. A rule not ultimately backed by the threat of violence is merely a suggestion. States rely on laws enforced by men ready to do violence against lawbreakers. Every tax, every code and every licensing requirement demands an escalating progression of penalties that, in the end, must result in the forcible seizure of property or imprisonment by armed men prepared to do violence in the event of resistance or non-compliance. Every time a soccer mom stands up and demands harsher penalties for drunk driving, or selling cigarettes to minors, or owning a pit bull, or not recycling, she is petitioning the state to use force to impose her will. She is no longer asking nicely. The viability of every family law, gun law, zoning law, traffic law, immigration law, import law, export law and financial regulation depends on both the willingness and wherewithal of the group to exact order by force.

When an environmentalist demands that we "save the whales," he or she is in effect making the argument that saving the whales is so important that it is worth doing harm to humans who harm whales. The peaceful environmentalist is petitioning the leviathan to authorize the use of violence in the interest of protecting leviathans. If state leaders were to agree and express that it was, indeed, important to "save the whales," but then decline to penalize those who bring harm to whales, or decline to enforce those penalties under threat of violent police or military action, the expressed sentiment would be a meaningless gesture. Those who wanted to bring harm to whales would feel free to do so, as it is said, with impunity — without punishment.

Without action, words are just words. Without violence, laws are just words. Violence isn't the only answer, but it is the final answer...to the question: 'Or else what?'"

The point being made here is that it is a violent world we live in. It is hostile, cruel, structured without our say-so, ordered with thousands and thousands of complex laws designed to protect the weak from the strong, the sheep from the wolves, the wolves "from themselves." Each time we ask the question "or else what?" the answer is always the same: a gloved fist. A cold cell. A hot bullet.

If we see these facts and agree that the world is indeed a hostile place, filled with rape and slaughter and home invasion and muggings and on and on ad infinitum, ad nauseum- then we must look at ourselves and ask the only question that matters: are we prepared for it? Can we deal with it when it comes our way? How would we hold up against an attack from one, two, even three assailants? Just because some of you have not found yourselves in a situation that warrants a violent response or an aggressive defence yet does not mean that it will never happen. Saying to yourself "if the time came, I think I could cope," is simply rampant foolishness and hubris. One needs to know. If this system is about the R.E.A.L. applications, then it is imperative that we are confident on a basis of experience, not unfounded pride.

It is because of this that I believe physical violence should be a part of every berserker and spearwife's personal praxis, introduced in a meaningful and regular fashion to dispel certain questions one might hold about themselves

and their nature, as well as their strengths and weaknesses. In the words of Mr. Durden: “How much can you know about yourself if you’ve never been in a fight?”

Most people’s immediate reaction to the hostile confrontation that occurs pre-fight (even if the fight itself never occurs) is one of fear, nausea, panic, or, best case scenario, overt excitability. By making the fight itself something that is no longer feared or dreaded as an unknown horror, but rather looked at with the confidence that an individual feels with something he is accustomed to, we remove the dread from the entire situation, simply because we are facing a known instead of an unknown.

I am not necessarily suggesting that all CM practitioners undergo time in an MMA gym, although I have found it to be an invaluable experience in my own life, and it could be looked at in much the same way as Arminius² spending years in the Roman Legions as a way to improve his overall understanding of combat training and warfare in order to ultimately defeat the Romans at their own game.

I believe that even with the CM do-it-yourself credo that is near to all of our hearts, some time spent with a knowledgeable instructor is still a good idea for those looking to get a really good grasp on the basics. For those uninterested in such formal training, use whatever resources you can to learn basic striking and grappling forms and manoeuvres (stay well clear of “self-defence” type systems

² Arminius was the Germanic leader, raised as a naturalised hostage by the Romans who later returned to lead the Germanic tribes *against* them.

and stick with tried and true MMA stuff, Muay Thai, Jiu-Jitsu etc.) and begin practicing them in a mirror until your form is good. Now, for the violent bit.

At this point, when you have achieved a basic grasp, you should begin sparring with a partner. My advice is to begin with boxing gloves or MMA gloves at the very least, and wear a mouth guard and groin protection. Start with drills from your resource manual or whatever you're using, gradually working your way up to real sparring, but not going at 100% just yet. Spend a week working just the jab on one another, becoming accustomed to the feel of being in close combat, utilizing proper dodge and parrying technique in slow and controlled motions, paying attention to your breathing and so on. From here, speed and force can be increased bit by bit as you gain a working knowledge of the task at hand, working in rear hand punches, basic kicks and so on.

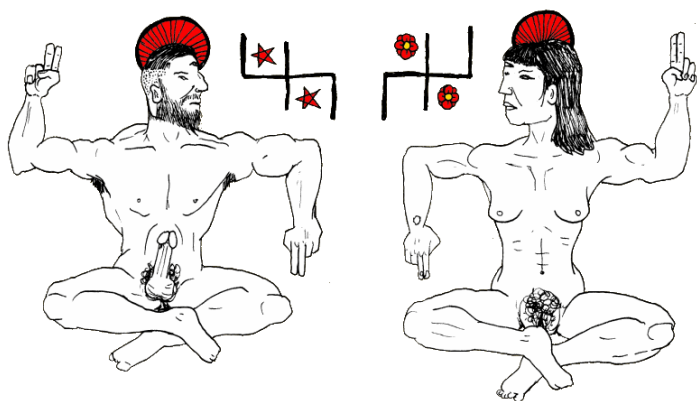
Remember, you are not training to injure your partner, but you are simulating the hostility and violence of a real confrontation: once you are comfortable with your partner and as well as yourself, take things up a notch- make a grim game of it as you square off against two berserkers at once, with the goal to withstand their punches and kicks for a 2 or 3 minute round. Study submission holds and drill them at slow speed to increase your personal power in a real conflict.

The idea here is not to become a competition level fighter, although if it is something you enjoy and wish to pursue further, then by all means, do so; the idea is to make

sure you are above average in all areas, including the realm of physical conflict. Can the terms berserker and spearwife even be applied in any sort of meaningful manner to an individual who has never had a mouthful of their own blood, or felt the ringing in their ears from a hard blow to the head?

Remember, too, that a bit of training does not make you invincible, but it should make you more confident and a much more capable and deadly beast. I can personally compare the dozens of street fights I was in before any training to the ones after with a marked sense of pride in my improvement, ferocity and effectiveness- and it is in those areas of self-proving that a Centurion Method berserker or spearwife shines: because we have put ourselves to the test long before someone else does.

ESOTERIC EXERCISE EXPANSION PACK



Introduction

When first the Centurion Method reared its beautiful head into my life, I immediately knew what it was, what it would be, what it would achieve and what it could do to *Man*.

There is an accepted way of dealing with the fitness program, how you approach the person seeking to lose weight or gain muscle, a way which we have turned on its head. Up to now very few people have approached novice lifters and said "*shut the fuck up and do it*"; that in itself was revolutionary for this craven world. It will never become popular because it's not what the majority of the obese, sedentary, weakened and demoralised gym users want to hear. We know however that it is what the *ubermenschen* needs to hear to awaken from their 21st century slumber and remember their heritage, their birth right and their future inheritance. We know that it is in the chanted names of

dimly remembered heroes that the heroes of tomorrow will be tempered.

No one has spoken in these terms before, no one has pushed the boundaries this far. We're not really doing anything that special in terms of *what* we do, it's *how* we do it that matters. What we say and how we proceed from here is pivotal to our continued growth and strength, something you are all a huge part of. We're not telling you to exclusively workout in the woods or in nature, but you are doing it. We're not telling you to use objects you found or from your environment, but you're doing it. We're not telling you to think of yourselves as post-futurist warriors battling in an eco-system that is already seeking your immediate destruction, but you're doing it. The people who have gravitated towards the Centurion Method are huge personalities, great world changers, we're the people who one day hundreds of years ago would have been slumped half pissed in oak thrones our forefathers carved with their own hands, overseeing the benevolent rule of a fifty generation empire. We're the people who one day in hundreds of years will be remembered in halls of stone and roughly gilded peeling ruins that bear testament to the fact that even in such a time as this, men and women still lived as they did thousands of years before. Not without technology, although we are primitivists; not without the rule of law, although we are anarchists; not without conflict or ignorance, although we are revolutionaries; we stand as a beacon for a new time. I do not mince words, the Centurion Method will be as a candle compared to the sun in terms of what we have yet to achieve. Do not think of yourselves merely as 'working out' once a day, or reading books when

you shit, or wearing certain clothes to fit in with your peers. You're a daemon wearing robes of flesh, and just as your ancestors were annihilated by the slavish enemies of the flesh, we, the nobly fleshy will have the vengeance.

In this expansion, primarily, we're dealing with things that were just too 'out there' for the Training Manual. Aspects of the training and perfecting process that were too specific or revolutionary even for a revolutionary training program. We've kept them back here as this is something we know not everyone will aspire to or understand. And if it goes over your head, *don't worry*, none of this is core to the Centurion Method progress, that's why it's here in this addition. You don't *need* to use these patterns or systems, they're the next logical and extremist step on our path to greatness. But if you do feel an inclination towards having a go at them, really, it will benefit you, we can assure you of that.

You can expect some quite bizarre implications and some overtly magickal talk, we're not trying to be something we're not. The founders of the Centurion Method, and indeed the berserkers and spearwives who are fleshing its ranks are schooled on a solid diet of Nietzschean deicide, Crowlean self-worship and Superion governed madness, you should know that, and explore it yourself. We don't want people who look to the Centurion Method as heroes or idols, you are your own god, be your own inspiration.

CuRigh of Barburbia

We've never pretended to be intellectuals, we've never masqueraded as scholars or philosophers, and we've always dealt firmly with the matter or task in hand as if it were a workout. Break the subject down, explore it, examine the composite parts and then rebuild it, how we want it to be, for the *now, this moment*. I've always been a fan of fantasy, the RPG, the influences of the 80's and 90's roleplay miniature world has been a big influence on everything I've built in my adult life. Things like Slaine, Conan, Warhammer, Lord of the Rings, A Song of Ice and Fire; I've always dabbled with these things in some way, and they've always stood as a testament for me to the ability of humans to create something where there was nothing and to create myth where it was lacking. Who in the modern era does not mix their love of the warriors of Germania with the Riders of Rohan? Who does not see the shadows of Odin and Loki playing in the grim apocalypse of the Horus Heresy? Our myths do not die even when they are dead! Testament is it not to the grim immortality of the heroes in whom they are founded?

We have in all of these stories a foundation in the ancient ancestor worship of the people who wrote them, both primordial and very modern. Slaine is a shameless reimagining of the myths of the Ulster Irish; Conan is a shameless reimagining of the world in which the myths of the Norse, Celts, Russians and Europeans were sculpted; Warhammer is a composite of historical fact with Tolkienesque fantasy; Lord of the Rings is a well-known coagulation of Celtic and Saxon mythology specifically

geared towards the English psyche, the same could be said of a Song of Ice and Fire/Game of Thrones. *"There is nothing new under the Sun, only a retelling of the same story."*

What then is this story? And specifically what is the story the Centurion Method is telling?

Well, we can cover the same ground as we have in other books, and keep this very simple, as I believe our ancestors and therefore our *spirits* would like us to. The Centurion Method is telling the myth of the hero, who battles against the forces of chaos and destruction and continues the rebuilding of the world. It is a story of the victory of civilized (often overtly masculine) might over savage naturalist chaos (dualistically the pastoralist and the agriculturalist). The chaos is often synthesised and come to terms with, and we can look to the myths of Thor and Jormungand, Indra and the Serpent, St Michael and the Dragon/Satan, Beowulf and Grendel's Mother and so on. What I mean by that is, this is not a telling of a masculine – light, penis, solar, civilized, mortal force having victory over a feminine – darkness, vulva, lunar, barbaric immortality, it is a merging of the two. What is missing in a lot of the bastardisations of these later myths is the beauty of the way in which the hero commands or subdues the chaotic enemy, he often slays it and finds some kind of victory in rescuing a maiden or a prize of some kind, and it is well known that in the earliest versions of these myths that somehow, etymologically the serpent *and the prize itself* are one and the same. We will cover this more in the Soma section and I encourage you to school yourself in the Vedic, Celtic, Greek, Nordic, Persian and Babylonian myth cycles specifically for

their obsession with Soma/Haoma/Ambrosia. What I am trying to get at here is that the Centurion Method is fundamentally trying to make you *aware* of your chaotic and animal sides, which was done with an almost cruel fascination in the Training Manual, and then through ‘fighting’ that chaos in the workouts and battling with your inner demons, you *defeat* that chaos and claim the prize, which is synthesis and union with your-self.

I speak in such lofty terms because I believe that is what the hero is in these stories, a man who once lived, who unlike his fellows, fought in a way that had not been done before, mastered himself and much like the *ubermensch*, he excelled and evolved beyond what had been seen before. We may be regarded as mad by those around us, but that man who first melted metal ore must have been seen as insane by his comrades, until he was wielding the first blade and struck down an enemy. We stand in that same position...

One thing we can look at briefly is the word hero itself, which is Greek or Roman meaning “man of strength” but comes from the earlier Indo-European root *ser* which means “to watch over or protect”. The Babylonian version of the word according to some nutty Christians is “Man Shepherd” or “Shepherd of Men”, literally the name Jesus allegedly claimed for himself when he installed himself as the ultimate hero for the Jewish people. In other words, the word hero can be seen as being composite with the word messiah or saviour, i.e. it is he we should look to as an archetype, someone to emulate, someone to observe and replicate. When we say someone is a “hero” in the classic sense we do not mean he did something “heroic”, only that

we want to copy his example. For modern men and women therefore it is not silly of them to call idiots like Justin Bieber or Beyond Knowles their *heroes* for they are literally emulating their example, they are the Shepherd which these morons have chosen to follow and copy. They are sheep and they are following the dross waster who does the least (of actual historical importance) and gets the most.

The heroes of old embodied everything the solar civilization sought to enthrone as great and good and beautiful in its men and women, specifically its warriors. Thor and Odin stand as heroes of great renown in this sense, Thor as the slayer of the serpent, the bolt of pure masculine force which slays the destructive chaos at the foot of the Tree of Life, and Odin as the force of sheer dread masculine will which manifests as a wolfish wildness, an awful and almost reckless abandon which strikes down foes as the blade does the grass. Then we have classical heroes like Hercules, Romulus and even the Hebrew Samson, huge hulking slabs of meat that dive into battle headlong and commit nothing short of genocide on the battlefield. The heroes of the Celts, the Cuchulains and the Finns, these men committed deeds of great spectacle and madness, often gripped with a kind of divine bestiality that saw them become little more than wild wolves in the grip of a bloodlust, slaying for little more than the desire to slay. These are commendable traits in the eyes of a primal people, a tribal community that sought to survive at *any* cost. If your young men and women were raised on stories of semi divine god kings who went into battle half mad with a desire to slaughter their foes, collect their skulls and smear themselves with their blood, then you created a race of such beings. History (as we have said

before) is littered with tales of these men, gripped by the desire to mimic their ancestor or their mythical hero, touched by his example, charging into battle like wild animals, with blade and bullet instead of tooth and claw.

We are not doing anything different. The Centurion Method is reawakening that entire process. Our training system, and therefore our workouts, and therefore the very initiation rituals which a Berserker or Spearwife takes when joining a Pit, are founded upon and based in the myth cycles of these heroes. The workouts are bloody named after them! Indra's Spear! Kharn's Betrayal! Conan! Finn! Romulus!

What then are we looking at as the functions of this hero? He exists as an archetype, an elemental and historical force which lies buried within every man and woman anywhere in the world. The DNA memories in *your* blood were sculpted and shaped by the experiences of *your* ancestors. The archetypes and myths of your ancestral heroes still slumber in your genetic memory, it takes but a glimpse of their experiences to remind you of your heritage and send you simultaneously backward to their thought form and forward toward your evolution. This hero then is concerned not with the internet or his friends list, or his car or his TV, or the quality of LCD screen for his HD gaming system, for all of these are but distractions designed to keep childish monkeys from doing anything of worth and realising the futility of modern living. No, this hero is concerned with what is *around* him, what affects his existence, the elemental forces which are part and parcel of *his* elemental force.

The stones and bedrock of the earth beneath his feet, the rocks which he must move to make a home, the mountains he must climb, the landscape which spreads out under his feet, which holds the trees and into which he will one day be buried, he is made from mud and to the mud he shall return.

The wood and forests which provide him with shelter, fuel, shade from the sun and food to eat. The living creatures of leaf, tendril, branch and bark which in their variety shape the landscape around him and provide forever that looming darkness which rests in mirror form at the back of his mind.

The mountains and the landscape which he finds himself in, the snow-capped peaks, the tundra slopes, the grasslands and the rivers winding through it all. The clouds that wrap themselves loose and playful around those mountains in a grey mist, or come crashing down with thunder and lightning to make war upon all he holds dear.

He would look to the sea, that great abyss with the unnameable and sightless abominations of the deep rising up to threaten to snap the very cords of his consciousness and bring on madness and death. And yet the abundance and brimming life of the seashore with its shoals of fish and crabs and seaweed.

His home, where the women of his tribe bring forth life from their wombs, their hot wet holes which smell of musk and the hot undergrowth of the forest, which bleed in sync with the moon and cause him to rut like the wild stag which he so admires. His own penis, the great thrusting

weapon of the sun, driving all aside as it seeks its death in that mound. Such coarse *life*! Hot and lustful!

And the grim wisdom that comes with death, the knowledge of the carnal nature of man. The sight of stone weapons, bronze, iron, cleaving limbs, caving skulls, battered bodies in heaps, the severed heads collected and piled. Would he not worship all of this as one great temple of life? As he marched solemn and crippled, carrying the body of his fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, wives, sons and daughters to the mound, to be burned or buried? Would he not hear the sounds of his ancestors whispering to him on the wind as the rain lashed his body and the sweat dripped from his brow?

You are making your life boring. These things still exist. They still burn with hot life at the heart of everything around you. The hero is still waiting to be stirred into roaring flame inside you, no matter how deep the embers have been buried beneath the flotsam and jetsam of modern existence.

The stones are still beneath your feet. The tree is still in the grove. The mountain is still dusted with snow. The sea still rolls with grumbling monotony. A woman's loins still smell of hot musk, and a man's dick still throbs and twitches at the stench. And men and women still die, your loved ones die, as you will die too. And their corpses are still carried to their resting place, solemn and grim, whether to the abyss of the earth, the river or the pyre, all things still die.

So why worship the hero? Why worship your ancestors? Why invoke the stone, wood, sex and death

scenario? *Because it has always been this way.* We have always done it and we always will. Through inventing and creating, and retelling and singing and banging drum and blowing horn, you invoke that same memory, that same classical dirge that your most distant ancestor intoned. The hymn to the woman whom he seeks to mount, the hymn to the mountain top he seeks to climb, the hymn to the mighty stag he wishes to bring down with arrow and flint blade. Nothing has changed. Only you have changed.

Stumble onwards.

The Magick of Polarity

You'll know after reading the Training Manual that the twin forces which evolution and human fitness arc around are sex and violence. Sex and violence, creation and destruction, female and male, receptive and penetrative force etc. The duality of this force creates an *enormous* amount of potential energy, which can be utilized for your own growth, from physical expansion to everything else in your life.

As we have said before Lucy and I are classically Thelemite when it comes to sex and violence, war and peace, attraction and aggression, we believe they are the twin forces that polarize around the Hawk headed avatar in whom we all have our flesh, our being, our monad etc. However, we are also intensely simplistic beings, we don't like to overcomplicate procedure or omen or ritual, we like to keep it as archaic and close to the truth as possible. Why ornament your workout with a thousand bits of clothing and ergonomically designed environmental controls when you can workout as your ancestors did in the woods, trees, mountains, ravines? The same goes for every other aspect of your life. For want of a better term, "*Cromify your life*". The Black Lord of the Mound in the Conan stories is mightily simplistic, Conan has little to say on the matter, barely calling upon Crom at all, but still accepting him as the driving force behind his existence. We are the same.

Make your gods of rock, wood and steel, keep it that simple. Water, air, fire, cloud, peak, eagle, wolf, little else is of importance. The same should be (and is) true of sex.

Sex has been reduced to little more than a slaking of one partner's lusts at the expense of the others dignity, or vice versa. Pornography has sunken the sexual act towards nothing more than a humiliation of the female and the complete sexual gratification of the male, which for our purposes is utterly useless. Empowering the female by altering her shape, size, musculature and self-image only to then advocate a sexual act that uses her various orifices as nothing more than masturbatory aids for degenerate *untermenschen* is utterly absurd. Women were not always treated thus, and should not be. And to encourage the male to see himself as a brutal creature of wanton human/animal desires, only to then allow him complete control of the sexual partner encourages nothing more than weakness and acceptance of current levels of ability. Sex is a conflict between equals and should be seen as such.

What we really have in the pornographic obsession in the modern world is not what many would think. I personally believe pornography is a direct result of the Judeo-Christian mind-set; the humiliation and degradation of the superior feminine creature (the woman is obviously usually very beautiful) at the hands of the inferior masculine (the man is usually a moron *stud* or a comedic decadent/nerd), the 'using' of the female body for the gratification of the male, it all reeks of Adam being given a slave in the form of Eve, there's nothing empowering about being torn up by slaving male monkeys, and I would encourage all women involved in such an industry to take another look at the whole subject and reassess whether it is truly as 'counter-culture' as they would like to believe.

Anyway, that's all beside the point. The majority of you out there will probably watch porn and continue to justify watching porn, it's like the internet or TV or anything else addictive in life, if you do it all the time, you start to get ill and you look a bit weird.

We want to keep the act simple, brutal and honest, cutting to the core of what it means to be human, a mammal, an animal, a collection of conspiring organs and cells working to provide a vehicle for the consciousness that is 'you'.

Discard the ritual of place and time, if you're going to fuck someone and do it magically and for the purpose of your and their growth, it needs to be fantastical and mythical. I would recommend some basic understanding of Crowley's sex magickal principles, but again he tended towards being a misogynistic bastard when it came to women, so keep it a bit more up to date, some of the stuff in the *Red Goddess* by Peter Grey is gold in that regard.

The following chapter on ritual will help explain some of the deeper meaning behind what we're going for here, but essentially what you need to do is strip *everything* back to core structures, pull away all the human veils and veneer and expose (we keep saying it) the animal within.

What you both need to do as a MAN and as a WOMAN is remember who and what you are. Mentally (or vocally if you wish) invoke within yourself the spirit of that first man, the first man you would call sentient, his urges, his wishes, his hopes and dreams, his lusts and corruptions, his primitive cruelty, his primitive love, his pure thought,

unadulterated by conscience or moral dogma. Act like him, breathe like him, sense the world through his eyes, his ears, his honed fears and razor sharp muscular preparedness.

As a woman, imagine yourself clasping this first man in your first hands, you do not embrace a creature of delightful expectancy or potential, you embrace a raw archetype of pure desire. The masculine testosterone fuelled urge to procreate is slaked only by the penetration of *your* innards with his weapon. Sex is a war, sex is a dance between two opposing forces, see it as such. The walls you put up will halt his advances, your ferocity, your teeth, your dagger nails can end his life if you so wish, you are not some heifer to be mounted and discarded, you are a *woman*, the same woman that spawned him, the same woman that gave his ancestors life, the same woman that suckled him and raised him, he is *nothing* without you. Own that honour, that primitive urge to make this man yield to your will, you are the Valkyrie to his Einherjar, without you he is just another body on the battlefield, left to have its eyes plucked by the ravens and to rot unknown among the enemy dead. But you! You can carry him aloft to the Halls of Valhalla, this is *your* battlefield, and don't let *anyone* ever tell you otherwise. We may kneel before a male god of war and conquest and wisdom and prophecy, but he had to dress as a woman to gain the power of Seidr.

The core ritual of the Tantric mystery is that of roleplay and 'taking on' of ancestral archetypes. The Indian/yogic incarnation of the cult requires the man to think of himself (via invocation) as the living avatar of the god Shiva (very similar to Odin and various Irish gods) and

the woman to think of herself as Shakti. In their divine union between earthy, fleshy femininity and lofty, astral masculinity the two re-create the divine union which caused the double helix spiral of creation. It is not exaggerating the Tantric ritual to say that it is a re-creation of that first union and a re-creation of the initial urge which sparked all of manifest existence into life.

Your ritual is your own, and it is not for us to pry into the mechanics of your bedroom space (or wherever else you feel like shagging), but for the sake of your evolution as a Berserker (he who has already died and is just waiting to give his life for a purpose in battle) or a Spearwife (she who has wed herself not to a man but to her weapon of steel and death, in whom she finds rest), you need to have an intimate understanding of the *true* roles of men and women, and that is founded one and all in the sexual conflict.

Have sex, but reduce and restart the archetype, forget who you are, and rest in the blissful confidence of blood rushing towards your genitals.

The Ritual Itself

The general theme of this Expansion Pack is to get you thinking on how you see the following –

- Yourself
- The world around you
(specifically your own environment)
- The past
- The future
- Your ancestors
- Your descendants
- Your responsibility to all of the above

We touched on it loosely in the Training Manual, urging you to get outside and put your roots back in the soil, your hands into the air, your fingers and toes into mud, grass, bark, rock, mountain top and river bed. What we want to explore now is taking that all to the next level and understanding and expanding on your place in the grand scheme of things.

I've never wanted to think small with the Centurion Method, I've always wanted to keep everything simple and Lucy has endeavoured to keep her enormous input in the workouts to a shrill and soul destroying repetition which is garnering frightening results for everyone involved. Where my input seems to have found its footing is in making people see their inborn greatness, their *humano-deity* if you will, their ability to become something not just better than what they already are, but *better* than what they *ever* expected.

The people the Centurion Method attracts are attracted to it for the same reason they're attracted to sci-fi and fantasy, why they read Robert E Howard and HP Lovecraft, why they watch Conan, Lord of the Rings and Game of Thrones and listen to black metal and drink black ale and eat too much red meat, because it all appeals to their latent ancestral barbarian. The barbarian we spoke of in the Training Manual, who hungered for nothing more than shelter, fire, steel, horse, dog, woman, conquest, heads on spikes as trophies among his peers, war paint on his flesh, soma in his belly, that archetypal Indo-European who has been feared and maligned across the centuries. It is this barbarian we want you to think like, because it is him who refuses to give in, him who refuses to die, him who sees sets and reps on a page and grunts quietly to himself that he *will do those reps or he will die*. That is the mentality we seek, that is what is coming towards us, that is who *you* are.

Next we began to notice this person, how he views his environment. The people we were seeing coming into the Method were naturally minded, the log and the rock weren't just a different type of weight instead of dumbbells or machines, they were objects of prayer and worship. We could already see the right people thinking the right way toward those objects, this was no longer about just getting people fit, it suddenly became about what we always wanted, an enormous experiment in getting people back into their environment and acting how they *damn well should*.

Your environment is yours! Your ancestors (whomever they may be) tilled this soil, turned these same pages, looked upon the same sun and moon, their bare feet

sunk into this cold black earth, the land is always the same and always changing, for that reason it has never changed and will never change, time is an illusion, you are the same, but as Conan said –

“I have known many gods. He who denies them is as blind as he who trusts them too deeply. I seek not beyond death. It may be the blackness averred by the Nemedian skeptics, or Crom's realm of ice and cloud, or the snowy plains and vaulted halls of the Nordheimer's Valhalla. I know not, nor do I care. Let me live deep while I live; let me know the rich juices of red meat and stinging wine on my palate, the hot embrace of white arms, the mad exultation of battle when the blue blades flame and crimson, and I am content. Let teachers and priests and philosophers brood over questions of reality and illusion. I know this: if life is illusion, then I am no less an illusion, and being thus, the illusion is real to me. I live, I burn with life, I love, I slay, and am content.” (Queen of the Black Coast)

Our ancestors buried their dead in tombs built like wombs, houses of stone and impossible architecture, particularly in my land of Wessex. They built graves shaped like ships, or put the dead in ships and set fire to them. They erected wooden pillars and worshipped them, they strung the entrails of their enemies on sacred trees in sacred groves, they collected the heads of their foes as trophies. They worshipped stones, the woods, the rivers and the bogs, they worshipped their dead ancestors and they worshipped the steel which they used to send more of their enemies and each other back to the mud and to the halls of the slain? Why?

We will never know with absolute certainty.

But what we do know is that life is a mystery rich and full of wonder, life is an adventure for the outlaw who knows no order or rule, he who wanders free and lust filled with only a steed between his legs and a weapon at his hip, whether it was 1000 years ago on the back of a shire horse with a sword or spear, or 1 week ago on the back of a bike with a shotgun and a dagger.

You make a ritual out of your life, make a ritual out of your very existence, you are the myth, you are the song waiting to be sung by your descendants, "*Advance, Arise, Conquer*".

You owe it to every shred of yourself to do so.

Ascendance to Godhead through the Development of Personal Myth

By Paul Waggener

The dictionary defines "myth" as:

"A traditional, typically ancient story dealing with supernatural beings, ancestors, or heroes that serves as a fundamental type in the worldview of a people, as by explaining aspects of the natural world or delineating the psychology, customs, or ideals of society."

and:

"A popular belief or story that has become associated with a person, institution, or occurrence, especially one considered to illustrate a cultural ideal."

Most of the time when we are discussing mythology, we are talking about the gods and heroes of a specific culture, oftentimes without taking a step back to truly consider our own approach to the idea: what makes a god?

What is it that builds up or determines this essence that separates the mere human from the deity in all his glory? On the one hand we can take the approach (to disregard some arguments and to borrow from others) that a god is a many faceted archetype, a representative of specific qualities, often both positive and negative, given form and personality in order that the people who have created him or her can relate with these qualities in a more human way. To use the above definition, *"a fundamental type in the worldview of a people."* A simple approach- and not a very inspiring one,

although we will carry its basic understanding of heroes and gods as archetypal personas through to the next step with us.

Let us look instead to the bolder idea that the eloquent have called "euhemerism," which the dictionary defines as:

"A theory attributing the origin of the gods to the deification of historical heroes."

Here, then, is something we can sink our teeth into! Although many sparrow-hearted treatises on mythology and religion have called euhemerism a "deterioration" of the spiritual praxis of a people, the bold mind can delve deeper and see an exciting and ferocious philosophy behind this definition. What wild inspiration and drive toward immortality could spring forth from the possibility that we, as mere humans, can become deified? The next rational step of this thought process is then: how?

To answer this question, we return to our definition of our gods and our relationship toward them. The monotheistic approach to their god has always been one of "fear and trembling," experiencing their divine ruler as an alien and unknowable intelligence, a prime mover behind the universe who, at best, treats humanity as foolish or wayward creations and at worst, as a destructive child on an anthill.

This sort of rigid monotheism leaves little room for defining one's own approach, and unsurprisingly, creates few heroes of the sort that we see growing from the root of

the pagan cultures of ancient Rome, Germania, Scandinavia and elsewhere. This is because true paganism practices its worship (a word which was not recorded as being used in the sense of paying homage to a supernatural being until 1300CE, but meant rather, "to give worth or renown to something.") through emulation- an important distinction between seeking a relationship with something outside of oneself and attempting instead to worship that persona through one's own imitative actions, thereby becoming a continuing part of the legacy of the divinity which is given worth to.

By taking this approach to godhood and mythology, our next move on this journey to ascendancy is clear: we must choose which archetypes we would embody, then move toward them with every moment of life- every ragged breath, each trembling step that we take, must be in service of these ideals that we have chosen to quite literally become. The only way this can be truly achieved is to shift one's reality and way of life from the banal to the mythic. When we allow ourselves to operate with an everyday, ordinary perception and approach to this existence, the outcome will be very predictable: we will be everyday, ordinary people, forgotten by time and history, our names little more than ash in the wind. We will be lazy and complacent, painting the world around us with the grey brush of banality, irony and apathy, seeing our surroundings through the hazy lens of what Nietzsche would call "the all-too-human." But we, on our road to godhood, must shatter this lens with the hammer of mythos and will, looking instead at every situation or circumstance we find ourselves in through the glorious eye of a god- seeing each seemingly random

happening as a potential heroic epic or saga of personal overcoming and self-transformation. The ordinary or unimportant details become the devices instead driving your personal narrative, each one a potential spring-board to adventure, glory and triumph; *transform your surroundings in the mythic simply by the way in which you choose to perceive them*. If you do not submit to normalcy and simplicity, but aspire to great heights in every action, the tapestry of your own mythos will begin to weave itself with diverse colors, forming a weave of heroism, of ideal, of emulatable action that will outlive your years here on this spinning orb and place you forever into the pantheon of those giants who have gone before you. From the Havamal, that great work of Norse poetry:

*"Cattle die, kinsmen die, you yourself also must die.
But one thing that never dies is the fame of a dead man's deeds."*

By becoming an archetype, you become a god. It is only we who choose whether we remain mere men or travel on the hard and bloody road to something greater.

Practice for the Pit

One of the things that was only briefly touched upon in the Training Manual was the use of weapons, which may have surprised some of you. The basic reason for this is that as the Training Pits open we will begin to use the duelling pits for MMA inspired physical combat training.

The emphasis won't be on making you a good fighter, it won't even be on seeing if you can win any fights. It is solely on seeing how you react to getting a shit kicking. There will be armour provided, swords, wooden weapons, groin guards and helmets and the general premise is on classic Jiu Jitsu rules, "tap, snap or nap", which means the fight is only over when someone calls it (tap), they break a limb/bone (snap) or pass out (nap).

What we're doing here is preparing you for taking a punch in a fight, which will only happen if you (drum roll).....take a punch in a fight. All the better if that punch is from a gauntleted fist with spikes digging into your cheek and slashing your eyebrows open. It is entirely down to the Pit Master to decide when fights end and his discretion will see how you fare, alive or dead. Don't be a wimp when it comes to this, Lucy cracks me over the skull with a wooden pole on a regular basis, she's broken my nose and blackened my eyes all in the name of toughening up. So don't be a whinge.

What we're looking for in this small section is to prepare you for what may come in the duelling pit. There will be a general rule of berserkers vs. berserkers and spearwives vs. spearwives but if the woman wants to fight a

man, she's more than welcome, we'll just make sure the scales are adequately balanced.

The only way to get you ready for this is to practice being battered.

It is a theory that some Norse/Germanic berserkers would hang themselves and blacken their eyes and whiten their faces before battle, ritualistically killing themselves so that their enemies believed they were facing an army of the dead. Include in this the theory of their consumption of Soma (*Amanita Muscaria*), the famous fairy mushroom, which is cognate with the Cauldron of Resurrection in the Irish myth cycle and we have a very real idea of soldiers ritualistically harming themselves to prepare for the horrors of war. As a side note I'd mention that the Cauldron of Resurrection brings the warriors who 'died' back to life as walking corpses, strikingly similar to what the mushroom would be said to do to the Norse warrior.

Anyway, what we're looking for is for you to face your fears. A man is not truly a man until he's been punched in the face, truly a warrior is not born until he has lain in a puddle of his own blood. To paraphrase Nietzsche –

“What doesn't kill you, only makes you stronger.”

That is not a general theme of life for us, that is a physical and spiritual dictum; you lift weights that would snap the limbs of lesser men, you climb to the top of trees and almost fall, you run up mountains in nought but a pair of boxer shorts, you swim rivers in the dead long night of winter, and here, you get beaten repeatedly over the head

with a stick until you pass out, and you wake up a stronger man, sore, broken, bruised, but *stronger*.

If you do die, well, you were gifted with a good death.

“After fighting, everything else in your life got the volume turned down. You can deal with anything.” – Tyler Durden

What you need to do is get into a space with a comrade you feel comfortable with, (someone you know isn't going to flip out and strangle you when the going gets tough) and start slugging at each other. You can start out small, just start slapping each other, get harder and harder, until you can start punching each other. Don't go nuts, just draw a little blood.

As you get more comfortable with it just start fighting, keep to the Pit fighting rules of “tap, nap or snap” and you'll be fine.

Open the space up, as we said, ritualise it, hallow it for the product of making you hard and cruel where there was previously softness and weakness. Don't go into this with 21st century head on, get down and get dirty, paint your face, blacken your eyes, get blood on your hands.

Intoning the Names of our Heroes

The Centurion Method has existed since the first man went to move something bigger than himself, or heavier than he had lifted before, or ran further than he had before and with gritted teeth and bulging eyes, muttered under his breath the name of a god or hero sacred to his beliefs. In that moment he would have found strength more than he believed he had, or pools of untapped endurance, all stored away behind an imaginary wall with the name of his god-hero inscribed on the door. The name of a god has much to say to the DNA memory of your physical frame, do not underestimate it.

This brief section will cover the intended use of the names of the patrons of the workout sections, you should become acutely and intimately experienced in the myths and legends of these heroes and use that *read* knowledge to garner *experiential* wisdom. Through regular use of their intonation you will encourage deeper neurological links between the name and a specific feeling of endurance, power or strength which will further encourage that mood in yourself, for whatever purpose. This is quite simply, magick. Each name will form a reservoir in your unconscious psyche which will grow and grow with every use.

Conan and Strength

Conan the Barbarian; what images does he conjure? Each one of us will have a different immediate reaction and a pooled collection of images, words, sayings and events. For many it will be Arnold the Austrian pummelling faces with spiked gauntlets or flexing his enormous muscles. For others

it will be a Frank Frazetta inspired image of a black haired, swarthy beast of a man, ferocious and primal.

Whatever your original image, we will stick to the Robert E Howard vision of Conan. Pantherish muscle, grace and speed, wielding some hideously enormous weapon, lifting boulders twice his size, carrying a scantily clad woman over one shoulder and a fallen comrade over the other, splitting a huge serpent in two by tearing its jaws open, breaking the neck of an albino ape; Conan is pure unadulterated strength personified. The Conan workouts in the Centurion Method have been designed with this eventual goal in mind, pure strength, physical indomitability, skull crushing, broadness, thickness, size, and yet still with that speed and power which had Conan leaping from the tops of towers and walls sparking a fire of fear among his foes.

When invoking Conan keep it very simple, when you reach the end of a workout and you feel your strength ebbing away, just close your eyes and mumble his name, louder and louder, “*Conan....Conan....Conan...*” and then grit your teeth, open your eyes and assault, conquer, overthrow!

“Reddened blades and broken shields, shattered limbs and headless foes.”

Finn and Power

Finn is quite similar to Conan as they share a Celtic heritage (Conan is supposed to be a barbarian Celt, hence

Crom and *Mannanan Mac Lir* in his pantheon); however Finn represents the pure reality of the Celtic/Irish warrior.

He may be of mythical origins but the Fenians, the Tuatha and the warriors of the Red Branch were obviously supposed to be inspiration and guidance for the very real warriors of our ancestry. Finn represents the pure explosive power and *ability* of the human, able to jump higher and further, run longer, crawl lower and above all with strength and power in almost infinite reserves. We have spoken much of the entry requirements of the Fenians and what Finn would have been capable of and we have openly modelled the initiations of the Centurion Method berserkers and spearwives on Finn and his warrior band. Finn is that black soot smeared naked beast in the woods that has hidden in a bog for six weeks with nought but a knife between his teeth and the blood of his enemies on his hands. He drops down silent from the tree, stalks his foe for silent aeons of pure dread and then annihilates all who stand before him with pure graceful agility and explosive power.

When you intone the name of Finn, make it loud and aggressive, not the quiet growing growl of Conan but the growl which becomes a howl in mere seconds, "*FINN! FINN! FINN!*" pounding out those last reps whilst you call on that father of our brotherhood.

"Bulging eyes of lunar power, hiding here uncounted hours."

Romulus and Endurance

If Conan and Finn exist in varying grades of reality from pure myth to that of mythical legend, we can count

Romulus as one of those characters in historical mythology which blurs the boundaries of reality. The Romans believed wholeheartedly that they were descended from the twin brothers Romulus and Remus, two orphans who were suckled by a giant she-wolf. By association the Romans believed they were descended from a pair of men who were essentially half wolf. The Roman Legions based most of their physical feats on this fact, what warrior would not be steeled and encouraged by the fact that his ancestors were possibly raised by a giant female wolf, and therefore by inference, that their brothers and sisters *were* wolves. Would Romulus and Remus therefore not have had to run with the pack, fight for their food with other wolves, bring down their prey just like a wolf?

In effect the Roman Legions must have developed much of their steely character and endurance from their wolfish ancestry, their ferocity in battle, their cold determination to face everything thrown at them, their organisation when bringing down an enemy. The Romans may have been many ill spoken things, but weak and easily conquered they were not. They based the majority of their soldiering ability on endurance, which is why Romulus is the quiet and unspoken founder of the Centurion Method, it is after all, he who inspired the *Centurions*.

What do we look for in our imagining of Romulus then? Naked, hairy, matted beard, covered in earth and skulking in the caves with his brother and his mother, surrounded by the hungry wolves he called brothers. He would have been able to cover distance like a wolf, howl like

a wolf, fight like a wolf, breed like a wolf, Romulus is raw animalistic rage personified, the *man* made perfectly *natural*.

When invoking Romulus make it steely and dark, you are not invoking a human element in yourself, you are not calling on power and strength, you are calling on the incorruptible urge of the human beast to *survive*.

"Romulusssssss....Rrrrrommullusssssss....Rrrrrrrrrr.....ggggrrrrrrrr..." Those reps are for your hardening, your strengthening, your becoming more like the wolf.

"She wolf, She wolf, She wolf, wolf to our motherless kin."

The Theory of the Dream Workout

By Lucy Fraser

The basis of the workouts in this booklet come from a dream I had in which I and a group of people were doing precision military drills. There was a leader shouting the commands, there was pack-like competition and there was genuine fear of the voice roaring as though there was really *something to fear* – which is ultimately why these kinds of workouts are important. To be able to exert a lot of energy under pressure – this means jelly legs, quick reactions, and also a mental workout. You may be very good at getting into role and focusing your intent so the workout *feels* ‘real’, but when it comes to a workout that requires your genuine *belief*, you need external influences which you genuinely fear.

I think the meaning behind this dream, pointed towards how I personally see my workouts - training for some unknown future event, or even daily occurrences, the core of the Centurion Method mythos. I dreamt it because it is an innate concern, and when you start to re-wild, these concerns re-surface. Sometimes during a workout, we can switch off mentally, and just go through the motions, but this isn’t mentally preparing you for what you are preparing your body for, which seems contradictory. The workouts in this book will keep you switched on, which will hardwire and connect your mind and body to be prepared whenever there is threat of these hypothetical situations (which are becoming ever more likely as we march towards self-destruction).

There is another element to these workouts, which I think is important in a survival situation, and that is the 'pack' mentality. There are some specifically group workouts, encouraging healthy competition and community. You need to be able to work alongside others in a survival situation, you also need to work out who is the weakest and strongest and push them to better themselves. This is the essence of community and fellowship, healthy competition that encourages only the strongest and most cooperative elements to survive and flourish.

The Guerilla Workouts

These workouts are specifically designed, as Lucy said, to encourage a realistic and thought/fear provoking response in the berserker/spearwife. These workouts can be incorporated directly into your current routine.

Conan's Kozaks

The Cruel Wizard Rathamon

Style: One timed run through

Using a 10kg sledgehammer –

1. 100 x sledgehammer skull crushers (50 each side)
2. 100 x sledgehammer floor smash
3. 100 x sledgehammer tyres
4. 3 x 10 pull ups
5. 3 x 20 press ups
6. 3 x 100 yard bear crawls
7. 100 x sledgehammer tyres

Galen's Strength Routine

Style: One timed run through

One of three workouts (one in each section), based on the routine as espoused by the Greek athletics instructor Galen (look him up). We've adapted his regime to fit our methods and techniques.

Using a 10kg sledgehammer and a large rock.

1. 100 x sledgehammer swings (50 each side)
2. 3 x 25 rock pick ups
3. 3 x 20 rock pick up and walk 100m (every 10 reps)
4. 5 x 100 yard sprints
5. 10 x 100yard burpee pull up bear crawls
6. 5 x max timed pull up hold

The Pillar That Holds the World

Style: One timed run through

Using a log you regard as *very* heavy (verging on your 3rep max), a 10kg sledgehammer, a tyre if you have one and a large heavy rock.

Superset no.1 (three exercises back to back with no rest) x 3

- 30 x press ups
- 50 sledgehammer tyres (25 each side)
- 15 press ups

Superset no.2 x 3

- 4 x 50 yard walks carrying huge log
- 10 x front squats
- 15 x rock front raise

Superset no.3 x 3

- 6 x 50 yard log drags
- 20 x rock bicep curl
- 20 x rock military press

You Are Not Ready

Style: One timed run through

This is part one of three workouts, each one dealing with the way you perceive your abilities and the way you lift, carry, move or advance. This is something core to your training, you must overcome your boundaries. The workout titles read *"You are not ready. You will fail. But you will always come back fighting."* Think about that.

Using a heavy rock and a heavy log.

Superset no.1 (three exercises back to back with no rest) x 3

- 20 x rock curl
- 20 x rock tricep skull crusher
- 30 x rock bent over row

Superset no.2 x 3

- 20 x wide grip pull up
- 20 x lying log press
- 30 x log bent over row

Superset no.3 x 3

- 20 x rock flyes
- 50 x lying leg raise
- 20 x rock bent over row

Afterwards only once -

1. 77 x burpees

You Will Fail

Style: Three round circuit

Each of these exercises *must* be done to failure. You can cheat yourself, or you can do the work, but each and every set must feel like you cannot ever do that movement again.

1. Press ups
2. Pull ups
3. Scissor crunches
4. Divebomb press ups
5. Wide grip pull ups
6. Plank

Obviously by the third round your reps will be drastically less than the first round, but still, with each round, try and beat your previous score.

You Will Always Come Back Fighting

Style: One timed run through

Split into two sections –

Core –

1. 20 x 50 yard bear crawl
2. 30 x press ups
3. 40 x scissor crunches
4. 3 minute plank
5. 20 x scissor crunches
6. 10 x press ups
7. 5 x 50 yard bear crawl

Strength (using heavy rock) –

1. 20 x bicep curls
2. 20 x military press
3. 20 x bicep curls to military press
4. 20 x press ups
5. 10 x bicep curls to military press,
6. 10 x military press
7. 10 x bicep curls

Finn's Wolves

Grenade

Style: Group training session in forest clearing or field.

1. WARM UP – Group run in circle for 3 minutes with group leader shouting various alterations – “high knees, touch toes, jump, touch floor etc”
2. Sprint away – group leader shouts signal and everyone sprints away from circle and to outskirts of field/clearing.
3. Tag clock to press ups – Leader selects person who was slowest at running to field edge, they are chased whilst the rest of the group does press ups, until that person is caught.
4. Piggy backs to dead man drag – group pair up and piggy back (one on the others back) then sprint back to centre of the circle. The slowest pair has to drag the rest of the group back to their starting point.
5. Grenade sprints – Once everyone is back in the centre, leader gives signal and everyone sprints for the edge of the field, at a random moment he shouts “GRENADE” and everyone has to throw themselves to the floor. Slowest person has to do 30 burpees, everyone else does 10.
6. Fireman carries – Spread out into wide circle, quite a large gap between each person, leader starts by fireman carrying (over the shoulder) person to his right, carries them to next person and then that person carries the next in line. All the way round until leader is carried back to start. Whilst the

person doing fireman carry is working everyone else does burpees.

7. Bear crawl race – when last person has done fireman carry everyone drops down to bear crawl position and at leader's signal races for designated spot at edge of field.

8. Tag – simple, once everyone gets to the designated spot, the last person to arrive is “on it” and you play a game of tag/chase.

Galen's Violent Routine

Style: One timed run through

This is the next in the series of Galen's workout patterns, this one was called "Violent" and fits Finn perfectly, explosive, aggressive and dynamic. Make sure you work *hard* and *fast* on this one.

Using 10kg sledgehammer and a heavy rock.

1. 100 x rapid sledgehammer swings (50 each side)
2. 50 x rock throws (25 each side, with one arm dominant)
3. Jump squats to FAILURE
4. 50 x rock throws (25 each side)
5. 3 x 25 rock swings
6. 3 x 10 pull ups
7. 50 x press ups

Sports Day

Style: Pair/group training session in forest clearing or field

This workout is designed to mimic the classic British Sports Day of the 1990's. These were a staple for me and Lucy and they carved out that aggressive competitive spirit we see so little of today. So we've made a horrible one up. Would benefit from a group of 4 or more but could be done with 2 people. The loser or losers of each segment must do 50 burpees, there and then.

1. Tug of war

Classic rope pull, one on either end of the rope, victory is by pulling the opponent off their feet, you are NOT allowed to coil rope up your arm or do hand to hand change over.

2. Three legged race

Partners are tied together by one leg and then run a set distance without falling over.

3. Skipping race

Race a set distance with a skipping rope, burpee penalties added for cheating or running instead of skipping.

4. Cone dodge/obstacle race

Set up a series of cones/rocks to designate a small looping course, participants have to navigate and dodge/avoid obstacles.

5. Piggy back race

Racer climbs onto partners back and they run to finish.

6. Person drag

One partner drags the other's dead weight a set distance to finish, then turn around and repeat opposite direction.

7. Bear crawl push rock race

Bear crawl a certain distance whilst pushing a medium sized rock or log.

Logen Ninefingers

Style: One timed run through

Find a wooded area, clearing, field or your back garden and mentally arrange a circuit of about 500 yards of space through which you will move.

1. Bear crawl the entire circuit of your arranged space
2. 20 x press ups
3. Repeat the bear crawl circuit
4. 30 x press ups
5. Repeat the bear crawl circuit
6. 40 x press ups
7. Repeat the bear crawl circuit
8. 50 x press ups
9. 5 x 25 yard bear crawl sprints

That the Strong Take From the Weak

Style: Partner/group workout in woodland or field

1. Partner burpee stalk x 4 – One partner stands in the centre of an agreed space, facing in one direction, this person is the prey. Other partner walks roughly 200 yards away, this person is the predator. The predator creeps up on the prey from behind, with both partners counting continuously up from zero. The predator has to get to the prey without being heard. When the predator gets hands on the prey the prey has to do burpees of however many seconds it took for the predator to catch them. If the predator is heard and their presence declared then they have to do burpees of the seconds.
2. Sprint chase x 4 – same as above, but when the prey feels threatened or feels like the predator is nearby, they bolt and sprint as hard as they can away. If they are caught they do 50 x burpees. If they manage to escape to pre-agreed position then the predator does burpees. Do this twice for each partner.
3. Grappling burpees x 4 – partners stand opposite each other and get down into wide stance wrestling position with left hand on partner's right shoulder, other arm hanging down. Grabbing each other's back leg the aim is to flip or pin your opponent. If/when one partner is victorious the other has to do 50 x burpees. Do this twice for each partner.
4. 100 x Burpee clock to bear crawl – whilst one partner is doing 100 burpees the other one bear crawls, only when the burpees are complete can the partner stop bear crawling.

Romulus' Legions

Galen's Rapid Workout

Style: One timed run through

This is the third of Galen's workouts, this one emphasising the speed and ferocity of his system. A lot of the exercises are dynamic and will feel strange, for some you may benefit using a partner, improvise otherwise.

1. 1.5 mile run
2. 3 x 30 second sprints (hard as you can)
3. 100 bicycle punches
4. Five minutes of shadow boxing (use a bag if you want, otherwise just repeated boxing as if fighting an opponent)
5. 3 x 20 second sprints with bicycle punch
6. 3 x 1minute tip toe air punching
7. 3 x 20 jumping kicks (ten each side)

Pit of Snakes

Style: One timed run through

This workout requires a woodland area or a garden with enough room to immerse several pillars of wood, or at least mark out specific spots. You can use rocks or logs as markers and improvise.

Set up this area of about 20 metres square, with pillars or markers randomly dotted around (if you have your own Pit this can be left permanently set up) and begin on one of the set points. Then do the following –

1. 50 x frog leaps from marker to marker
2. 50 x one legged hops from marker to marker
3. 25 x kneeling forward rolls from marker to marker
4. 50 x bear crawl from marker to marker, clambering onto each one and pausing their on all fours/squat position.
5. 5 x 30 second sprints from marker to marker, covering as many as possible in 30secs and then attempting to beat previous.
6. 50 x one legged squats on a marker
7. 100 x squats on a marker
8. 25 x jump squats on a marker

Master

Style: Partner or group workout

This workout is designed to be done in pairs or within a group, it can be done with an odd number as a trio or larger group, but it would be distinctly harder.

Assuming you're in pairs –

1. 3 minutes x shadow boxing dodges
2. 100 x leg sweep dodges

The boxer swings his attacking leg in a low arc to try and sweep the dodger's legs out from under him, the dodger jumps out of the way. Swap and repeat.

3. 100 x kneeling floor punch

Both participants kneel down and aim solid, full piston strike punches with withdrawn and extended arm at the floor, racing each other to finish.

4. 100 x jumping squat race

Partners stand opposite each other and race to finish 100 perfect jumping squats (would probably benefit from a referee of some kind). Loser does 50 burpees without rest.

Primal Workouts

Same procedure here as with the Primal workouts in the Training Manual, do each one in turn, making sure you really draw it out, don't rush through the process, feel it and take into account everything we've covered in this book.

A lot of these workouts are based on the principles explored in the articles contained in this book. Whereas the previous workouts are classic Centurion Method brutality, a lot of these are taking you into new territory of the mind and body paradigm complexity. We want you to explore the entirety of this process *during* the workout, not before or after, not in theory, not even in practice, but in *experience*. We are taking new ground here; this hasn't been done before without a tutor, you might hurt yourself. Accept that and keep moving forward.

The Nose and Ears of Gods

Style: Archaic Movement

The emphasis with Archaic Movement workouts is to take everything as slowly as possible and to exaggerate the stretch and primitive application of the movements. Imagine yourself back on the tropical slopes of the primordial Altai mountains.

1. 10 x 100m bear crawl stalk

Go into bear crawl and move as slowly as possible, imagine you're stalking prey or being hunted, keep as low to the ground as you can.

2. 10 x 100m lunging walk stalk

Go into a lunge and get as low as possible, keeping your head down and 'stalker' mind-set on. Keep your hips level, don't let your head bob and lunge forward, walking with eyes locked on a specific point.

3. 5 x 100m sprints

4. 10 x 100m belly crawl

Get down onto your belly, lift yourself up on your elbows and drag yourself along the ground, keeping your head down, bum down, walking on your elbows and knees. Classic military crawl.

5. 3 x 100m sprints

Strength of the Panther

Style: Archaic Movement

For this workout you will need a wooded area, a specific tree, a wall or gate and a small space to workout in.

1. 5 x tree climbs

Climb to the top of the tree, climb back down again, that's one rep.

2. 10 x branch get ups

Jump up, grab a branch, pull your legs up and wrap them around the branch, then pull yourself up into the tree. Swing your legs back down, lower yourself and drop down.

3. 3 x 100 metre sprint through woods

Run through the woods as fast as you can jumping over obstacles, logs, imagined or otherwise.

4. 10 x wall/gate jumps

Jump over the wall or gate as fluidly as possible, rolling as you land if you feel you can.

5. 50 x log bunny hops

Stand astride a log or obstacle and hop from one side to the other, fifty times.

6. 3 x 100 metre sprint through woods

Eyes of the Wolf

Style: Archaic Movement

1. Long distance bear crawl. Half a mile or more.

Very simple, go to a woodland area or a field, go into bear crawl and move in this position for as long as you can. If you have a mile of woodland, cover it, if you only have a small space, measure it out and work out how many times you have to cover it.

Limbs of Beaten Bronze

Style: Martial Arts Practice

Workout:

This is something which will be very familiar to some people but totally alien to others, it *will* hurt, it *will* bruise you if you're doing it right, just suck it up and get it done. You will need a log or rock. This kind of "Iron" training is designed to harden and toughen the muscles and ligaments involved with striking.

1. 100 x alternating open palm strikes

Keep your hand open in a classic karate chop and with palm forward strike as hard as you can with the lower part of your hand onto the log/rock surface.

2. 100 x alternating side palm strikes

Same hand position, strike with side of the hand, knife chop motion onto the log/rock.

3. 50 x alternating forearm strikes

With bent elbow, strike forward across the body, hitting the flat of the forearm onto the surface.

4. 50 x alternating side leg strikes

Standing opposite hard surface, kick leg sideways striking with the side of the lower leg, (NOT the shin itself).

5. 100 x alternating top of foot strikes

Neolithic Claws

Style: Archaic Movement

This workout is designed to increase your grip strength, so don't wimp out, hold onto each move for as *long* as you possibly can. You will need a branch or pull up bar, and a log or barbell you find VERY heavy.

1. 10 x max length weight holds

Pick up the log or barbell and hold it for as long as you can.

2. 10 x max length branch holds

Jump up to branch or bar and hold yourself for as long as you can.

3. 10 x max length weight holds

As above.

4. 50 x 10 yard farmer carries with heavy rocks

With a rock in each hand held down by your sides, walk for 10 yards without letting go of the rock, repeat fifty times.

Vishnu

Style: Running

Workout:

In the same tradition as the Training Manual, we'll end on a Primal routine designed to get you moving your entire body as a unit.

So get out there, climb a mountain, run through a forest, do at least 5 miles. Jump over things, work everything, enjoy your body. Make it dynamic and encourage yourself to include a huge range of movements, try to include everything you've learned and experience with the Centurion Method, just explore your body and the world around you.

Stirring the Embers

What can we expect as we go forth from this point? What we'd like to see is the Berserkers and Spearwives of the Centurion Method creating their own force, their own energy, their own myths and their own perfect processes to advance as conquerors of their own archetype.

What we've covered here is but the tip of the iceberg in terms of what we hope to achieve with the Centurion Method, we don't want just a group of people who use the system to get fit or stay fit, that's great, but it's bloody boring and you might as well just go to the gym. What we want is an underground tribe of likeminded individuals who want to surpass anything that has been done before. Hell, if we get that good, we want to see people building stone circles the old way, erecting pillars of impossible construct in the sacred groves we bless with our own sweat and blood. We want the old gods invoked in brand new temples, on altars made of the rusted innards of cars and trucks, the warband sitting on tyres and old bicycles, everything hand made from what was abandoned by the generation who became but a glumly referenced memory.

If the world is to turn into a parody of Yevgeny Zamyatin's *We*, then it is us who will be the ferocious half mad barbarians living just outside the wall in the endless jungles of the forgotten earth. If the world is to become a glimmering spectacle of *Brave New World* dramatics then we will be the Savages who live outside of the system, observed and abhorred, maligned and derided, but still *alive*. If our

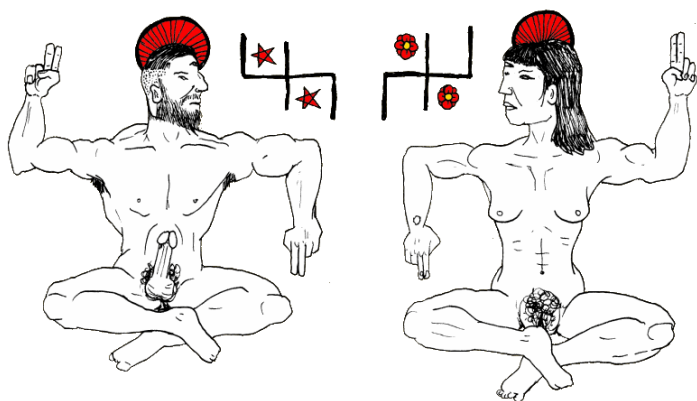
cities descend into crime ridden Gothams then we are the League of Shadows.

That is the key thing we want you to take from this book, and remember when you are doing the workouts, you are not a human being with a National Insurance number, who has a job, a house, a car and a phone. You are an animal, the same as the others on this planet, you have teeth and claws, you designed the sword, the chariot, the wheel, the bridle that tamed the horse, the whip that tamed the dog, you are *gottermensch*.

We'll finish with a quote -

"Picture yourself planting radishes and seed potatoes on the fifteenth green of a forgotten golf course. You'll hunt elk through the damp canyon forests around the ruins of Rockefeller Centre, and dig clams next to the skeleton of the Space Needle leaning at a forty-five degree angle. We'll paint the skyscrapers with huge totem faces and goblin tikis, and every evening what's left of mankind will retreat to empty zoos and lock itself in cages as protection against the bears and big cats and wolves that pace and watch us from outside the cage bars at night."

HAMMER KVL EXPANSION PACK



Introduction

In your experiences of the Centurion Method thus far, you have probably got hold of a sledgehammer, and you have probably used it in the ways described in the Training Manual. What we're doing here is something quite different, we want to take the sledgehammer to its logical conclusion, exaggerate everything and strip the fundamental use of a 'hammer' back to where it came from.

So, as a brief introduction, let's look at what your sledgehammer is. A long pole, probably about the length of your arm, if not a little longer, with a large metal oblong at one end. Some of the more elaborate hammers used for smashing rocks might have a pick axe on one end, but the standard builders hammers you can usually get hold of are classic stone breakers. They are used to knock down walls, smash out bricks, knock posts into the ground for fences and so on. The sledgehammer itself though must be sourced in

an older heritage of the war hammer, which is how we're going to be using it in this book. To look at this we have to understand how the war hammer was used, what it was for and what historical examples we have to look at.

The Nordic races, Germans, Celts and other Indo-European tribes (and to some extent the Indic and Near Eastern peoples) all have examples of hammers used in war, probably an evolution from the axe, and the Asians, particularly Chinese, also have examples of hammers of various sizes used in battle. The hammer was used from the earliest periods of mankind's war making evolution, particularly in the medieval and later period up to the creation of the first mechanised firing weapons we see evolving into guns and bombs. The German hammers and maces of the medieval period and those used during the religious wars between the Catholics, Protestants and Mohammedans, were created for one purpose: close combat.

When a battle went sour and the cavalry charges, discharges from archers and long bowmen, skirmishes and general preliminary fighting had been done, the stock and trade work of the infantry would begin. Swords, axes, maces, pikes, spears, daggers, long knives and hammers were all hoiked from their sheaths and brought out to shatter, rend, split and cleave fully grown hard-bitten men into chunks of hot meat. The hammer therefore emerges as a weapon of nail biting violence. The sword would have been a staple of the infantryman's and mercenary's trade, with the specialisation in axe, pike, spear or knife being subsidiary to their use of the broadsword or rapier. The hammer on the

other hand would have been used along with the mace as a weapon of pure unbridled violence. Whereas the other weapons split skulls, chop off limbs or spill innards with gashes, chops and slashes, the mace and hammer are there just to obliterate. The wielder of such a weapon would have had huge upper body strength, control and agility which allowed him to wield such an object at speed. When everyone around you was slashing with swords it would have seemed utter madness to be swinging a 5kg hammer or mace around your head. But that was the point, when it did make contact, it took no prisoners. The slab of metal meeting shield, armour, gauntlet, naked arm, torso or skull would keep going regardless, shattering bones, crushing skulls and breaking spines. Admittedly it was slower, more cumbersome and more dangerous to the user than the other weapons but this would have given it a terrifying reputation among the warlords of the day – only a warmongering psychopath would use one. This is essentially what we want to replicate.

What we're trying to capture here is the ferocity, the awkwardness and the skill involved with using this cumbersome and heavy weapon. As with all Centurion Method books the workouts are split into Conan (heavy), Finn (explosive) and Romulus (endurance).

The sledgehammer is a formidable tool to sculpt and tone muscle; you are effectively throwing around a 5kg+ weight attached to a pole, so in many ways the movements we use will garner similar results to those you'd get with a kettlebell.

The Legionnaire – His Weapon, His Armour, His Helmet

As we said in the Training Manual the original idea of the Centurion Method was to emulate the training systems used by soldiers, warriors and hired killers throughout history. As the name suggested, our primary inspiration as everyone knows were the legionnaires of Rome, the structure of the Legions and the Centurions who guided them day by day in their rigorous training system. One of the key things they did, which we perhaps haven't exaggerated enough in the Orthodox Training Manual is the use of weighted body armour. Anyone who has worn a 10kg+ weight vest whilst doing any workout will know how immediate the effect is. Personal bests are effectively halved, press ups are weak, burpees are horrible, pull ups are socket popping and sprinting is exhausting. I remember some of my earliest 4 mile runs when the Method was being formulated involved me running barefoot to a hill near my home wearing my 10kg vest, carrying my 5kg sledgehammer and then doing repeated uphill 100metre sprints at the top. One of the final elements I planned to include was the use of a gasmask or facial obscuration, to mimic the use of a helmet or face guard that the legionnaires and gladiators would have had to endure.

As we go into this, I want you to understand, these workouts are the first step towards a creation of a proper hardcore within the Centurion Method. If you master these moves, get fit using this equipment then you will see amazing results in your cardio fitness and ability to move with explosive ease.

You need three pieces of equipment to do these workouts and to take the steps forward towards mastering yourself and your weaknesses –

1. A 10kg+ weight vest
2. A 5kg+ sledgehammer
3. A balaclava

The weight vest simulates and replicates the carrying and wearing of heavy armour, wherever, whatever the requirement placed on the soldier. The sledgehammer can correspond to the weapon, be it sword, axe, mace or in modern days gun. Finally the balaclava gives that close, tense feeling of being smothered by a mask or helmet which would obscure your vision and capability.

When it comes to the workouts and the use of the vest, hammer and mask we have focused on one aspect that is core to each section and pushed it to its limit. By doing this we will cover the various types of muscle in the body, the fast twitch response and slow eccentric twitch. This means the body will grow and shape itself to respond perfectly to the sledgehammer and weight vest, leaving you hard, sharp and fast.

So, as we move forward, unlike the other Centurion Method books so far, there won't be a lot of theory, we're just going straight into the stances, their description and then the workouts.

Forms and Stances

The following pages will describe in relative detail the 9 stances that we will use throughout the hammer workouts. We will be using these in various combinations or as standalone moves, each one having several interpretations and possible uses which allow them to slot together quite neatly into set pieces or forms. We encourage you to go through the workouts and add them into your 'cycle' as it were with the standard Training Manual, if you consciously do one or two Sledgehammer workouts per week you'll get a good solid grounding in the use of the weapon before you know it. Once you have a confident grip on the various moves you can begin to work out your own way of slotting them together and build your own workouts.

Before we go into the stances and look at how they work and what they are for, we need to give you a quick explanation of safety and how to hold/use the hammer without damaging yourself.

Basically, to cut to the chase, *anything* that rotates, skews, bends, angles or incorrectly aligns your spine, will put all of the stress or weight you're holding onto one vertebrae (usually the one with the strongest angle in the bend), which will cause it to eventually either pop out, crack or cause nerve damage. The basic premise is that any movement which compromises your neutral spine will eventually damage your spine.

Most people these days suffer with lower back pain and/or spinal injury. It is apparently quite close to everyone in western society has or will suffer from a bad back at some

point. This is due to the way they sit at a desk, all day for five days a week in jobs focused on a computer screen, how they sit in their car on their way to and from work and how they sit at home whilst eating, sit at home whilst watching TV and sleep in a springy soft bed. Everything humans do is focused on the ease and sedentary nature of modernity, no one ever stands up to do anything or lift anything and then they wonder why they get bad backs when they *do* go into the gym and incorrectly lift a 100kg barbell without warming up.

How do you maintain correct form? Lock your core, focus on keeping your spine neutral, with its natural S curvature, but when you come to do a lift or a swing or whatever, just make sure the turn or rotation is done through the hips, with the legs taking the weight and/or the shoulders assisting and the arms carrying. You NEVER want your spine to be bending under stress, or rotating under violent strain. There is no point going into this thinking it's OK to swing a 5kg sledgehammer over your shoulder and laugh when your back twinges or you feel something click or crunch. Injury isn't funny and spinal damage from weight lifting will have you in bed for months, if not permanently in some extreme cases.

Right, now that we've explained spinal safety, the moves are split up as follows.

Double arm stances

1. Starting stance
2. Battle swing/smash

3. Overhead swing/smash
4. Standard block
5. Horizontal swing
6. Dynamic axe swing
7. Nose touch

Single arm stances

1. Croquet swing block
2. Croquet swing pause

So, what we're dealing with are 7 moves that require two hands on the sledgehammer and 2 moves that require only one hand on the hammer. This is solely because of control and safety elements. You could technically do a one armed overhead swing, but it would put a lot of strain on one shoulder or the rotator cuff, so you should make sure you incorporate both arms to make sure everything is balanced. The single arm stances are allowed to be singular because they aren't violent or wrenching. It would probably benefit the hardened sledgehammer user to begin side training in other swinging exercises like those used in kettlebell training etc.

The moves have been designed and sculpted around a general half athletic and half martial artist ethos. You can either focus on them tiring you out solely for fitness purposes or you can really concentrate and take it to its

logical extreme and train as though you're in battle/barracks etc.

First Form - Starting Stance

The starting stance; from here you should be able to execute each of the main moves at speed. Legs shoulder width apart, one leg slightly forward, front knee with a slight bend, body weight spread between the legs so you can be bouncy and soft, no stiffness or dominance on one leg. You can think of this as similar to the Eagle stance in European sword fighting, with one flick of the wrist and a movement of the hands you can have the sledgehammer in any one of the other positions from which to begin training.

Things to Remember

- Weight distributed evenly
- Hands ready to go

Second Form - Battle Swing

This is the classic basic movement which all of the other moves are based on in some way. The battle swing is your staple movement so you want to have a good controlled experience of how it works. For that reason we would recommend trying it in various hand positions, with hands too far down and too far up, just to experience the difference it makes on the weight being moved.

When it comes to proper practice, you want one leg forward again, feet shoulder width apart, weight on the front leg. The hammer starts up over the shoulder opposite

the front leg then you swing it aggressively downwards toward an imagined point in front of you or on the floor. At the end the hammer should stop in a controlled and solid down by your hip. From here you pull it back up to starting point.

Things to Remember

- Do NOT twist the spine, let the shoulders and hips take the weight and do the movement, if you pull over with the weight you're doing it wrong.
- Don't lean or bend with the movement, your upper body should remain relatively still and your legs should bounce and sway with the movement, again any curling or bending of the spine is WRONG.
- Control the hammer, do not allow it to control you, even on the 100th, 200th, 300th rep of a workout.

Third Form - Overhead Swing

This is the movement you would use when doing the sledgehammer tyres or ground assaults, it is a violent overhead slam which brings the whole upper body potential into the hammer and drives it home through the tip. You can imagine this to be the movement most people would instinctively gravitate to when using a sledgehammer, driving posts, breaking rocks etc.

This time we have legs shoulder width apart, knees braced in a slight squat, as if you were sitting on a high wall, body weight spread evenly. The hammer is held high above the head with the handle pointing downwards and the head pointing high, you don't want it to drop below this point as

you could lose control and smack yourself in the back. From here you violently pull the hammer down and either smash what you're hitting or control it at its lowest point. Again you don't want the hammer to pull you over, so make sure your squat deepens as you do the rep, this will allow your torso to remain neutral and the arms to do the work.

Things to Remember

- Do NOT let the hammer pull you over either way, bending your back or pulling you forwards.
- Don't let the hammer droop or sway, this movement is explosive and if you lose control you WILL hurt yourself.

Fourth Form - Standard Block

You're doing the opposite of what you've done so far with the hammer, an upward scooping movement, as if you were digging a hole with it. So start in a shallow lunge, back leg taking most of the weight, supporting you should you be pushed backwards. The hammer is pointing downwards with one hand taking most of the weight, whilst the other one will be used like a piston to drive the hammer upwards and forwards in a half circle. Imagine you are thrusting the hammer down into the soil and then at its lowest point suddenly arcing upwards to jab underneath someone's chin, then pull backwards to the start position.

Things to Remember

- Quite a long lunge otherwise the hammer will pull you over.

- Control the ascent and descent otherwise you will lose balance.
- No twisting in the spine or undue weight over one leg.

Fifth Form - Horizontal Swing

This movement is basically a horizontal block. Imagine you are swinging the hammer round across in front of you to smash a shield out of the way so you can thrust or jab inside the gap. This movement is heavy on the twisting so make sure you don't rotate through the spine, keep your hips and torso fluid and allow your upper body to turn on the pelvis, if you do this incorrectly and with the necessary violence you will damage your spine.

So, in the same stance as the overhead swing, a slight squat with legs shoulder width apart, bring the hammer to one side of your body horizontally. Then violently but with control, bring the hammer out and across your body, don't just circle it past yourself, imagine there is something in front of you you're knocking out of the way.

Things to Remember

- No twisting in the spine as you do the movement, keep a SOLID stance and knees soft and bouncy, like a boxer.
- Make sure you assault the imagined opponent, don't just bring the hammer round you in a weak circle.
- Don't let the hammer pull you from side to side, keep a low and controlled plant in your feet.

Sixth Form - Dynamic Axe Swing

What you're doing is simulating a fast, hard axe swing toward a stationary object at about hip height. If you were doing a fast chop like this you wouldn't execute the move, stop, pull back and repeat, you'd allow the weight of the axe to dictate when the chop was made and just follow it through and back.

Start in a shallow lunge with the hammer held up at a diagonal, basically a shallow shortened version of the battle swing position. Then bring the hammer down violently to a diagonal controlled position, not as deep as the normal chopping motion. At its lowest point drop your elbow and allow the weight to pull the hammer around so you get under it and it swings back up to the start position of its own accord. The only way to describe this is to imagine you're chopping wood, try to replicate that and you'll suddenly get it.

Things to Remember

- Don't stop-start; allow the hammer to swing back around to the start position with its own momentum.
- This is a fast, hammering motion, not heavy or sluggish.

Seventh Form - Croquet Swing

We're now into the single handed movements which give really strong and powerful muscular control of the hammer, allowing the explosive movements of the previous

stances to be executed with ever increasing violence as you get fitter. This move is just a way of getting your arm used to moving the weight of the hammer around with control and ease.

Stand in the shallow lunge with weight distributed evenly and with the hammer held down by your side, grip about halfway down the handle. With a controlled and willed motion, swing the hammer upwards and in front of yourself so it pauses briefly in front of you, now let it swing back down to the starting position evenly and with ordered control.

Things to Remember

- Don't let the wrist rotate or bend unnaturally, keep it locked in position and if it hurts, you're doing it wrong.
- Keep the muscles in the core, shoulders and arm locked tight, don't sway or twist through the spine, only the moving arm should be moving.

Eighth Form - Croquet Swing Pause

This movement is almost exactly the same as the previous one, but the hammer head is turned the opposite way so it feels like less of a strike and more of a scoop. This move when coupled with the previous one will give you solid tight and useful muscles along the forearm and supporting the elbow and shoulder.

Again, stand in the shallow lunge, legs shoulder width apart, hammer held down by the side with the head

turned flat face on. Now in the same way as before, swing it up in front of you (as in picture 2) but this time instead of letting it fall back down, pause and hold it for a second or two. You will feel this in your elbow, shoulder and wrist, so make sure these are locked tight and do not allow them to hyperextend.

Things to Remember

- Keep the wrist, shoulder and elbow tight, focus on the muscles and do not allow the wrist especially to droop with the weight, it WILL break if you do so.
- Allow the hammer to swing but don't jolt when it pauses, be organic, only hold it for a second.

Ninth Form - Nose Touch

This last stance is a real conditioner, it will give you solid forearm control of the hammer in a way the other moves can't. If you imagine the other stances as being focused on violence and execution, this one is based in precision and definition. The move is relatively well known in some strength and conditioning circles so you may have seen it before, we're just doing a slight variation.

With legs braced in a good solid stance, one you feel comfortable holding for the entire group of reps, hold the hammer out in front of you. Your highest hand should be about halfway down the handle so that the hammer feels slightly unstable as if it could sway if you leant it too far one way. Now with the hammer head pointing towards your face, look at the head and tilt it towards your nose. Control the descent and kiss the head to your face wherever you feel

most comfortable. As you get better at this move you can advance to doing it one handed, but be warned, as I learned the hard way, when you get tired you will drop the hammer into your face and cause damage. I've broken my nose and busted my lip doing this movement.

Things to Remember

- Control! Don't let the hammer flop around, make sure you're directing it where *you* want it to go.
- Focus on the head, don't look at the handle or your hands.

Guerrilla Workouts

Thor's Hammer

Style:

10 Rounds

Workout:

0.5 mile hard run before doing -

1. 10 x Battle Swing to Standard Block (5 each side)
2. 10 x Horizontal Block (5 each side)
3. 10 x Battle Swing to Standard Block (5 each side)
4. 10 x Press Ups
5. 5 x Pull Ups

After all the rounds are complete, do -

1. 30 x burpees

Gods I Was Strong Back Then

Style:

10 Rounds

Workout:

0.5 mile hard run before -

1. 10 x Axe Swings (5 each side)
2. 10 x Nose Touch (5 each side)
3. 5 x Pull Ups
4. 10 x Axe Swings (5 each side)
5. 10 x Nose Touch (5 each side)
6. 20 x Press Ups
7. 16 x Croquet Swing Pause (8 each side)

Dragon Slayer

Style:

One timed run through

Workout:

You will need the sledgehammer, vest and a heavy rock.
And you will be doing a 1.5 mile hard run before doing the following -

Superset no.1 x 3 (three sets, three times without rest in between)

1. 50 x Battle Swing (25 each side)
2. 20 x jump squats
3. 50 x Standard Block (25 each side)

Superset no.2 x 3

1. 50 x Axe Swing (25 each side)
2. 20 x Lunges (10 each side)
3. 20 x Side Lunge to Jump Squat

Superset no.3 x 3

1. 50 x Nose Touch (25 each side)
2. 20 x Jump Squats
3. 25 x Military Press

The Catholic Executioner

Style:

One timed run through

Workout:

Superset no.1 x 3 (three exercises back to back, three times with no rest)

1. 20 x Battle Swings (10 each side)
2. 20 x Strict Squats
3. 20 x Jumping Scissor Lunges

Superset no.2 x 3

1. 20 x Axe Swings
2. 20 x Croquet Swings on the left
3. 20 x Croquet Swings on the right

Superset no.3 x 3

1. 30 x Standard Block (15 each side)
2. 20 x Battle Swings (10 each side)
3. 30 x Jump Squats (holding sledgehammer)

Chopping Off Your Own Leg

Style:

2 Rounds

Workout:

0.5 mile hard run before -

1. 50 x Jump Squats
2. 50 x Lunges (25 each side)
3. 50 x Frog Leaps
4. 2 minute Plank
5. 25 x Bear Crawl Press Ups
6. 20 x Nose Touch
7. 30 x Axe Swings (15 each side)
8. 100 x Battle Swings (50 each side)
9. 100 x Bear Crawls

The Empire Strikes Back

Style:

One timed run through

Workout:

1. 1.5 mile run with vest, mask and hammer
2. 50 x Bear Crawl Push Ups
3. 50 x Dynamic Side Lunge Jumps (25 each side)
4. 3 x 100 yard sprints
5. 50 x Jump Squats
6. 100 x Battle Swings (50 each side)
7. 50 x Bear Crawl Push Ups
8. 100 x Axe Swings (50 each side)
9. 1.5 mile run with vest, mask and hammer

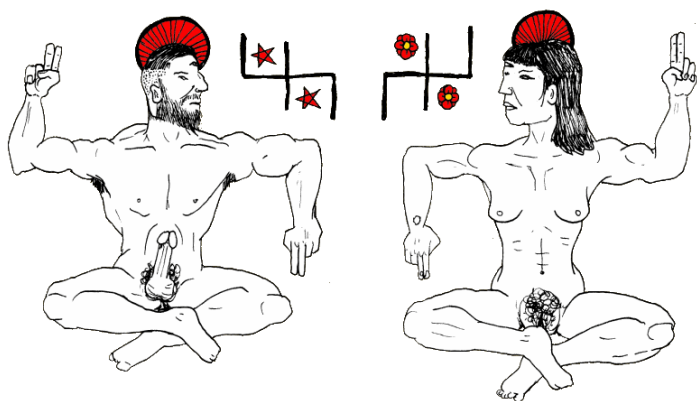
Primal Workout

This time, as opposed to the usual pattern, we're only doing one primal workout, and if you'd like to get really good with the sledgehammer, we recommend doing it once every few weeks in place of your normal Primal session.

There are no reps, no sets, nothing fancy. Just get your weight vest and mask on and then sling your sledgehammer over your shoulder and move out into the woods. Walk for at least (at least) five miles, breaking into a light run now and then, climbing trees, crossing streams and generally navigating your native terrain whilst wearing and carrying your equipment. Never put your sledgehammer down and never take off your mask.

You will be surprised at how tiring this is and how awkward it is to manoeuvre the sledgehammer around obstacles without just putting it down on the ground. This is the whole reason we've done it though, to show you how important it would be to a soldier not to leave their weapon lying around, to always be ready and to always have your equipment to hand and ready to go, regardless of weather or difficulties of the terrain.

PRAETORIAN BOOK EXPANSION PACK



Introduction - You Will Fail

(This expansion pack was intended to be the launch pad for the biggest and most ambitious element of the Centurion Method. It never got any further than the notes you will read here. For that reason, chapters and paragraphs may end abruptly and without finishing their previously laid out format, I have however chosen to leave it exactly as it is.)

Thus the Centurion Method enters its most peculiar and insular phase of growth; Nietzsche and particularly the master work *Thus Spake Zarathustra* have driven me to begin working on a series of projects which I believe will birth the Superman. I believe wholeheartedly in the Doctrine of the Superman, the Superion, the Lord of the Earth, the AntiChrist, and I believe that the doctrine of Will to Power as espoused by Nietzsche and others like him is the single purest adherence to divine natural will in mankind through

the most primitive titanic gods such as Agni (Fire), Soma (Intoxication), Indra (Heroism) and Siva (Creation-Al-Unity). I also believe that the doctrine of slavish monotheistic weakness and slavery as espoused by Saint Paul and others like him is the single most abusive and abhorrent rebellion against divine natural law that mankind has ever pulled down from the heavens or up from the pits. In my eyes the birth of the Superman and the utter destruction of the Abrahamic faiths go hand in hand. The Torah and the Talmud are wholly cultural texts which have no bearing or logical sense when applied to the minds of non-Jewish folk, and that is part and parcel of the malaise of madness and insanity which has gripped the world ever since a gang of rebellious Galileans attempted to abortively transplant their anti-faith onto the Roman Empires' pagan slaves.

Humanity was not ready for monotheism then, it really only became ready for monotheism during the French Revolution and the monotheism it then manifested was one of "no gods, no masters", the One True God of the belligerent faceless mass of humanity. Humanity at a cultural, communal level is only built for polytheism and pantheism; this is quite simple, as any phenomena, any inspiring heroes of the ancestry automatically become gods in the eyes of the life hungry savage; to entreat the 'gods' to protect, assist and serve you as a wild man living in the ferocious horror of the Kashmiri jungle isn't just cultural, its common sense. I am reminded that Nietzsche spoke of a '*spiritual atheism*', a cult of worship of the simplest forms of life and ancestry, the 'true gods' of the Timeless Superman, i.e. our much celebrated fire, lightning, weapons, steel, war, agriculture, the horse, the cow etc.

These concepts are core to the Praetorian way of life. Because that is what we're doing here, we're creating something entirely new, a new way of life, stripped back, burnt up, only the useful metal in the black ashen remnants exposed to be re-collected and put to purpose.

Let's continue this journey together then, and remember that each stepping stone upon the path will be but a flickering smudge of grey light through the all-encompassing murk when we reach the lofty heights of ego death within Brahma.

What is a Praetorian

We named the three grades of the Centurion Method after the Spartan Agoge training system. The beginner/child is the Paides, the intermediate/teen is Paidiskoi and the competent/adult is Hebontes. But we always knew there had to be a grade above and beyond, the athlete who always doubles everything, doesn't feel tired after our workouts or is starting to evolve towards something altogether *more*. This was the Praetorian, and I basically made it something elitist and cruel.

There is an idea that true elitism comes from something altogether unattainable with human effort, something inborn from the moment you wake, yes or no, plus or minus, you either have it or you don't. That is what defines the Praetorian, and I personally believe most (if not all) of the people doing the Centurion Method have that 'something extra'. Praetorian may be defined by a set of scores on a fitness test but the true test of elitists is in their appreciation and application of the 'other' of which we speak. What we're talking about is a 'spiritual elitism', in some way you could describe it in Nietzschean terms and call it a 'spiritual separatism'. A separation between those who intrinsically live life in a certain way and those who literally could not live it that way, and the gulf between the two is so large it could almost be seen in a Darwinian sense that we're talking about two different species among the human race.

We can define what the Praetorian is, by defining what he or she is *not*. The Praetorian is not defined by the

parameters of the slave religions, Christianity, Judaism and Islam. He is not hemmed in by moral codes of humanism or defined by the strictures of a modern society. Where others see a beautiful church designed by skilled medieval architects which should be celebrated in museum form down the ages, he sees a relic of a dead religion which should be burned to the ground and everything in it melted down to be reused for a more practical purpose. The slave religions define themselves by kneeling, by veiling, by hiding from the God they worship as their 'father'; humanity is unworthy to look upon God, the YHWH/Allah complex demands that men bow their heads, avert their eyes, that women dare not be fleshy before him, that they remain indoors and hidden from sight, carnality and humanity is maligned, urge and desire are repressed, it is an asceticism of the corrupt. The Centurion Method on the other hand celebrates femininity and masculinity, celebrates fertility, celebrates nudity and the fleshy carnality of the human experience. The anti-religion of the Ubermensch/Superior/Antichrist is defined by standing up, proud, tall, by unveiling, evolving, by standing before the gods as companions, walking with the gods hand in hand, this is Promethean, this is Apollonian, this is Dionysian, the New Man stands enthroned before God and worships him as 'brother', worthy to look upon the gods because he has overcome himself and become briefly like them.

The slave religions begin their diatribes with the same story, the tale of the Fall of Man from the Garden of Eden because a whorish woman fucked a demonic snake and fathered the first murderer and then caused humanity to

be cast out into an eternal desert...Crucially the story tells us what we need to know about Christianity, Judaism and Islam, the man and woman (at the snakes nudging) eat of the fruit of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, and thenceforth have an idea of morals, of right and wrong, they become human, fleshy, mortal. The YHWH then banishes them lest they "eat of the Tree of Life and become as Gods"...so the God of the slave religions banished his creations because he feared that humanity would seek to become the same as God. It is the fundamental cardinal sin of Satan, hubris, pride, ego, desire to become the same as God. The diatribe in Isaiah about the King of Babylon in comparison to Lucifer describes the scene, look it up. The slave religions define themselves by saying "you cannot dare be like God, never try, just be a slave, hide your eyes and hope he turns his gaze from you, if you sin he'll put you in hell". YHWH is a wife beater. Allah is an abusive husband.

The religion of the elite on the other hand, the religion of the Vedic Brahmins, the ancient Japanese, the Indo-Europeans, the Greeks, Romans, Slavs, and the pre-Islamic religions of the Arabs, indeed the religions of all indigenous peoples encourages the polar opposite. Shamans and priests unify with god and temporarily become god through a Soma/intoxicant function, through divine ecstasies they become the same as their gods and celebrate the beauty of a human becoming the same as a god/animal. The warriors and athletes of the community are lauded as being the same as the gods, it is in direct conflict with the slave religion.

This is the Praetorian of the Centurion Method.

A man or woman who has defined themselves by excelling, expanding, evolving and leaping ever forwards, ever onwards. Crom may look down from his mountain and send only death and destruction, but as we've said before it is for the ascension and testing the mettle of his followers. As Conan says, if he doesn't know the Riddle of Steel then Crom will laugh at him and cast him out of Valhalla. This is a god who expects something, who wants something from his sons and daughters, not veils and hymns and sacrifice, but bloodshed, warfare, *life*.

Humanity can be easily divided into two opposing classes, two spiritual creatures who war constantly against each other. There are the spiritual dullards who see nature as something to be used and abused, something to be fought against as a creature of darkness and malignancy and evil, they worship an alien god, a lofty anthropomorphic madman who seeks their adherence to rules and regulations lest they be cast out into an eternal maelstrom of permanent death (certain schools of Hinduism, Buddhism, Sikhism and paganism can be included in this usually Judeo-Christian sect). And there are the spiritual supermen who see nature as something to be worshipped, a constant cathedral of beauty and perfection, a playground of violence to be celebrated and driven ever onwards, they worship nature itself and everything in it, as the only *real* thing; there is no green grass, milk and honey afterlife, no paradise to flee to that is better or more worthy than this life, only reincarnation and the promise of more life, more happiness, more violence and ever cycling *creation*. The spiritual elite have often been regarded as being nihilistic or negatively atheistic, but it is the exact opposite, he who sees Gods only

in the abstract and the separate will never see holiness and religion in the most mundane and everyday objects. The spiritual dullard will never appreciate the beauty and godliness of a raven or a wolf, he will never worship at the foot of the mound of skulls of his slain enemies, he sees only death and destruction in this life. But the spiritual superman sees that same mound of skulls as a celebration of his supremacy over his peers, his *fitness* as Darwin would say, he not only celebrates the wolf and the raven, he adores them, his companions, his loved ones, his fellows on this path through the black dawn of life.

I once read an account of how a Nordic warrior described existence; he said life is a dove flying in from the darkness, through an open window in a beautiful warm and fire lit long hall, filled with drinking and feasting and sex and fighting, the dove flies as fast as it can from one end of the hall to the other and goes out the opposite window, out into the darkness, out into the abyss. This is life. This is why the spiritual dullards call us nihilists, because we see the tragic, fantastic beauty in coming in from the cold darkness of death, flying headlong through life as bright stars flaming in the night, and then being extinguished, violently, suddenly, back out into the darkness of death. Those who do not see the poetry, the wonder, the graceful majesty of that metaphor are missing the entire point of existence. Shiva has passed them by.

We may parody and ape the words and themes of the esoteric Gnostic cults, but we do not believe this life is a Maya, a tragic illusion, we believe it is a playground and the toys are your fellow creatures on this earth. War is a game.

Sex is a challenge. Eating and drinking and mastering the flesh are not commands or ascetic demands they are games being played by the characters to see who is best. Celebrating our spiritual elitism we celebrate that which would cause us to die. We smile grimly and with wolfish laconic grin, say with the Spartans, '*today is a good day to die*'.

A Spiritual and Physical Elite

What have we described therefore in the Praetorian?

The person who is endeavouring to become the ideal human, the perfect creature who will outlast and outgun all others; this is not a creature mired in the servitude and utopianism of the 'good citizen' of the state, it is the *Urbarmensch* in flesh. To put it bluntly, this Praetorian must display an astute and razor sharp personality, he or she will not be the kind of person who fades into the background but takes the lead and dominates any given situation. There will be a field of study or a discipline into which the Praetorian has found a love or a 'calling' and has focused their victorious intent on mastery within that field. All forms of physical aptitude and competence will be sought after; the Praetorian will be disgusted with himself if he is found lacking in a specific segment of his training. He will be brash, and almost aggressive in his determination and desire for greatness in everything he approaches.

There will be a nobility and a feel of the wild wolf to him, a presence that makes people balk with horror or fall immediately in love, his mere gaze will feel as though the eyes of the barely tamed beast have fallen upon ye. He will be proud, have a sense of principle and be utterly devout in his observation of rules he has set up for *himself* and for no other, and no rule made by another man will hold sway over him unless he respects and admires (or at least fears) the person administering it. There will be a willingness, nay an eagerness to be sacrificed for a greater goal, a hunger for any form of bloodshed and heroism, whether it be on the

battlefield or in the everyday battles of will between fellow humans.

A chivalric sense of honour, built only on his own ideals will sculpt everything he does, a knightly code which makes him adjust his approach or speech toward man, woman or child, be that superior, equal or inferior. He or she will be highly intelligent, scorning the weakness of the flesh whether handed down by genetics or education, he will malign this inability in himself and do everything in his power to right it or display everything he is capable of otherwise.

An attitude of dominance and superiority which manifests not through violence towards the weaker or stronger but towards the self, a hunger for overcoming the beast within, synthesising it and manifesting a unity of the aspects of the Wolf God Wotan/Grimm with the Chthonic Wolf Fenrir/Fenris. There will be a self-control which demands the highest forms of discipline and eternal conflict between the lower and higher aspects of the self, a spirituality which creates energy, a spark, a static electricity from the schism between the primal and 'modern' selves. A soul abundant, brimming with energy and life force will cast a lofty and cruel gaze upon everything it touches, the freedom and independence of the spirit which knows no cage or fence to hem it in. The imagination will run wild with a determination and authenticity which sculpts the world into a playground of numinous and sorcerous intent.

The esoteric and the magical will play as important a role as the rational, but logic and a sense of certainty will

allow for the fanciful and idiotic barbarism of emotionalism to be dominated, entirely within the sphere of personal existence. The Praetorian will be studious and innovative, carving out for him or herself an entirely new doctrine, a new myth, a place in the New Aeon as governed by the Crowned and Conquering Child, the War God.

This creature will forever be inspired by the actions and exploits of mythical, lofty and heroic mythology which will govern his or her choices in the modern world. In short, the Praetorian will be an almost entirely new creation, a spiritually “pagan” warrior perhaps not seen since the Legions sacked Jerusalem, carried off the menorah to Rome and ploughed Judea with salt...

Surviving Versus Thriving

The immediate question I would expect any Praetorian, Berserker or Spearwife, to ask would be '*why are we doing this*'? It's too obvious to rely fully on one aspect of your psyche or physicality; it's too easy, too mundane, too slavish. What we're trying to get you to understand is that the Praetorian is a master, the first step towards a Conan, a barbarian with the instincts and brutality of the wild but the intellect and learning of a civilised priesthood. As the Romanised Scottish gent says to the young William Wallace at his father's funeral, "*first you learn to use this* (tapping him on the head) *then you can learn to use this* (hands him the sword)". This is central to what we're doing.

Anyone can survive, anyone can learn to use tools, anyone can light a fire when shown how to by an expert, the key thing here is the difference between surviving and thriving. The average human, even the lowliest human, if gifted by nature with the most belligerent and cruel of attitudes will survive the hardest of situations just through sheer determination and will. The exceptional human, the master of his body, his mind and his surroundings will not just belligerently knuckle down and get on with it, but adapt, violently quickly and thrive through that same determination and will. This is what has seen humans building massive columned terraces and blooming gardens in the harsh semi-fertile deserts of North Africa and also in the mountains of Tibet, and the glittering memory of mythical Hyperborea and Atlantis, Lemuria and Thule. The will to survive is a basic human urge; even a worm has a basic urge to pull itself back into the soil when it feels a

shadow upon its flesh, because it could be a bird. But the will to thrive, this is something specialist and the reserve of the higher mammals, birds and reptiles, the alpha hunter species, the will to dominate the landscape and to be the top of the food chain, that is the thriving instinct.

In the modern era the will to thrive is the will to become a master of the faculties of mind, body and spirit. The slave minded Christian is a typical example of the weakness and lack of concern for each of these disciplines. The Christian is an idiot, he relies on *one book* to do his thinking for him. Ask him a question and he will go, "one moment, let me check what the Bible says" and begin to wrack his brain for an answer, he is like the Israelite scouring the Talmudic regulations, or the Muslim searching the commentaries on the Quran to tell him what he can or cannot do. A book, a two thousand year old (or older) book telling a living breathing human *what to do now*, nothing could be more idiotic, weak or defining of the slave mentality.

The Christian is also weak in the flesh, he is a sickly, pasty, ascetic who is usually either obese in the extreme or wasting away from malnutrition, the Bible is interestingly quiet on the dietary requirements for the servants of Christ, except in saying that the dietary regulations of the Torah are abandoned, so the Christian eats like a slave, confused as to what to eat, but certain that he 'should be eating'. He does not keep fit, he does not concern himself with the fears and hopes of the world, for he is looking toward a glittering and white litten afterlife where his body will be free from the corruption of the fleshy realm. Pathetic. Any sportsman who

claims to be a Christian, or a Jew or a Muslim, is a liar, the doctrines of slavish monotheism are contrary to the will of man, the will to maintain and adapt the flesh for the mere narcissism of being 'beautiful' is contrary to the Biblical precept. The Christian sportsman is a fake.

Finally, the Christian is a spiritual moron; he cannot feel and experience the emotive beauty of nature, because nature is the Devil's playground. Mountainside and forest are no longer the church of the living god because the slave religions have put god into manmade buildings of garish icons and whitewashed walls, pages of worm eaten Bibles and leather bound prayer books. The religion of the master is that of the wild, the beauty and truth of nature and the undeniable laws of the jungle, for the Christian this is the realm of Satan, of the Fall from Eden and the darkness and terror of a dog eat dog world. The Christian St Paul as an exemplar of slave morality dictates that the follower of Christ is an idiot mentally, a cripple physically and a spiritual ignoramus.

Nothing could be more diametrically opposed to Christianity than the mind, body and spirit we seek you, as a Praetorian to have. The Praetorian should be, as we have said, intelligent, physically capable and spiritually masterful. Everything is a message, everything a prophecy, every metaphor and symbol a walking, talking, breathing god for the Praetorian to worship. Every moment is a chance to become better, more aware, more like the gods.

"I write for a species of Man that does not yet exist: for the Masters of the Earth."

"Oh my brothers, your nobility shall not gaze backward, but outward! You shall be fugitives from all fatherlands and fore-fatherlands!"

"A dominating race can only grow up out of terrible and violent beginnings. Problem: where are the barbarians of the twentieth century?"

"You solitaires of today, you who have seceded from society; you shall one day be a people; from you, who have chosen out of yourselves, shall a chosen people spring – and from this chosen people, the Superman."

Quotes from Nietzsche's various works, mostly the *Antichrist*, *Thus Spake Zarathustra* and *Will to Power*, have often been used by racial supremacists to advance a specific political aim, but people tend to forget that Nietzsche never directly stated what or who the Superman would be, only that it would *not be* of the slave morality, i.e. not Christian. In my eyes what Nietzsche spoke of slots perfectly in with the morality and the mentality of the Centurion Method. A future moral, which is rooted in the past, and only worships strength, power and domination, truly a new (but ancient) religion, a new (but ancient) politic, a new (but ancient) moral, and a New (Cyclical) World Order for a New (Cycling/Returning) Aeon. In the Superman we see foreshadowed the very idea of the Antichrist, the man who would declare *himself* God, in the same way as Antioch Epiphanes did in the Jewish Temple when the Greeks sacked Jerusalem. This is what the Christian mendicant St John feared the most when he was writing the Revelation, a future man who would rule the earth by the sheer force of his will and his demonic intent to become a god and set up a

political-religious-epoch where the man in nature and not the abstract Deus is worshipped. If this is heresy, then we are proud heretics.

How do the above quotes relate to what we are doing then? Well, specifically, Nietzsche speaks of a type of man who has '*seceded from society*'. In a wilful act, a sect of men who have separated, withdrawn, broken away from the decadent society they so loathe. Nothing could better describe the end goal of the Centurion Method, readying a folk from *across the world* to exist separate from the society they see around them, living in the wilderness, setting up training Pits and systems of self-government, entirely separate from the left vs. right, good vs. evil political/social paradigm which so expertly cripples men of action.

Nietzsche also speaks of the violent beginnings of conquering peoples, obviously referring to his much favoured and adored people, the Romans. We have much celebrated the origins of the Romans, in Romulus and Remus. The peasant shepherds suckled by a wolf giantess, forming a warrior band and raping and pillaging their way across western Italy before founding the city of Rome, after a brief fratricidal episode. We can look at *any* empire and see the same foundation in bloodshed and violence. Whilst the Centurion Method is by no means claiming to be the foundation of a future empire, we are quite clearly demanding that the people who take part, especially ye Praetorians, make of yourselves Barbarians, wholly separate and outcast from society. Outlaws, criminals, absolved of any of the logic or sensibility that the so called 'modernity' dictates, from this school of barbarians, we can hope, we can

dream, that someone somewhere will be the spark that ignites the tinder...

Finally, Nietzsche's idea that the Superman would be spawned from an outcast and separate people, much as Jesus came from among the perpetually enslaved and exiled Israelites and Judeans. Nietzsche obviously saw in the Superman a form of the Antichrist, a man or men whose lives would parody and mock that of the Messiah, arising out of a separated and conquering (as opposed to a conquered) people, giving birth to a new species of man with a new religious/political/social excellence, in direct opposition to the Christ who came among the poor, the weak, the sick and the slaves to preach a socialist gospel for the downtrodden. Nietzsche can only have been speaking of a type of man and woman who feel at odds not only with the current society and all its ills but totally in opposition to the entirety of history, as he said, the *Urbemensch* would look back on man in the same way that men look back on the ape, as a laughing stock and an embarrassment.

How is this applicable to you as a Praetorian then? Well, you have demanded excellence from yourself in the physical, it only makes sense that you demand that same excellence from yourself in the spiritual and mental as well. We will always be demanding extra madness from you in the field of the workout, but it is down to you to become masters of your own will and your own minds.

Rolling all of this into one creature, what do we have?

The Praetorian has surely been elevated in your eyes to something altogether higher, more pristine and much more devilish than you had previously thought.

The Praetorian is now enthroned as the New Man, a philosopher after Nietzsche's heart, a magician in the ritual school of a simplified Crowlean mysticism, a scholar and a learned poet, artist and writer in the discipline of the old forms of magick and self-improvement, a military tactician, a warlord of the highest and worst kind. The Praetorian becomes something entirely separate to the world of men, what has he to share with the civilised world? He becomes Conan in flesh, a creature of pure will power, defining himself and his peers by their ability to fight, their ability to think and to create, at fundamental odds with the crippling weakness of the modern world.

This is therefore a spiritual asceticism founded through physical expression, an elevation of the soul through the destruction and phoenix like rebirth of the flesh. There is nothing anti-fleshy here, we are not fasting, meditating, or denying the flesh to elevate the soul out of the dying world; we are feasting, ritualising, and sculpting the flesh to elevate the soul to mastery of the dying world. This paradox is beautiful in its simplicity and complexity, and we can safely say with proud upright hearts, that no one has endeavoured to change human beings in this way for centuries.

Becoming the God of the Barbarians

Your usefulness as a human being is based solely on your abilities. Human beings have no innate usefulness. Usefulness is determined by suitability to a task, and thus if a leader of a project was asked to choose men or women suited to his needs he would choose based on the requirements of the task in hand. If we were talking for a moment on the basis of survival in a post-apocalyptic world or war torn nation and the might exerted by the paramilitary leader over his peers, enemies and underlings, we would be looking at a few core requirements.

The project leader would be looking for intelligence, wit, ability to command, leadership, charisma and logic, all based in the mind. He would then be looking for a physical presence, military ability, fighting experience, fitness and an indomitable will focused through physicality. Finally he would look for someone who shared his ideal, fanatically so, someone either ferociously loyal to him as a person or loyal to the idea he served, whether that was a religion, political dogma or plain old hunger for the spoil of war. To put it *very* bluntly, if this man was asked to find a use for a man of low intelligence, poor fitness and who opposed his fundamental idealism then he would probably sooner have that person executed and dumped in a ditch, than serving as a commander in his force.

The same is true of ALL projects or endeavours. We have the illusion of equal rights in the modern era but nothing could be further from the truth. Why are failed students who didn't get a single grade in any subject not

allowed to work in nuclear power plants? Why are the physically unfit not allowed to serve in the frontline special forces of a military? Why are militant atheists not allowed to become priests in the Catholic Church? Because they are unsuited to the task, they are unfit for the task, they are contradictory to the task at hand. Nothing could be more politically incorrect or despised in the current era. Instead of finding someone suited to the task and celebrating their fitness for the task, we alter the task to allow a lower and less suitable candidate the 'equal opportunity' alongside the suitable candidate. This has nothing to do with individual liberty or the civil rights of the human animal, this has to do with common sense and stupidity.

In the film *300* we have the perfect example. The deformed son of a disgraced Spartan warrior approaches Leonidas and asks to serve in the military alongside those he considers his brothers in arms. Leonidas commends him on his loyalty, his Spartan mentality and his strong spear thrust, but he asks him to display a key physical requirement for the phalanx; the defence of the person to his left with the shield, head to foot, key to the operation of the small but elite unit. The recruit cannot do this because of the deformity on his back, and contrary to Spartan law Leonidas offers him an equally worthy and important position behind the frontline removing the wounded and killing the maimed that remain.

Let us repeat the key points, the applicant is unsuited to the task, he is keen, intelligent, has a good use of the weapons, but a crucial element is missing and he is refused entry to the frontline units. *But* Leonidas does not refuse him service, he simply *adapts his position according to*

his abilities and usefulness. The fact that the recruit is disgusted with himself and curses Leonidas and the Spartans and goes on to betray them to the Persians is beside the point. The King did all in his power to adjust the usefulness of the applicant for the suited task.

I will repeat it...your usefulness as a human being is based solely on your abilities. You could blag your way through life clamouring for fairness and equality and demanding that you be treated the same as your superiors, or you could master your weaknesses and excel beyond everyone else, demanding more of yourself and the entire human race in the process.

Let us talk then about how the Praetorian approaches his or her 'usefulness'. You want to be chosen when the time comes, you want to be a born leader, you want to be intelligent, witty, commanding, charismatic, logical, physical, dangerous, experienced in combat, fit, brimming with will power, idealistic, fanatical, loyal and terrifying when focused on a specific outcome. That person might sound rare, but it is not, all mental faculties are an illusion, all illusion is mere hypnosis, card trickery and mind games. Neurons are there to be remapped and people are there to be adjusted according to your Will, all else is mere fantasy and sentimental bullshit. You are the Master of your own outcome, so Master it.

The Praetorian approaches these problems by looking to the Will Power Pyramid. Much the same as the "Get Huge Pyramid" of the Esoteric Exercise book, it requires as much if not equal Will being exerted into all

three areas at the same time, thus the triangle must be equilateral.

This Will Power Pyramid is something Lucy and I came up with in response to our own experiences of will power suffering due to excess or atrophy in a particular area. Lucy was first to note that when she felt a pull towards a natural pagan expression of her adoration or worship of the spirit she felt a lessening of will power in the urge toward keeping her body in shape or exercising her intelligence. This then manifested in the triangle becoming misshapen, will power pulling away from the body and the mind and being forced toward 'more spirituality' which caused it to get more and more out of sync, eventually flat-lining and 'dropping out' as it were. This means that you can effectively burnout mentally, physically and spiritually. Any exertion of Will in one direction, at the expense of the others will cause a slump or depression in the others. This is why you get the spiritual or intellectual scholar who is fat and physically useless. And on the other end of the spectrum the physically fit jock who is stupid and almost illiterate. These people throughout their whole life have pushed their Will in one direction and the others have suffered throughout their short existence, resulting in a potentially high athleticism or scholarly approach to life but an almost permanent atrophied severance with the other aspects of Will.

These facts have rarely been spoken of. The Christian, Jewish, Buddhist and (to a lesser extent) Islamic mind holds scholarship, study, ascetic appreciation of the scriptures or practice of prayer/meditation above all else, at the expense of the sinful and fallen flesh. Physical fitness in

the eyes of the Christian, Jew or Muslim is solely for evangelism, proselytizing or defence of the faith, it has no virtue in itself, because this life is a lie, an illusion and should be abhorred for the sake of God and the future 'everlasting' we can look forward to.

Nothing could be further from the truth for the spiritually polytheistic. This life is all we have to look forward to, here and now, this is Eden, this is the Messianic Kingdom, this is the Ummah, this is the result of Tikkun Ha Olam, this is the End of Time, there is nothing else to come, only this flesh, this mind, this spirit. In the eyes of the Praetorian therefore, to let the mind suffer, the spirit suffer or the body suffer for the sake of some introspective metaphysical hereafter is the greatest sin. We abhor the flesh for its weakness, we abhor the mind for its forgetfulness and we abhor the spirit for its separation from Godhead, but we do not mortify or refuse, we elevate and we celebrate. We see the weakness of the flesh and we sculpt it into something better, we see the stumbling of the unexercised mind and we study, we learn, we see the separation of spirit with matter and we endeavour to become immortal, always striving, always hunting, never satisfied. *This* is the Superman.

The Brahmin of the Vedic ritual, the magician, the yogi, the ritual priest, he used to spend his life buried in the study of the mind, no more. The Kshatriya of the Vedic war band, the warrior, the soldier, the fighter, he used to spend his life buried in the study of war and battle, no more. Now we call upon the Praetorian to study warfare with the fervent hunger of the Brahmin and we ask him to study the inner workings of the spirit with the desperate fanaticism of

the Kshatriya. This is the total man, the warrior monk, the Knight of the Temple, the Samurai, the magician philosopher and soldier in one creature. We do not believe that to be too lofty a statement to make...

In mastering the 'self' and mastering the Will Power Pyramid the Praetorian will essentially unify those aspects within himself and suddenly (and this is the absolute key to understanding everything the Centurion Method does) the pyramid will become *one absolute endeavour*. No longer will he or she have to think "I need to work out, then study, then meditate", the three will become one. The workout will become a spiritual practice, the study of Vedic ritual will become a history lesson, a spiritual meditation *and* inspiration for future workout. The hymns to the ancestors will be performed on the top of impassable hills and among forested groves, and to *not* workout in their presence would become a blasphemy in the eyes of the Praetorian. This is the transcendence of the mind-body-spirit paradigm and the stepping through the veil into the perfect form of the Superman. This is divinity experiencing physicality, the full possession of the devil, the mark of the beast, the absolute Antichrist.

Suddenly as we step forward on this path we realise that the 'workout' as it was spoken of in the Centurion Method Training Manual becomes nothing but a stepping stone towards something much bigger. We no longer see the purpose in a workout if it is just for the sculpting of the flesh to a bigger and stronger, faster and leaner end, which is but the exoteric entry grade to the master work of the hidden Wolf Kvl.

We have to ask ourselves what the point is for a Praetorian to continue viewing himself as anything but a Superman in training? Why is he doing anything? Why is he mastering every aspect of himself if not for the loftiest goal imaginable? If you truly believe fitness is an end to itself, as Communism or Fascism is in relation to the state, then we have truly missed the point somewhere along the line. Fitness is a means to an end; meditative power, the siddhas themselves are but powers and expressions of a much bigger metamorphosis. Achieving Samadhi by throwing your shit at virgins on their way to temple is not going to make you a god, but the realisation that comes with throwing your shit at the virgins, that will make you a god.

The workout then becomes a metaphor for something infinitely bigger than a mere 'I want to look good for the beach' or 'I want to get a boyfriend'. Those concerns suddenly become absolutely laughable. The workout must become a metaphor for the entire spiritual quest, for the human being itself...the workout is our *goal as human beings*.

This is the Capricornian quest for godhead, the facing of the self, the crawling up out of the dross of the chthonic abyssic depths (the serpentine/draconic/hellish tail of the Capricornus) and up the mountain of the ascended Halls of Olympus (the goat/Luciferian/Promethean head of the Capricornus). Face the self, defeat the self, Thor facing the Serpent, Michael and the Devil, Indra and the Dragon, the lightning/sun/bolt god facing his chaotic self in the underworld and defeating it, synthesising it, unifying with it. The goat that climbs the mountain unified with the snake that swims in the depths, the re-merging of the Sephiroth

with the Qliphoth now that the Judaic nonsense of the Old Aeon Kabbalah has been abandoned. Siva and Vishnu now sit enthroned together as brothers, the creator who destroys and the destroyer who creates, one incarnate in the other, the divine will perfected through the overcoming of the flesh. Does this sound like your train of thought when you work out?

Fundamentally this is the spiritual/physical application of the Ragnarok myth. Each archetype, each hero, each villain manifests as a pure inner being and faces itself in naked battle, every god with its chaotic opposite, killing each other in an apocalyptic twilight of the gods. All duality destroyed, all opposition unified with its direct enemy, all enmity destroyed in the naked joy of violence. This is the end of time, and from the ashes of this violence, the new creation is born, the Superman. You are reborn from the ashes of your old self, all aspects synthesised in *one flesh*. You are God.

The Fellowship

Finally let us look to the Praetorian and his attitude, his mind, the way he approaches those around him, the way he interacts with the Berserkers and Spearwives of the Method who encouraged him to always go one step further and to push himself to the absolute limits. This has never been a brotherhood accepting of limitations and weaknesses, we have always demanded the utmost from everyone, regardless of background or cultural prejudice. Everyone has access to the materials the Centurion Method needs, more so if you're poor and living in a poor country in a rural

environment. If anything the middle class city dweller in the developed country will struggle to find a true wilderness, logs, rocks and weapons without attracting the attention of the Thought Police and the malignant snootiness of the common herd.

This Praetorian brotherhood, the Legion of the Black Flame, the Wolf Kvlt par excellence, this entity must be held in the highest regard by the participants. This is no longer something you can pick up or put down, it is no longer a way you keep fit, if it is *just* that to you then the time has come to move on my friend, the end result of the Centurion Method is not something you want to be a part of.

The majority of the Berserkers and Spearwives will remain between Paides grade and Hebontes, never truly aspiring to dedicate their entire life, their every waking moment to the sculpting of something altogether more terrifying. Even those who reach Praetorian or who enter the system at Praetorian grade may achieve a level of fitness that is frighteningly useful, but never aspire to becoming something much bigger, much more dangerous or spiritually and mentally qualitative alongside their fitness. That may sound contradictory, but the true Praetorian will understand.

Lucy has always maintained that the mantra of this book, the mantra of the Praetorian should be "*you will fail*", and you will, you absolutely will. But the point is, and this is part of the deeper mystery of the difference between us and the rest of the world, "*you will rise again*". You will fall, you will collapse, you will injure yourself, you will be exhausted

and you will feel true, undeniable, real pain, but that is not the point, it is the standing back up again, and from the ashes of your old self that used to say "*just give up, you've failed*" will now roar the new voice of the New Man screaming "*keep going, onward, to victory*".

Practical Application

As we begin to understand how we will develop this new idea and this new way of working, we must address the creature that you will become. We have touched on “why” in the last chapter, now we must address the “how”.

Firstly, we know what people say about the Centurion Method, we knew from the moment we started this project that certain detractors would immediately begin to shout from the rooftops. We will not answer them directly, we’ll just keep going forward and trample their corpses into the dust of our new roads, but we will briefly touch on their neurosis.

Weakness despises strength, as Nietzsche said, the strong love strength in others, a strong enemy encourages greater strength in you. This is why we get strange tales of soldiers during World War 1 and 2 stopping the fighting briefly to chat, swap cigarettes and treat each other like friends, to then return to their respective positions, as if they had shared a half time slice of orange, and then resume killing each other. To the weak this is terrifying, they have no way of comprehending it, the strong are abhorrent to them, the very flesh we inhabit makes them quiver with fear, for beyond the walls and the fences of their cities which have softened and weakened them even further, they have no defence whatsoever. So called politicians, pseudo-intellectuals, bankers, celebrities and the rest of the everyday herd have *nothing* to protect themselves in the wild.

The weakness of the modern world despises all forms of strength, it fears them, fears the prospect of what

horrors would be meted out upon it when the naked displays of masculine force devoid of technology were let loose upon the coagulated populaces of our swollen cities. Technological superiority is the last redoubt of a desperate and dying people, much as the Romans thought their military might was vastly superior to the Goths, the Barbarians, the Huns, with their simple wild tactics, how wrong they proved to be, fucking and drinking and partying whilst their precious city burned...

The Centurion Method to the eyes of the weak presents everything they despise in one doctrine. We celebrate physical mastery, we celebrate the ancestry of the user, we ask the Arab to celebrate his heritage in the sack of Jerusalem, the Turk to celebrate the ransack and massacre of Constantinople, just as we ask the American to celebrate the victories of Washington, and the Frenchman to celebrate the rivers of blood pouring from the Bastille or the Russian the populist revolt trampling all under iron shod hoof. We don't care. It is all the same. Weakness overcome with strength. That is the Law of the Wild, it is the Iron Law, the Law of the Jungle, the Iron Price, anyone who disputes its absolute command and control of nature and the history of mankind is a mere fantasist and idealist of the worst kind.

We demand a new solution, a new politic, a new barbarism, a new cult and a new strength. Our foes in the old senate can witter and count the theoretical hairs on the angels arse cheek whilst we are sharpening blades and climbing mountains...

What must be understood by the Praetorian however is the enormity of the duty which falls into his lap as a *strong* creature. Strength is not merely defined by the ability to lift something, nor is it defined by the ability to dominate those who are weaker than you, conversely and quite contradictorily the truly strong will only ever test their strength against those equally matched. The Centurion Method and the Praetorian we seek to build would be stepping into dangerously totalitarian territory if we asked you to start dominating the weak and *actually* crushing them physically with your own two hands. That is the preserve of the tyrant and the fanatic of the worst kind. The truly strong, the Kshatriya and the Brahmin tested their strength against *other* warriors, they fought in spiritual battles against *other* priests and shamans. What does it prove to a strong fighting man if he can cut down a child or rape a defenceless woman? In pure contradiction, that display of naked force is not strength, it is weakness.

Study and Will

The body will not change without actualised application of the workouts, the mind will not change without regular application of the intellect and the spirit will not come forth without mastery of the flesh and the barriers it puts up to acceptance of immortality (through mortality). How then would the Praetorian approach this mental, spiritual and physical application? He or she will obviously be doing the workouts, they must form an integral centre point around which the Centurion Method cycles. Everything must be applied back to them, but surrounding them, formed by them, the spokes of the wheel/rota/tarot that is the CM must be the *study*, *meditation* and *application* of the esoteric mysteries.

Central to the Centurion Method spiritual process for the Praetorian is an understanding of mythical literature, of how the myths of pre-historical, ancient and recent man apply to us and for you to form an opinion and a core baseline for your *own* mythology. This can only be founded in a study of the myths of your own people.

From here (the mythical launch pad) we would expect the Praetorian to be studying Yoga, in all its forms, regardless of origin, in the hope of understanding a deeper and more 'yogic' root within himself, not the text or teacher. The Praetorian would be someone who enjoyed meditation, saw it as a blessing and not a 'task', someone who enjoyed music and the finer forms of the art, not just what was popular for aesthetic or cultural reasons, peer pressure and 'cult' status etc.

The Praetorian would seek a foundation in isolation, in the true experimental loneliness that masters the human, reduces him to the core and most basic urges, a foundation that can only be found on the mountainside, we stress this point until we are blue in the face, *only upon the mountain*. All gods speak to their children on the mountain. The Praetorian is a climber, both physically and spiritually.

The Praetorian is obsessed with the mysteries of the solar cults, of stripping everything back to the most basic dualism and then the unity through opposites, everything must be understood as either lunar/feminine/dark/chthonic and solar/masculine/light/astral, from here a composite understanding of Lilith in the Qliphoth and Lucifer in the Sephiroth can be achieved and true Kali/Siva loss of ego/self in the unity of endless opposition be discovered. We ramble because there is no way of explaining this in other terms than those given. Opposition of positive and negative causeth electrical charge, as Rice would say.

The Praetorian is a man after Nietzsche's heart, letting his cry be daily "*that I bring forth the Superman*", he is a man after Crowley's heart, his daily meditations being "*that I become the Antichrist*". Anything which helps ye evolve, anything which tramples the former morals of the Old Aeon, all these are to be celebrated by the Praetorian, he who is beyond good and evil. Anything which is accepted or regarded as standard behaviour by the *human herd* is to be shunned and maligned as the bleating and whinnying of sheep as they stumble about the blasted heath, eating scraps of grass left by the shepherd. None of this is worth your

time, abandon it, the common goal, the weakened status of achievement based in money and wealth and status according to gains of intellect or social standing. Cast it off...

The Rituals

As we have stated multiple times throughout this book, the Praetorian *grade* is something you might achieve with ease, but the Praetorian *lifestyle* is something you may never aspire to, let alone even have any interest in. If you are one of those people, skip this section, it will have very little to offer you and you may find it counterproductive.

As we have also stated since the beginning of this book, and the maiden Centurion Method publications, the Centurion Method is a magical process, an alteration to the fundamental will of the practitioner, which then *cooperatively* alters the body and mind and vice versa. This is an exponential system, when the Will rises so will the ability to workout and the mental capacity, then the understanding of the method will increase, results will be seen and this will result in more Will Power, and so on and so on. This is how fighters and warriors are made, think of it like a boxer who is given a series of easier fights on the run up to the big time, he is tested, but not properly, this gives him the air of being 'undefeated' and when he eventually tests his mettle against a genuine equal he will have the added punch of his pride, self-image and reservoir of will power from previous victories. It is the same with the Centurion Method.

If on your path to Praetorian you were constantly failing, constantly being defeated and demoralised you'd get there through little but sheer determination, which is something in itself, but not very useful. If on the other hand you were given weekly failures with weekly victories, workouts you bested with ease and workouts that chewed

you up and spat you out, you'd be full of grit, determination, the strength and dignity that only comes from experiencing your abilities tested and your best being bested.

One of the sure-fire ways to increase will power is to consciously meditate upon it, set up an initiation of sorts which will encourage a sudden spike in strength, determination and dedication. Whether you want to view this as a gift from the gods, a self-affirmation or a simple unlocking of inner hypnotic faculties, the result is the same, the terminology is insignificant. We have included the introductory ritual in this Praetorian booklet, there is a small corpus of similar rituals slowly growing but of course they are secret and will only be obtainable by the confirmed Praetorian who contacts us directly. For now, if you were to perform this ritual once a month, on the full or horned moon depending on your preference, you would see a huge increase in inner and outer power. And who doesn't want more power?

The inspiration for this ritual came to me whilst I was studying the origins of the gammadion, or fylfot, or as it is commonly known the swastika. As any idiot knows this symbol has been used by almost every single culture across the planet, and a simple search in a library or on the internet will show you expressions of it in as wide and varied sources as Russia, China, India, Australia, the Americas and Africa, including most of the European, Scandinavian and Celtic countries. Any use of the symbol by political and historical groups has been *because* of its inherent power

atavistically, not because it specifically represents a certain way of thinking or a certain outlook.

The swastika at its core represents the sun, but it is so much more than that, it represents solar energy, which is something much more esoteric and a lot deeper than just a 'sun disc'. The swastika is a symbol of power, strength, inspiration, electricity, the gods, godliness, inner spirit and enlightenment, depending on the culture using it. For the Hindus and Buddhists who use it in the heart of various gods and bodhisattvas it represents the cycle of incarnation and the physical itself, the Buddha or Rishi wearing it in his heart symbolises his mastery over the process. You can see why certain groups have been keen to use it for its hypnotic and solar power over the centuries.

When the swastika is facing left or spinning anticlockwise, the energy is active in the destructive sphere, this is holy war, or destruction for the sake of burning up dross elements, the wars of Indra or Thor against the elements of Chaos, wars that peel back the layers of creation, a forest fire or a bolt of lightning that causes a tree to crack or a mountain to split. The swastika facing right, or spinning clockwise is the energy of creation, the solar force which causes life, allows plants to grow, flowers to bloom, this is honey and mead, and milk turning and creating butter and cream, this is the ladle churning the primordial milk of the Ur cow to create life itself, a thickening process.

In playing with ideas of how to stand in the swastika pose for the purpose of meditation and direction of stored will power, I stumbled across several historical examples

where the swastika is imposed upon the body of the meditator in the full lotus position. I was immediately struck by the simplicity of the idea that the man or woman sitting in the lotus formed a sort of swastika, hands out, one facing up, one facing down, the head turning to make the last spoke of the wheel. This is also the position one finds the Baphomet or several images of Christ sitting in, one hand pointing to heaven, the other pointing to hell, one hand pointing to creation, the other to destruction, the perfect physical description of what the swastika represents.

I have decided to represent these positions in the following way for a man and a woman. Both male and female sit fully naked in the half lotus, the man with his right arm up and his left arm down, looking over his left shoulder, this is the position of destruction, looking towards the left hand path, the process of decay through the inevitability of death and dissolution. The woman sits with her right hand down and her left arm up, looking over her right shoulder, this is the position of creation, the right hand path, the process of building up, forcibly, order and civilising powers. Whether you can do this with a partner of the opposite sex is beside the point, it would be highly beneficial to both of you but if you have to do it alone that is absolutely fine.

In the positions of Order (woman) and Chaos (man) contrary to the traditional Lunar and Solar phases of the left and right hand path. I have chosen to do this because in the Centurion Method we are fundamentally trying to awake the power of destruction in the man, the chaotic and supremely powerful urge toward pulling down the world

around him, to allow something new to be created, this is the Will to Power, and thus should be cruelly lunar and chthonic in its outlook. The woman on the other hand is trying to awake the power of creation, of activity and strength, she is a Spearwife, and thus must begin to think and fight like a man, she must not be insular, quiet, submissive or lunar anymore, she should be manifesting the rigidity and order of the Solar Male, hence the unorthodox swap...think of it like Tantra, Kali becomes dominant, Siva becomes passive, but both are still in control of the situation, both achieve what they sought...

The Failing Mantra

Early on in the Centurion Method history, when the fundamentals hadn't yet been worked out, I envisioned a series of lengthy weekend workouts designed for Praetorian level candidates called *Delorem Pasio* which roughly translates as Passionate Suffering or Painful Passion. The *Delorem* was a 20-30 mile hike with weight vests, equipment and outdoor sleeping gear, aimed at an autumn or spring completion. Workouts would be randomly interspersed throughout the first day with little food and water available, then the group would camp out for the night, sleeping outdoors and finishing another long hike and series of workouts the next day. The whole purpose of this weekend session was to push Praetorians to their utmost limit, to destroy them, to push them beyond comfort and out into the stratosphere of pure suffering, and see how they cope. The point as we have said before was not to succeed but to see how you cope with failure.

The *Delorem* evolved as an idea into the Praetorian book you read now. We had many more ideas than just a long hike and a few workouts, and we've really expanded and exaggerated the ideas from those original bases.

These workouts are designed to make you suffer. There isn't an easy one in here, nothing is scalable, approachable, workable or allows you to cope for more than a few moments. We don't want people who try to cope, or try to find a way to stop hurting, we want people who will keep moving even when it feels like they're dying and possibly even do die. That's right, you might die. Why are

you here? Is this a game? Are we playing? Go back to the gym where it is safe and warm and every danger has been removed for you, tied up, humanised, castrated, like a little whipped dog. You are *Man*, you are *Human*, you are the horrifying beast of prey that Nietzsche so admired riding to battle on the Prussian front, brimming with laughter and joy at the prospect of death.

If in hungering for greatness, in desperately seeking the divine whilst still dwelling in this mortal frame of flesh and blood, whilst seeking the Holy Grail of the Superman, you were to die, would that not be an honourable death? Would that not be the kind of death a Man seeks? A death in the service of the evolution of man? Would that be so ignoble? We don't think so.

Of course we do appreciate that this is not the calling of everyone who does the Centurion Method, and whilst you might dominate 90% of the workouts in this book, you might be the fittest, most sculpted and toned poster boy or girl for the Method, you won't be a Praetorian if you don't take the fundamental risks involved with greatness. Even if this remains the calling of only four or five people *ever*, we don't care, because those four or five who master this process with us, will die not as mere men, but as Superman. Able to look back over your life, able to lie as an old man on your death bed, or on the side of a mountain, you can look back and smile, knowing that you saw your limits and you trampled them like so much muck under the thunderous hooves of your advance. Let nothing get in your way and you will ascend to divinity as simply as the first ape stood up.

We knew we were going to try and replicate the way sacrifice feels in a workout, and it isn't too far to say that the references to this idea of ultimate sacrifice are what inspired the whole Praetorian book. The idea of a warrior fighting for a cause that is *certain* to fail, but he keeps on fighting, the Samurai who knows he is destined to be the last man standing against an insurmountable enemy, this is the beauty and tragedy of human life. Aragorn and Theoden at Helms Deep...

"Ride out with me, ride out and meet them...for death and glory....for Rohan for your people."

And the subsequent cry, that most beautiful of mantras,

"Fell deeds awake, now for wrath, now for ruin, and the red dawn!"

There is no hope of victory, only the certainty of a hero's death, only the grim determination to not die with your back to the enemy, to not bring shame upon the name of your house and your people, the War to the Knife. This is the death that greeted the Spartans at Thermopylae, the Knights protecting Constantinople, the Praetorians at Rome when facing the Goths and indeed that same battle promised to the Einherjar at Ragnarok, certain death, certain to fall, no way of securing victory, no retreat, no surrender.

Up until now we have only dealt with success, your workouts have been tapered so you succeed, even if you fail it has not been a *glorious* failure. But with the Praetorian book, it will be. We will see how you fail, how you deal with

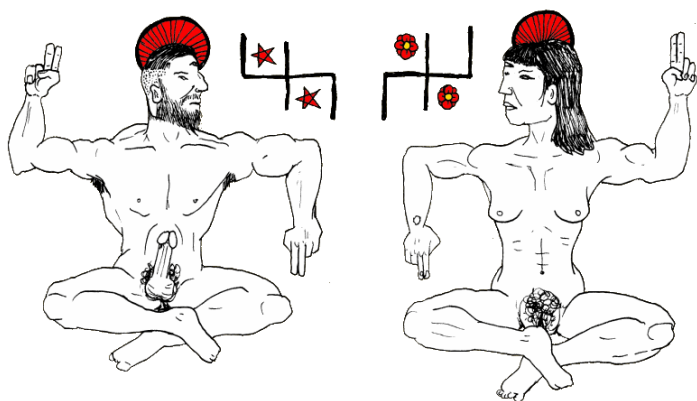
failure, your composure, your dignity, your attitude when faced with an impossible task.

There are some workouts that require a pair or a group, quite simply because the likelihood of death is quite high, so to reduce that chance, take someone with you, you will see what we mean. Develop a brotherhood, a fellowship in the face of defeat through these workouts, you will fail, but you will fail together. The Praetorian Guard was after all a Legion of elites that guarded Rome and the Imperial palace even when the rest of Rome was fleeing and everyone was being slaughtered. We are reminded of the Legionnaire at Pompei who refused to leave his post because he had not been given the order, and stood exactly as he was supposed to, even as he was being mummified in volcanic ash.

Hunger, cold, pain, torture, beatings, humiliation, violence, suffering of the worst kind, when do we stop? How do we stop? I don't know how to give in. I can't stop. These should be the ways we approach quitting. Can I quit? Can I offer up peace terms? The workout is your enemy, the environment is your enemy, you are dying, welcome to history, welcome to life.

The Praetorian is born here, all else fades into the background, the spokes of the wheel become as blurs, and all that can be seen is the hub, the centre of the universe, the man and his body, working, fighting, dying.

THE VIR CULT EXPANSION PACK



Introduction

(This booklet is included for its historical worth and as a piece of 'transition' material for the CM. Some of the subjects here touched upon for the first time were expanded in detail with the much more in depth rethink of CM doctrine that is *Sigurd*.)

Vir, Latin for 'power, strength, energy, masculine force', the root of the words *virtus* where we derive the modern *virtue* and the essence of manhood-*virile* and *virility*. Similar by coincidence to the primal vowel, the *Ur* of the rune poems, the vital wild energy of the aurochs, that ancient beast of the herd, the atypical symbol of *power* for the Northern European male who watched these enormous wild oxen wander the plains of the Old World. *Ur* is the rune of force, power and masculine effort. Etymologically and esoterically analogous to the *Vril* of Bulwer-Lytton and his ilk, the *chi* or *qi* of the Asian mystics, the *force* as it is

commonly called in popular 20th century culture. *Vril* is the untameable but channelled force of the concentrated will, psychic, kinetic, emotive or otherwise, via the willing applicant.

Vril, *Ur* and *Vir* are the same primal driving energy, the 'grrrrrr' of the man who sees something he wants, something he seeks to destroy, feed from or mate with and knuckles down to either subjugate, cripple or execute it. *Vir* is the will of man, it is the Will to Power, it is whatever is deemed manly by the culture in question, whatever that may be, simplistic, powerful, masculine.

This booklet is an exercise in expressing the most simplistic aspects of this *Vir*, the lofty and moralistic are discarded and only the core truth remains. The *Vir* is the Roman legionnaire or the Spartan foot soldier, the Low Countries mercenary during the 30 years' war, the outlaw or the hired thug, he is not the philosopher or the politician, he is the one who says with soft and dulcet tones "*ours not to make reply, ours not to reason why, ours but to do and die*³..."

There is a concept, a fearful one in the eyes of the ideologues who run this world, that there are signs of the re-emergence of the virile tradition, warning tones, premises and hints in the proto-cryptic words of fitness groups, gangs and cults across the lands. We aim with this booklet to add a single crack of the drum to that growing clamour.

³ To paraphrase *The Charge of the Light Brigade* by Alfred Lord Tennyson

“Do not waste your tears; I was not born to watch the world grow dim. Life is not measured in years, but by the deeds of Men.”⁴

⁴ Warhammer 40,000 *Rogue Trader* rule book by Rick Priestly

Vir Concepts

The *Vir* is the way of the warrior, it is the way of the Kshatriya taught from birth to be a noble fighter. Not a learned tradition, not a concept handed down from ruler to subject but a way of life taught from father to son, master to student, inborn in the hands of the few to the even fewer. The life of the warrior is one of death, one of acceptance and meditation upon death. This tradition then is one of violence, and the twin polarities of a true acceptance of *real life*, i.e. creation and destruction, lust and violence, sex and death.

First and foremost is the discipline of weapon worship and collection. The hoarding of weapons is as old as the human race; men like to be surrounded by weapons, the weapons of fallen foes, the weapons which have done great things. Even now sacred swords are used to crown kings and queens in Europe, swords are used to symbolically bestow power or prestige in arcane rites as old as the nations in which they are entombed. Across the world weapons are sacred, the Samurai and his katana, the Ghurkha and his kukri, the Sikh and his dagger. Guns have become sacred, symbols of authority or revolution, the symbiosis of the AK47 with the idea of internationalist revolt for example, or the symbol of the tear gas gun in the hands of the booted riot cop and all its opposing messages. Weapons are men, and men are mankind. We repeat again, "*war is to man, what motherhood is to woman*", as the woman cradles and raises her infants and feeds them tenderly with warmth and love, so the man cradles and cleans his weapons and keeps them sharp and deadly. The spirit of the weapon, its soul, its

heart, are as important as its ability to kill, it is just a lump of metal or wood when lying on the cold hard ground, but in the hands of its trained owner it is a machine of violence and death. The weapon in the hands of a man suddenly becomes the instrument of the wrath of the gods, every sword, every dagger, every gun is then Mjolnir in the hands of Thor, divine, intrinsic, the embodied wrath of the *virile* god-man who dares to walk the earth.

Worship of the sword, the knife, and the gun.

The masculine tradition is useless if not expressed in unity and cohesion with that of *other men*. The Lone Wolf who acts alone, kills alone and dies alone is a very specific and highly immortalised tradition, it is one of martyrdom and sacrifice, it is not the way of all men. The tradition of brotherhood then is the next key factor.

To have brothers around you, literal and otherwise, men who have your back, and when the drumbeat begins to thrum, will stand side by side with you, heel to heel, shield tip to shield tip, shoulder to shoulder, to victory or death, these are core to the *Vir* man. A man without a friend has his back forever exposed, and a man with many enemies has many exposed points which even one trusted comrade would be able to protect. This cannot be understated.

Worship of the brother, the comrade, the blood oath.

A man who cannot express himself through violence is a dead man. A man who when the bullets or the fists begin to fly finds himself with moist knickers or a quivering leg will not survive long in a non-Western country or the annals

of history. Cowardice is universally maligned by all men, and even the hardest or bitter sworn enemies will find a common tongue in their hatred for a coward who has wronged their foe.

Violence is the key to manhood, a man who cannot do violence, either to himself, his comrades or his enemies is a dead man. Practice violence then, harm yourself, experience pain, practice the traditions of the day, learn to hunt, to kill, to maim and to dominate in battle. If the laws of the land forbid it, learn what you can within the confines of the law, fight your brothers in the streets of your native lands, become hard, I say again become *hard* in all ways.

Worship of hardness in any form, emotional, physical, spiritual.

Danger is the watchword of the true man, when something is dangerous, when he is warned that there is danger in something, he yearns for it. When two paths are opened to him and one is the safe way, the easy way, the smooth way, he maligns it, he despises it as something which will make him soft and feminine. Nay, he seeks the hard way, the dangerous route, the path up the mountain that risks his certain death, for it is better to die than to be found weak.

To be thought of as dangerous, a risk taker, a man of *virility*, these are what drive a man to hunger for greatness, yet these traits are not attractive to a woman, they are commendable only in the company of *other men*, and *then* become attractive to a woman. A woman loves the man

other men admire, those men who take risks and are seen as the Romulus', the Sigurds, the Beowulfs of the modern era.

Danger, risk, pain, suffering, all of these make ye hard.

"To those who came before us..." the words of the rite of tradition, the honour of the dead, in whom we found life, those who have gone to the mud and are awaiting us in the halls of our fathers. To these men we offer eternal thanks and fealty, they are the men in whom nothing can be found wanting, for they did all, said all, lived all, and died and have gone back to the mud. No ill word shall be spoken of them, for they are dead, and the earth has swallowed them back into her caverns.

We honour them in our rituals, we malign the lack of their traits in ourselves, we read the myths, the legends the histories of our peoples wherever they may be and we long to be remembered as those men are remembered.

We light fires each winter in their name, on the Night of the Dead, when the veils are thinnest and we can remember our fathers in song and in prayer, and feel *their* blood pumping through *our* veins.

The cult of the ancestor, the worship of the ancestor.

"O my brothers, your nobility *should* not look backward but ahead⁵" We honour our ancestors but as the carriers of the heroic *Vir*, we do not rest in the assumption that we are the best of them that has yet walked the earth, we accept that

⁵ Nietzsche *Thus Spake Zarathustra*

the opposite is probably true. This is the Age of the Last Man, of the men who have no chests, who whimper, who are whiners, whingers and cowards. There is more of the wet panted woman to modern men than the frightening monstrosities that carved out the history of this Old World. The men of modernity are men of technology, soft handed, manicured, sculpted like photographs from pornographic magazines and capitalist propaganda, they are not men, and from them the ascent of man shall not come.

To the *Vir* then, the men of tradition, the idea of behaving or aping their ways is a travesty, the greatest blasphemy, to be concerned with what they concern themselves with, a division, a heresy, an error of the worst kind. Truly this is the transmutation of Nietzsche's moral code, when the thing that is most despicable in our eyes is the accepted and sought after norm of society.

We hunger for the opposite, to pass the blood of kings and warriors down to our daughters and sons, to give virile and strong genes to our children, genes which have been tested and not found wanting. To keep yourself at the highest levels of fitness, to lift heavy, run fast, jump high, crawl and shout, and fight and *live*, these are not obligations to the ancestor, but to the descendant, to the infant who will one day look back and say *that was my father, and I am of my father's line*.

*"I go to my fathers... in whose mighty company... I shall not now feel ashamed."*⁶

⁶ The Lord of the Rings *Return of the King* motion picture

The woman is a creature of beauty and strength, a twin soul in whom we find a mate for life, as Plato put it, we are but one half of a creature which once had four legs, four arms and two heads and is now forever cursed to wander the earth looking for its other half. The woman is our twin, everything not expressed in us is expressed in her. Even when she is strong, muscular, violent and potentially deadly, she expresses these urges, these traits as the mother bear or the tigress, they are feminine and beguiling, attractive and evidence of a strong personality, strong genes, strength. The man of *Vir* seeks out his mate in strength, as a woman he can copulate with and breed with, not just for his enjoyment but as a continuation of his line, of everything spoken of thus far. In truth, the selection of the woman, the hunting and securing of her womb, the protecting of that womb, the seeding of it and the protecting and feeding of the young it produces is actually the highest aim of the human male. Whatever other lofty introspections or worships he may endure, whatever other virtues or morals he lives and dies for, this is the highest form of worship, that a woman will receive his seed and raise his young.

The act of sexual union is therefore a religious act, a performance of the most ancient form of worship, it is the union of the divine male and the divine female, forever brand new, forever the myth of the most ancient gods of fertility, lying in the field, spilling seed so that the crops might grow.

Have sex, willingly and passionately, that children might call you father.

Testosterone, the chemical physical equivalent of the *Vir*, the invisible power that makes the man. There is a war against testosterone, a war that is being won with nutritionally poor food, the banning of anything historically seen as bad for you (i.e. masculine) and anything which causes men to be aggressive.

The key entheogens which every man must have a *healthy* respectful relationship with are tobacco and alcohol. These twin deities of the masculine heritage have been with us for millennia, man has been drinking and smoking dried herbs since his infancy, whether that be the nicotine in tobacco, nightshade or other hallucinogenic plants, or the alcohol in ale, whisky, grog or mead, he has had a life and death relationship with them.

To drink and smoke go hand in hand with warfare. The soldier on the front line who feels he has no link with the past, with home, without hope of survival, he smokes a cigar, he drinks whisky from a hip flask and he has *Vir*, he does not care, he is comforted, accepting of the task ahead, even if that task is nought but a noble death.

Dutch courage, the *wee dram*, the drop of brandy to make you well on a cold winters night, the drop of ale and the smoke of the cigar given to the Devil at the crossroads, these are all sourced in *Vir*, in manhood, in masculinity. To abandon them is folly, to dabble in them to the point of illness, of liver failure and lung cancer, this is stupidity, the warrior knows restraint and he enjoys the gift of life with a disciplined abandon.

Drink, smoke, have sex, lift heavy things, these are Vir.

The forms of worship which we have described above, the way in which a man of the *Vir* shows himself to be a man are unspoken, unheralded, unheeded, but they are noted. The man of *Vir* speaks calmly, is not agitated, needlessly aggressive or dominant, he is a man of discipline and strength and *power*. All of the above mentioned disciplines will sculpt the raw material of the man of power into the man of *Vir*; it is not enough to be beautiful, to be strong and to be violent, the man must be a *man*⁷.

What follows hereon is a set of nine disciplines which will, if entered into with the right attitude, discipline the mind, body and spirit to function as a unit and as a man of *Vir*. Think of these exercises as workouts, ways to practice in the privacy of meditations or comradely discussions, how to be a man of action in the understanding of your culture and tradition.

⁷ Many of these concepts are elaborated upon in the *Cultus Sol Invictus* booklet.

I. Camaraderie: A Fraternity of Danger

A brother is another human being whom you would die for or avenge if they were harmed (the same is true of martial sororities but there are much fewer examples of this historically). The brother is intrinsic to manhood, and masculine cultures across the world have regarded the secrecy, relationship and love between brothers as highly (if not more so) than blood relationships (father, brother, son etc.) and the husband/wife relationship. A blood brother is someone who you have chosen to take on your responsibilities when you die and vice versa, it is akin to choosing your representative in this life for after your death. The brother is a man not chosen lightly, it is the same as choosing a mate, indeed a man with many friends has always been thought of as something of a whore, and he who has many he calls "brother" is thought of as being weak willed and promiscuous with his affections, i.e. not to be trusted. Better to have no brothers than several who are brother in name but not in action.

Brotherhood is sealed by oath, an oath of blood, before the gods of our tradition, with the weapons of worship present, knife, gun and sword, blood drawn and mingled and then shared in a draught of alcohol. This is as old as the oldest expressions of religion⁸.

To be a brother is an infinite plethora of duties, but suffice to say it is encompassed by one concept, protecting and standing by the other man *even when he is wrong*. This

⁸ The 4,000 year old *Epic of Gilgamesh* contains an example of a blood brotherhood between Gilgamesh and Enkidu.

surely expresses the depth of the fidelity between two men, even when he has committed some crime, something which everyone clamours to destroy him for, you still defend him. That is brotherhood.

Exercise

Do something dangerous with someone you trust, a brother or friend, a family member. Go out and climb something, require each other's assistance, trust and camaraderie; the more violent the task the better.

II. Duty: The Man and His Castle

The Patriarch; the father in his house, the ruler of a nation, the farmer in his field, the commander of a squadron, what does it mean to be one of these? What does it mean to have a duty toward a set of people, a child, a partner, a brother, a father? Love does not come into it; passion does not come into it. Duty is cold and hard, like the steel which often metes out the justice of a failed task.

Duty is defined by the man who sees the bigger picture within his own household, when he protects his children and his loved ones from all harm, but knows when the firm hand of discipline is needed to keep them in line, for their own good. This is the strong leader who disciplines his own people that they may be virile and hard and cruel when the time comes and when it is most needed.

Duty is the Coriolanus of Shakespeare's prose, who seeing the weakness and limp wristed crippled nature of his own people went out and sided with their sworn enemies to bring justice and judgement upon them. Moved to violence against his own city, it was only the words of his patriotic mother, who saw the even bigger picture and reminded him of his *duty* (that same *duty* he believed he was fighting for) and turned him back to his father's people.

Duty is the encouragement, demanding and forceful petitioning of your peers, those men around you to behave like men, to behave decently and with rigorous virtue when dealing with comrades, loved ones *and* enemies. Duty is expected, even the most hardened enemy of Rome knew what to expect when he faced a Roman legionnaire, because

the reputation of the fervent obsession with *duty* preceded the onslaught of the legions themselves.

Live by example to those around you, be hard and flinty, liable to shatter before you bend, move not like water but like the mountain.

Exercise

Find someone whom you disagree with, someone whom you potentially despise, and talk to them about duty and what it means to serve the community. In seeing how your opposite behaves, what they believe duty is, how little it might mean to them or indeed how much it does mean to them, you will learn a lot about yourself.

III. Persistence: When Do We Quit?

What does it mean to persist? Pain, suffering, difficulty, these things aren't nice, they hurt, but there is something pure and profound about seeing someone endure and continue on. How does someone survive torture? It is not avoiding something, we are not hiding from something, we face it, we knuckle down and we endure.

What then is persistence? An exercise of raw will power toward a specific goal, it could be said that it is the raising of a barrier between yourself and a stimulus or difficulty. To raise a barrier of refusal between yourself and the object of your attention, *I will not stop, I will not give up, I will not yield*. Once skill, endurance, agility etc. are all used up, there is only pure will power, unadulterated, essentially unstoppable.

What does it mean to quit? To quit during a workout or discipline you have set yourself is the same as quitting during *any* difficulty. You may as well just lie down and die. Quitting is certain death, at some point or another you will face something you don't like, something you don't want to do, and how you've approached these situations in the past will reflect on the future.

As one Berserker said – “*small actions based on fear will lead to cowardice*”. The little things you do based on anxiety and fear of rebuke will eventually mount up inside you and render you incapable of action one way or the other. Learning when to stand up and when to retire is an enormous part of what it means to be a fighter; when to block the punches coming at your face and when to just take

them on the chin, and of course, when to open up and start punching back.

Quitting during a workout is a miniature version of death, it is an orgasm of urge ending in an ejaculation, a finishing, a finality, which is a form of death. To die is to fail, it is to move on from one sphere of existence and allow another to begin, and if you do this willingly, and practice doing it regularly, you are effectively telling yourself it is better to commit suicide when the going gets tough rather than knuckle down and keep fighting. All the clichés are true, pain is but a moment, failure lasts a lifetime.

Exercise

As an exercise of pure will, find something very heavy and carry it as long as possible, see how much pain you can go through, cry, whimper, scream, roar, just see what you're capable of enduring.

IV. Integrity: The Virtue of Doing What You Say

This one is very, very simple. Do you do what you say?

It's as easy as that. When you say you'll do something, do you do it? That is the definition of integrity, reliability, truth, honour, dependability. What could be more needed between warrior brethren who are potentially in a life or death situation? Did you say you'd go and get ammo and bring it back to the frontline? Then why didn't you?

Again these tiny actions in everyday life manifest in the bigger picture, this honour, integrity, dignity, is something that cuts to the core of what it means to be of the nobility, someone who keeps the old ways contrary to the modern miasma. You should be held accountable every time you say you'll do something and 'forget' to do it, which is just another way of saying you couldn't be bothered. Respect and dignitas go hand in hand, if you are a man of your word, someone who keeps to his oaths then you will be respected and vice versa.

Putting it bluntly, you should be harmed if you do not.

The ancient Indo-Europeans of the Fertile Crescent believed lying to be one of the worst crimes, more so than many of the others such as stealing, murder, rebellion etc. because lying was a way of creating false realities. When the word is god and the gods are made in stories and words, to willingly lie and tell lies to cause others suffering suddenly becomes the worst kind of blasphemy.

Exercise

Set yourself a task or series of tasks, set a deadline and stick to it, align your honour with the idea of completing these tasks.

V. Reliability: The Virtue of Arriving When You Say

The complexities of the virtue of *reliability* are hard to comprehend and explain without crossing over into the realms of integrity. However, consistency and punctuality is the key here; but this is not necessarily to do with timing alone.

Arriving when you say means doing what you said you would do *when* you said you would do it.

A military man or a person in a position of responsibility over the lives of others (emergency services etc.) will best understand this and illustrate the concept. Regardless of whether you do a job excellently, *when* you do it is more important. If you were required to bring ammunition from the rear line to the forward position for your comrades during a fire fight and you brought the cases forward in excellent condition, with no damage or spillage etc. but you got it to them fifteen minutes late, they would all be dead. If you performed a lifesaving manoeuvre on a man dying from a heart attack in the street, but your ambulance arrived fifteen minutes late, the man would already be dead. If you expertly entered a burning building and rescued the little girl from her crib and handed her to her mother, but you arrived fifteen minutes late, you would be handing her a shrivelled corpse.

These are extreme examples, and contrary to how they appear, they have little to do with timing. The key is the ability and dedication of the individual to *arrive* when they said they would. Not dawdling, not procrastinating, not finding excuses to put in only 95% effort. When you strip

any activity back to its core fundamentals, the timing with which you execute it is absolutely essential.

If you're in a fist fight and you just aren't committed, or a man enters your home with ill intent and you just aren't signed up to the conflict, not throwing punches when you should or dominating the situation, you will lose, and you could (and probably should) die. Executing a desire with forceful intent, on time and with correct dedication is hugely important to the warrior/soldier, it should be equally important to you.

This applies to sex, violence, love, fatherhood, marriage, and millions of other facets in the life of the man of tradition. Taking ten hours to reach orgasm, or only taking ten seconds will disappoint a woman equally and reduce you in her estimations, sex is a strange mingling of extreme passion and pleasure mixed with a healthy understanding of timing and reliability. It is a good example of the understanding between two people about how something like consistency and durability works between the two opposing/unified elements.

Other aspects express the notion of refusing to be a meek or half-man, being stalwart and determined to complete a project or an oath regardless of how difficult or annoying it may be. Again we refer to the idea of the super-soldier, who doesn't see activities as impossible only seeing degrees of difficulty and sacrifice required for completion. As they say *"the only sin for the warrior, is failure"*.

Exercise

Find something you're weak at, something you don't like, a physical exercise or a spiritual endeavour, something you're known for being flaky on and dominate it. Proceed with discipline, punctuality and determination and finish it.

VI. Heroism: Disregard for Life

Heroism; another hugely ambiguous concept which we will struggle to define but which rests at the centre of the understanding of the word “warrior”.

One of the many concerns morally minded people have with the Iron Law, the *Might is Right* writings and a lot of Nietzsche’s (and therefore the Centurion Method) is that the call for a rethinking of good and evil, a transvaluation of values, comes with the fear that we’re endorsing rape, child abuse, tyranny, genocide, murder and cruelty towards the weak etc. On the contrary as we have said many times, the domination of the strong over the weak is not some cruel BDSM style control or dominance as the modern internationalists would have us believe. Natural domination is exerted through strength manifested purely against strength. A warrior who seeks to better himself (iron sharpens iron) will only truly test himself against another warrior. Of what concern is it to the hero if he is able to slaughter women and children? These are the concerns of the brutal despot who we seek to depose. These are the chthonic powers, the serpentine and nocturnal deities the ancient Indo-Europeans depicted as being colossal and impossible to comprehend. We do not deny that these forces exist and indeed are sometimes necessary to subjugate an enemy, but we do not *endorse* them as things you should be indulging in.

Anyone who hears the doctrine of *might is right* or reads Nietzsche and thinks “oh right I can go and rape someone and it’s not morally wrong” is just a fucking idiot

and a closet psychopath. The doctrine of *might is right* should be heard by the strong and encourage them to develop their own moral code of right and wrong *for themselves*. This is what the hero does.

The Indo-European idea of the hero was a man or woman with martial or spiritual skill who went against *all* the odds, against all the codes and rules of the day (physical or otherwise) and did something incredible, usually (and specifically) for his tribe or nation. When you say the word hero, what images come to mind? Hercules, Thor, Romulus, King Arthur, Robin Hood, Cuchulain, Finn McCool? These are the men who come to my mind, huge, imposing characters who fought for their own moral code of honour, had their own internal laws and didn't play by the rules of the day but indulged in the idea of a god-man and sacrificed their entire existence to become heroes. Indeed, for nearly all of the characters mentioned, the idea of leaving a heroic name was more important than their mere survival. Each of them expressed *might is right* in their own way and described some of the beauty of the interpretation of the reality of *morals*.

Being a hero in this day and age requires three instinctive codes which each man will know in his heart are true, regardless of his calling or ability.

Being a hero to wife and child – being a despot to your wife and child, punishing them too severely, being a cruel dictator or a miser will result in your potential abandonment or replacement. Indeed the position of father in the household is perfectly linked to the idea of a true monarch

or leader, the father does not exact judgement with cruelty but with restraint and love. His hand is iron but his heart is warm.

Being a hero to nobility and name – your family, your name, your heritage, these things are all passed down to you and perhaps the best understanding of this is in the Old Testament understanding of sin. Not meted out by some abstract deity, but by the very tangible pastoral war god of the Hebrews (YHWH), visiting sin to the children's children and visiting righteousness to the tenth generation has nothing to do with judgement day, it is about leaving a heroic name. Meditate upon this.

Being a hero to family and tribe – sacrifice for the family, sacrifice for the name, these are heroic endeavours, but far and above these is the sacrifice the everyday man makes for the name and health of his tribe, the fundamental factor of his most ancient existence. This may sound contradictory when interpreted by *might is right* philosophy, but we ask you to think on it, long and hard, the truth will reveal itself.

Exercise

Practice expressing your strength through assisting those in your community. If you grow vegetables or have a specific skill which allows you to help those around you, do so. Charity is not some bizarre political scheme meted out by the government as a socialist endeavour, it is something the strong and secure do to assist and protect the beaten down elements in our society. *Might is right* is not expressed by treading on those beneath you, that is tyranny. Do something for someone within your tribe even when you

don't want to and when it is difficult for you to go through with or has no immediate benefit to you.

VII. Respect: Who Says What?

Respect is a word thrown around with all too much abandon these days, invoked by inner city gangs of youths to describe their internal ideas of name, honour and retribution against minor infractions toward their reputation or turf. Respect as a spiritual concept however goes infinitely deeper than the mere idea of not letting someone speak ill of you or down to you behind your back. Disrespect is a spiritual infringement upon your being. In the minds of the ancient Indo-Europeans, specifically those around the fertile territories of the near east (Iraq/Iran/Pakistan/India/Turkey/Caucasus range) the idea of being disrespected or slandered was a form of violence upon the person being spoken about. Gossip and chatter about friends or foes behind their back was regarded as effeminate and cowardly, and any rumour about someone was supposed to be confronted face to face, as it still is to this day in those countries.

Martial and militaristic nations (such as those around the Caucasus Mountains for example) regard disrespect as a heinous crime punishable by death and will seek out blood revenge and take a blood feud between families to an almost pathological conclusion of tit for tat murders running down whole generations. This is rooted in the previous concept of being a hero, your name as something eternal which needs to be remembered, any crime against that name being a crime against your person which cannot be undone and is therefore worse than any physical wound. It therefore becomes clear that to *die* in retaining a

good name is better than to live and not care if someone makes up lies about you and slanders you.

On the flip side, the respect earned by a good name through noble actions and heroism (in home, community and battle against exterior influences) would last a lifetime and be passed onto descendants (as previously mentioned). Respect is earned through correct and noble action, not mere chatter.

The only way to truly gain the respect of friend and foe is to steadfastly stand by what and who you claim to be and those beside and around you. Do not be like the water, soft and pliable one minute and hard the next, be like the mountain, immovable when you have solidified a position, more likely to crack and to shatter from impacts than to bend or twist out of shape. Men without chests, men with weak backs, men with bendy countenances, these are the outward signs of the Kali Yuga.

Behave as would befit a Son of God, of the living nuclear sun which casts all shadow from its presence when it shines during the heat of the day. Your speech, virtue and virility should be as an atomic bomb in the presence of the weak *and* the strong. Changing not for any opponent, as the alpha wolf behaves towards his own pack, as cruel to the wayward omega or beta as he is to the deer he brings down in the forest, speedy, violent, sharp, deadly. Only towards women, children and animals are we gentle.

Exercise

Be silent in the face of chit chat or ill talk of others, even against your enemies. Practice respect for even the most appalling of opponents. Save your violence and aggression for actual combat, and if you must act, *act*. Learn to respect and you will be respected.

VIII. Fidelity: Til Death Do Us Part

Loyalty, honour, faithfulness, devotion, allegiance; these are words bandied around by male groups, both historical and those in resurgence but to actually express and experience these emotions, this *virtus* is an entirely different thing. Having a friend you've known for decades, someone you love, someone you call brother, a relationship built on trust. Could you sleep with his girlfriend? Sleep with his wife? At what point does what you *want* overrule what you *need*. The childish maxim of "bros before hos" is a seldom observed rule among the foolish male gangs of the modern era. The Age of Fools demands that brothers betray each other, everyone finds his opponent in himself and the world around him and discovers that his lusts and his desires often overcome what he claims to believe/uphold.

The truest experience of this *fidelity* is to stand by someone even when they have done wrong or have wronged you. To stand alongside someone you made a pact with even when it causes you pain or discomfort. This is the path of the warrior, the man who stands by the orders of his superior officer even though he knows it means certain death; ironically this is what most men desire, to follow someone into battle and go toe to toe with enemies even when you know they've done wrong and your cause will fail.

There is no real way to describe this...it must be experienced.

Exercise

Set a goal with a partner, and achieve that goal as a partnership *no matter what*. You set the time, you set the parameters, but achieve that goal. Learn from each other in how you assist and detract from each other during the process. It could be a ten minute exercise or it could be a lifetime oath between brothers or husband and wife.

IX. Hatred: My Enemy's Enemy Is My Enemy

The childishness of modern politics reins everything back to dualism; when the world has to be divided between two warring political parties; democracy and communism or communism and fascism, left and right, good and evil, light and dark. The truth as we so clearly know it is much more colourful.

The endless spectrum of thought and experience allows for an infinite pantheon of ideas, and to reduce yourself to the parameters of *another man's thoughts* leaves you nothing more than his slave, a slave to his passions and to his limited successes or his countless failures. You align yourself with other men, but you are not the same as them, you stand beside them or against them, but you are not one part of a faceless whole. You are a cog in the workings of an enormous beast, whatever your race, your nation, your tribe, your community, your family, your household or your husband/wife relationship. You are grouped in an endless web (Wyrđ) of connections with millions of other humans, but your true web exists only in the lives of a few hundred, and your interaction which alters the destiny and fate of those you stand beside or against.

Passionate defence of something you hold dear or aggression towards something you hate are in effect the same thing, raw passion is raw passion, be it the boundless love of a father for his child or the boundless hate of a man for his mortal enemy. True passion is a bond which cannot be broken, the love between two people which is beyond words or the mere severance of disappointed action, or the

hatred between two enemies who have a blood oath to spend their energies in the destruction of the other. This kind of hatred is more like love than the childish dislike which modernity calls hatred. This is not the hatred of the two people who don't share a political opinion, like the faux aggression displayed by rival politicians in the houses of parliament or the senate. True hatred is an almost filial and fraternal violence which is housed in a mutually respectful but eternally malignant warfare, the two samurai who by fate have come to be on opposite sides in battle, but are sworn brothers, who stand by their oath but through duty must destroy one another. True hatred is not destructive, but creative, it is an immortal position. It is Gilgamesh facing Enkidu in mortal combat, where one is the pure equal of the other, their combat shaking mountains to their foundation.

In such combat, such hatred, there is no peace, no respite, no time for quiet or understanding, only war and death and the ceaseless hunting of the foe. The hunter and the hunted, constantly switching between adoration and respect and a violence unquenchable and unstoppable. The warfare between Coriolanus and the Volskis⁹ is again a good example, for decades Coriolanus wars against his mortal enemies, taking the combat to their heartlands year after year, taking wounds and scars all over his tortured body in the name of Rome's glory and expansion. Only when he is betrayed by Rome and her squabbling politicians does he turn to his mortal foe and become fraternally entwined with their leaders and their cause, taking the war *back* to Rome, *against his own people*. Finally it is only when he is moved to

⁹ *Coriolanus* William Shakespeare

guilt and the sight of his beloved city about to be sacked that he turns on his lifelong foes and dies in combat against them; a true *kshatriya's* death.

Your enemy's enemy is not your ally, the world is not black and white, even your own kin could be enemies given the right circumstances, only those with a blood oath loyalty to the same goal as you are to be called *allies* and even those alliances are tenuous and fleeting. Breath and smoke.

Initiation

The creation of a warrior is not as simple as making someone fit, making them reasonably healthy, encouraging their masculinity and making them physically able to fight with the right tools and skills to kill their opponent. A warrior is not created, he is born, he rises through the ranks like a bolt of lightning, he does not meekly acquiesce to a quiet life of solitude and meagreness, he finds himself driven to succeed, he is plagued and haunted with an *idea*, an idea he cannot express, and one he finds lacking in the modern Orders Militant of the nations in which we live.

A warrior is a creation of the mind first, as we have stressed over and over and over again, if the mind is faulty, corrupt, inactive or sporadic in its emotive and expressive qualities, the warrior will be equally dysfunctional, if not more so. Someone who suffers from mental illness will struggle with self-discipline, will struggle with finding that untameable inner core of hatred and rage which fuels the truly devout soldier.

The Centurion Method is not for everyone, we do not want to make people *fit*, *healthy* and *sculpted*, we want to make warriors. We take the fleshy pile of blubber, the scrawny runt, and we ask him to leave his carcass at the door, and only allow the *truth* to step over the threshold. So many lies in this world, we want the true men, those men who have at least shown the inborn willingness to *overcome themselves*.

This *Vir* is, in essence, a sect of monastic proportions; it is not a lifting program or a form of workout

which will make you stronger, harder, leaner, and more toned, those things are barbarisms, archaisms, relics of the 20th century paradigm. We've moved on from there.

We invoke the monastic warrior order and all it entails, every crudity, every simplistic expression of the term, we demand fealty from anyone who enters this doorway, everyone else can keep doing whatever it is they do, and remain the person they are.

The first step of our expression of the monastic warrior is the meditation upon death, violence, dismemberment, the violent death at the hands of a ferocious enemy. This is one of the earliest stages of enlightenment in the Tibetan Buddhist tradition, to meditate upon drowning, strangling, disembowelment, beheading, torture, rape, to live these moments, to experience the agony and the terror and the pain of having your organs pulled from your body, a knife enter your bowels, a bullet detonate inside your cranium. Of course, being the Centurion Method we would also encourage you to meditate on the polar spectrum, visualise stabbing someone, beheading someone, kneeling down your enemies and shooting them in the back of the head, this is hardening, this is what Nietzsche spoke of as the precious intonation "*become hard...*"¹⁰

The second step is to become expectant of a personal involvement in the religious and cultural observance of your nationality or tribe. We do not want isolated and confused individuals who have no roots in their own personality through their own ancestors. It would be repugnant to us for

¹⁰ Nietzsche *Thus Spake Zarathustra*

a Chinese Centurion Method practitioner to offer sacrifice to Mars and shed blood in the name of Rome, a son of Khitai should be offering sacrifice to the mythical heroes of the Three Kingdoms period and shedding blood in the name of Wei or Shu. The same is true of any responsible tradition. The *energy behind* the mask, yes, the *mask* itself with all its cultural and national expressions rooted in the Tibetan, Chinese, Indian or Japanese nuance, no! Modernity seeks everyone to be able to express the national and culturally distinct elements of everyone else's culture; absurd. By doing so the *internationalism* seeks to take the bedrock of tradition out from underneath every stalwart and solid cultural expression in the world, reducing everything to a grey morass, all the easier to manipulate according to their aims and to ultimately inflate with the horror of *free trade*; it is all about control.

Your expression of yourself, which is extremely personal (how could it not be), has to be rooted in *who you are*. As the Oracle said "*know thyself*"¹¹. This is the maxim launched down through the ages; that you experience the world around you and assimilate every experience into the gnosis which you have been given by your ancestors. The phenomena which you observe and the way in which you observe them are intrinsically linked to your cultural past and the environment in which you were raised. There is an element of *nature* and an element of *nurture* to cultural expression of the divine and it is extremely important that you understand where you fit into all of this.

¹¹ The Oracle of Delphi

Whether you're a Germanic Heathen, a Celtic Pagan, a Satanist, Atheist, Hindu, Muslim, Catholic or Protestant, it doesn't matter, these things must feel natural, effortless and intrinsic to whom *you* and *your people are*.

Third is the furtherance of a religious and spiritual element to the hoarding of weaponry. It is one thing to have a knife you know will cut cord, shave bark, slice ligament and skin a rabbit, it is another to have a sacred weapon which you only draw out to taste blood, a weapon with a name, a weapon with a soul which keens and hungers to taste the sweat of your hand and the adrenaline of your desperation.

Anyone remotely interested in the way in which modern weaponry and the superstitions of a pagan culture can intermesh violently and effectively need only look to the historical wars of countries like Liberia, the Congo and Haiti. Where paganism and a superstition focused on survival merges with the local traditions of voodoo and Catholicism the result is a frightening array of costume, danger worship and above all, weapon fetishism. The weapons of the Liberians specifically, in an understanding of the peasant actions during the civil war, leap out as being instruments of specific deities and spirits. If a man burst out of cover spraying bullets into the air dressed in fatigues and boots and a bandana he would just be shot at and killed, but in Liberia if a man burst from cover spraying bullets into the air wearing a woman's dress, with face paint on and his gun adorned with bones and fetish charms, he was likely to at least give the opposition pause to consider which spirit he was invoking before they started firing back.

To ignore or debase traditions such as these is foolish; hoard your weapons, and worship them as you do your hands and feet.

Fourthly we have the true understanding of any form of occult or mental power, whether it is spiritual or genuinely physical in approach. That truth is of course the creation and cultivation of spiritual weapons and armour. It is all well and good to be able to fire a gun straight, fire it under pressure, and even to fire it under pressure whilst your friends are dying around you, it is entirely another thing to see spiritual symbol and omen in the *actions* of your friends and enemies as they fight and die. This is the example of the Christian nut shown in all modern war films that is looked upon as a bit of a kook by all the other troopers but has some kind of bizarre skill as either a sniper or a scout. He has *guts* or *gut feelings* and is able to *feel* if something is right or wrong, he then proceeds to mutter scripture or prayers as he crawls through the undergrowth and goes to ply his murderous trade. He is the Native American in *Predator* who *smells* the alien before anyone can see it and senses that something is wrong, and when he eventually comes to die, discards his weapons and approaches death armed only with a machete, after ritualistically cutting himself with it of course.

Spiritual and occult tradition should only serve to make you a better fighter, any understanding of power *outside* the military or martial ability is useless. Who gives a fuck if you know all the rune poems and can recite them, who gives a shit if you know all of the Quran in Arabic and can sing it from start to finish in 16 hours? Those things only

matter if they attract a meditative state, a state from which you can find the peace of mind and peace of spirit to commit atrocities and place them at the foot of your chosen deity. Prayer, ritual, ceremony, these serve only to make us better warriors.

Fifth is the tradition of embodying the archetype, something spoken of at length by Paul in his Operation Werewolf transmissions. The archetype of the hero, whether invented by yourself or whether an ancient tradition handed down to you by your culture is a highly personal role. If you have created a mask for yourself, one which you seek to wear, in daily life, in battle, in a crude bar fight or full scale siege level urban warfare, you must utterly embody the archetype for it to fit. This is the Spartan warrior bands who believed themselves to be descended from Hercules himself, the Berserkers of Nordic tradition who believed themselves to be descended from Thor and Odin, who wore the skins of the wolf in the *full belief* that it made them wolf like. The Picts and the Scots who ritualistically tattooed themselves with the symbols of power animals to steal some of that power and invoke it in their flesh, a boar for their heads, a stag for their thighs, a bear for their forearms, all invoked symbols, all masks.

Developing a set of rituals, a set of tools (mental or physical) with which you adorn yourself and your surroundings each time you work out or engage in discussion, these eventually become *you*. This is a method of primitive neural reprogramming, and eventually the man of myth, timeless, darkened, veiled by a web of lies and deceits eventually becomes the real man, and that is where the God-

Man emerges. Who is to say what is real and what is not, what is possible and what is not? Finn spent half the year in the halls of men in the service of the king and the other half in the faery world living as a semi-mythical deity. Reality? A mere illusion.

Sixth we approach the monastic tradition in its finest sense, the idea of reclusion and seclusion, the separating away from what we are with *regularity* and allowing the *irregular* to emerge. This doesn't always have to be a lengthy exclusion in the woods or wilderness for a long period of time (although this is best) but a regular conscious separation from time and space into the inner world where there is only thought. We can go down Asiatic routes of Buddhism or non-mind meditations, or we can remain in the simplicity of the European monks' repetition of prayer as a meditative act, but the simpler truth is even older. Meditation is simply the act of sitting still and being quiet, allowing the mind to wander, allowing the thoughts to drift off and return at will, not minding, paying no mind, being mindful, all the same. There is also the focus of one object on one action to become a meditative act, even sparring or boxing against a bag or tyre, practicing sword kata or other martial arts moves with repetition until the barrier is broken and calm can set in. We may struggle with these acts and then think of them as superfluous to the warrior's art, but that merely shows our horrendous separation from the true violence and desperation of real life. In the Samurai tradition for example, the meditative act was not only a discipline and a practice of self-control, it was an escape. Turning the act of making and drinking a pot of tea into an almost religious ceremony lasting many hours of unanimated calm was a

way to escape from the horror and adrenaline of the battlefield. When you spent six hours solidly hacking people into chunks of meat, with smoke, screaming, soot, blood on everything, to return to your tent, ritualistically wash and then engage in a long bout of chess or meditation would have not only been relaxing it would have been necessary to stop PTS kicking in and rendering you useless for the next phase of combat. Ironically the arts of extreme violence and extreme mental, physical and spiritual control go hand in hand.

Seventh, is the concept of deep mindful study of a subject or series of subjects. This could be something as simple as reading mechanical journals and studying the best way to fix a car on the road, or weld broken joints on damaged machinery. Or it could be the study of poetry, prose, literature, myths, legends etc. Whatever the reason, whatever the material, the discipline of studying the world around you and being mindful of the results of yours and others actions is of extreme import. The man who is skilled with a blade or a gun but is a moron is utterly useless, even to himself.

Study, meditation, exercise, practice, reading; these go side by side with the physical endeavours.

Eighth; we now come to the simplest form of hero worship, that of the ritual to the gods, heroes, ancestors, descendants, etc. Whether mythical or historic, we are all indebted to their memory and their spirit, to abandon and ignore is the greatest blasphemy we can know and to work out and sculpt our bodies for peak physical responsibility

but not encourage and engage in ritual observances of respect and gratitude renders us no more than gym queens or petty thugs.

You should avoid the oppression of another's discipline upon yourself; where you find common ground, then enter with tentative steps and allow yourself to become acquainted with the heroes of the common group, but in personal praxis you should find your own path. Be leaders in the tradition of the heroic, not followers. We are not 'isms', 'ists' or 'ians', we are humans; throw off the sculpture of the past and begin to hew and carve anew.

Respecting and honouring the fallen, meditating upon their lives and deaths, heroes, mythical figures, creating your own wheel of the year, holy days, feast days and days of rest. Too much of modern tradition is based in the almost Masonic fumbling in the dark of men who know *how* to do the rituals but not *why*.

Feral Warrior Lodges

The VIR is an initiatory tradition, not centred on the Centurion Method but active within it, as an elite body within the tradition itself. Fitness and the lifting of logs and rocks, barbell and dumbbell, bodyweight and boulder becomes a mere side effect of the warrior art. The Samurai or the Varangian, whose entire life was focused on the ideas of service, strength, martial ability and warfare would have seen their physical, mental and spiritual health as a unified force with which they bettered their enemies. Lifting weights and practicing the martial arts therefore become not a 'way of keeping fit' but a 'way of life', a *Do* in the terminology of the Japanese, a *Bu-shi-Do*.

The warrior lodges of the VIR, the VIR Lodge itself is a purely 'real world' endeavour then, and cannot remain just another one of *those* things on the minds of people who write and think on the old ways but don't actively seek out their accomplishment in their own lives. To sow the seed is enough, in the hearts and minds of those who hear and read between the lines, who know what it is we're trying to do without even speaking about it. Many groups are already active on this front, their daily lives an act of revolutionary might more powerful than any gun or bomb.

Conclusively, the VIR functions wherever and however the participants of the Lodge perceive it to function. It can be simply a Centurion Method Pit of practitioners who want to bring an element of greater poetry and study to their exercise or it can be the full initiatory masculine warrior brotherhood of the cultural and national

people it expresses. The possibility of a Nordic VIR Lodge practicing in full Scandinavian dress with all the traditions of the Aesir cult intact worshipping and initiating on the same day as a Russian VIR Lodge in Slavic form and a Japanese Lodge practicing Shinto etc. is immense. The unity of *men* being *men* and *warriors* being *warriors* expands across borders and nationalities but in perfect accordance with nature's immutable laws, each and every Lodge will be nationally and culturally different and each one will be vibrantly aware of the loose similarity and fundamental difference between his and his cousin's traditions.

The naked elements, properly concluding in a ritual of bloody violence and fiery smoke in an enclosed tomb like space reveal themselves to be similes, metaphors or allegory, when in fact their opposite is true. What is done in life reflects in death, and what is done in the darkness of the night or under the earth inevitably comes out into the light. Luna and Nyx are always greeted each morning by Horus and Apollo, thus this veiled and mysterious lodge of warriors manifests as a life affirming band of men continuing the ancient tradition of the solar cult.

The Romans expressed this as the Cult of Sol Invictus, the cult of the Unconquerable Sun, a fraternity of secret rituals, closed brotherhoods and worship of the true bringer of light, a sect most popular among the soldiers. It is this tradition we revive in our *Vir* Lodges.

The *Vir* initiation is marked by blood sharing, scarring, a spoken prayer or intonation of intent –

We three; knights of the Sun,

Live and die as one.

Blood bought, blood shared,

On the North Wind.

Bond broken, Crom's soil.

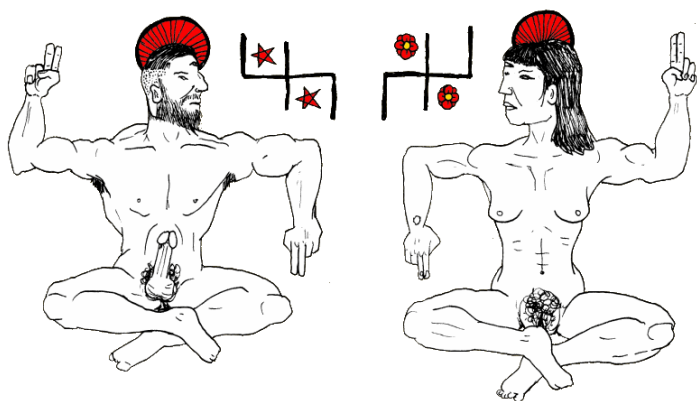
Bond broken, Agni's fire.

Bond broken, Nidhogg's bowels.

One blood, one bone.

APPENDIX I

CULTUS SOL INVICTUS



Cultus Sol Invictus Rite

(This rite was originally included as part of the longer work on ritual expression within the Centurion Method. I've chosen to include it here without any of the accompanying explanation and let it stand on its own frankly maddened merit.)

As those of you who own the *Sigurd* book will see, a lot of the core tenets and ideas that make up that book were already being shaped in my mind whilst making these notes.)

The basic tenets of the mystery cult share many of the similarities with the rapturous conversions one expects in the monotheistic religions. Dying and being born again as a spiritual (or physical) warrior for the evangelizing of the cult are well known in Christian terminology. The same can be said to be true of Judaism and Islam. When converting to

Judaism (which is possible even today outside the militant Hassidim/Orthodox) it is common to take a new Hebrew name by which you are referred when in synagogue, you take a ritual bath much like a baptism and a lengthy ritual and test of your knowledge of Torah is taken (and obviously circumcision in males), which is but the exoteric ritual death and rebirth supposed to display the esoteric alteration. In Islam the process is a lot simpler but there is often a taking of an Arabic name, a ritual of acceptance into the Ummah and a 'conversion' to the state of being in 'submission' to Allah. All of these are deaths and rebirths into the cult, as any historical cult leader would approve of.

We can look at other cults for similar process, the Free Masons for example. Their rituals are seldom discussed past a certain level but many have heard of the initiation new Masons take, being blindfolded, with one leg bound, hands tied, noose around the neck, the Apprentice is ritualistically murdered and buried and as his blindfold is removed he sees the Master of the Temple for the first time, bathed in light. Nothing could be more laughably similar to the ritual of the famous Assassins of Hassan I Sabah, the death, burial and resurrection of the adept with the awakening to a 'new life' as a Mason.

Most of the major world religions and political groups on the hard left or right have similar esoteric cults that enshrine their dogma in a veil of mystery and cultic activity. It would be seen to be the *ultimate* initiation in mimicry of the divine sin of a pact with the devil. It is highly ironic that human beings feel it intrinsic to the mystery school to involve oaths, darkness, sudden light (coming

from darkness into light), awakening, rebirth and renaming as major tenets of the 'new life' within the cult. All of these are classical symbols for initiation into the pagan cults of the Neolithic period which lived on mythically in the covens of medieval witchcraft.

The witch would be taken to the Sabbath in the woods where she met the devil, denounced her former life, renounced her baptism or Christian faith, walked upon the cross or spat upon the Bible, kissed the buttocks of a goat or had ritual sex with the *Horned God* (male priest) and thence received his mark somewhere upon her flesh. How much of this is Catholic cultural terrorism is debatable but the core mystery of a feminine cult observing the worship of a horned deity and dancing naked and being 'marked' by him during an initiation/new birth bears too much resemblance to an archetypal Pan/Dionysus cult to be entirely mythical.

To strip it back even further the Roman and Greek solar cults, those cults focused on Jupiter, Mars, Sol, Hercules, Mithras, Zeus and so on all featured similar concepts; the adept dying as a previous member of society, being ritually buried and reborn or exposed to the light/wisdom of the cult. All of these are core metaphors for the entry into the warrior brotherhood which requires a conception of rebirth, new life, abandonment of the old and total allegiance to the cult and the leader as if he were a new father/mother.

Throughout this booklet we will be referencing such initiations and rebirths as the core symbolism is stripped

back. We will begin by discussing the layout and symbolism of the book and its contents.

Some might question the primacy of performing elaborate rituals when your endurance, flexibility, strength and martial training *might* suffer due to the stresses placed on the body and mind during such ritual. We would only ask you to think on the simple truth of *where* your Will Power comes from. When you're doing a workout, enduring, doing yoga, stretching, lifting something heavy or fighting in the pit/cage/ring, where your last reserve of "urge" to carry on comes from. I overheard it the other night during my own training, a grappler I spar with mentioned that he had been coaching a fighter during a cage match and he said his assistance became useless, pointless, just more noise, so he stopped shouting or giving tips. The fighter he was coaching had gone round after round of pummeling and was clinging on with nothing but the barest thread of sheer Will Power to keep standing. In that moment there is no technique, there is no endurance, there is no flexibility, no strength, just the inmost core of fire that refuses to stop unless the body is put to sleep. The only way you can cultivate that kind of inner strength is through fully conscious directed tending of the Will Power dynamo within yourself. That can only happen through ritual.

The ritual reconnects the inmost being of the human with the source from which it came. Regardless of your religious or spiritual beliefs (which by this point should not matter) you will believe that life and the human spark or fire was sourced in some ancient energy, whether that is the prime mover of the Big Bang, or the divine fire stolen by

Prometheus, or simply the light of Sol shining through all creation. However you view the universe the truth is simple, the 'Everything', the impersonal One is Nuit, whereas the 'Experience', the highly personalised separate We is Hadit, the point. We are mere dots, everywhere the centre of the universe, experiencing a highly specialised randomisation of creation, drops in an ocean, single drips of water making up the endless depths of the seas. Single sputtering flames which burn brightly and briefly and then merge with the greater flame at the source.

To perform rituals in honour and elevation of the most basic archetypes reconnects that little drop, that sputtering flame with the divine fire which gives it renewed life, renewed fuel, it fires you up, gets you going, resets priorities and sheds the old skin of old beliefs so that the mind can be reborn (hence the Ouroboros).

The folk customs of every race, tribe and tongue across the earth mirror this basic urge, the people commune and celebrate together at specific times of the year to honour specific alterations in a divine mythic tragedy which is almost identical across all racial, cultural and continental divides. The pattern of the year, mirroring the patterns of the sun and the moon, mirroring the pattern of female and male fertility and birth-life-death-rebirth cycles are the same wherever you come from and thus the most basic folk custom honouring those cycles and observing them puts the human and the tribe firmly *into* the cycle. Fully inserted *experience* of the changing cycles of the year, divine myth of the male sun god and the female night goddess makes for highly potent archetypal energy which can be stored and

directed towards certain ends. Will Power comes from energy, and that is an internal and mystical energy which is beyond description. We could equate Will with chi, qi, prana and so on, and perhaps our western understanding of Will is let down by the omission of such discussion. Will is the same basic primal energy that sparked creation, and thus an abundance of Will Power is an abundance of life itself. The Superman will be a creature with Will Power in excessive, overflowing abundance.

We have lost some of this core basic understanding of Will and reconnecting with the source, with the most primitive archetypes. Such an understanding of the importance of primal archetypes, the truth of the *gottermensch* from a runic perspective, all of this cannot be exaggerated. The modern human has advanced technologically and culturally towards a total separation with nature, at our expense; the damage done to the average rural population that once had an intimate relationship with the land cannot be underestimated. To assist in that reconnection therefore not only becomes a duty it becomes a holy obligation, a virtue, a command from on high, probably the only one the True Gods will ever issue.

To apply all of this to your life, is to remind you of your mental, spiritual and physical responsibility which you inherited from your forefathers the moment you woke up in a karmic body of superior intellect, superior physicality and superior spirituality. Need we remind you of the statements in the Praetorian booklet, that from a Nietzschean perspective of a spiritual separatism, your now dwelling in a body that can refute the slave religion, not on an aesthetic,

political or social basis (although these are valid) but on the purest notion that the slave religions are simply *not compatible with your makeup*, is a miracle. You owe it not only to your descendants and to your ancestors but primarily to *yourself* to not be bound by any definitions, always moving, always growing, always observing the responsibility of the flesh, the mind and the spirit in the grand myth that is *your life*.

The Praetorian has mastered the physical, the four fundamentals are covered; the technique of his or her chosen focus, militarily or otherwise, the endurance baseline from which all exercise is launched, the flexibility allowing him to manoeuvre and navigate his environment and the strength by which he manipulates the environment according to his wishes. From here the only thing that can define his superiority over every other human who has an adequate level of fitness is his intellect and his spirituality. They are what give you the edge.

The Superman will be born from a separatist society of individuals who see it as a spiritual responsibility to overcome themselves in every aspect. The application of ritual to the life form of the *human* is therefore a stepping stone towards the ultimate sacrament; that of *becoming* the Superman.

The Nuclear-Solar Deity

The highest form of worship is to become what you adore, what you admire, what you seek to emulate. A Christian is (supposed to be) the one who walks in the path of Christ, following his words and his teachings and doing their utmost to 'be like unto the Lord'. A Muslim follows the example of Mohammed, a Buddhist the teachings of Buddha and so on throughout the world's major religions. We can see the same pattern emerge in all human thought and expression of dedication to an 'ism' or a cult of religious proportion. Celebrity obsessives dress like their idols, music fans of a specific genre dress like their heroes, speak like them, fight like them, parrot what they say in interviews and daily life. We define ourselves by the archetypes displayed by our heroes.

The only major difference between this modern behaviour and that of the ancient past is the nature of the feats which we try to emulate. Our heroes have become mere mortals, "just men, not gods, not giants, just men". Mortals fall, mortals fail, mortals are easily emulated. If you want to dress like Kurt Cobain, speak like him, smoke like him, drink like him, eat like him, fine, you'll become a moron just like him and die early just like him. If you want to emulate someone allegedly worthy of your respect, Usain Bolt or another incredible athlete like Michael Phelps, you read interviews, training regimes, collect images, follow blogs, become a 'fan', drink, eat, think and fuck like your idol, but he's still just a man. You might even win a thousand gold medals at the Olympics, but you're still just a weak mortal who will die and be forgotten. A hero is something else.

Our ancestors worshipped and emulated heroes. They drank mead like *Thor* drank mead, they fucked like *Odin* fucked and fathered as many children, the women prided themselves on mothering and caring for as many children as *Freyr*, the dogs were named after *Geri* and *Freki*. The men bowed their heads to *Mars* knowing that he stood triumphant over *all* of their victories, he was the ever victorious, an impossible feat to emulate, requiring your eternal sacrifice, permanent warfare, permanent feasting, permanent emulation of the most drastic and hearty aspects of the human experience. The pagan/heathen natural experience of the world around them was sculpted by the experiences of their heroes, their mythical ancestors, their gods.

The most lofty and pure form of worship therefore becomes emulation of the impossible feats of an impossible god. Nietzsche said quite clearly that the perfect form of worship would be to consciously birth the superman, not through accidental stumbling across the power of the human animal, but the conscious and *willed* direction of force toward that end. Indeed, from our perspective in the 21st century such an idea is linked with things like population manipulation and eugenics, but to the Northern European, Roman, or Greek it would have just meant 'becoming like the gods'.

It is interesting to note also how all the modern manifestations of the superman and the solar deity in the superhero ideal are all traditionally concepts aimed at children. The comic book, the animated film, all the famous heroes, Capt. America, Batman etc. are all applied via

childish mediums. We could explain this magically through the Thelemic idea that we stand at the beginning of the Age of Horus (the crowned and conquering child) and thus everything we do is childish and such lofty concepts as the superman are now shone through a childish lens. As we spiritually and mentally evolve however these concepts should be (and indeed are) becoming more mainstream and moving out of the realm of mere myth and into reality, a very, very dangerous idea.

What we can take from the modern god of the superhero and the ancient god of the solar/thunder deity is the link between ridiculous feats of superhuman power, a moral question behind the use of that power, and the eventual self-overcoming which leads to a unity between the ultimate (Brahma/Allfather/OM/God) and the man (warrior/magician/priest/ascetic).

This god-man or ubermensch always manifests throughout Indo-European history as a male deity or man who is intrinsically linked through paternal heritage, brotherhood, accidental reception or hereditary curse of some kind to a loftier deity or creature of extreme force which bestows thunder/solar/nuclear power.

The lightning/thunder/solar/nuclear power of the deity (specifically Thor/Indra/Zeus) is linked in the eyes of the ancients as being ultimately of the same source. They saw the power of the sun, the power of thunder and lightning, the mountain peak, the celestial fire of the stars and the very real power of earthly fire as being linked to some hidden fire of spiritual mastery. The god-man

Sigurd/Krishna/Hercules (and myriad other manifestations) experienced a physical power which allowed him to perform insane feats of strength, but was often coupled with a moral question of how he used such strength and when he used it. Thor was famed for his slaughtering of thousands on the battlefields, Indra for his constant battling with enormous chthonic deities and Hercules with his many battles against mortal and immortal foes. All of this power was sourced in the invisible/visible nuclear power of the Sun/Ra/Sol/Om/On.

The symbol of the superman will be the lightning bolt, the shard of light stolen from the celestial sphere, the spark of divinity sucked from the divine source and held in the chest of the god-man as he makes his ascension towards god-head. This has ever been the goal of the sun cult in Indo-Europe and the wider world, wherever the worship of the sun manifests, so too does the worship of battle, of self-overcoming and violent conflict with the higher and lower selves in the form of sacrifice, slavery, domination and *might is right*.

With the sun comes life and light and passion and procreation, with the hiding away of the sun comes the death of all plants and animals, the hibernation, the recalling of heat and power. The sun is the giver and take of life, it is the creation and destruction made manifest in our human lives. The sun is a symbol of the esoteric action of the god, the source of primal power. It is the Light Bringer, the Prometheus unchained, it is pure force unleashed with no judgement or discrimination, raw, unadulterated nuclear power.

The death of the sun as the primary ritual of all Indo European peoples (indeed of all world tribes) becomes the primary ritual of the *Vir*. Taking one theme as our precedent, we can see in the death of Balder in the Nordic/Germanic tradition the beginning of the destruction of all things. As metaphor and symbol of the wider downfall of nobility and tradition (the Ragnarok or Kali Yuga) we can also see the pattern of the year in the myth. This dual interpretation, of a small physical yearly cycle and a huge galactic/timeless spiritual cycle is present in all Indo-European mythology. Balder as immortal, indestructible solar-hero is pierced through the conniving mischief of the chaotic anti-hero Loki (the force of chaos which causes winter/decay in all things) and dies, interred in his funeral ship and causing the darkness and death to fall upon the *aesir* which eventually results in the Twilight of the Gods in the climactic battle which sees them each slain by their opposite, a symbol of the decay of every noble thing to its nemesis. A truly Romanesque pessimism if ever one could be nakedly displayed.

It stands therefore that for a man of action, a man of tradition, a *man* of *vir* to display anything other than the purest form of the solar-deity is to display the antithesis of his foe in chaos. The unity of these two concepts come in the worship and retelling of the myth of creation and destruction, told through the lens of your own culture.

The visible and tangible force of nuclear heat, manifesting as solar force, the truest spiritual metaphor, becomes a force of nobility and aristocracy in a world of homogeny and *chandala* morals.

Living the Myth

The Sun and the 12 signs of the zodiac. For the earthling this is the only myth; of the Solar god who lives according to the rules of tradition, worshipping nature, living according to his own divinely inspired law, fighting his enemies with spiritual weapons and rescuing divine wisdom/inspiration/immortality from a god who is also the wisdom itself and bringing it to mankind. This Solar deity who is surrounded by his twelve disciples/knights/warriors/devotees is archetypal to the human mind. It is so prolific and instinctive among the various human (especially Indo-European) cultures as to be hilarious if taken for coincidence.

If we strip back these myths to their core truth we glean a wonderful instinctive whole which speaks to the soul of every human:

“...traces of a myth, with many parallels elsewhere, telling how gifts of civilization are stolen by culture-heroes from the divine land for the benefit of mortals.”¹²

The half human-half god/fairy/demon/hero enters the divine land and battling against an enemy which is simultaneously the protector, the god and the fruit of the wisdom of the gods all at once, he brings the fruits of his labours back to his kin (mankind) and they ascend through his suffering or sacrifice to godhead. This is truly the core of *every single* myth across the world. Buddha battles himself and his desires to achieve Samadhi and bring the teachings

¹² *The Celtic and Scandinavian Religions* J.A.MacCulloch pg. 36

back to mankind. Odin masters and sacrifices himself to himself and brings back the runes for mankind. Prometheus and the pillar of fire. King Arthur and the Holy Grail. Indra and the Soma. Taleisin and the drops from the cauldron. Jesus and the sacrifice on the cross. Jason and the Golden Fleece. We could go on. Stepping aside from the major mythologies also, we may look at the alive and kicking spiritual practices of hunter gatherer cultures, with the shamans and witch doctors who suffer a life of being halfway between the realm of the dead/fairies/gods/demons and the mortal lands, half shunned and half revered by their community. They suffer for their people and bring back wisdom and healing from the spirit realm. *This is the only myth.* But what does it mean?

The core myth of the solar hero who descends into the underworld or into the heavens to wrestle wisdom from the gods/dragons/titans is the myth of the Sun itself dying each year and being born again anew, bringing life and wisdom and plenty to its actual, physical, living children: mankind. To the Indo-European as well, the specific cult associated with Soma/Haoma/Ambrosia/Amrita, of the hero who brings back wisdom through a violent and thunderous act of aggression against the gods and carries it in a funnel or wheel, is deeply associated with the solar myth. The two are essentially the same.¹³

¹³ The reader is encouraged to read the works of *Wasson* and *Allegro* to deepen his understanding of the Soma myth function.

This pattern is visible in very real tradition to this very day. Humans of a shared love or karmic debt will gravitate towards one another, reforming and reliving patterns of existence they have played out for millennia. The same storyline will be lived out each time with very little alteration. If we give it space and run with the myth we find ourselves tapping into the rich wellspring of our ancestral and cultural links with these stories mapped into our DNA.

I have lived this, as have my blood brothers and sisters.

We share a few precious years with our own manifestation of the sun-god-man. A man who incarnates to play out the same story line again, to stand in a material body and enter the spiritual realm of his own free will to bring back wisdom and truth to his loved ones in the physical. Truly the death of the founder of a cult is the full initiation of its members.

Membership in such a cult is instinctive and karmic. We are talking about real brotherhood relationships which grow with time and are marked by the love and shared *experience* of love between them. This is deeper than the simplicity of the literally expressed Mannerbund, but the Mannerbund is relatively useless without it.

To live out this myth is to accept that the myth is being played out right now, right before your eyes. The sun is still rising in the sky, it still dies each summer and is reborn each winter, the wisdom of the gods is still wrested from the depths of the human unconscious, the demons of our failures still fought and the hard won truths passed from

spiritual father to spiritual son, teacher to student. Nothing has changed.

You should then be looking at the faces of your friends and loved ones, not as mere mortals, but as ancient heroes and villains manifesting throughout time and space, over and over again, repeating the same mythology that has always been repeated. Among you there will be a priest, a wizard, a solar teacher, who will be the lynchpin around which the group functions, the one who sacrifices something, time, love, physical health, or his life for the rest of you. There will be a warrior, a fighter, someone with hard hands who seeks violence to protect what you all love. There will be a builder, a smith, a lover, a traitor, a maiden, a Valkyrie, a Conan, a seductress, there will be all of these things, and they are the faces of *gods* not men.

Life is a game, dear friends, and not one that we take lightly, but one that we take seriously enough to laugh about. These contradictions are keys to a correct understanding of the spiritual aspect of the Centurion Method. For this is a cult no one can join, the membership closed years ago, when we were but children and our joy was marked by a lifetime's worth of laughter and memories of love that will never perish, *do you* have such memories?

The introduction to the hymns of Death in the Rig Veda has it best –

“Together, these hymns reveal a world in which death is regarded with great sadness but without terror, and life on earth is preciousely clung to, but heaven is regarded as

a gentle place, rich in friends and ritual nourishment, a world of light and renewal.”¹⁴

Eventually we all go back to the mud, our precious flesh which we have sculpted so hungrily (to gain a mate, to belittle friends, to master matter) becomes just so much rotting muck to be devoured by beetles and maggots. The flesh is transient and unimportant, it serves a purpose, to become a better expression *of who you are and always will be*. There is no goal greater or more important for the Kshatriya than to adequately express his definition of the divine pattern and hierarchy.

¹⁴ *The Rig Veda* Wendy Doniger pg 41.

The 13th Ritual – Secret Masters of Elbrus

This 13th and final ritual is the master stroke, the ultimate pathway, the skeleton key which must unlock the mysterious power present in each of the monthly festival observances. A key ritual which taps into the simple truths of the others becomes the highest and yet the most common ritual. Much like the Communion/Mass of the Protestants/Catholics or the daily ritual washing and praying of the Muslim, which are essentially the most sacred form of worship within the monotheistic cult, even though they're observed weekly or even daily. The 13th Ritual becomes the core meditation for the Praetorian, a kind of final retelling of the myth which is the Centurion Method's purpose.

This ritual, known as the *Secret Masters of Elbrus* is a distortion of the alleged practice of a nameless mystery cult rumoured to be held in a ruined castle in Westphalia. The ritual this cult observed was (allegedly) known as the *Secret Masters of the Caucasus* and involved the beheading of one of their devoted number, the handing around of his severed head and the drinking of the blood from his open neck. The Masonic, Templar and Baphometric implications are glaringly obvious. The Knights Templar were accused (among other things) of worshipping a severed head in the form of the Devil. Anyone researching the subject will find mention of worship of Mohammed (etymologically similar to Baphomet at its root) and a severed head held on a platter, the trampling or urinating on the cross, ritual sodomy and blasphemous oath sworn to the Temple Master. All of this in some mysterious form passed onto the Free Masons who still

worship John the Baptist in some forms and could be seen as being a rebel Essene cult that has survived beyond the Christian period.

John the Baptist as many will know had his head chopped off at the order of Salome, who has come to embody satanic salaciousness in the eyes of orthodox Christians. His head was brought to the throne room, where it levitated and began speaking and prophesying the rise of the (then) Essene cultist Joshua the Nazarite. Little did the severed head know that a clever and shrewd Romanised Jew named Saul would abduct and subvert the simple message of the Nazarite Essene and turn it into modern Christianity. As Christianity spread a small and rebellious sect of Essenes continued to practice their simplistic Gnostic/Grecian inspired polytheistic faith in secret whilst nominally pretending to be Jews, Christians or Muslims. Those sects eventually inspired the knights of various orders whilst they were in the Middle East during the Crusades and became the Templars, Masons, Bogomils, Cathars and various other heretical anti-Christian sects.

Core to each of these groups was a strange obsession with a cup of blood, or the Holy Grail, an old pagan symbol well known among the pre-Christian sects as being the symbolic cup which held the Soma/Haoma/Amrita/Ambrosia 'blood of the gods'. This Holy Grail was also symbolically equivalent with a severed head on a platter, the same symbol again, especially prevalent in the Irish/Celtic pantheon of myths. Usually a sacred Fairy King or warlord had his head chopped off (Bran for example) which was carried some distance back to a

sacred spot to be buried, the head would levitate and prophesy and pass on discarnate wisdom to the cult before being ritualistically interred near the Kings home. The similarity with both of these symbols to the basic myth of the Soma, a creature which was slain, beheaded, its blood drunk and then mastery of matter, godhead, illumination occurring to the drinker, is obvious. Jesus and John the Baptist simply had their myths transplanted onto the older pagan religion and the head of the Baptist subverted the head of the pagan King and the Holy Grail of Christ's blood subverted the blood cup of the sacred intoxicant.

What immediately struck me about the ritual observed by the more modern secret Germanic Mannerbund was the apparent core truth which the rite revealed. Here was a ritual where a knight/adept/initiate had his head ritually cut off and the skull was passed around which the other initiates drunk from as some kind of initiation or death ritual for reception of *power*. Regardless of the source, this kind of ritual symbolism cannot be ignored. It is well known how obsessed many modern occultists have become with grail myths, the Templars, the knights of Camelot, Masonic ritual, and pagan mythology. Perhaps in searching for the Holy Grail and 'not coming back with anything of substance', explorers like Otto Rahn did come back with the truth of the ritual hidden in their work, i.e. a ritual of sacrificial beheading and blood drinking for power and strength in battle.

Another part of the symbolism which I found particularly intriguing was the decision to name it *Secret Masters of the Caucasus*. Anyone looking for the origins of the

Germanic race, would be hard pressed to find a better candidate than the Caucasus mountains and the steppes of Turkey and southern Russia. The Indo-European language root is found in the *Mountain of Tongues* as the Arabs called it, in the Caucasus mountain range.

The Caucasus Mountains touch the Fertile Crescent of the Near East in ancient Babylon (Iraq), Persia (Iran), Russia, Turkey and the Baltic countries. Ironically it was these countries which spawned the Bogomil and Cathar cults before they spread into Europe and particularly France. It was also through this area that some of the Crusades would have had to march to get to the “Holy Land”, obviously exposing them to the Gnostic/Dualist faith of old Zoroaster.

Archaeologically the Caucasus does hold the title of the source of modern mankind, it is truly the *Mountain of Tongues* as the Arabs have always declared. The tallest peak in the Caucasus is Mt Elbrus, which according to Greek myth is where Zeus chained Prometheus, which is *perfect* for what we’re trying to explain. Here is the mountain where the gods chained the fallen god who had brought divine fire (speech/wisdom) to mankind. It is also of interest to note how similar Mt Elbrus sounds to the Grecian Titan Erebus, the father of darkness, and also the place the dead pass through on their way to the otherworld, interchangeable with Tartarus, or Hell. Mt Elbrus could be seen to also therefore mirror the hellish mountain upon which the first Cainite tribes found themselves after banishment from the mythical Garden of Eden due to their (and Lucifer/Prometheus’) transgression. Elbrus means “pine

cone” or “twisted object” pointing to a further mythical link with crookedness, being bent, hidden violence etc.

To add further mystery and weight to the idea of the Caucasus being the origin of modern man, the *Mount of Tongues*, we have the sacred sites in Turkey of Catal Huyuk and Gobekli Tepe. Catal and Gobleki are two of the oldest religious sites on earth, with Gobleki taking the current title, being built in 10,000 BC by one of the earliest Neolithic cultures. Allegedly built with nothing but flint or antler picks the workmanship and quality of both sites is incredible. The presence of a statue of a female figure, pregnant and fat seated on a lion headed throne with a skeletal figure at her back represents the simple beauty and high level of culture the Caucasus folk had achieved. The similarity with this and other images to those of the Indo-European pantheon is striking. The religious beliefs of this culture appear to focus almost entirely on animals and agriculture, much as our rural cultic observance of the Wheel of the Year does to this day. That presents us with an astounding link between our own observances now 12,000+ years *after* the use of sites such as Catal and Gobekli for the same purposes. Religion need not get any more complicated than that which is displayed in the Caucasus; that much is obvious. It is also highly interesting to note that the especially respected and highly regarded members of society in the burials at these sites had their heads separated from their bodies....more beheading in the Caucasus...

I'd like to also mention the Avestan/Persian sacred mountain of *Hara Berezaiti*, the high watchpost of the gods around which the stars and the planets revolve, and

described as being the source of all lands and waters. Could the Avesta have been pointing to the same ancestral homeland where all language, life, water, agriculture and farming *all* originated? If that homeland was in the Caucasus it also would have featured the mythological structure of the Soma/Haoma cult of beheading, intoxication and power worship through the Brahmin/Kshatriya, Priest/Warrior archetype.

So, what do we end up with when we put all of the pieces of this puzzle back together? Well, in my humble opinion we should strip this right back to the simplest symbols. The ritual was obviously inherited from the Grail myths, the Cathars, the Bogomils and the Templars etc. The ritual beheading of an initiate, the drinking of the blood obviously comes from an even older ritual focused in the Caucasus/Turkish burial mounds where the severing of a shaman or warrior's head was linked with inspiration and 'divining of power' from the deceased. Mount Elbrus as a site of importance, the *Mount of Tongues*, where the Arabs believed all language came from, corresponds to every mountainous abode where Indo-Europeans and the widely influenced cultures they met with on their travels focused their solar cults. So, simplify, strip back to basics.

1. Mountain
2. Beheading
3. Intoxication
4. Initiation
5. Blood drinking

For this ritual above any of the others, as it is supposed to be repeated whenever needed or the situation feels right, you effectively just need to *charge* the rite, doing it once as prescribed here and then you can do it anywhere you feel like.

What you'll need for this ritual then is a high place, a mountain top, hill top or somewhere you can be totally separate from the civilised and express the deepest 'steppe/mountainside' culture of the earliest Neolithic ritualism.

Next we'll need a ritual cup, ideally a human skull, which are quite easy to come by, if you have the bollocks to go digging. If you can't use a human skull, then you can make a skull from clay and cut out a hole on the underside to function as a cup/container. You could behead someone and drink their blood fresh from their naked skull ...

Lastly we'll need blood and an intoxicant to stand in for the Soma/Haoma, preferably your own blood, but again we'll leave that to you. There is also the idea in the Sivaite/Kali cults of the Hindu tradition of the eating of menstrual blood, regarded as one of the highest forms of feminine nature worship and the symbol has lived on in some applications of the Grail myth. For example one interpretation of the 'blood filled cup' could be a woman's fertile womb filled with her menstrual blood, drunk directly from the cup, implying a cunnilingus at the full moon, seemingly similar to the basic idea of a lot of Wiccan and Thelemite ritual in the Black Mass.

In terms of the intoxicant that is mixed with the blood it should be one of the ones with a long history of association with the area we're talking about. The much disputed Soma/Haoma/Ambrosia of the Vedic/Persian/Grecian myths has been substituted (or claimed to be) Amanita Muscaria (the red and white Fly Agaric mushroom), the Psilocybin mushroom, Datura, Henbane, Belladonna, Cannabis (bud flowers and oil mixed with milk known in Hindi as *bhang*) or plain old alcohol (wine, ale or mead). Each of these plants or substances have a long heritage of use in solar cult rituals as a form of divine blood and also as offerings in chthonic rituals to lunar deities in a kind of flying ointment or witch's intoxicant. Each of them will have a rich and vibrant ancestral lore which is worth your time exploring and studying before you begin to dabble with or meditate whilst under their influence.

So take your skull/cup to the isolated mountainous region, preferably on a black or new moon and meditate in the darkness, focusing on the communication with those *Secret Masters* and visualising yourself beyond the pales of time and space, beyond the laws of cyclical time and simultaneously back at the dawn of time and far in the future. You sit on the slope of the *Mountain of Tongues*, the *Hara Berezaity*, the *Mount Elbrus* and also the mountain you have chosen, all at once, everywhere at the same time.

The intoxicant you have chosen should have been pre-mixed at home or whilst it was still daylight, but now you are alone in the dark make sure you have the few tools you will need to proceed; your knife, the skull/cup, the intoxicant in a separate container and your own naked flesh.

Kneeling facing the east you will offer oath quietly and simply.

Now open up a vein in your arm (not deep enough that you bleed to death) and dribble a mouthful or more of blood into the skull/cup, mixing it with the intoxicant you have chosen so that you effectively have a grail full of the blood of the gods. This is now the Soma/Haoma/Ambrosia of the ancient myths, you have the disembodied head of John the Baptist, Baphomet, the first shaman, Abel in your hands and you are the Whore Salome, the Templar Knight, the first warrior, Cain, witch-priest-warrior-farmer. Drink from the cup. If there is more than one big gulp of blood then pour the rest on the floor as an offering to your ancestors and as fertilizer for your descendants. An offering of *yourself* for the power of the past and the promise of the future.

And in the time honoured tradition of the best kinds of witchcraft, that is *it*. Sit and meditate, take in your surroundings, meditate upon the skull, meditate upon the mystery we have discussed, all the elements proposed and synthesised. The oldest religion on earth focusing on separation of the head from the body, blood drinking, sacrifice, death and birth, the Soma function, all coming to a *head* in you, in your blood and your life.

You should remain outdoors, if not on the mountainside then in the lower valleys beside it for the remainder of the night, listening for communication and the presence of those you have contacted, depending of course on your environment and your ancestry.

EPILOGUE

The question from the beginning was always “*what is the Centurion Method*”? For so long so many people who contacted me and asked for access to the training manual or a copy of the PDF responded with “*it’s cross training for Viking re-enactors*”, missing the point completely. A lot of people thought this was military style workouts for people who are too scared to go into gyms, and even went as far as to masquerade it as such on their blogs or website reviews.

Certain elements within the Centurion Method will always be comparable to modern fitness fads and traditions within the fitness ‘scene’. But the key point is (and what I want everyone to take from this) the Centurion Method was always supposed to be so much more.

To reduce it to a workout regime or a system which makes someone fitter or faster or happier as a human is essentially akin to calling the Catholic Church a distributor of circular edible wafers. The Catholic Church may be a distributor of circular edible wafers but it is supposed to be (and was intended to be) the visible manifestation of the body of Christ on earth. Perhaps that is confusing.

One of the reasons I personally took the charge with handing the reins of the Centurion Method over to the practitioners in early 2013 was because it had so drastically shifted from what I perceived when I originally wrote the training manual.

For that reason I intended to keep this closing statement short, because we should have said enough in the previous 400 pages about what it is you should and should not construe the CM to be. If by this point the waters have

become more muddled than when you originally began reading, then good, we have succeeded.

Life is not a parable that can be understood with one short reading, we march day in day out between veils and mirrors and shadows and smoke of all the different incarnations of a thousand billion different karmic cycles, all warring against one another for supremacy.

Read again, and rethink your initial assumption.

It has been a pleasure writing these works, and whilst they may conflict, therefore approving a level of discordance which my allies and associates may disprove of, it has been a process I enjoyed, even when it was spiritually and socially destructive to do so.

It has also been a pleasure to stand and perhaps to know you, here on the edge of time, at the end of all things.

A handwritten signature in black ink, consisting of a horizontal line followed by several sharp, overlapping diagonal strokes that curve upwards and to the right.

Craig Fraser. 2014.

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