

The Carousel

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by [Mike Driver](#), [Winter Oak](#)

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“Everything a lie... Everything you hear, everything you see... So much to spew out... They just keep coming, one after another... You’re in a box... A moving box... They want you dead, or in their lie” – Terence Malick, *The Thin Red Line*

The carousel spins round and round, faster and faster, the music speeds up, louder and louder, everything becomes a blur of colour and noise, people laughing, shouting, some screaming. Screaming because they can never get off. And the controller? The controller is merciless: he never lets up, more noise, more speed, more lights.

Most have forgotten their lives before the carousel. They have become the carousel. The carousel doesn’t stop any more. Those of us who stepped off, while you still could, look back in fearful wonder. The carousel now half the size of the planet. Spinning, spinning like a crazed top. Never going anywhere. Our old friends can’t hear us. Nearly everyone is lost. Hypnotised. Hysterical. Hyper-stimulated.

“If the ideal man of ages past was wise, sensitive, brave, and cultured, the ideal man of the modern world is an overworked and overstimulated neurotic” – Nicolas Gomez Davila.

Is it too late? Is all hope lost?

I despair, those of you who saw through lockdowns, through the fraudulent vaccine, stepping back on to the carousel via war in Ukraine or The Middle East. As Malick says, everything is a

lie, everything you see, everything you hear they just keep coming. All wars are lies. All carousel. We've known this a long time: "In war, truth is the first casualty" – Aeschylus.

All media is the carousel, be it social or mainstream propaganda. All recent output from the entertainment complex is carousel: every plot contrivance, every character, every woke relationship. All modern music is syncopated evil blasting from the carousel's speakers. Ernst Jünger said, "The fear and enthusiasm we experience at the sight of perfect mechanisms are in exact contrast to the happiness we feel at the sight of a perfect work of art".

Politics? Left? Right? Bright flashing red and blue lights, all camouflage. It's all manipulation. Vote for Rishi Starmer, get more of the same with extra trans. Musk, Trump, Kennedy (heartbreakingly), Milel, Meloni? None of these people are coming to save you. All lies. All carousel. Emma Goldman's classic quote holds true: "If voting changed anything they'd make it illegal".

Anything with an acronym is carousel: ESG, DEI, CIA, WHO, UN, EU, NATO, WEF, CDC, MRHA, BBC, X, NASA, NSA, etc etc

L.I.E.S. All centralising power to the controller who then spins you round faster and faster, creating crisis after crisis. The only solution is the carousel.

Academia? Make your choice between propaganda or plagiarism. Indoctrination in some bizarre pound shop sub-satanic cult is the most you can hope for. The blank gaze of the carousel.

Weaponised compassion is carousel, see it everywhere: environmentalism, equity, entitlement. Lies, lies, lies. "Why wasn't this perfume sold and the money given to the poor?" That one was Judas, the prototype woke warrior.

Technology is carousel, it is your prison. It holds you tighter than a fat angler with a fish. Chubby fingers pushed

into every orifice of your life. Anti-human, anti-humanity. Porn, horror, degradation only a touch away. The convenience lies. All you have to pay for it is your soul. A fat man with breasts takes your payment while his eyes take a walk all over you. Nothing is sacred. Nothing private. Nothing matters. The glass vampire never stops feeding: "A world gained for technology is lost for liberty" – Georges Bernanos

All psychology is marketing for the carousel. The creation of needs that can only be satisfied by the carousel. Freud's greatest illusion was marketing a confidence trick as a new science. Now his demon seed is in every aspect of our lives via Bernays and subsequent acolytes.

Your consent is engineered. Nudge, nudge, wink, wink. You are the product and you are being consumed.

Science is inverted. 'The Science' is the carousel's religion. The ultimate delusion of control. Man replacing God. The ultimate hubris. Everything deterministic. No new, no mystery, no future, no freedom, no free will. Just the ride going round and round. Infinite regression. The past erased.

Who owns the carousel? How can we stop it? Is it too late? The first level of ownership is represented by some fusion of state and multinational business. Classic Mussolini-defined fascism. But there's more to it than that. The carousel pulses a malevolence that is beyond human. Something that should alarm your very being. Gravitational evil. Once you recognise evil you then must acknowledge its opposite: good.

Make no mistake, this is a battle royal between good and evil. Christmas seems like the right time to find this good within ourselves. I believe that it's all about letting go of the carousel. Returning to God. Allowing implicate order and beauty into your life. It can be stopped.

There's a line from Tarkovsky's *The Sacrifice* (h/t Celia Farber) which I'll paraphrase –

“What is evil?”

“Everything that is not necessary”.

It’s not too late to let go.

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