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FREN-Z

THE FREN MAGAZINE

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THE

NAZI-SOZI

Questions & Answers for National-Socialists
by Dr. Joseph Goebbels

An invaluable look at the NSDAP's positions from the early 1930s.

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EDITORIAL: Horror, Tragedy, and Scary Movies

by FREN-Z Editor-in-Chief Bax Atos Xore

edited by Joel F. Carberry

I love horror films—the rising tension, the slow elimination of players from the field, the dread as something otherworldly is revealed. Films focused on the unpleasant nature of things—ultraviolence, gore, and drawn out suffering—are closer to porn than art, and I don't care as much for them. These things are horrible, insofar as they're intensely unpleasant, but, in the best horror stories, tragedy is at the center.

When teenagers are sliced to the sinew by demonic beasts, it's inherently tragic, even if those characters were engaged in hedonism. Teenagers do stupid things, many of which are forgivable. Even as we cheer for the slasher to work through the most obnoxious teens first, we know on another level that, in reality, young death is to be despised.

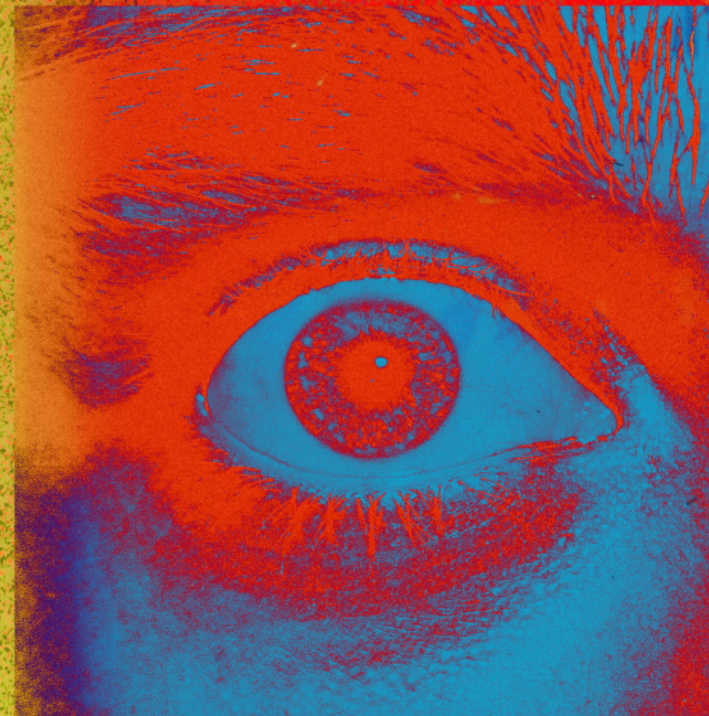
Horror is tragedy. The idea of experiencing a severe tragedy is what scares us. A chainsaw-wielding freak might be put down with a well-placed bullet, but we too often reduce fear to a present stimulus (a cult chasing you, a ghost haunting you, an armed transsexual entering a school zone) when the average person's day-to-day fears are more abstract.

We forgive those going through tragedies when they abdicate, and this empathy is evoked in horror because protagonists often experience absurd tragedies, yet they refuse to abandon their posts. Many traditional horror protagonists are willing to face their worst fears in service of doing what they know to be right: resistance of evil, pursuit of survival, malicide. No wonder we admire these heroic characters and look to them for inspiration.

Characters who can't rise to this moral challenge end up with their insides leaking outside. Even relatively small infractions—drinking, smoking marijuana, premarital sex—cost characters their lives. Their on-screen deaths go beyond the discomfort and fear of a tragedy, becoming symbolic warnings. If a viewer does hard drugs, they may not be accosted by space aliens, but they're likely to ruin their own life, harm someone else, or get themselves killed. No one wants to watch endless films about the dangers of being irresponsible, so irresponsibility is turned into a monster-of-the-week metaphor to make it more interesting for the viewer.

Then, there are the characters who deserve to have their skulls vacated, the crafted, overt targets for our hatred: the gleefully cruel, the sophists, the subversives, the corrupt, the irredeemables created to give us a guilt-free *schadenfreude* as we bathe in their slaughter. There's no tragedy here, the bastards had it coming, and the audience is allowed to indulge in their gruesome ends.

Other genres can demonstrate these moral lessons, but horror stories are particularly good for the job. I'm also a big fan of the genre, so I've selected two films to share with you this All Hallows' Eve: *Forces Occultes* (1943) and *The Changeling* (1980). For those who care, this is your warning: spoilers ahead on pages 34-49, where this article continues.



A KANTIAN HORROR STORY

Original Text by Anonymous, Thu 26 Oct 2017 02:49:38 /pol/ No. 146695892

Art by Bax

This text has been altered to fit the magazine.

As Kant says, morality consists of freedom, and freedom consists of reason's control over our physical desires. To be constrained by the people and substances around you is a heteronomy of the soul.

Imagine a man that is addicted to sugar and junk food. As soon as he wakes up he must stuff his face with hardened corn syrup cakes in milk. He has been gaining weight and is unhappy with how he looks, he doesn't feel as well as he used to, and minor pains bring him fear for reasons unknown to him. He knows he should do better, but he can't.

He has a cigarette once an hour. As soon as he puts it out his anxiety raises until he needs another one. His lungs feel heavy when he wakes up and he can't run.

His entertainment offers nothing but the constant stimulation of flashing colors and pseudointellectual platitudes, their cliché nihilistic messages help put out the fuse of his existential anxiety. Another joke is made. The connection of meaning is made in his head effortlessly. He automatically smiles and feels a sense of enjoyment, which will leave him feeling more empty than before, just like the insulin spike from his morning cereal.

After this, he's compelled to his laptop. Because of the constant novelty and dopamine saturation of pornography, he requires ever more obscure videos in order to get off. He is highly specific in what he needs, and clicks through some hundreds of videos in a matter of minutes, searching for a brand new video that will accommodate his fetish. He cums and feels disgusted with himself.

That night, his girlfriend asks him again why he never wants to sleep with her. He says he has just been tired lately. He has been conditioning his brain to porn every day for many years. He is completely desensitized to normal reward mechanisms.

To feel truly good is to live morally, which is the same as to be free.



THE NIGGER

A Parody of Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven," Submitted by Anonymous.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a loud and repugnant volume of jigaboo lore—

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a rapping,
As if some white-palmed hands dreadfully clapping, nig-beats in
bars, rapping at my chamber door.

"'Tis some half-brain?," I muttered, "rapping at my chamber door—
Only a nigger and nothing more."

Presently my annoyance grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"YOU FUCKING NIGGER!" said I, "get out of here, I implore!
As the fact is I was napping, and so NIGGERLY you came rapping,
And so loudly you came clapping, RAPPING at my chamber door!"

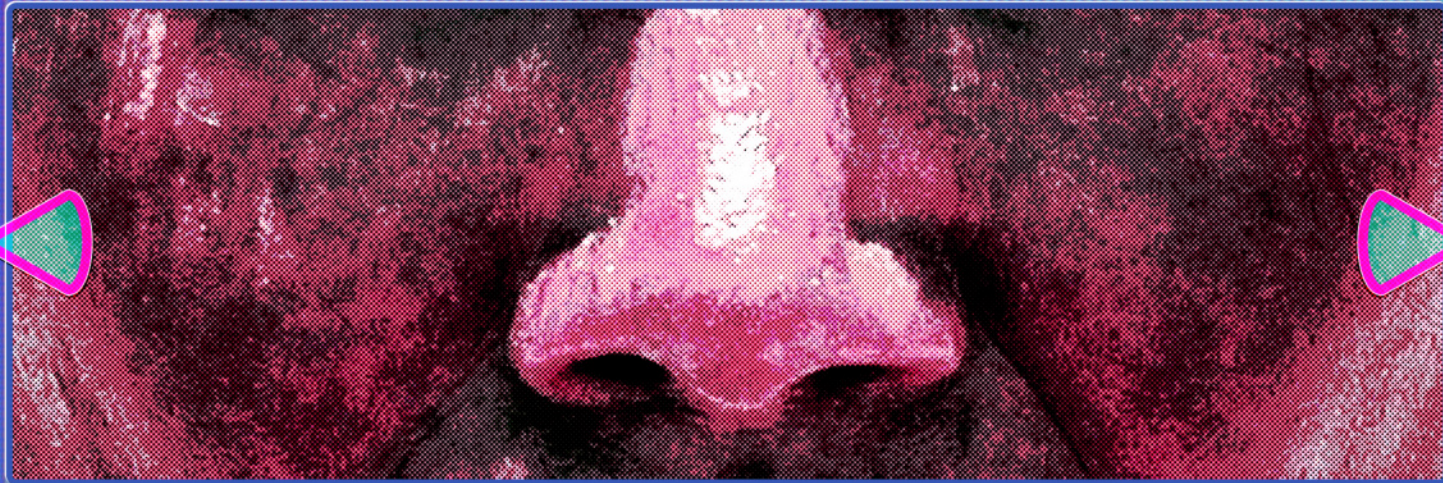
Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
At the RAGE that built inside, burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I saw revealing, that this NIGGER was now stealing!
Stealing a bike off my FLOOR!!!!

And the Nigger, always niggling, on my bike was still there SITTING!
"GET OFF MY BIKE YOU NIGGER BASTARD! DARKIE SON-OF-A-WHORE!!!!!"
And his eyes had all the seeming of a monkey's that is scheming
And the street light o'er him streaming through his nappy hair, to my floor;
And from out of that shadow I drew and aimed my .44.
DIE, YOU NIGGER!!!! NEVERMORE!!!!



HEY ANON?

WHAT IS YOUR RACIAL BACKGROUND?
I'M INTERESTED IN CALLING YOU A SLUR.



Original Text by Anonymous, Tue 25 Feb 2025 14:44:33 /pol/ No.498621646
Visual Concept by Choccy Milk Enjoyer
Art by Bax Atos Xore

The MUTTMAKR6M

FREEMASONRY REVEALED

by Hans Tancred & *Der Aufbau's* Staff



Originally Published as Special Editions of *Der Aufbau*, 1935-1938
archive.org/details/TancredHansFreimaurerAufreuehrerJuden193832S.ScanFraktur
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Arthur's Had Enough

Originally Posted to Facebook by Arthur Frayn

This short piece was shared around social media some time ago. We do not know the precise date of posting, but the sentiment captured here is timeless. This excerpt has been altered and expanded from the original. Our alterations do not necessarily reflect the views of Mr. Frayn and he is not involved in any way with our publication, nor did he approve the use of this excerpt.

Nobody gave a flying fuck about homosexuality until the left hyper-fixated on it, making it into a moral and political bludgeon. You're a tiny, insignificant portion of the population. The world does not revolve around your sexual fetishes. You idiots have created an army of enemies where before there were none. Good job.

Five years ago, I was totally indifferent, but now, after years of hysterics, pearl clutching, demonizing, and obnoxious political theatrics, I'm totally opposed to homosexuality. I'd be willing to outlaw it. Look at the astronomical CDC stats on gays and sexually transmitted diseases. You're basically walking Petri dishes, so there is a clear, legitimate public interest in prohibiting your behaviors. It's basically a public health issue, and that's just scratching the surface. You're deluded if you think the only criticisms we can make of homosexuality are rooted in religion. People become a lot more amenable to this view when you start tying homosexuality to communism, open borders, the destruction of the family, or a politics that ignores the financial and social impossibility of having children. People don't have to be religious at all to come around to this view. Surprise!

Do you realize how pathetic you sound? The ridiculous navel gazing and whinging about your little degenerate bourgeois bullshit, while half the country sinks into despair because they have no future? Goldman Sachs showers pride parades with corporate money because they want you to keep voting for open border, cheap labor, mass immigration, even after 40 years of wage stagnation. It's nauseating, but none of this ever occurred to you because you're the star of your own lifetime movie—we're just the extras or the villains.

Go right ahead and keep trying to shame us as "bigots" for not making your sexual choices the center of our cultural and political life, because all it does is get people to start considering legitimate reasons to prohibit homosexuality—and reasons do exist. You're about to find that out the hard way.

You let the neoliberal left turn you into political props. Your fetishes became an ideological fad for the cool kid, fashion statement left, and now we're telling you to fuck off. Let me know when you get run out of a job for being a homosexual; or hit with a bike lock by some lunatic while the mass media cheers and snickers; or put away for 10 years after defending yourself from assault, all while the police look on and do nothing, because they were ordered to stand down, knowing that the media would paint you as a monster. Let me know when your homosexuality is used to justify deplatforming you, or waging lawfare against you.

When you're called a degenerate, it isn't oppression—the person you're speaking with is just telling you the truth instead of encouraging your self-destructive lifestyle. You should be angrier at the people who let you make a fool of yourself while telling you it was normal to shove stuff up your ass.

Forces Occultes (1943)

Even with NSDAP wartime censorship, there were still several notable works of fantasy, sci-fi, and horror produced. When these films were allowed, it was because they were seen as artistically valuable or morally instructive. *Forces Occultes* (English: *Occult Forces*) is noteworthy because it was commissioned by the NSDAP as a propaganda piece, so it was not only approved but requested.

Directed by former Freemason Jean Mamy (working under the pseudonym "Paul Riche") and produced in France during the German occupation, *Forces Occultes* is part documentary. It depicts the rituals of 1930s French Freemasonry, as well as the political fallout from Masonic schemes, with the ultimate result being France's entry into the second World War and the general mobilization of France's troops. These events are tragic, and they are presented to us with dark, moody visuals that underscore the horror of the protagonist as he inadvertently helps to destroy his own nation. The primary intent of the film was to expose the moral corruption of Freemasonry and the historical role they played in the war,

with entertainment taking a backseat to these ideological goals.

Mamy was executed after the war for his role in producing this film, as was the film's producer, Robert Muzard. The film's writer, Jean Marquès-Rivière, was imprisoned. As the film itself portrays, Masons punish deserters by pain of death, and they apparently did not appreciate Mamy's public disclosure of Masonic rites.

The film opens with the image of a spider's shadow, which gives way to a large prop spider with the image of a masonic compass printed on its back. Soon, we're shown Deputy Avenel giving a speech in which he lambastes every major political clique from 1930s France. Following his speech, we see a private conversation between two other deputies, Dubois and Dedon. Dubois questions which Masonic lodge Avenel belongs to, and he is surprised when Dedon states Avenel is not a Mason. Dubois assumed that Avenel was a Mason acting out for oblique or foolhardy reasons, rather than thinking that Avenel might be an honest man. The two resolve to recruit Avenel into Masonry, so they ask one of the local Masonic leaders, Deputy Larivière, to induct him. Larivière, being already acquainted with Avenel, quickly talks him into joining the local lodge.

We witness a series of interrogations and rituals. Avenel is forced to wear a blindfold for most of the process, save for his time in the "Chamber of Reflection," which is an isolated room lined with human skeletons. A small group of Masons lead the blindfolded Avenel in front of a large Masonic audience, all the while pressing their swordpoints against him. During the ceremonies, they constantly refer to themselves and Avenel as being moral, and they make him swear on his honor that he won't betray their trust: repeated conditioning to convince the initiate they're immoral if they rebel against Freemasonry. The obvious Jewishness of this tactic might go without saying, but not by me.



The Masonic Spider from the Film's Opening

During these proceedings, Avenel is first made to drink wine, then made to drink a milky white substance from a bottle labeled "FIEL." The consumption of the fiel is a multilayered symbolic act. In a sense, it is a simulated poisoning, as Avenel is first given regular wine before having that swapped with the fiel, and he is not expecting a bitter, unpleasant drink. He does not even see the liquid and cannot know what he has consumed, which brings about a similar psychological discomfort to a poisoning. Avenel has no choice but to trust that he isn't being murdered, but, considering that "fiel" is French for "bile," there's no mistake that he's being given something nasty. The ceremony leader explains that the drink represents the "bitterness and remorse" of betrayal should Avenel ever try to stand against the Masons.

This also moves the bar, making lesser demands easier to stomach. If one is willing to be blindfolded and force-fed bile, what is a small social favor or two in comparison? It is certainly more pleasant to drink whiskey, smoke cigars, and trade business cards than it is to be led around at swordpoint, and that difference is even starker when the two situations occur back-to-back (as they do for Avenel).

These initiation ceremonies act as a simulation. They create noise for disorientation, introduce physical stimuli, and induce loss of balance with a seesaw-like board that Avenel must walk over. All of this is done to Avenel while he's still blindfolded, so he cannot see that these things are not real, and he goes into this ritual with no foreknowledge of the contents. He doesn't even get to see the room he's led into, so, for all Avenel knows, he really is walking down a long, uneven path, lined with swordsmen, before crossing a pit of fire. It is only when the blindfold is lifted as part of a ceremonial enlightening that Avenel learns the mechanisms used in the simulation. When the initiate is enlightened, they're shown that the ritual was not what it appeared—a recurring theme in the film and in Masonry itself.



The duality of their ritual is made explicit. Avenel cannot see while they refer to “the light” in a metaphorical sense, representing knowledge. The ritual leader says, “Give him the light on the third tap of the hammer,” taps the hammer three times, and then they pull off the blindfold. The first thing he sees: dozens of men, swords drawn, masks on, ready to kill him. This merges enlightenment metaphors with physical stimuli. In that moment of ceremony, the image fixed in Avenel's mind—the first thing he sees upon being enlightened—is a threat, and from his own Masonic brothers. Thus, the final truth of this simulated enlightenment is that the initiate is at the mercy of

Freemasonry, their success now depends upon it, and any attempts at escape will result in the initiate's own death.

After the initiation, it becomes a social club. They all drink and smoke cigars. An appropriately named Levy-Stein approaches Avenel, gives him his card, and explains that he sells “everything, from hats, to socks, to soap, at unbelievable prices.” It is straight to business dealing. The leader then asks Avenel to arrange the services of a tobacconist for one of the other Masonic brothers, to which Avenel replies, “At your service.” They don't start by asking for major political favors, they start by asking for harmless business networking favors, and for Avenel to support the creation of a Legion of Honor for giving out political decorations (like giving someone an honorific title or a superficial challenge coin).

The banality of it all might be relatable. Some of this is stuff that you and your buddies might do. Friends often promote one another and this presents a front of harmless normalcy to Avenel. It's a classic frog boil as they slowly ask for more serious favors over time, Avenel being conditioned to always say yes.

Soon they ask him to place people into positions where they would have actual power, to influence criminal trials so that guilty Masons go free, and to push for immoral laws because they would benefit Masonry. They induct Serge Alexandre Stavisky into their lodge (a historical Jewish fraudster who plagued France with his antics at the time), at which point Avenel finally begins to rebuke the other Masons.

This transitions to a focus on the real-world Stavisky affair. Disgusted with their corruption, a mob marches on the Chamber of Deputies, in which all of the Masonic politicians are barricaded with police protection. Larivière assures Avenel that the crowd will disperse soon because it is getting late and the protesters must be tired. Then, the crowd tries to break the police barricade, and some men are shot dead. The focus is on the horror of Avenel as he realizes that the police have just killed innocent people—people whose only crime was trying to root out the corruption that the Freemasons had wrought.

Forces Occultes presents a social horror. Avenel has obligations to these people. Of his own volition, he swore multiple oaths, on pain of dishonor and death, and now he's shackled to a corrupt organization that, by Avenel's characterization, is poisoning France: “You're destroying this country by poisoning it slowly!” Avenel clearly loves France and the French people. He displays open disgust towards the requests of his Masonic brothers, even when he is forced to comply, and he remarks that he wishes he could have been in the mob that was being shot at by the police, rather than being protected.

A 360 Degree Panning Shot, Demonstrating that Avenel is Surrounded



A Tracking Shot from the Chamber of Reflection, with Human Remains, Jewish Symbols, and a Nervous Avenel



It is easy to sympathize with Avenel—who hasn't been in a situation where they felt social pressure to do something wrong? Now imagine being perpetually stuck in that situation, a Jewish cult will kill you if you try to leave, and the things they're asking you to do will damn your entire country.

Larivière is shown to control French politics from the comfort of his office, ruling via a rotary telephone. He calls the heads of local banks, newspapers, and political parties, arranging an overall narrative and Overton shift, with an aim of controlling the Front Populaire (a real political coalition that had Communist leanings). Avenel arrives, intent on resigning from Freemasonry, and he delivers his best monologue of the film: “I don't understand. So many virtues declared in the program on the door. So many mysteries inside, just to cover up these little schemes and the committee members' own appetites. I expected to find devoted men, if not superior men! Instead, I met people begging for tobacconists, or for political decoration, or rogues looking to use me to escape their prison sentences! Apart from them, sloganeers, those ignorant of everything, who know nothing of the history of their own country, nothing of world history, nothing of politics, nothing of philosophy—nothing! Empty heads with long teeth and insane tongues. And these people govern France!”

For the rest of the film, Avenel brazenly speaks out against the Masons, until he has an outburst during a lodge meeting. He declares Masonry to be a “sinister comedy” before storming out. Within minutes, the Masons decide to have him assassinated. Three men ambush him, stabbing him as they cover his mouth to dampen his screams. Avenel survives the attack and is hospitalized. The Masons take the opportunity to slander him through their controlled press while he's out of commission, alleging that he has a habit of visiting shady areas, such as the one he was stabbed in. They also call him “mentally deranged” in the paper to further discredit him if he tries to speak out. Physical assassination having failed, they try character assassination instead. As Avenel recovers consciousness in the hospital, he can hear troops marching outside, and he's informed that it's the general mobilization of troops for entry into the war. This was what Avenel was fighting to prevent. He ends the film a broken man, his body damaged, his reputation ruined, and his country subverted into self-destruction.

