

April 6th, 2007

Why the name “Warrior’s Machete”?

By admin

Ockham’s Razor is a principle attributed to the 14th-century English logician and Franciscan friar William of Ockham. In Latin this principle is expressed various ways: “*ex parsimoniae*” (law of succinctness); “*entia non sunt multiplicanda praeter necessitatem*” (entities should not be multiplied beyond necessity); “*numquam ponenda est pluralitas sine necessitate*” (never posit pluralities without necessity).

The term “Razor” refers to the act of “shaving away unnecessary assumptions” when explaining any phenomenon so to get at and then use the simplest explanation. All things being equal, the simplest explanation tends to be the best one, and also the one most likely to be true; one should embrace the less complicated explanation.

Success in my OWN life has been achieved by the continual, persistent application of this simple, clear principle of simple, clear truth.

I’ve titled this blog “*Warrior’s Machete*” because my name is, in fact, “Warrior” and, taking creative liberty here, I’ve exchanged razor for what I believe would be a warrior’s more appropriately brutal cutting weapon. I live by a warrior philosophy of life conceived by unique life experiences, and many years of serious introspection and enlightened self-study. My Creator endowed me with naturally high testosterone levels, unusual self-discipline, stalwart refusal to compromise right with wrong, and a very low tolerance for hypocrites, liars, enablers, piecemeal practice of principle, emasculated males, political-correctness, and oppressive, anti-freedom caca that doesn’t work in the private backyard of my own individual life. I am a “Being” Created with the ability to judge, so I do; and I judge myself just as harshly as I do others. I am, also, a male inspired by men who have held greater ideals and have done much greater things than any of us who are living today.

I deliver the beliefs, inspiration, ideas, thoughts, critiques and opinions on this blog with the chunk-removing force of a Machete swung by a warrior male who believes that, to sever off the unnecessary ambivalence, potentially confusing equivocation and inane relativistic entrenchment, the swing must be carried out with a mighty and annihilating follow-through.

Without apology, regret or remorse, Warrior’s Machete provides lean, muscular wisdom without fat or wiggle(room) and holds ALL human beings and their ideas and their actions to a classical, times-past standard of heroism, responsibility, integrity and commonsense, and brave, bold, stout manliness.

(To know more about the human being behind this blog, the man named Warrior, see “Notable Links” located on the right sidebar here on this blog.)

Tuesday, May 15th, 2007 at 6:27 pm

[Warrior Web — Home of Warrior. Hello!](#)

By admin

For nearly 11 years now "[Warrior Web](#)," my official web presence, has been online. In the spring of 2007, "Warrior's Machete," this blog, was created to take advantage of the tighter organization and simpler viewer navigation blogs better provide over websites, especially one like "[Warrior Web](#)" which has acted as the only archive for hundreds and hundreds of pages of updates, commentary, discussion and opinion.

For the most part, all of what was at "[Warrior Web](#)" has been transferred, incorporated and is now stored here at "Warrior's Machete." (*This writing was posted mid-May 2007, so re-uploaded files are continually coming online *until* they are all transferred.) Still, the site remains and sometimes there are links here on the blog that take you to one of its pages.

For instance, this "[Warrior Web](#)" Welcome page (great graphics!) and its essay which has always existed at the site to say Hello! and provide a general overview about me and what you can expect to find therein, or, as the case is now, herein at the blog. That essay is provided here below, as well.

Welcome to [Warrior Web](#). The official web presence of the man who Created, Performed and OWNs The Ultimate Warrior. I am that man. My (full, legal) name is Warrior.

First, the slaughtering of a few inveterate rumors.

- 1) There was only one Ultimate Warrior. That is, in Sports Entertainment there was only one person who "did" Ultimate Warrior — that was me. There were not different guys or a twin brother or look-a-like cousins who also "did" him. I created him; I was the only one who ever legally and legitimately performed him; and I own the USPTO legally registered trademark rights of Ultimate Warrior as an Intellectual Property.
- 2) I am not dead. Nor have I ever died. Don't laugh. There are plenty of kooks (too many) who write and inform me that I am or that I have — and then demand I write back and confirm it!
- 3) I lead an active, constructive and fulfilling life. Despite inaccurate rumors, vindictive mischaracterizations, and flagrant defamation claiming otherwise, the reality is I have built an incredibly empowered life on my OWN terms. As a devoted husband and father, I could not have custom-ordered a more loving, healthy, spirit-filled, and happy home life. And as a man who has throughout his whole life been inspired by the setting of new goals and their different challenges, and the ability to think for oneself which accompanies these, my day-to-day life environment is creative, productive, and positive.

To find those who truly have self-destructed, keep your eye on the obituaries and visit the gravesides of other WWF/E talent who've died of various forms of self-indulgence, beginning with their refusal to mature as real men and grow up and act their age. When you are done there, go look into the hollow-souled eyes of those Sports Entertainment figures you once thought defiant, strong, proud, and independent who've crawled back into the cave to have their minds, lives and characters controlled because they were afraid of being real men, afraid of the real world and real challenges, and felt safer, as Plato showed us, viewing the shadows from the inside.

If you've believed any of these rumors you were duped. Plain and simple. If you want to continue to believe them — as some, for whatever sick reason, do — then I can assure you the objective, sane, clearheaded thinking going on here will be of little interest to you.

Warrior Web found its way into digital existence late 1996-early 1997 (just after my last appearance in the WWF). I took a simple software program that was available back then and I threw it together. My goal was to simply have a web presence. Nothing fancy. Just something easy that would recognize Ultimate Warrior's existence and that I could use as a forum to discuss all that lie ahead for me in a future outside the ring I positively looked forward to getting on with.

Although since its inception both the site and I have gone through some changes, Warrior Web in its simplest, yet significant, terms still remains a journal about my life and my interests, and the beliefs that make up the philosophy of life by which I live and its natural, healthy evolution.

If you have come here expecting to find endless archives of Ultimate Warrior wrestling analysis, biography and fanship, you've come to the wrong place. I am a man who believes setting different challenging goals and learning new things is something you do throughout your life. No matter the degree of previous success. When it was my goal to succeed in sports entertainment, I devoted everything I had to give — time, energy, thinking: every breath of my life. Now that it is no longer my goal, I don't.

It's not that I do not appreciate all those who were fans. I most certainly do. I've never forgotten (or will ever forget) how instrumental fans were to Ultimate Warrior's success. Anybody who communicates with me through the site, met me out in public casually or professionally on one of my speaking engagements, knows this very well. But my life has moved on to other really productive, positive, and spectacular goals, and my time today is very much spent on those, learning from them, enjoying and succeeding at them; all of them at this moment, outside a wrestling ring.

Each day new visitors to Warrior Web write comments to me similar to this: "I started to read what you had to say; at first I was under the mistaken impression that you were quite possibly still running around doing your character from the ring. But, after reading further reading, I found that you had deep insights, you had used your experiences to shape and strengthen you."

Well, for starters, if you came here expecting that the guy who created the Ultimate Warrior gimmick would not be intense, I guess you're going to be in for a surprise. After all, the intensity and physical explosiveness Ultimate Warrior displayed is the most fixed impression you and the Sports Entertainment industry will never, ever forget. (Witnessing how so many others have so pathetically tried, many even under the duress of management instruction, to replicate it sadly informs all of us of the hard-nosed reality of this.) Yes, wrestling is choreographed, but there are just some personality aspects of the business and its talent that can't be faked. Ultimate Warrior ran because I was running him. He was intense because I already was. So mind your manners and be thankful that I'm an old-fashioned kind of guy who believes there are some traditions better left unchanged. My natural personal intensity is one. It never will. Whatever I am doing – wrestling, writing, working out, speaking, even weaving pot holders — I am going to do it with action and intensity.

It also seems very natural to me that I have allowed my experiences to shape and strengthen me. And I am always a little surprised others are surprised that I have. I just don't think it is a thing to be surprised by — or give praise to. I think it is better that we save ourselves to be surprised, and ashamed, of others who don't. It's also just as natural that my philosophy of life — fostered by my life experiences — was forged, and has subsequently evolved throughout the years, by experiences that are entirely unique to my life. I am who am I today, and in the past been who've I've been, in direct accordance to the sum total effect of the experiences I have had at any distinct moment along the timeline of my life. I wasn't the same whole person after I had the experience of my wrestling career as I was before; and the same holds true, now, 20 years after my beginnings in that industry and 10 years removed from it altogether.

Misbelieve what you want, but “Ultimate Warrior” as a “persona” didn't just drop from the sky and create itself out of thin air. I created and performed and evolved him, creatively, out of who I was and what I believed at the time. “Persona” is, after all, even uncannily more so considering my Ultimate Warrior gimmick and his performance apparel, Latin for “the psyche behind the mask, the soul behind the exterior of one's character as one presents it to the world, masking one's inner thoughts, feelings.”

Ultimate Warrior was simply and purely an exterior amplification of my own character, creativity, and charisma — my OWN ideas and my OWN beliefs; all of them attributes which a character like The Ultimate Warrior would have to be made of. There was no one to hold my hand or nobody who handed me the gimmick and instructed me about how to portray and evolve him. Yes, “no one” and “nobody” includes Vince McMahon and his sycophants.

For twenty-five years before I ever crossed paths with the unusual proposition of getting in the pro-wrestling business, my “character” was inevitably shaped and strengthened by my other life experiences that had already well-forged the philosophy of life I entered the business holding.

Ultimate Warrior's philosophical core paralleled my own — and that is what, I believe, contributed, in largest part, to his success.

Ultimate Warrior was a “persona” who embodied energy, strong work-ethic, unconquerable determination, self-discipline, self-responsibility, self-accountability, and self-belief. He was

inspired by great acts and ideas, and believed in time-honored virtues like integrity, honor, loyalty, and heritage. He was interested in actualizing the potential of his life, being the best as much as he was created to be, and believed in earning what he got by his own merits.

He creatively engaged inspiration and guidance from the warriors of the past. He believed in the worthiness and honor in seeking challenge and making sacrifice. He believed in an immortal spiritual existence, a continued karmic interaction and connectedness with the souls and spirits of warriors who had already lived and warriors yet to live; time past working energetically with present time and time yet to come.

He also believed in that basic, classic battle cause, the singular reason to stand up and step in and fight for what you believe, even if you had to give your life for it: Good vs Evil. There was one or the other, just like there was either right or wrong, true or false, and he had no tolerance for any forms in-between.

Ultimate Warrior believed that life meant more than just a purposeless passing of time, an insignificant trek from its birth to its death. He believed in destiny, not coincidence, and ideals that were greater and longer living than just the time period of his one life. No one gave ME these creative expressions — they came from inside.

Like it or not, believe it or not, accept the reality of it or not, nothing is more clear: One cannot do what one is not capable of. *Ex nihilo nihil fit* (Nothing is created from nothing).

So it was, too, that the disciplines, traits, virtues, and beliefs that made me capable of creating and performing Ultimate Warrior would, in time, also be the same disciplines, traits, virtues, and beliefs giving me the strength and confidence to reject certain personal behaviors and business practices of people and go on beyond Sports Entertainment and achieve other goals. Looking back now, 20 years removed from the beginning, it's clear to see that it was inevitable that sports entertainment would be only a chapter in my life, not a whole book.

It's so eerily ironic. When all I'd been given was the opportunity to prove what I had to offer, I was praised and awarded great success for exploiting my unique disciplines and beliefs through the performances of the Ultimate Warrior persona. Then, they got behind the self-disciplined goal-setter and serious soulsearcher and introspective person I was. Then, the popularly embraced character (by a huge fanbase that still survives today) and indisputable success of the character never bothered those who owned and ran the company. Yet today (and for the last 10 years), I'm vilified, ridiculed and portrayed as being "Self-Destructive" and as having "confused fantasy with reality" for, in truth, simply having the courage and confidence to use my OWN creativity, make my OWN choices, and take my OWN risks to pursue success at life challenges and goals other than pro-wrestling. Oh, there's something sickminded and sorry about it, all right, and there's definitely someone who's committing perversion. But it isn't I who needs counseling or needs to apologize.

The truth about me is much more than what you think you know. I am a man who likes to have his head where his life actually is. At 47 years of age, I am a man who believes it is a natural expectation that a male should rise up to the different phases of maturity, masculinity and

mentoring that he comes to stand before in his life with dignity and a wiser life perspective, not stoop down to in a pitiful, immature attempt to psychologically fit in with youth 20- 30 years younger. It's a long time adage of mine: when one grows up, one should think and act like it. It's my personal belief that this tradition is not being put into practice enough by people who are of an age to abide by it.

Although certainly an atypical career experience, being involved and highly successful in sports entertainment by creating and performing a persona like the Ultimate Warrior, make no mistake, it is certainly not the only experience that has made me the man I am today. Warrior Web exist to reveal what has. If you came with any preconceived "silly ideas" you should probably set them aside for the time being and get ready for the lesson of your life. Around here, those kind of childish misconceptions are accustomed to being destroyed.

Now imagine having the physical intensity and creative energy to perform Ultimate Warrior practically day in and day out, throughout the year without fail, year after year. Now imagine you aren't doing that anymore. That energy has to go someplace. I didn't let myself down. I got busy pursuing other goals.

The site is divided into Body, Mind and Soul because these are the three pillars of the philosophy of life I live by and have used to succeed not only in my Sports Entertainment career, but at life. These are the three fundamental faculties I was endowed with at birth to make my way here on this planet we call Earth. And they are what I've long used to guide and build the structure, quality and end-destiny of my life.

Here at Warrior Web I've put down plenty of serious thoughts in my own words. There are many. Some going back to 1997. Some posts run 20-25 pages alone.

(NOTE: with the November 2006 redesign many of the previous posts are being reformatted and edited, some even put into the form of PodCasts. Several posts will not be linked until the revised version is completed.)

What are the writings about? Everything.

* My thoughts on why I've always believed in destiny, not coincidence, since I was young kid; and how creating and performing Ultimate Warrior, as a gimmick, was simply a precursor to my discovery that Warrior, as a human being and man with that name, wasn't one.

* My thoughts on standing up and fighting for my rights when Titan (the McMahons) attempted to tell me they owned what they never had the power to create and I knew my life was MY registered trademark, and MINE ALONE.

* My thoughts on where the business is creatively today, why I'm not in it "on principle," why its storylines and content are degenerate, depraved and worthless, and why it's contributing to make today's culture the exact same way.

- * My thoughts on other wrestling talent who have died while bent over their dirty little bags of street drugs, cowered to their filthy refusal to grow up and become real men.
- * My thoughts about adults behaving like kids and mentoring gone all to hell ruining our youth.
- * My thoughts on having the unique experience of being a heroic role model to young minds and then later in my life coming to find and call the Founding Times and Founding people the absolute heroic role models.
- * My thoughts on discovering my love for America and American History.
- * Writings about my self-learning journey with “The Great Books of the Western World” (the writings by mankind’s greatest original seekers of knowledge).
- * Writings about my unusual exposure to the philosophies other adults hold, philosophies that are anti-life, anti-American, dependent and pathetic — literally subhuman.
- * Writings that refuse to cut anyone any slack when it comes to the inescapable fact that there is an undeniable responsibility that comes with the inalienable right.
- * Writings about that there is an irrefutable line between what is right and wrong, good and evil, true and false; and how the tolerated blurring of those lines has spawned the gravest dangers we face today in our society — Political Correctness and Moral Relativity.
- * Writings about why I am doing what I am today because I am a father and my kids are growing up in this world and I want to do what I can, right now, to prevent an inevitable revolution my kid’s kids will one day have to shed their own blood fighting.
- * Writings about culture and politics and liberalism vs. Conservatism — and writings about that liberalism isn’t the classical liberalism it once was and today’s Conservatism isn’t really Conservatism at all either.
- * Writings about being my desire to build lifelong relationships with other bold, pure Conservatives, in the truest sense of the concept, through my OWN Mentoring and Leadership Foundation, “Creation Endowed Conservatism.”
- * Writings about that there is no NOT ONE one politician from either side who is doing anything to preserve America — the People’s Country, not theirs.
- * Writings about the greatest thing that has ever happened to me in my life.
- * Writings about what I believe, what I think — how to think and why one must.
- * Writings about being a physical animal and a rational animal — and how living a full life demands that you are both.

* Writings about what “warrior” as concept means to me and how it evolved into something bigger and braver than a wrestling persona who intensified the hell out of every wrestling ring he ever entered.

* Writings and more writings...Podcasts, too.

Throughout all my writings and commentaries you will recognize more than a few common themes:

1) I can be a sarcastic SOB at times. My sense of humor leans to the wicked side. This sarcasm is too often mischaracterized and has people believe I am a bitter, angry, and mean person. This is simply not true. I just happen to put the fleetingness of our lives in its proper perspective and figure our Creator has to have a pretty wicked sense of humor himself. In instances where hypocrites, liars, enablers, frauds, and other people who generally screw up their lives but never look in a mirror to see who is responsible (which I absolutely loathe) suffer tragedy due to their irresponsibility, I am absent tolerance and sympathy and my sarcasm can be its most biting. Frankly, I think the brilliance of my sarcastic sense of humor really shines in these “cultural battle” pieces, kinda like a full moon’s reflection radiating off a Great White’s tooth right before he chomps his victim’s bodypart off. Shocking, but lethally tranquilizing. I don’t do it to intentionally upset anyone, but if it does, I don’t care.

2) I’ve taken “warrior” and used my unique awareness of it and given it serious thought as a concept; and I have then further used it to develop a personal philosophy, life, and career that have nothing to do with a wrestling career.

3) My belief in the potential of every human life. Whatever else I discuss during the course of a writing, whatever direction a writing takes, it begins and ends with this: the potential of human life. Ironically, much of the mischaracterization there is about me stems from my positivity about this powerful potential and my unemotional unwillingness to give people who misuse theirs a break. Frankly, my position is, if you don’t use the potential you have to live, you don’t deserve to. I believe there is a potential from life that is to be fulfilled. Many people find that my enthusiasm about it is overdone and my lack of sympathy for others who fail at living up to their life responsibilities too harsh. I simply have none to give to those who won’t think and act for themselves to help themselves. Every life is full of potential. Life is not always the way I’d like to have it either but I don’t sit around feeling sorry for myself, begging to others that life is not fair and would someone please mend the broken parts. My quick fix is: Quit crying and feeling sorry for yourself. Get up, get moving and get doing. For Christsakes, do something — don’t just sit in your own pile of poop. For starters, you have life — that is what is awesome to begin with!! And that alone is an always-forgiving starting place to make great things in your life happen, over and over, again and again.

4) I am not p/c. (What is true never is.) You will not find any here. I hate it; the only thing I hate more are people who know it is destroying the World we live in but have not the integrity and courage to speak up against it. In fact, to counterbalance the pervasive, destructive p/c out on the street, I press the politically-incorrect envelope to the MAX. I can’t stand phonies and two-faced

hypocrites. I have no tolerance for purposeful ignorance or stupidity. Herein there is no hesitation to say so. You will find huge doses of moral prejudice for these types here.

5) I do not live my life second-handedly. I am not, first, interested in impressing others above making a lasting impression with my own life. I get my self-esteem from the inside, huge gobs of it, not by desperately soliciting the praise or approval of others. I have no interest in developing empty, phony friendships or wasting my time indulging silly life dramas and gossip just to make nice. It is not that I am mean-spirited. It is that I am indifferent to it all. I could care less and I don't feel the need to act like I do. My life is my life, and my life is equal to time and I don't trade my time (life) for wasteful, meaningless experience.

6) I have incredible self-discipline and self-control. I am sure about what I decide and believe and I do not seek or need the advice of others to reach those conclusions. I do not make wrong moral choices. I am not modest about how I conduct myself in regard to all of these. This is off-putting to many people. I do not care. The world is very black and white to me. I know there cannot even be gray unless there were, first, the knowledge of what is black and white. Gray is middle of the road. Gray is wanting to have your cake and eat it too. Life does not work that way. I don't try to live it that way. I judge people, including myself — HARD. I do not pull my moral punches. If you are put-off by this, then what I have to bluntly state may not sit well with your stomach. Take some Alka-Seltzer or just simply leave.

7) I don't let my spiritual beliefs pull me around life by the nose. I use the Creator's gift that I am Endowed with to deal effectively, successfully and happily with my life here on this Earth. I do not use the Creation of my life to make excuses; I use it as an empowerment. I don't pray for help; I pray for greater challenges. I didn't come into this life owing anything to anyone and I certainly don't owe anything to anybody who will not use their OWN incredible Creation of life to do for themselves. I DO NOT BELIEVE IN ORIGINAL SIN. Morality for me does not come from a Bible; it comes from the nature of the Being I am Created. After all, HE Created us just as we are long BEFORE the Bible was created.

😬 I don't practice my philosophy of life or its principles, piecemeal.

9) MOTIVATION is a part of ALL that I do.

You want to know more about the Man behind the facepaint?

READ and listen. Just READ and listen.

I am Your Founding Father of Ring Intensity,

Always Believe,

Wednesday, May 30th, 2007 at 4:06 pm

Warrior wins. Warrior haters lose –again.

By admin

Always great to be back with you. Hoarded up here at the Warrior Ranch in my tiny 6,000 sq. ft. basement studying Canada's Parliamentary rules, watching Kung Fu movies and Jimmy Swaggart and Jerry Falwell sermons in preparation for my upcoming mental combat with a Canadian, born-again Christian, MMA fighter (so he claims; see comments at "No Sweat. Iron Sheik's Ass Kicked by Warrior's Mind." post if you don't understand). Don't worry, warriors, think positively. I've no doubts about overcoming this overall challenge. After all, it is certain he's not doing any serious training, he's always here at the blog. Soon, I'm going to start charging him rent. Frankly, I already OWN him. His psyche is mine. I do, though, have minor concerns about his demand to square off in "private." Seems he may possibly be a disciple under the tutelage of that pervert Ted Haggard. I'll keep you posted. In the meantime, watch your ~~behind~~ back when you are in the comment area. Warrior's Machete refuses to be held legally responsible for sexual harassment of any kind.

After many months of outrageous delay the functionality of the site is starting to come together. Recently, I (finally!) received some competent and knowledgeable advice about how to more effectively achieve my web presence goals. The Warrior Web website will keep its digital existence but to simplify navigation and organization all updating and interaction from here on out will be happening first through Warrior's Machete. An alternating combination of writing, audio and video will be produced and posted. The 10 years worth of archived written commentaries from Warrior Web are coming back online over the next few weeks.

I receive hundreds of email everyday. Three to five dozen of these are from those of you who are newly finding out about Warrior Web although the site has been around almost 11 years now. Until you have a chance to get into the archive of commentaries written during the course of those years — a conservative estimate would be 500-750 pages (actual printed page quantity) — it may be a little challenging to put "who I am" and "what I am all about," today, in its proper perspective. Until those writings are uploaded, here's a [great overview](#) you can check out to get a general idea.

Now, some clothesline-leveling response to comments of "No Sweat. Iron Sheik's Ass Kicked by Warrior's Mind." which only thy Godly Warrior can provide....

First, the boringly redundant claim regurgitated over and over that others are not paying attention to, or could care less about, the memory of Ultimate Warrior, what I am doing today in my life and what has transpired between the McMahons and I. The facts prove otherwise.

More than 10 years removed from the business, no other talent is more talked about than the Ultimate Warrior. No wrestling talk show can go without someone immediately bringing up Ultimate Warrior. I still today receive dozens of emails every day from these kinds of programs repetitively asking if I will participate in their program; when I do not respond, they never cease coming back to ask time and time again. I also get dozens of solicitations each day to appear at some type of wrestling forum.

The Self Destruction DVD, as a DVD project on an individual talent, was second ONLY to the Undertaker's; and I have recently heard that its (UW) total sales have now surpassed even his. Even if, as you critics will sillily claim, people purchased the DVD because they enviously took sick comfort in the defamatory portrayal, your assertion that there is "no audience" interested in "anything" to do with me falls flat on its face. Positive or negative, the attraction and interest is still there.

Forget the '90s for a moment, let's use the recent NJ event to further refute your ridiculous claims of no attention or interest. Wrestling sites won't report it, and I was not going to mention it myself (after all, my ego is well nourished already), but since your intentions are to dishonestly misinform the public let me, humbly, bring it to your attention now. The line at the event to see me started to form 2 hours before I arrived there at 10:30 and was solidly active clear through till 2:30-3:00, whereas Hogan rudely got there a half hour late to allow his line to build up and he disappeared 45 minutes earlier than his scheduled departure because there was no line at all. So much for the cockiness of one Nicholas Cordova, Hogan's handler, who spouted off in a condescending email to Bernie a couple of days before the show, "the only reason people are coming to the show is to see Hogan. Good luck working with Warrior or trying to make your show a success." Differently, it seems that everyone has had quite enough of Hogan and they are no longer interested in him anymore. (Father of the Year Award? You have to be kidding me!! Pimp, yes. Father, no.)

In addition, the video at youtube of the incident at my appearance, just a few days after being posted, already had over 200,000 views.

The most damaging evidence against your false assertions is what you idiots do yourselves. You never stop or go away! Every single one of you who make these foolish, false claims spends more time than everyone else altogether giving attention and paying interest to the very thing you claim deserves none!

Let's be honest here, psychos. Your own wife has to open your wallet to see the name on your driver's license just before bedtime to make sure she doesn't call you by the wrong name when she fakes her orgasm.

Staying power is staying power, wannabes, and Ultimate Warrior, as an interest, has it.

Concerning all your smart-mark (silly, sad, sorry and sickminded fanboy) theories about an Ultimate Warrior return to the WWE and any potential therein, and considering the imperious manner in which you put these theories forward, I'd say you're sorely lacking in creativity but that I have nothing on you when it comes to arrogance. (Too bad you're also lacking the guts, talent or knowledge. Although, who knows, today's superstar standards have been lowered drastically.) You say "this" and "that" like you know something, when the truth is you know nothing, maybe even less. An Ultimate Warrior return, done right, could still be a huge success and money maker. That is, if the guy who created, performs and owns Him WANTED to do that. Believe me, I know him personally — he doesn't.

Those of you with diminished brain function please try to get this straight one more time: I'm NOT in the business by my OWN choice, not someone else's. Every single time I left the WWF, it was not I who called McMahon to return, it was McMahon who called me. I stood up to the industry operators on principle, and I'm not in the business today because I am still standing up on principled reasons.

This talk about "burning bridges" is utter nonsense. In the first place, in the swamps of the wrestling industry the bottom-feeders never reach accesses to bridges; that's why none of them ever really leave and instead hang out scouring for any piece of waste product floating by that they can cling to. And in the case of those who rise above scavenging in the sewerlike muck, like yours truly, the bridge is, by choice, blown up. Once across the bridge, who and what lie on the opposite side ceased to motivate me as I moved on to pursue other successes in my life. So please, enough of your pseudo-insider's knowledge. Stick with what you know how to do well: Be a lazy couch slob working the remote, order PPV's and pizza, lounge for long periods of time smelling your own gas, pleasure your tiny self to diva fantasies, and have no life otherwise.

Recent assertions at Warrior's Machete of hypocrisy, racism, and homophobia are bull. They don't stand-up when set next to the facts and the full context of what I've long ago already put on the record. Of course, this won't deter you kooks who find the truth, my success at life and my unflappable confidence aggravating.

Too many of you took too much unnecessary offense to my use of the word "faggot." If you're going to get offended, at least give me the chance to do it properly. I promise, you won't have to wait long. I'm a "sarcastic" equal opportunity offender. As I've made it clear time and time again over the years in my commentaries, and including in a podcast (relisted here in this post), I am a wickedly, sarcastic SOB. Dead or alive, I am the one bold enough to speak the joke about your life you don't want others to tell. Like instances where former talent I've worked with, even the Canadian ones, have committed silly, stupid, suicidal deaths. Come on, you got to love the tragic humor in that kind of base, debauched, unmanly end to a big, strong and robust superstar's life, don't you? No? See, I told you. I am a wickedly sarcastic SOB.

My use of the word faggot fit the context of the story I was telling about the classic one-liner Hawk blurted out in the middle of a brouhaha while one night in the boondocks of Canada when we were taunted by some drunks boasting how "macho" they were compared to us "fake pro-wrestlers." You've never called another punk male a "faggot"? Are you that emasculated by political-correctness that you can't see — or don't approve of — the sarcasm? Really?! Well, hell, then, you might just be a faggot — in the actual sense I meant it. I did not mean "faggot" in the sexual, penis-puffing sense you took it. I meant it in the feminizing, sissy-boy sense that many real males will sarcastically use when taking verbal jabs at one another.

Did I say ALL? No, I didn't. So why is it ALL of you got your panties in an immediate wad? Reminds me of the time when I owned a gym and one morning I put a flyer on the front counter saying, very matter-of-factly, that 99% of all personal trainers are bullshit and not worth the time or money their clients give them. After many months of watching the 30 or so personal trainers we had registered at the gym incompetently advise and train their clients I easily came to this conclusion for the simple fact that it was true. Well, you should have seen the ballistic uproar of

all of them, except one guy — the one guy, mind you, that fell in the 1% that WAS competent and worth the time and money. He never even mentioned the flyer. Not once. He didn't because he was self-confident enough to know that he was not one of the 99% I was talking about. The rest? Well, they knew their service was worthless, and they flipped out because someone called them out and exposed them for the crooks and frauds they were. In this post, I did not say ALL are faggots, I said mostly. Perhaps, likewise as the revelation unveiled by the personal trainer incident, some of you who took extreme offense should check your sexual persuasion to make sure you are, well, you know, confident you ARE NOT what you took such unnecessary offense at (mis)believing you were called.

That straightened out, perhaps I can now properly offend you. Let me give it my best warrior shot. You see, I really do have to take umbrage to the distinct way most of you made the extra pious effort to blow up my innocuous use of the word into an unnecessary larger context that I WAS calling the country Canada a faggot. You see, we just had the Memorial holiday here and I am, after all, a really big American Patriot, so I can't just keep my mouth shut about what you have done. I think that's a good thing that I can't. You'll have to decide for yourself, of course.

Most of you — NOT all — furiously responded defending your country as if I was insinuating ALL of Canada, as a country, were "faggots," instead of some "individuals." This was never in my mind at the time I used the word. But now that you bring it up in the way you have — in the aggressive, finger-poking-in-the-chest, challenging manner in which you have — I have to admit that I perhaps I should have let my opinion of your country influence my thoughts a little more. It surely will now as I write this response to you.

For sure, there are some great people in Canada. Hell, there are some great people in all corners of the world. That's part of the problem when you use group labels any time you mean only to criticize some members of the group. You inadvertently include all those you didn't intend to. I did not intend to disparage every Canadian. After all, on April 1, 1990, the 70,000 WMVI fans could not possibly ALL be faggots. Hogan fans maybe. Warrior fans, no way. But when you come back at me like you have, after my post, beating your puny chests and whining that Canada is the best country in the World, when I have only said there are mostly faggots in the boondocks, you leave me no choice but to tell you that Canada is NOT the best country. Hell, it's not even a great country. Some of you have evidently been chewing on too much moose jerky or something. And comparing Canada to America, in any way, is a stretch, I frankly think, only sissy-boys would try to make. The United States of America is the leader of the Free World — and it will always be. America is the standard setter for all great and inspiring things Worldwide. Our problem is not, as America haters (Canadians included) will insist, that we pound our chest too much. Our problem is that our own leaders don't do it enough.

I somewhat commend your loyalty to your faulty position that you believe Canada is the best — after all, you are Canadians — but, still the same, it must be hard keeping a straight face when you say it.

Since the war on terror has unfolded, your country has revealed itself as a willing accomplice to the expansion of terrorism. Canada is a country saturated with pacifists. It is filled with unmanly, effeminate, unmasculine, cream puffs for leaders — tiny-testicled Lord Faunterloys to be

precise. They support way too tolerant, across-the-board “don’t ask- don’t tell” policies when it comes to practically every single social issue, even though the country is financially and morally bankrupt. Your country is a safe haven for any thug or murderer simply if they show up at your borders and claim human rights violations; even though these criminals with whom you sympathize simply fabricate violations perpetrated on them and your government never checks to find out what actual ones they’ve perpetrated on innocent human beings somewhere else in the world.

In addition, your country is not for freedom, it is socialist, through and through. And any country who espouses these kind of anti-independent, egalitarian views at the sake of trouncing individual freedoms and self-responsibility has got to, in some way, place or other, be populated, I frankly think, with many faggots (again, in the sense I am using it). Of course, if you are determined to contextually twist I how mean “faggot,” as you’ve already shown you are capable, there’s nothing I can do about that. I still have to say it. And as I have constantly shown what I, too, am capable, this American can live with whatever your reaction is to this truth I must tell. Perhaps those of you who wrote and angrily took me to task about using the word would have been better off taking my “faggot” comment for the sarcasm it initially, truly, was. Instead it seems you may have opened a Pandora’s Box of troubles that not even our common historical affections for WMVI can soothe. *C’est la vie...*

About cuss words and adult language and the ridiculous comparison being made that I’ve used them in the same way as Sheik and therefore I am a hypocrite because I criticized him. Worthless, ignorant try, Warrior haters. To begin with, I’m already on the record making the case, in a commentary at Warrior Web a long time ago, that there are instances where graphic adult language — “cuss words” — are appropriate modifiers (especially for males) and just the effective trigger to set off full-blown, adrenalized masculine engagement.

Furthermore, in the words of my good, manly buddy, Tim, there is a “stark contrast” between how Sheik used them and I did. Trying to make the two the same is like trying to make pornography the same as a consensual, loving, physical relationship between a married man and woman. Of course, it’s NOT hard for any of you critics to do this in your minds because you ARE the patrons and perverts of today’s degenerate, morally-relative culture. Truth is, it’s not even that you believe that what I’ve done is “wrong.” No. Your motive is simply to make what Sheik did “right.” Your agenda is the same as your politically-correct, morally relative brethren — open the floodgates to hell on earth and tolerate any vile, vulgar, despicable and evil act as if it is the same as any decent, proper, and good behavior.

It’s hilarious. The mocking you’ve done of yourselves could not be any better if I’d directed you myself. In all your reviews of what I said, you censor the words pussy and faggot — p***y and f****t — while you, at the same time, patronize the industry and its own habitual vocabulary and post flickering banners on your sites linked to naked pictures of divas. Please, tell all of us who want more laughs, where is the school you attend to learn how to become this desperate, stupid and pathetic?

Same thing with the asinine charges that I am a racist or homophobic. I am neither.

What you've all done is try to twist my principled, uncompromising "prejudice" into your own intolerant and sickminded definition of diversity. You are the racists, the bigots. Not I. Shame on you. Since you've tried to turn the tables on the two concepts, now would be a good time for me to enlighten you and others on what the difference is. It's very simple. I expect you to pay attention — and I know you will.

Prejudice is having the moral confidence and discernment to choose objectively between alternatives, especially as it relates to the human behavior, views, and beliefs one will or will not tolerate. I'm not racist against any race or ethnicity, race, or color of skin (although the radical towelheads, sheet wearers, and airport security personnel are thoroughly testing my good manners and patience). But if you are white, black, purple, yellow, red, or even tie-dyed, and you choose to be stupid, ignorant, behave irresponsibly, or are unmannered, degenerate or irreverent toward traditional things that make human life work, then I hold prejudice for you.

Prejudice is not racism. Prejudice is not bigotry. I am exercising my prejudice, not racism or bigotry, when I tell you I don't owe one single human being on this planet special, unobjective, nonjudgmental consideration — even if they have segregated themselves into a group screaming some sort of discrimination or victimization. Take black people, for example. I don't owe one single black person special, unobjective, nonjudgmental consideration just because they are black or their ancestors were slaves. Slavery was an heinous injustice, but I wasn't a slaveowner. I don't know if any of my ancestors were, but even if they were, they are not me and I carry none of their responsibility to apologize or make amends for any evils they or anyone else committed. Any idea of doing so is patently absurd.

Same thing with queers. It doesn't make me a homophobe because I find homosexuality abnormal (queer). It IS abnormal and I have the freedom to make my OWN moral choice that I believe it is, just as a queer has the freedom to make his OWN immoral choice to be ONE if he wants. I don't want a queer to lose their freedom to choose, but neither do I want MY right to judge it as I SEE IT taken away. I am not a homophobe. I have no fear of any queer. The unvarnished truth, which I've found out many times firsthand, is that queers are "heterophobes," pure and simple. They fear, even hate, heterosexuals.

It amazes me that whenever I say something critical about hypocrite born-again Christians none of you christians simply agree the criticism is justified and due, and just leave it at that. No, what you do is you sidestep judgement and condemnation of the hypocrite and you go right into a sermon proselytizing for Christianity. The Word of God is not just filled with stories of peace, non-judgment, love, forgiveness and taking the easy way out. There are also plenty of stories of war, harsh judgment, hate, serious consequences, and brutal suffering. You brag about how much you believe and how devoted you are to ALL of God's word, but when it comes to time to step up and perform the more challenging and less comfortable requisites to live God's word in its full, absolute sense, you cower behind the easy, ambivalent, non-confrontational way out. This is repulsive — and you people who do this are nothing less than liars and hypocrites yourselves. Your believe in God is piecemeal — and that's not the way it works. Shawn Micheals, Steve Borden, Dibiase and other former talent who claim to be born-again christians are nothing more than charlatans and, to go by the Word you born-agains claim you believe, hypocrites of the vilest, evil kind. Any Christian who claims to believe the Word of Jesus Christ and hold any

respect for the suffering and sacrifice He made, and, yet, cannot find the courage, decency, self-discipline and self-restraint to forgo participation in tawdry, immoral activities that are destructive to the beliefs he claims to believe, is a hypocrite, flat-out. And any born-again Christian that tries to rationalize their deceit is guilty just the same. You are simply a fraud and a fool if you think otherwise.

Lesson over for today...

Your Founding Father of Ring Intensity,
Always Believe,
Warrior

Wednesday, May 30th, 2007 at 12:51 pm

[Respect for those greater...](#)

By admin

My beautiful little daughters, Indiana Marin and Mattigan Twain Warrior, showing their respect and reverence for those courageous human beings who've put their own lives on the line to protect and secure our American freedoms.

Thoughtful and soul-full day yesterday visiting the National Cemetery here in New Mexico.

Each Memorial Day we stop by with our girls for the fly-over and to pay our respects, let out little Warrior patriots bring a smile to a few faces, some tears to more than a few eyes. Nothing melts the tough, somber and worthy soul of a veteran more than the twinkle of a little girl's eye and a soft and tiny voiced, "Thank you, sir, for your service."

The winds were really stout and almost all the little headstone flags were uprooted and scattered about the grounds. Indy and Mattie, bothered by the sight of it all, encouraged their parents to spend the better part of the afternoon sticking them back down in the dirt, their tiny hands on top of ours as we all pushed. Indy ask me, "Daddy, who would do such a horrible, dishonorable job at this? After all, these soldier's burial places are sacred." I told her the Boy Scouts (who they get to perform the task). She called them "sissies," figuring that "any boy, Boy Scout or not, should be tough enough to stick these little flags down in the ground deep enough so they won't fall down, no matter how hard the wind blows." It was hard to disagree. Besides, as a father knowing my future is going to be trying enough when it comes to beating back the boys (any boys not just Scouts), I like their simple "boy=bad" logic and, for now, will just leave it as it is. The longer they think ALL boys are bad, the longer I'll have peace of mind. Anyway, here's a picture of them deciding on their own to say a final goodbye before we left the cemetery.

Peace of mind isn't exactly what I got when I gazed up through the headstones of over 41,000 interments set up the steep New Mexico hillsides in perfectly aligned rows. Standing in a

National Cemetery on Memorial Day while the fence-sitting chaos, ongoing turmoil and American death in Iraq continues doesn't give me any peaceful thoughts. The unrest weighed even heavier when I thought about that earlier in the day, before we came down to the cemetery, I got to experience the excitement and pride of watching my own daughter, Indy, ride her bike for the first time without training wheels, and now, here I was staring at the fresh gravesite of a young soldier killed in Iraq who will never get to experience the same joy.

The failed leadership and moral cowardice of this country's elected officials, including President Bush, is abominable. Don't get me wrong. I've haven't suddenly taken up with the other side — the enemies within...the modern-day, anti-war liberals. I'm still a conservative by its pure measure — just as I've put forth in previous my "conservative" commentaries. I'm just not a conservative by the definition today's mainstream conservatives use, and I'm definitely not a republican in the adulterated sense today's elected republicans practice. In fact, I'm still very much pro-war; that is, I am pro-war when we are at war, as we happen to be right now.

My problem is that those who defend involvement in the Iraq war — for all the right reasons now that we actually find ourselves in the muck of it — don't practice "pro-war" military engagement. They preach pro-war but they actually practice anti-war. This, to me, is worse than even doctoring the intelligence — if they did — to precipitate war. Not that I'm not convinced the Bush administration did. I believe there were WMDs and they were removed before our invasion. If our intelligence was no good, is still no good, as we have ostensibly found out having gone through all the congressional madness, then how can we know with certainty that our intelligence did not, also, miss the removal of WMDs? Intelligence missed everything else — they could have missed that, too. But whether the administration did or did not doesn't matter now. Arguable as it all is, we are, in fact, at war. And for Bush and his administration, defending what they have done and the war we now find ourselves in, to march our American military warriors on the battlefield without "pro-war" orders of engagement is, indeed, a dereliction of duty.

In fact, the simple, unexpressed problem with the military entanglement we now find ourselves in is that it is not being engaged, *literally*, as a war. Military engagement is not deadly enough. Our military warriors are not being allowed to kill the enemy by means or methods demanded by war. The long term strategy, decried by everyone for not existing at all, should have simply been the same as the short term strategy: Kill the enemy. At any and all other costs. Don't stop killing until they are all dead and defeated. Once done, bring our own warriors home.

This war could have been over as quickly in time as the time it took our ground forces to enter the city limits of Iraq; and over with much less expense in treasure and toil. We were, at that time of invasion, a Nation agreed upon one single goal: Kill the enemy. We should have kept killing until ALL the enemies were dead. Instead, our military and all of us back home took a (premature) celebratory breather. When we did, political-correctness crept into the coverage and the debate. Once it did, there was no more room for the unconditional killing of enemies or unequivocal war success. And as long as our politically-correct leaders in Washington, DC don't have the stomach for killing, body bags filled with our own countrymen will keep being sent home. Justification for entering into war, faulty intelligence or neo-con concoction, is one thing.

But there is no justification for not letting your warriors *war* once they are on the battlefield. None.

It's the 21st century. It should be a rare occurrence when one of our own dies on any battlefield. We have the weaponry and technology to limit it. And every American soldier has shown they have the might and mindset to get the job done. They should be allowed to. They are not. Americans who are willing to sacrifice their lives to protect our freedoms should be afforded the best chance there possibly is by their Commander-in-Chief to one day die of old age in the country they defended, not in some other rotting, God-forsaken country filled with subhumans, while fighting a war under orders restraining their lethal fighting capabilities. War is THE rule of engagement all by itself. The nature of war, all alone, is the approval to kill. A soldier, when his own life is in danger, should not have to seek various degrees of further approval for the killing war naturally demands. The enemies in Iraq are responsible for *ending* the lives of American soldiers, but, make no mistake, the politically-correct leaders in this country are the ones responsible for *killing* them.

Wednesday, June 6th, 2007 at 8:50 am

WARRIOR CLASSIC Commentaries and Posts...

By admin

SEE COMMENTARIES

Wednesday, June 6th, 2007 at 3:04 pm

In memory of D-Day.....

By admin

Hello warriors. Culling through some Classic Warrior posts from the past and came across a stockpile of Iraq War commentary I wrote. In memory of the brave, great, patriotic lives of all those who have fought for our freedoms I thought it would be fitting to post excerpts from those, here and now, for another read...

“War is an ugly thing, but not the ugliest of things. The decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks that nothing is worth war is much worse. The person who has nothing for which he is willing to fight, nothing which is more important than his own personal safety, is a miserable creature and has no chance of being free unless made and kept so by the exertions of better men than himself.”

John Stuart Mill

I wonder what it is like to be on the ship when those guns go off? I would love to strap a Liberal (or CON-servative – added 06.06.07) to those 16" barrels! Better yet, strap a liberated-at-the-cost-of-many-an-American, mealy-mouthed Frenchman to them! Pâté anyone?...truly the only kind of guts you could ever get out of a Frenchman anyway.

(*UPDATE: Turns out I was wrong about that being the only way to find guts in a Frenchman...my sources tell me they carried out the experiment and there were no guts. None.)

The United States going before the United Nations to seek approval is like me asking the bum on the street for approval to do what I need to do to make my life work. It used to be that when someone wanted to know how to do something right, be the best at what they had their mind set on achieving, they would go and seek guidance from the best.

America is the best. America is its own mentor. Because it is...it should not be asking third world thugs what it should do. The United Nations is a disgrace to humankind. They have never stood for, or up to, anything. America should airlift it in its entirety, along with every single subhuman employed by it, and unload ALL the waste along with the first dropped bomb we unload on top of Iraq.

Does anyone see, like I do, the irony in the fact that The United Nations is located in New York (arguably the best city in the World) and not in any country more like the oppressive, tyrannical, odds-and-ends make-up of its body? Not one of these people likes or cares enough about their own country to just stay there. Can you imagine how dissolute and profligate these people behave, now, while here in this great land of wealth and freedom? These non-American knaves from countries that worship elephants, eat bat feces, mutilate children's genitalia, practice incest, condone and praise polygamy, stone people to death, have no utilities such as indoor plumbing, have no roads except dirt roads, drive dilapidated junkers built in the 50's, ride camels and

donkeys, build houses out of the camel and donkey dung — *can you just imagine how subhumanly* these people conduct themselves let loose in New York City, the World's largest, finest candy store capable of satisfying the most perverted desires? A credible author should do an exposé on the inside-modern-civilized-borders activities of these cretins.

Americans who want America to get United Nations approval are Anti-American. Too many so-called Pro-American pundits with public forums, also making the case against going to the UN, conditionally soften all their criticisms and arguments of the Pro-UN crowd by saying, "Don't get me wrong. I'm not calling anybody Anti-American." This is two-faced appeasement and hogwash. They don't believe what they say and they are further fracturing the integrity of this country by saying it. They need to find the courage to use their minds correctly. Because as long as they are passive and nonjudgmental on this vital distinction, the philosophy of America they say they want to preserve is going down the toilet, and if they are contributing to that, they, themselves, are Anti-American. These Pro-UN, Anti-American kooks on our own streets — our OWN enemies within — are a bigger long-term threat than any third world dictator with a small man's complex.

My kids are depending on me to protect them from not only from the imaginary big, bad wolf in their dreams, but the potential threat of ruthless, torturing tyrannical thugs that have more commonly come to rule throughout history. No? Read some history and get back to me when you've cured your ignorance. People who impugn America's superiority, people who irrationally and unjustifiably attack the character of our country's leader, people who will not accept what is true when it is right before their eyes — all these people are just as harmful, maybe even more, to the safety of my children as third world kooks who pay homage to clairvoyance by smelling one another's armpits.

People say "debate is good," "the free flow of ideas is good." Good, good, let it stand at just that — let there be debate and the free flow of ideas. People can be entitled to their opinion all day long, but that does not make their wrong opinion right. It is still wrong. Diplomacy and decency only have so much flexibility. Of late, its been stretched so far even Gumby would scream in pain.

Standing up for what America *correctly* is and pointing out who and what the enemies of IT are cannot be a part-time or half-ass effort. As usual — I'm not sorry to say it.

Your Founding Father of Ring Intensity,

Always Believe,

Warrior

Wednesday, June 6th, 2007 at 3:28

D-Day Commemoration con't —

By admin

Hellfire Motivation Unto Glory by George

“They stood in a circle about the ox and took up the scattering of barley; among them powerful Agamemnon spoke in prayer: ‘Zeus, exalted and mightiest, sky-dwelling in the dark mist: let not the sun go down and disappear into darkness until I have hurled headlong the castle of Priam blazing, and lit the castle gates with the flames destruction; not till I have broken at the chest the tunic of Hektor torn with the bronze blade, and let many companions about him go down headlong into the dust, teeth gripping the ground soil.’” The Iliad, HOMER

The final sands are running through the hourglass timed to proscribe or prescribe the fate of War.

American soldiery is perched on the borders of Iraq, preparing to kick some ass.

Time for Motivation. Going to a place within yourself, drumming up all the readiness, rage and explosiveness it takes to do what has to get done. Like morality and integrity, motivation cannot be half-assed. You have to know and believe that you are the best and that each other one striking out to stand atop your mountain is your enemy. Being able to do that is more important than even the skills one has. Being Unconquerable.

I salute all of you. My prayers are with you. Godspeed. Think kill or be killed. Think destroy or be destroyed. Take no prisoners. Every one of your American lives is worth more than the entire population of Iraq.

Here is Motivation from one of the greatest warriors ever to serve in American military.

What follows has language within it fit for war

General Patton arose and strode swiftly to the microphone.

The men snapped to their feet and stood silently. Patton surveyed the sea of brown with a grim look.

“Be seated”, he said. The words were not a request, but a command. The General’s voice rose high and clear.

“Men, this stuff that some sources sling around about America wanting out of this war, not wanting to fight, is a crock of bullshit. Americans love to fight, traditionally. All real Americans love the sting and clash of battle. You are here today for three reasons. First, because you are

here to defend your homes and your loved ones. Second, you are here for your own self respect, because you would not want to be anywhere else. Third, you are here because you are real men and all real men like to fight. When you, here, everyone of you, were kids, you all admired the champion marble player, the fastest runner, the toughest boxer, the big league ball players, and the All-American football players. Americans love a winner. Americans will not tolerate a loser. Americans despise cowards. Americans play to win all of the time. I wouldn't give a hoot in hell for a man who lost and laughed. That's why Americans have never lost nor will ever lose a war; for the very idea of losing is hateful to an American."

The General paused and looked over the crowd. "You are not all going to die," he said slowly. "Only two percent of you right here today would die in a major battle. Death must not be feared. Death, in time, comes to all men. Yes, every man is scared in his first battle. If he says he's not, he's a liar. Some men are cowards but they fight the same as the brave men or they get the hell slammed out of them watching men fight who are just as scared as they are. The real hero is the man who fights even though he is scared. Some men get over their fright in a minute under fire. For some, it takes an hour. For some, it takes days. But a real man will never let his fear of death overpower his honor, his sense of duty to his country, and his innate manhood. Battle is the most magnificent competition in which a human being can indulge. It brings out all that is best and it removes all that is base. Americans pride themselves on being He Men and they ARE He Men. Remember that the enemy is just as frightened as you are, and probably more so. They are not supermen."

"All through your Army careers, you men have bitched about what you call "chicken shit drilling". That, like everything else in this Army, has a definite purpose. That purpose is alertness. Alertness must be bred into every soldier. I don't give a fuck for a man who's not always on his toes. You men are veterans or you wouldn't be here. You are ready for what's to come. A man must be alert at all times if he expects to stay alive. If you're not alert, sometime, a German son-of-an-asshole-bitch is going to sneak up behind you and beat you to death with a sockful of shit!" The men roared in agreement.

Patton's grim expression did not change. "There are four hundred neatly marked graves somewhere in Sicily", he roared into the microphone, "All because one man went to sleep on the job". He paused and the men grew silent. "But they are German graves, because we caught the bastard asleep before they did". The General clutched the microphone tightly, his jaw out-thrust, and he continued, "An Army is a team. It lives, sleeps, eats, and fights as a team. This individual heroic stuff is pure horse shit. The bilious bastards who write that kind of stuff for the Saturday Evening Post don't know any more about real fighting under fire than they know about fucking!"

The men slapped their legs and rolled in glee. This was Patton as the men had imagined him to be, and in rare form, too. He hadn't let them down. He was all that he was cracked up to be, and more. He had IT!

"We have the finest food, the finest equipment, the best spirit, and the best men in the world", Patton bellowed. He lowered his head and shook it pensively. Suddenly he snapped erect, faced the men belligerently and thundered, "Why, by God, I actually pity those poor sons-of-bitches we're going up against. By God, I do". The men clapped and howled delightedly. There would

be many a barracks tale about the “Old Man’s” choice phrases. They would become part and parcel of Third Army’s history and they would become the bible of their slang.

“My men don’t surrender”, Patton continued, “I don’t want to hear of any soldier under my command being captured unless he has been hit. Even if you are hit, you can still fight back. That’s not just bull shit either. The kind of man that I want in my command is just like the lieutenant in Libya, who, with a Luger against his chest, jerked off his helmet, swept the gun aside with one hand, and busted the hell out of the Kraut with his helmet. Then he jumped on the gun and went out and killed another German before they knew what the hell was coming off. And, all of that time, this man had a bullet through a lung. There was a real man!”

Patton stopped and the crowd waited. He continued more quietly, “All of the real heroes are not storybook combat fighters, either. Every single man in this Army plays a vital role. Don’t ever let up. Don’t ever think that your job is unimportant. Every man has a job to do and he must do it. Every man is a vital link in the great chain. What if every truck driver suddenly decided that he didn’t like the whine of those shells overhead, turned yellow, and jumped headlong into a ditch? The cowardly bastard could say, “Hell, they won’t miss me, just one man in thousands”. But, what if every man thought that way? Where in the hell would we be now? What would our country, our loved ones, our homes, even the world, be like? No, Goddamnit, Americans don’t think like that. Every man does his job. Every man serves the whole. Every department, every unit, is important in the vast scheme of this war. The ordnance men are needed to supply the guns and machinery of war to keep us rolling. The Quartermaster is needed to bring up food and clothes because where we are going there isn’t a hell of a lot to steal. Every last man on K.P. has a job to do, even the one who heats our water to keep us from getting the ‘G.I. Shits’.”

Patton paused, took a deep breath, and continued, “Each man must not think only of himself, but also of his buddy fighting beside him. We don’t want yellow cowards in this Army. They should be killed off like rats. If not, they will go home after this war and breed more cowards. The brave men will breed more brave men. Kill off the Goddamned cowards and we will have a nation of brave men. One of the bravest men that I ever saw was a fellow on top of a telegraph pole in the midst of a furious fire fight in Tunisia. I stopped and asked what the hell he was doing up there at a time like that. He answered, “Fixing the wire, Sir”. I asked, “Isn’t that a little unhealthy right about now?” He answered, “Yes Sir, but the Goddamned wire has to be fixed”. I asked, “Don’t those planes strafing the road bother you?” And he answered, “No, Sir, but you sure as hell do!” Now, there was a real man. A real soldier. There was a man who devoted all he had to his duty, no matter how seemingly insignificant his duty might appear at the time, no matter how great the odds. And you should have seen those trucks on the rode to Tunisia. Those drivers were magnificent. All day and all night they rolled over those son-of-a-bitching roads, never stopping, never faltering from their course, with shells bursting all around them all of the time. We got through on good old American guts. Many of those men drove for over forty consecutive hours. These men weren’t combat men, but they were soldiers with a job to do. They did it, and in one hell of a way they did it. They were part of a team. Without team effort, without them, the fight would have been lost. All of the links in the chain pulled together and the chain became unbreakable.”

The General paused and stared challengingly over the silent ocean of men. One could have heard a pin drop anywhere on that vast hillside. The only sound was the stirring of the breeze in the leaves of the bordering trees and the busy chirping of the birds in the branches of the trees at the General's left.

"Don't forget," Patton barked, "you men don't know that I'm here. No mention of that fact is to be made in any letters. The world is not supposed to know what the hell happened to me. I'm not supposed to be commanding this Army. I'm not even supposed to be here in England. Let the first bastards to find out be the Goddamned Germans. Some day I want to see them raise up on their piss-soaked hind legs and howl, 'Jesus Christ, it's the Goddamned Third Army again and that son-of-a-fucking-bitch Patton'."

"We want to get the hell over there", Patton continued, "The quicker we clean up this Goddamned mess, the quicker we can take a little jaunt against the purple pissing Japs and clean out their nest, too. Before the Goddamned Marines get all of the credit."

The men roared approval and cheered delightedly. This statement had real significance behind it. Much more than met the eye and the men instinctively sensed the fact. They knew that they themselves were going to play a very great part in the making of world history. They were being told as much right now. Deep sincerity and seriousness lay behind the General's colorful words. The men knew and understood it. They loved the way he put it, too, as only he could.

Patton continued quietly, "Sure, we want to go home. We want this war over with. The quickest way to get it over with is to go get the bastards who started it. The quicker they are whipped, the quicker we can go home. The shortest way home is through Berlin and Tokyo. And when we get to Berlin", he yelled, "I am personally going to shoot that paper hanging son-of-a-bitch Hitler. Just like I'd shoot a snake!"

"When a man is lying in a shell hole, if he just stays there all day, a German will get to him eventually. The hell with that idea. The hell with taking it. My men don't dig foxholes. I don't want them to. Foxholes only slow up an offensive. Keep moving. And don't give the enemy time to dig one either. We'll win this war, but we'll win it only by fighting and by showing the Germans that we've got more guts than they have; or ever will have. We're not going to just shoot the sons-of-bitches, we're going to rip out their living Goddamned guts and use them to grease the treads of our tanks. We're going to murder those lousy Hun cocksuckers by the bushel-fucking-basket. War is a bloody, killing business. You've got to spill their blood, or they will spill yours. Rip them up the belly. Shoot them in the guts. When shells are hitting all around you and you wipe the dirt off your face and realize that instead of dirt it's the blood and guts of what once was your best friend beside you, you'll know what to do!"

"I don't want to get any messages saying, 'I am holding my position.'" We are not holding a Goddamned thing. Let the Germans do that. We are advancing constantly and we are not interested in holding onto anything, except the enemy's balls. We are going to twist his balls and kick the living shit out of him all of the time. Our basic plan of operation is to advance and to keep on advancing regardless of whether we have to go over, under, or through the enemy. We are going to go through him like crap through a goose; like shit through a tin horn!"

“From time to time there will be some complaints that we are pushing our people too hard. I don’t give a good Goddamn about such complaints. I believe in the old and sound rule that an ounce of sweat will save a gallon of blood. The harder WE push, the more Germans we will kill. The more Germans we kill, the fewer of our men will be killed. Pushing means fewer casualties. I want you all to remember that.”

The General paused. His eagle like eyes swept over the hillside. He said with pride, “There is one great thing that you men will all be able to say after this war is over and you are home once again. You may be thankful that twenty years from now when you are sitting by the fireplace with your grandson on your knee and he asks you what you did in the great World War II, you WON’T have to cough, shift him to the other knee and say, “Well, your Granddaddy shoveled shit in Louisiana.” No, Sir, you can look him straight in the eye and say, “Son, your Granddaddy rode with the Great Third Army and a Son-of-a-Goddamned-Bitch named Georgie Patton!”

Your Founding Father of Ring Intensity,

Always Believe,

Warrior

Wednesday, June 13th, 2007 at 9:16 am

[Before the House of Hilton Bred Whores....](#)

By admin

There’s a great quip told that when someone wants to act stupid, get out of their way and let them. This general notion, I submit, needs to be extended to cover other acts. Considering there has been much concern expressed that Paris may be putting her own mortality in jeopardy, I say, if someone wants to kill themselves, let’s do the same thing we’d do when someone comes around wanting to act stupid — get the hell out of their way and let them. In the case of Paris Hilton, or any other slobberish, sleazy, starlet (or star), I, for one, just don’t give a damn. If you ask me what I think — and thousands that I don’t have the time to individually respond to do — I think it’s much better to have the ruinously run lives rotting underground rather than having them run loose ruining the lives of the many above it. I know, I know. You’d never say it — but you knew I would. You’re welcome.

Years ago, long before Paris Hilton, conceived by disinterested sperm and egg donors too regal and haughty to ever be caretaking parents themselves (so raised by nannies), blossomed into the cheap, self-centered scofflaw and squealing tramp she is today, I discovered a great, powerful book in a bedside drawer one night while staying, weirdly enough it seems to me now, in an eponymously named Hilton Hotel, the Hotel empire her Great-Grandfather founded and built. Since Paris is going to have some free, uninterrupted time on her hands over the next couple of

weeks (in between ingesting all the psychiatric drugs she needs to sustain her insanity), she might want to read it. I really doubt that she ever has.

No, I don't mean the ubiquitous Bible you can find in nearly every hotel room. I mean "Be My Guest," written by Conrad Hilton, her Great-Grandfather. If she took the time to turn its pages (and, yes, phonetically slur her way through pages, of course) she'd discover just what kind of timid, third-rate adventurer and wanton, fallen angel she truly is. She'd also discover, perhaps shamefully so, what hard work, perseverance and integrity her remarkable Great-Grandfather invested of himself to not only succeed at building the Hilton empire, which she and her siblings and other relatives now parasitically revel in, but what life principles he observed and honed to truly become a man who lived a full, powerful and grand life that came to be admired by people from all over the World (see book link and PDF Biography file attached).

Unfortunately, Paris Hilton was destined to become the ungrateful, snobbish, pretentious, pouty-lipped skank she has become. Her Dad — one half of the atrocious parent couple she was spawned to — got his lessons of ingratitude from his own father, Barron Hilton, one of Conrad's sons. When Conrad passed away, still competently running the company at 91 years of age before he suddenly died of natural causes, Barron disagreed with his old man's will-ed wishes to leave each sibling only \$250,000 and most of the rest to the Roman Catholic Church. So after they laid Conrad to rest, eulogizing, I suspect, what a great and worthy father and man he was, Barron went to pissing all over his old man's fresh grave as he got busy contesting his final, dying wishes. Mind you, never publicly contesting his father's saneness or the fact that his Dad was the one that built the empire and that it was his wealth and money to do with what he damn well pleased.

No, he went and hired some shameless lawyers (likely at his dead Dad's expense) who were semantically well-versed in the kind of stylish, obfuscating language that works real well when performing the fantastic storytelling demanded by fabricated legal briefs, the kind of language and stories that his own tough, upstanding father never put up with and many times punched right back into the smart-assed mouths of the same kind of litigious smart-asses. Decently raised to know that blood is thicker than water, Barron figured he'd one-up his Dad and take mentoring to the next level by teaching future generations of Hiltons that huge stacks of cash, piled greedily one atop another, are even thicker than blood. Of course, it's always easier to make your court case when the defendant is dead. Then again, what do any of us plebeians know? Hundreds of millions of dollars might just be enough to cover the ransom your conscience forever demands once you hang this kind of covetous guilt around your own neck. Seems to work pretty well today for some of our most notable celebrities, including politicians.

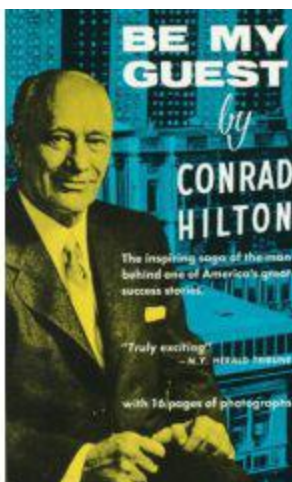
It's interesting to pay serious attention here to the deterioration parallels. They aren't a coincidence. The character of the Hilton name has fallen in disgrace at the same pace and level as America's, and most Americans, cultural integrity. Less than 100 years ago it was pride in the job one provided and the quality of principle the individual practiced that created and stood for success. Now it's how pathetically low your behavior can go and how many paparazzi will jeopardize their own life and limb to sychophantically follow you around photographing your vulgar acts one after the other. All of the latter, mind you, now financed by the former.

Even those you might expect to stand up for regard of the law are, in the way they are handling the coverage of this, confessing their own ignorance and two-faced deceit. Many presumably knowledgeable pundits (including conservative Fox News personalities) have said, “Paris isn’t being treated fairly, she’s definitely getting a raw deal.”

Like hell she is. *What* and *Who* are getting a raw deal are our laws and the law-abiding citizens of this country. Laws are not unfair or fair. The law is simply THE LAW. It just IS. What the law is, is *what the law is*. Plain and simple. Laws are not (supposed) to be subject to relativity. Once they are, they are no longer laws. We can, again, thank the deteriorated culture and its relativity that this “anarchy” is becoming more and more the case. Using previous instances of leniency shown to other celebrity lawbreakers, some even committing more serious crimes, is not the gauge to use to determine appropriate punishment for Paris. The punishments *already* on the books are! Just as it was in every other lenient punishment enforcement instance before now. Unfortunately, in those previous instances no one was paying attention to it as so many are now because of the frenzied media debate going on. The leniency that was applied wrongly before is not what anyone should be using, now, to judge what is fair or unfair for Paris. Instead of once again using popularity, feelings and program ratings to rationalize continued leniency, what should be done is that an end is put to any more tolerance of it once and for all. Once punishment for breaking the law is determined by popularity, celebrity status and money, those who don’t have these things, yet have the decency and discipline to abide by the laws, are the very ones being treated unfairly and getting the raw deal.

If Paris Hilton is the prostitute now finding herself being made the example, so be it. We all come to make the beds we lie in. She’s made hers, too. And you can bet it’s not the filthiest one she’s ever been handcuffed to. Give me a break. She’s an absolute tramp. Her \$1000 an ounce perfumes can’t begin to conceal her slutty stench.

Who knows, maybe she will become better for having the experience. She admits she “used to act dumb,” says she is through with it — isn’t going to act dumb anymore. She also says, “God has given me this new chance,” and that she’s “much more spiritual” and her “spirit and soul did not like the way I was being seen.” She’s even said she “might build Paris Hilton playhouses, where sick children might come, and the toy companies could donate toys.” Of course, I’m not holding my breath. And, since this all began, I haven’t lost one minute of sleep. One thing for sure. After saying these dumb things in the same interview she informs us she’s no longer going to act dumb, it’s obvious she means that she intends to drop the dumb act after she gets out of jail, not before.



[Conrad Hilton Biography-PDF file](#)

Your Founding Father of Ring Intensity,

Always Believe,

Warrior

Friday, June 29th, 2007 at 12:35 pm

[Hannity & Colmes....](#)

By admin

Hello warriors. Yes, I have agreed to make a rare public appearance on Hannity & Colmes. Yesterday, I tentatively agreed to this evening, Friday. This morning we were contacted by the show and told there was a shift in programming due to the London Bombing attempt. So, I decided that Monday would be better.

Of course, I've been paying attention to how the Benoit incident has unfolded. I've drafted up a post — your typical Warrior masterpiece — and will put up the polished piece after my appearance over at Fox. I've some original ideas about this incident — what's new? — and want to showcase them on TV, first.

I'm not sure yet, still have to do some howling atop my mountain for further enlightenment, but probably just go on Fox with my typical eloquent knack to say what others are thinking but don't have the courage to let slip past their lips. You know, the usual brilliant, "self-destructive" stuff.

Your Founding Father of Ring Intensity,

Always Believe,

Warrior

Sunday, July 1st, 2007 at 1:04 am

ockham sliced delicately...i sever with blunt force

By admin

ANNOUNCEMENT

Yes, it's true. On April 19th, 2008, I will be In Madrid, Spain. [New Wrestling Evolution](#) (NWE) has invited me to appear as a Special Guest and receive an award to recognize my career in the Sports Entertainment industry.

A couple of years ago, NWE representatives contacted me to discuss the dreams and visions they held for their new, upstart wrestling organization at the time. Graciously, even then they expressed their desire to one day bring me over just so the many Ultimate Warrior fans over there could have the once-in-a lifetime opportunity to meet in person one of the industry's most admired heroes.

I was humbled when they mentioned this was a dream they had. I am even more humbled now that they have returned and actually asked, and I am inspired that they are fulfilling their dream to build a Sports Entertainment enterprise that is serious and determined — and unique. That the event is already sold out and they are not using my appearance to sell tickets speaks volumes to the success they are creating.

I like the ideas they have in mind, especially the one they have to build a Sports Entertainment product more oriented for family, more positive for children.

This is a wonderful opportunity and I am excited, happy, and honored to accept the invitation.

Warrior

Tuesday, July 3rd, 2007 at 10:52 am

[Tonight...July 3.](#)

By admin

Hello warriors. The reason given for my non-appearance last night is legit. The hookup was set to happen from the State Capitol building in Santa Fe. When I got there, there was one tech and he could not get an audio signal to go out. The young kid tried as hard as he could up till only ten minutes remained in the show — at that time they killed any chance of my appearance happening. As the kid let me out of the empty building he turned to me almost ready to cry and told me he'd always been a huge fan and really was sorry he let me down.

Those of you who immediately assumed I flaked don't belong here. Nothing I've ever done in my life is inconsistent with the man I've long been honestly telling you I am. I never flake — every single second of my life I show up. You write and comment that you have been let down. Let me be clear about something, here. My life is not driven by a concern whether or not I will let you down. It is driven solely by my concern that I will never let myself down. And when I don't, you won't be.

I'm making the trip to Albuquerque this afternoon. Tonite I will be on the show. What I have to say has not been said by anyone else. Remember, I blow up bridges, I don't just burn them. I've come too far in building up the principles and man I am to ever sell either out. It's Always Believe, not *Sometimes* Believe.

Thursday, December 6th, 2007 at 2:37 pm

[All right already...relax Warrior junkies. I'm working on your fix.](#)

By admin

Apparently, if you aren't on or can't be found on the internet, you might not be doing well. According to expert wrestling fans with no other interests and too much wasted time on their fingers poking at their keyboards or their many other "mind-dumbing" techno gadgets, you may even be self-destructing. Even when your absence and silence is otherwise generating NO perverse gossip, police reports or obituaries, you are still pestered by kooks and goofs and nutjobs believing your lack of presence on the internet means something must obviously be wrong in your life.

It seems that many believe it is no longer reasonable that a man can live a productive, fulfilling and happy life if he does not engage the infinite void of cyberspace. No, not today, not in these 21st century times of now, now, now and more, more, more. It's simply impossible today that a

man can devote his time to enjoying his own life, his own thoughts and his own company or the lives, friendship and interaction of his own family without others thinking he must be wasting his time and wasting away physically, mentally and spiritually while he's at it.

Of course, I am accustomed to disappointing people. So it is that I can only report that all is over-the-top well here in Warriorland. Healthy, happy, alive — you know, the same ol' traditional and exciting routine. Plenty of smiles and silliness — and serious attitude about using life, not squandering it. Things couldn't be more beautiful than they are. And, no, let me reassure you, my time away from your cheers, high praise and ass-kissing has NOT lowered my self-confidence or testosterone levels one single bit. In fact, I've always been rather self-sufficient in that regard, as you know if you've been coming around over the years. My huge, healthy, vigorous and potent ego is still large and loud; maybe even more so after this good rest I've had away from the nothingness of the internet. Scratch your monitor and you can even smell it. If you rub it real hard with a stiff scrub brush you can even forgo those cheap smelling pine tree and peppermint holiday candles everyone uses to aromatize the air. Tell others it's your gift to them, that you're letting them have a whiff of the real thing, *the Warrior thing*.

Anyway, I was chopping some wood today to burn in the 8 fireplaces we have in our humble, little Warrior abode and all of sudden I became overwhelmed by a huge rush of emotion. I was thinking about how great my life was and how sad it is that so many waste theirs on the internet trying to desperately figure out the lives of others, or worse, trying to figure out who they themselves are and what their own lives are all about to begin with. Then I almost fell into tears thinking about that recent Teddy Bear/ Mohammed incident. Just tragic how it turned out the way it did. Really scary. Sure, I agree the lady should be killed, but for insulting the good, decent and reverent name of Teddy Bear, not Mohammed. I mean, is the World mad or what? *

A dozen cords of lumber into my manly task it hit me that I needed to be more thankful and show my appreciation more often than I have been, no matter the serious risk I could potentially be subjecting myself to by engaging the lifelessness and emptiness of the internet again. So since many of you have been jones-ing for a good bit of time, and even many more of you can't make up your own minds about important things without knowing what is on my mind first (I know my absence has been the hardest on those of you who can't think for yourselves), it hit me that that for the sake of humanity, and many's sanity, I reckon I can make a little time here during the holidays to enliven your existences. After all, it is the season for jolly spirits and Always Believing, right? God, I am such a sucker for the less fortunate in body, mind and soul. I should really consider starting a church of some kind. Sometimes I really do think I missed my calling.

Ah, it's going to be a great Christmas season. Isn't it? I can already tell it is. In fact, I've noticed that the hair on back is already unusually thick here at the beginning of December. It usually never begins to mat-up before the middle of January, and the texture...unbelievably soft, more like Mink this year, not Raccoon as in years before. There's so much of it I am almost positive that after shaving off what is necessary to make coats for my girls, my wife may even get that fur coat she's been dreaming of.

Must be that steroid study I've been conducting on myself since July. I was in the Carolinas just after the Benoit incident, you know. And I stumbled across that huge extra stash of steroids he

had stockpiled. Yeah, weirdly enough, I found them at one those indian souvenir shops, sitting right next to a bunch of firecrackers. The indian running the joint said one day a big black semi-truck with huge scrawled white letters all down the side of the trailer (he couldn't make out the word or the letters because he went to a local American public school where they were only taught Cherokee) came through town on its way to a larger city and stopped out front and opened the rear doors up and the whole 53' truck was full. He said the driver, a skinny, nervous, super-jittery guy, was practically giving the stuff away.

He didn't know what the stuff was but he bought it all because on the reservations they can sell anything legally and he figured eventually some white man would come through and know what it all was, buy it and he'd make a huge profit. Well, I knew what it was, but he also knew who I was. And, naturally, he was more impressed by who I was than I was by what he had. He also believed we had this whole cosmic "You're a warrior, I'm a warrior..." connection thing going on. And he was so into it I just didn't have it in me to disappoint him and tell him we really didn't have a connection thing going on because Ultimate Warrior, as a persona, was never created around his being an indian in the classic cowboys and indians sense. The truth is, I side with the cowboys not the indians, and I consider myself a Native American in the accurate sense. Moreover, I don't really appreciate that the indians, the bow and arrow kind, use the term in the misleading way that they for too long have. I mean, I was born here, in America, so I, too, am a Native American. I don't have to say my ancestors lived in a teepee and wore feathers in their hair, or yelp like a hyena or weave blankets or burn smudge sticks and smoke tax-free cigarettes to know I am one. Neither do you if you were born here. But we'll save that politically-incorrect discussion for another time. So, anyway, I went along with the roleplaying he was doing and used his belief to my advantage and negotiated with him until he took a pair of my underwear that I agreed to draw my Ultimate Warrior logo on, which he knew would always thereafter hold special powers. Funny, huh? Be back a little later to discuss my experiment — and many other things.

Your Founding Father of Ring Intensity,

Always Believe,

Warrior

*(Neither has my wonderful, sarcastic, politically-incorrect sense of humor suffered in any way. It is still very much in intact.)

Friday, December 7th, 2007 at 8:15 am

[Quick perspective.](#)

By admin

This is horrible. Just tragic. Hard to believe. The whole city is emotionally devastated. It will take a long, long time for the community's mourning to end. One witness to the evil crime said, "Just makes you really think about what is truly valuable."

The mall reopens for holiday shopping tomorrow.

Thank God.

Tuesday, January 22nd, 2008 at 11:52 am

[UK WRESTLESLAM Appearance...](#)

By admin

Many have inquired to know whether this is legitimate, or not. Yes, it is. They inquire because, ironically, there have been more Ultimate Warrior frauds and wanna-be copycats than any other wrestler since the times of Milos of Kroton. I don't know why, really. As you know, I'm not too brave or bold when it comes to having opinions. And the last thing I would ever want to do is be controversial, or worse, confrontational. Oh, how I hate that. Just the thought of it turns me into a big old scaredy-cat. You just don't know. My oh my, how my 3-4 hours of sleep each night would be absolutely wrecked if I knew someone was upset by anything I had to say.

However, if I had to guess, I would say the desire for anyone to embody Ultimate Warrior (or me while they are not in gimmick) probably has most to do with my sports entertainment career's illegitimacy and that the persona was nothing more than a flash-in-the-pan. After all, unsuccessful, boring and uninspiring people and personalities have historical reputations for sustaining a unique and magical, worldwide, public interest years and years after they are no longer around. Yeah, that must be it. That is exactly what drives so many to want to be it and keep yakking about it all these years later. Ultimate Warrior was never anything and is still nothing now. Beating a dead horse? Perhaps. But it seems more reasonable that critics would simply admit IT was a Thoroughbred they simply can't kill.

You have to have heard and seen it by now. There's an absolutely sick-looking and sickminded Ultimate Warrior Wannabe (UWW) puppy in New Jersey. He even signs pictures of my painted face and glorious physique, not his own. In fact, his wife ("Warrior Princess" as she calls herself when arguing with fans who let her know, "Your husband ain't the real Ultimate Warrior")

sleeps with my picture. That's right, "a" picture, just one. Apparently, she told a friend that sleeping with more than one would be just too much for any woman to handle.

He claims he's channeling me, the one-and-only and original Ultimate Warrior. But, hell, that can't be right. I mean, come on, I've had a Self Destruction DVD produced on me by those (liars) claiming they knew me very well. And not even in that fallacious production by these former family and friends was the portrayal of self destruction on the outerspace (or is that myspace?) level this guy has taken it to. And these frauds who created the DVD are pros at making crazy bullshit up! Nope, just ask all my former colleagues in the business. They'll tell you. This guy from NJ can't be channeling me. He's way over-the-top with his brand of self-destruction. He's over-selling it. Although, if you ask me, if Vince really wanted the project done right, he should have hired this guy to produce it, instead of buying off all the lying hanger-ons and burnt-outs he used. At least this NJUWW has true self destruction down.

An officially served Cease and Desist has been ignored. Let's see though, Dominic, if you can find a way to ignore the stiff judicial yank you're about to feel around your neck here as the rope you've been running out comes to its end. By all means, wear my gimmick to Court so we can all have one final laugh...at your expense.

Someone wrote after seeing some video of this guy: "This isn't going to end well."

No, for one person it isn't. For another, all always ends well.

Anyway, the One-and-Only will see you at WrestleSlam February 9, 2008.

Your Founding Father of Ring Intensity,

Always Believe,

Warrior

Wednesday, January 23rd, 2008 at 8:44 am

DEAD LONG BEFORE 28.

By admin

In the interest of full disclosure, I must tell you I have watched Brokeback Mountain no less than 45 times and I own the Limited Edition DVD, signed by Willie Nelson a short time after he wrote that queer cowboy song as a tribute to the courage of the producers and actors who broke such incredible creative ground when they made their agenda-less movie. Serious. Until I saw Bendover Brokeback, Braveheart was my favorite movie. But the love scenes of Brokeback sucked me right in and I had no choice but to give myself over to the passion of its wide open range, if you get my drift. Such courage this young man and his colleagues have. Reminds me of the courage of classic movie stars, where during the War they enlisted and flew bomber planes and fought on frontlines, then came back and picked up their lives and careers right where they left off, without anti-American sentiment, whining and complaining, or self-destructive self indulgence. I'm equally inspired.

Apparently, Leather Hedger had sleeping troubles and anxiety and dealt with terrible mood swings. So do soldiers but they don't self-destructively fuck up their lives. In fact, they don't sleep, handle anxiety and mood swings while dealing with whether or not they might at any moment lose their life. And they do this all the while they are dangerously protecting the freedom of others to fuck up their own. By the way, how many 28 (or older or younger) year old soldiers met their death yesterday? It's not easy to find out. None of them made the headlines of any news.

By today's standard, though, I do have to agree that he was a great father. Perhaps even greater than the father of the year, Hulk Hogan. After all, Leather Hedger did what it took to kill himself. His kid is without a father, yes, but the negative influence is now removed and his own child has the chance for a full recovery. Hogan, on the other hand, won't go quite that far. He insists on sticking around to keep further ruining, and profiting off of, the parentally mismanaged lives of his own children.

It is sad and tragic....that we don't demand attention be paid to greater things.

Wednesday, February 6th, 2008 at 2:16 pm

drug addict dies. the living lie.

By admin

“In a statement released through Ledger's publicist, the actor's father, Kim, said Wednesday: ‘While no medications were taken in excess, we learned today the combination of doctor-

prescribed drugs proved lethal for our boy. Heath's accidental death serves as a caution to the hidden dangers of combining prescription medication, even at low dosage.'"

No excess? Are you f'ing kidding me!! What, was he preparing for the next "Elephant Man" movie or what? He certainly took enough drugs to kill one.



No one is asking this father to reject the love he had for his son and will forever hold. Confess your love, but don't insult the intelligence of other human beings who CHOOSE not to SELF-DESTRUCT and end their lives prematurely.

Leather Hedger was a drug addict, pure and simple. His father is a liar, pure and simple.

Your Founding Father of Ring Intensity,

Your One-of-a-Kind Mentor All Juiced Up On Truth Serum,

Always Believe,

Warrior

Wednesday, February 13th, 2008 at 2:23 pm

Love is blind and blubbery, truly....

By admin

These kinds of love stories melt my heart and make me hungry for the highest fat Valentine's Day chocolate ever created.

XOXOXOX

Your Flutter Hearted Warriorman....

<http://www.breitbart.tv/html/46704.html>

Friday, February 15th, 2008 at 9:55 am

You ask. I deliver.

By admin

Every single minute of everyday someone writes and wants to know if I still have "it." I'm tired of being asked, so here's the proof. (Thanks, Troy, for making the Warriorman look so good and keeping the Ultimate Warrior spirit alive!)

Tuesday, February 19th, 2008 at 1:27 pm

Withdrawals...

By admin

I'm having withdrawals. It's been a full three days since I last offended anyone. Hatemail to me is like the best performance enhancement doctors can no longer legally prescribe. I was thinking of how to keep my veiny, skin-tightening pump going and get my fix...and as if by destiny (we believe in that kind of thing around here) an article to help me keep it and get it magically presented itself.

Are you fat? Are you, like that grotesque blob in my last post ("love is blind and blubbery...") wanting true love but haven't seen your sex parts since you were an infant?

Well, I've some bad news and some good news.

The chairman of the International Obesity Taskforce wants world leaders to agree a global pact to ensure that everyone is fed healthy food.

<http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/science/nature/7250608.stm>

That's right, fatboy, the government has its sights set on taking away another freedom- your freedom to feed your face ass self whatever you may like. Frankly, although I'm a guy big on having the government get the hell out of our lives, I happen to be quite alright about fat people losing this freedom of theirs. If you can't keep yourself out of the Dunkin Donuts and other lard-laden junk food joints, then you should have to wear a tracking harness (the ankle bracelets skinny, unfed prisoners use won't fit) and when you make a move to keep acting the pig you are, law enforcement steps in and muzzles you.

Freedom comes with responsibility and anyone who lets their mouth expand their weight to this kind of blasphemous, ungodly heft obviously doesn't get how the two work with one another. So in the interest of the self-disciplined humans of the human race, your freedom to further abuse your responsibility must be taken away. After all, you are endangering the rest of us. You are potentially killing off mankind. How's that? Well, as this article somewhat tries to point out, putting forward the idea that obesity must be fought in the same ludicrous manner idiots are suggesting we combat climate change. What they really mean is that the flatulence of fat people contributes more to global warming than either cows or industrial capitalists (i.e., those who will subsidize the universal health care plan we will inevitably have because of those who don't take responsibility for their own health to begin with).

Of course not, dimwit. The writers of the article don't say *exactly that*. They can't. What, has the congealed bacon grease of your arteriosclerosis also started to coat the neurons of your fat-suffocated brain? Who doesn't know, media people can't just call a fat ass a fat ass, anymore; if they do they will likely get sued for discrimination. That's why you have me. To fillet the prime pieces from the ambiguity. Jesus, they just don't pay me enough for this job I do. And the lack of appreciation... forget about it.

Another fat person expert, Professor Rena Wing (fat ass herself, you betcha) says, "The obesity epidemic won't go away simply because people switch to skimmed milk from whole milk."

No, it won't. But I have the solution. Instead of stomach staples, use mouth staples.

Your Founding Father of great, non-fat, lean and mean muscular, 8-pak health,

Always Believe,

Warrior

Wednesday, February 20th, 2008 at 1:20 pm

Injection site preparation...

By admin

Hello everyone. When you go to the doctor and they give you an injection they always prep the injection site with an alcohol swab. Apropos, I am posting the article below, which I wrote back at the beginning of the baseball season for a publication called Boston Baseball, as a way of preparing you for the injection of video commentary I will posting very soon. Both the article and videocast are about steroids. The article was written at the beginning of last season and it addresses what was happening in baseball at the time. The actual article the publishers ran in the magazine was sprayed down with the perfume of political correctness. I agreed to the changes of my original because I really did appreciate the opportunity to put my viewpoint forth and there was a deadline at the time that left me no time to negotiate for leaving my bolder and blunter points in. This article, here, is my original. plus few edits and add-ons just now completed before posting.

The forthcoming videocast was recorded a couple of weeks after my Hannity and Colmes appearance and it deals with the steroid controversies surrounding the Benoit incident.

Try to relax....you're only going to feel a slight pinch.

Your Founding Father of Administering the Much Needed Medicine of Truth,

Always Believe,

Warrior

Friday, February 22nd, 2008 at 3:13 pm

America needs another George...

By admin

Soon enough I'll be posting a videocast discussing Conservatism (should always be spelled with a capital "C" out of respect) in the way I define the true, real and pure version of it. On this occasion let me just say this. Although all the republican candidates were running to be the next Ronald Reagan, become the embodiment of what they and the pseudo-conservative punditry called Reagan Conservatism, I think Ronald Reagan, himself, would be the first one to say, "Gentlemen, what this country needs right now is not another Ronald Reagan. What America needs is another George Washington."

Conservatism, men and women, didn't begin with Ronald Reagan. He didn't create it. He didn't found it. Even he admitted and told us this by speaking so frequently, eloquently and inspirationally about this country's history and what from there we should be most concerned to preserve. Those who speak from their highly-rated and -paid pulpits telling us Reagan did create it and only he represents what Conservatism is are only revealing their complete ignorance. Of course, most of today's populus is ignorant right along with them.

Recapturing Conservatism back to the Founding of this country would be one thing and it would be great if we could only just do that. But Conservatism, as a philosophy, is something you are born with, and the enlightenment and evolution of it are one and the same as Western Civilization. Reagan was a cowboy who admired America's homegrown western traditions. But Homer is where you must start to be grounded in Western Civilization. There are the 80's of the Nineteen Hundreds and there are the 80's of the BC years long before the, now past, few thousand years since then. Way, way, way back there is will where you find the original and purest ideals that define Conservatism. Beginning with this one simple idea: the human being is capable of thinking and providing for himself. The entire, true essence of the Founding of this country rests on that one simple idea.

If you think Conservatism began in the period of history only 20-30 years ago, you are nothing more than a classic moron who's doing nothing to conserve anything except silly stuff and your own superficial ass. If you know Conservatism has been there since the beginning of man's time, you're a real Conservative in the true, classical philosophical sense; and you understand the innate responsibility every human being is born to "Conserve" what is important for all mankind and the prospect of continued civilized times.

Happy Birthday, George Washington.

Your Founding Father of Classical Human Conservatism,

Always Believe,

Warrior

Wednesday, April 1st, 2009 at 7:11 pm

[Whether you believe you can or can't, you're right.](#)

By admin

Hello. Thinking positive that you are all doing well. Always do.

I've been offline since last Summer. You've been aware of this. But that didn't stop you. You went right on writing emails. Over 20,000 of them landed in an email box and sat waiting. A few days ago I peeked inside. I'm glad I did. It's been awhile since I touched base, and you had a lot to say.

You wrote about many things...the bailouts...the state of our government...Conservatism...CON-servatives...today's liberal kooks...our culture...the Barack Presidency and its Socialist/Marxist power grab...your family...your kid's schools...Wrestlemania 25...new dead drug addict former WWE wrestlers...The Wrestler movie and the self-destructive actor they hired to play the role...appearances...speaking engagements...being inspired by what you found at Warrior Web...your own words of encouragement.

Nearly all of you asked if I was ok and how I'm doing...if I'm alive...how my family is doing...what (if anything) I have in store for you next...what I've been up to...when you can expect to hear from me again. I appreciate that. Thank you. I'm fortunate to have you all as supporters over the years.

I am still alive. If I were dead, I suppose, as some believe, I would have written and told you so. (Long time visitors to the Warrior Web will get the tongue-in-cheek.) My family and I are doing super. My baby girls, Indiana and Mattigan, are becoming little ladies — way too quickly. But I am keeping my stamina high so that I can stay ahead of it and catch as much of these beautiful, once-in-a-lifetime moments as possible. They are both off to great starts to live strong, bold, confident, and brave lives.

Their mother seems to have found a fountain of youth around here somewhere on our property. She just giggles when I ask her to tell me where it is. We've been married 10 years now and I still can't get enough of everything about her. All the countless stupid decisions I made in my life are totally counterbalanced by the one smart one I made ~~letting her fall in love with me~~ falling in love with her.

Me? Same O. Ornerly. One-of-a-kind (so are you!). I'm enjoying life, day by day, trying to refine this to minute by minute. Always reading and learning to stay inspired — mentally, physically and spiritually. Training, staying healthy. Building an art career, something I've been teaching myself to do over the last 7-8 years; finally starting showing my works. Warrior Gallery is set up down on the famous Canyon Road, here in Santa Fe. Stop by and say hello if you are ever out this way. My website, "www.warriorgallery.com" is in its initial stages of being built. More will be coming online soon.

Enough about me. Let's talk a little bit about you and how you're doing.

When I was reading your emails there's something else I couldn't help notice. A lot of you seem to be feeling plenty of despair these days, some of you claim to be outright depressed. Many of you tell me you are consumed with doubt, fear and worry. You're worried about your jobs and financial security, what the future holds for you and your family. You want to know how to better the quality of your attitude and lives. Many of you write and want to know what I do to

keep my head on straight to keep moving forward in my life in a healthy and positive way. You want to know how it is that I was able to move on with my life in a productive, fulfilling way and keep a confident and bold attitude.

For starters, **I never forget what I am. Not who I am — what I am. I'm a human being.**

This alone makes me capable of handling my life and the direction of it. Its circumstances. Its quality. Its outcome. It's influences. *My attitude.* I stop and remind myself of this very important thing whenever I begin to "feel" (instead of, accurately, think) like challenges and circumstances I may be dealing with aren't in my control. This reminder, sometimes sternly applied, brings me back to reality. The reality that the human being is created to have control over their life. No (sane) human being is absent this control. Yet, many people, when they find themselves in difficult or troubling circumstances, roll their eyes and look at anyone or anything else to assign blame. And, as for getting out of the mess, they sit and wait and do nothing but fantasize that their rescue is going to drop from the sky.

There are events and issues that happen that we cannot control from happening. I know this and I'm not denying it. There are unexpected disasters, tragedies and challenges we find ourselves faced with that we can't control. Take the worldwide economic situation right now, the very thing causing the worry and concern so many of you hold. Even if you have lived your life prudently and are prepared for a tough time like this, there's no way you could have controlled the imprudence and lack of preparation others in the world live by. Yet, fact is, we are all now paying for it in one way or another. This bigger economic fallout is an example of something you could not have controlled.

Still, powerless as you are to stop or effect the overall situation or any one other's individual situation, you do hold the power to not only control what you will think about it, what your attitude will be about it, but also what you will think to do, or not do, about it. Your power of choice does not lie with anyone else. Your power to make choices and take action lies in your mind, not someone else's. You DO hold the power to handle your life and the circumstances dealt you.

Most of the anxiety and loss of control people sense is created by outside influences. Negative influences can have no other effect on your state of mind than negative. You have to remove yourself from negative influences to be able to shut down negative thoughts in your head. You have to get away from them, entirely. There is no other option. There is no compromise you can make. If you won't, you choose not to. If you don't, your negative mindset will never change. No one else can force you to have negative thoughts or an negative attitude — be worried, doubtful, and fearful. Only you can. And if you subject yourself to these kinds of destructive influences, which inevitably generate like thoughts, no one else can remove you from them. Only you can. You own your mind — and its power to make you act. You control the ability to set your attitude and course of action.

I remove myself...

Get away from tv and radio news programming, and online news sites. Don't listen to talk radio programs that discuss the state of our government and what is going on economically. Don't watch tv programs that do the same. Turn them off. So much of what is going on in the world today to create the negative environment, you have absolutely no control over. No control whatsoever. Whether you pay attention or not will never matter. Any attention given is time wasted. Don't fool yourself into believing that by giving attention to the negativity and misery you are somehow becoming more intelligently informed or might be inspired to come up with a solution to it all. The full truth is never given or fought for on these programs and you can't save the world all by yourself. (Although, improving yourself to be the best you can be and being a a positive and inspiring example to others can and will change many lives one life at a time.) Build a impenetrable kind of self-discipline whereby you don't even spend the energy to ignore the negative, two-faced and biased "news" of the World. Act like it doesn't even exist. When someone ask you what you think about all that's going on, tell them you don't. "I don't. I don't think about it." Make a promise to yourself that you will be so strong that nothing can disturb your optimistic frame of mind. Turn the news off and try this. I guarantee you that within 48 hours the heavy depressing weight of the doom and gloom you feel will disappear completely from your mind. Trust me, if we come under some existence-threatening danger, you'll get the news of it instantly from the reaction of people around you. In the meantime, quit subjecting yourself to the fearful anxiety of it all.

Okay, you've stopped giving attention to the bad influences and rid your mind of negative thought. Now it is time to do the opposite: fill your mind with great ideas, motivating creativity, and energized belief.

I read and listen...

Read inspiring literature. Only. Nothing else. Start with self improvement books and audiotapes. Although my overall cynical opinion about the majority of hucksters who market this kind of stuff has not changed, there is a lot of life-empowering information throughout these products, especially the classic stuff put out years ago when the authors intention to help people was genuine. Until you build pure self-motivation, you have to expose yourself to motivating ideas wherever you can find them. You will do so by reading and listening to these products. While you are doing this, also begin a Great Book. **I've mentioned my own interest and learning journey with the Great Books of the Western World many times before.** I can't say enough about the penetrating inspiration I've gotten back in return for reading these books that may at first sight seem above you, but, by making the effort, heighten your belief in the awesome human potential we all hold. I've said frequently that people before us have faced greater challenges and done greater things than any of us living today. Reading the Great Books will prove that to you, and also inspire you to raise the standards by which you live your own life.

(Btw, for those of you who have children, find at least 15-30 minutes a day to read to them. Turning them on to the power and wonder of reading, and stimulating their imagination, is one of the greatest things you can do.)

I exercise hard...

Exercise your body with intensity for at least an hour and a half a day, everyday. Go to a gym and kick your own ass. Or create a full body program at home and kick your ass there. Jumpstart the performance enhancements and stress relievers your body holds and doses out naturally. Physical activity is the quickest and most effective way to kill worry, doubt and fear. The mortality rate is 100%. Everything about you and the quality of your life gets better with exercise.

I eat healthy food...

The quickest most effective way to begin building healthy eating habits, especially if you do not have the habit of doing so, is start with removing all junk fast food from your diet. Stop eating it altogether. This will be a huge first step if you are like so many other people who eat out more than they eat at home. The quick and impressive results you get from this will motivate you to want to learn more, and from there, the knowledge is easy to find.

(About exercise and healthy eating habits, I have the Warrior Workout START kit if you're interested. It gives the you the blunt, bold, no bs lowdown on what you need to do to get your health and fitness act together.)

I am thankful and grateful for what I do have...

This is an old cliché, but the reason it's not worn out is that it rings so true. If you take the time to look around — really take the time — you will see that you already do possess so many things that you should be grateful and thankful for, things of incredible wealth. If you lost every material thing you may, right now, be worried about losing you would still have so much. And all of it is priceless. None of it can be replaced with money. I believe that until we are grateful for what we do have we aren't deserving of much else, and karma has its way of keeping you stuck with what you have and where you are until you get your appreciation priorities straight.

I tell them...

Tell the ones you love that you love them, every chance you get, because you never know when your chances will run out. A lot of times life doesn't come to an end with a date and time announcement. One moment someone is here, the next moment they are not. And even when we know an end is forthcoming, never can we be fully prepared. Love for someone is the greatest booster of happiness for our hearts, and one day down the road, the greatest breaker of it, too. You never know when...none of us do. But if you take advantage of every chance you get, you won't ever have to wonder if your loved ones always knew.

I Meditate...

Spend a little bit of quiet, undisturbed time in deep thought. Just find a place where you can sit quietly and spend some time thinking about your life, your human potential, and envision the quality of life and experiences you want for yourself and your family. Concentrate on your breathing and peace of mind. You can find out all the basics you need to have to properly begin doing this, online.

I Laugh...

Make the time to find the humor in something everyday. Every chance you get even make fun of yourself. There will always be the serious things you have to tend to, and you should pursue them seriously. But there are plenty of funny moments you cross paths with throughout the day. When it happens, chuck the seriousness for a few minutes and have a big laugh. If you have kids, you won't have to wait long.

I Pray...

Pray and give thanks to whatever Creator you believe in. NEVER pray for help. Pray for greater and tougher challenges. He Created you with all the help you will ever need. Don't disrespect Him by asking for more. NEVER pray for guidance. Pray for exposure to deeper mystery. Fear of finding your own way in this lifetime is not living, it is passing wasted time till you are dead.

I Believe. Always. I always believe that I have within me the potential to do something unique and do whatever I set my mind and actions to do.

In some wonderful one-of-a-kind way you are unlike anyone else. All of us human beings here on this planet, all of us so much alike in so many ways, but each of us with our own life story. Your story is your story, not anyone else's. You were created with a singular unique soulprint to do something creative like no other human being who has lived or will ever live. What that "thing" is that only you can do has unlimited potential. However, because that thing is yours to do and no one else's, no one else can discover it for you. Only you can. You find it by believing that it does indeed lie inside of you. It's not that you have to know, right now, exactly what that unique creative thing is you have the potential to do. What matters is that you believe with all you are that it lies inside of you. This is where you start. Nothing matters more than always believing in the potential you hold to do something no one else can and the potential you have to think and act to bring it to life.

These are the "philosophy of life" things I practice everyday to stay positive and inspired. There are many specific practical things you can do to start changing the circumstances and quality of your life, but I'll leave those alone for now.

There is a lot of fearmongering going on right now, I know. But now is not the time be afraid. It's the time to be braver and bolder than you've ever been. I know it's not easy to stay inspired. But you have to make a way. Make a warrior's effort.

Always Believe,

Warrior

Monday, April 6th, 2009 at 1:47 pm

An idea.

By admin

Hello everyone.

My post a few days ago drew plenty of comment. Many of you were surprised of the tone and subject matter. Many of you want to have more inspiration and also want to know more about The Great Books, i.e., what books they are, where you can find them and what to start with, why they are important, why I think it is important that you read them, how reading them can better the quality of your life, etc.

Many of you have very busy lives and say you wish you had more time to read, and you ask me where I find the time to read. As for myself, I make the time. For me it is not a struggle because I've made it both a priority and habit. I don't switch out the time I set aside for reading for other things, and I don't because I enjoy the huge, life-altering benefits. I think you would, too. So, because of the overwhelming response, I'm thinking of an idea of how you could do sorta a trial run on the Self-Improvement literature and Great Books I read. Maybe give you a abbreviated peek into my own journal and its notes that I keep as I read. I have a couple things to still figure out, but I'll let you know in a few of days. I think you'll like the idea I have.

Always Believe,

Warrior

Wednesday, April 8th, 2009 at 8:06 pm

Don't doubt yourself...or what I tell you.

By admin

Hello.

You're doing well....I know you are.

In my April 1 post I listed the general philosophical things I do to live a productive, healthy, positive, and happy life.

Some of you wrote and said you don't grasp the significance of what I meant by telling you that I remind myself what I am, a human being. You don't understand what I mean by telling you to keep this foremost in mind, or how doing so is going to do anything to help you with creating change in your life or help you handle negative circumstances you are, right now, contending with.

I'm not surprised anymore by the ignorance. I was for a long time. For years, whenever I've been asked for a bit of inspiration or life advice, I always end and begin with telling the individual to concentrate most on what they are, what abilities and potential this thing they are has, and that what they are makes all things possible. Rarely does anyone get the significance of what I mean. Unfortunately, there is greater evidence than my own personal experiences to prove it. The multimillion (maybe Billion) self-help and self-improvement industry is subsidized by people's inability to grasp the importance of focusing on what they are, too. Aside from all the various and different practical tricks and gimmicks each uniquely styled and flamboyant peddler includes in the products they produce, there is one fundamental condition in every single one of these products that the user must meet, yet the majority fail, time and time again. This condition is grasping what it means to be what you are and realizing that at some point and time "help" and "empowerment" depend on "self." Only you can help and empower yourself, and you do that by understanding, using and putting into action the human being that you are.

The human being is the rational animal. Being the rational animal means you have a mind capable of rationality, which means you have the faculty of "reason," which gives you the capacity for intelligence to figure things out about yourself, other people and the world you live in. It gives you the ability to understand and be understood, acquire and learn knowledge. Reason gives you the capacity to act in accordance with reality, gives you the power to distinguish truth from falsehood, right from wrong, what works from what does not work, and use these judgments to make choices that guide the direction of your life. Bottomline, your mind — your rational mind — is your most basic means of survival.

Before you casually dismiss what I am explaining to you here, because you are unfamiliar with the terms or think it is all over your head, beyond your comprehension, or you think it's a bunch of philosophical gibberish you don't need to understand, let me try to get your attention another way.

Do you know that your freedom in this country is derived from this one single idea — that you are a rational animal? Is that simple and important enough to get your attention? I thought so.

Where in the Declaration of Independence it states that "all men are created equal," what do you think that means? How are all men created equal? We — all men — are created equal by virtue of the fact that we are all created as rational animals. That's it. Nothing else. That is the one single thing that makes men created equal. The Founders didn't put "all men are created equal" in the Declaration just because it sounded good. They put it in there because it means exactly what I am telling you it does.

So, now that you know, what is it you don't understand about that what you are — a human being, the rational animal — is indeed what you do need to depend on first to make your life

work, create and change the circumstances of your life. Your mind gives you the power to control the direction of your life. It gives you the sole authority to handle your life.

I think it's interesting to point out that of all the excuses people use to explain their failings at properly and effectively conducting their lives, no one ever tries to get away with: "I don't have a mind." People will defend themselves by claiming, "I lost my mind," "I lost control of my mind," and, "I was out of my mind," but no one tries "I don't have a mind."

Remind yourself what you are. Over and over. Toward thinking, knowing and believing *how you can*, there is nothing more important. Nothing.
Always Believe,

Warrior

Monday, April 20th, 2009 at 5:27 pm

"Let each man exercise the piece of art he owns."

By admin

Aristophanes, a classic playwright, wrote, "let each man exercise the art he knows." The heroes of his plays were resourceful, independent-minded and self-reliant. (Nearly all the plays are part of the Great Books.) As I was thinking about the subject I wanted to write about in this post, it seemed to me a perfect fit to impose some creative liberty on his classical words to create this post's title. After all, what greater piece of art is there than the human body you own.

Spring is here. Summer next. Sunshine. Heat. The beach. The pool bar-b-qs. Shorts and tank tops. Bathing suits. Time to shred the winter wardrobe and get outside and have some physical activity and fun. What about you?

Every single day someone writes and asks me "how" to get in shape and live a healthy life.

Frankly, "how" is easy. A "fitness trainer" search on Google digs up 2,680,000 links. "Fitness training" pulls up 34,600,000 links. "Exercise advice" pulls up 23,000,000 links. All these same searches at Amazon bring up over 20,000 books and dvd products. Google "exercise science" and 33,100,000 links pop up.

That's a whole hell of a lot of "how."

Makes you wonder why then there are approximately 127 million adults in the U.S. who are overweight, 60 million obese, and 9 million severely obese. And what about all the other millions who do not do any exercise at all and miss out on the great life-quality benefits.

What's missing? Same thing that is always missing. The unvarnished truth and people's unwillingness to accept it.

My Warrior Workout START Kit is the truth. The kind you sometimes are not in the mood to hear, let alone accept. But it may just be the very thing that pisses you off at yourself enough to finally inspire you to get up off your ass and get your health and fitness act together once and for all — for good.

It's time, isn't it? Too much time has gone by already, and time has this funny thing about it that once it is gone you never get it back. If you want to better the quality of your life (well, do you or not!?), START with bettering the great piece of art you already own — your Body. Exercise WILL do this. I promise. If you are ready...START now...purchase at paypal.

Thursday, April 30th, 2009 at 6:39 pm Thursday, April 30th, 2009 at 6:39 pm

Warrior's Journal #1- "As a Man Thinketh"

By admin

Hello. Thinking positive that you all are doing super.

Always Believe, Warrior

[Warrior's Journal #1- "As a Man Thinketh"](#)

Thursday, June 18th, 2009 at 9:31 am

18,534 days.

By admin

Apparently, without even trying, I keep shocking everybody.

I didn't know living to be 50 was such a big deal — or something to be despised or ridiculed. Of course, not many former WWF, or even today's WWE, wrestlers hang around alive long enough to celebrate their 50th birthday.

I always thought, though, that the mindless misfits and useful idiots charged with commentating on the industry could at least have started and continued that whole posthumous birthday homage media and entertainment pay to all their dead criminal heroes and OD'ed drug addicts. You know, like when they say, "Che Guevara would be 125 today ~~if he wasn't a thug and murderer~~

~~who deserved to be executed...long live the revolution!~~” or, “If Elvis had never left the building and choked to death on his own puke while passed out on his toilet, ladies and gentlemen, he’d be 93 today.” I guess this kind of thing doesn’t go over too well for dead wrestlers though when the Memorial Wrestlefest held in their name craps out after the first year. Still, just a thought.

I really don’t know what my problem is. I guess it’s just that I really enjoy being alive. All of us have our little idiosyncrasies, you know. One of mine is getting myself out of bed each morning instead of putting the coroner through the hassle. Even with all the support, guidance, insight and marketing that’s been done, I just haven’t been able to pull this self-destruction thing off, get it to work right like all the others have.

This video (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NO1Yn2V8TCw>) came close to pushing me into that absolute zero zone you need to enter to get the job done right. But by its end my urge was gone and a peacefulness came over me like I never felt before. Serious...even if the Dalai Lama had walked into the room his presence could not have deepened the tranquility I was experiencing at the moment. This excellently produced piece of footage made me feel so good to be alive — and living with my head in the present, not up my ass.

Maybe I’m just not trying hard enough. I don’t know. And sad as all my failure at this is, to make matters even worse, I just can’t find it in myself to even apologize. I simply have no remorse. I’m so not sorry for letting so many down. The only thing I have to offer, I suppose, is that I will keep on living. I know, it’s shameful.

Alright, let’s shelve the sarcasm.

For you self-thinkers, who make the effort and do the work yourselves to find out the truths about me and all other things that truly make your lives work, next week I’ve got another Warrior’s Journal coming on line and also a substantive, meaningful post about what’s going through my mind here as I look back at the now gone 18,534 days of my life. In the Warrior’s Journal I will be profiling Marcus Aurelius’s classic, “Meditations.” I believe you’ll enjoy it.

Your Founding Father of Ring Intensity and Life Motivation,

Always Believe,

Warrior

Wednesday, June 24th, 2009 at 3:46 pm

[Sickens me.](#)

By admin

People write and ask me all the time whether I still pay attention to any of the going-ons in politics anymore. I have kids growing up in the world, so, of course I do. The last time I said anything about politics was back at the end of 2006 just as the 2008 election campaigning was getting underway.

Anyway, yes, I am paying attention. After all, I am unfortunate enough (my kids, moreso) to be living in these historically significant times where America is transforming itself, under the watchful, vigilante eye of the Marxist Obama regime, into AmeriKa. (I use vigilante correctly, here. True Americans who do believe in original American principles ARE considered the criminals by Obama, and his anti-American administration IS violating every law it can to bring us Americans and this country to justice as they see it.)

More on that in time, I suppose.

Right now, though, what I wanted to briefly comment on is this [Sanford debauchery](#). What a small-balled and small-minded man this guy is. Absolutely pathetic.

And here, so many conservatives were fooled into thinking otherwise, admiring the way this guy handled himself on public forums and conducted his governing affairs. He was held in high character and was building huge clout in conservative corners and here he goes and blows it all for a stupid piece of ass.

There are a lot of ways to f'up your life, but none better than infidelity to brutally f'up many more lives than just your own. Masculinity aside, a real man would not do it. Real men do not screw up their loved ones lives.

During the fallout of the financial crisis there was talk by some Republicans and even some conservative citizenry that self-inflicted *seppuku* would go a long way in restoring moral confidence. Naturally, once the word got out about it being said, there was plenty of clarifying CYA by representatives who only fantasize, while among the heroic, manly monuments in DC at the people's expense, that they would have the courage to redeem themselves in this honourable manner if caught up in equal shameful behaviors; of course, none of them believe their daily crimes against our Constitution qualify as equal shameful behaviors. I was disappointed with clarification. And I know I'm about to be disappointed again. This time not only will the Republican representatives and CON-servative talking heads not mention any need to restore moral confidence, they won't give us any inspiring punishment ideas we can dream about.

If they change their mind, I'll supply the machete.

Yours in Intensity and Motivation,

Always Believe,

Warrior

Friday, June 26th, 2009 at 7:18 pm

Jacko. Finally, he beat it.

By admin

I imagine all the crying about the death of this recent drug-soused entertainment freak has most to do with the unfortunate inconvenience that the other drug-soused entertainment freaks now face. They will have to look for another local, safe and reputable babysitter. No longer will they be able to drop their kids off down the street at Jacko's to be watched for the afternoon and spend some play time with his own kids.

I hate the paparazzi, and think they should all be shot for the obsessive invasion of privacy. But I'm really going miss ALL those TMZ and Entertainment Tonight video clips of Jacko's and other celebrity kids playing together. You ever see any of those? Weren't they great? Didn't they make you feel all warm and fuzzy on the inside? Worked for me. Every time I caught one it made me believe maybe he wasn't a pedophile. After all, famous and rich entertainers, with all kinds of money to go to any expense to have things accurately checked out for themselves, wouldn't let their own little babies near a pedophile...would they?!

Well, you gotta give him credit for one thing. He spent all his money (and then some) before he died. And that's not an easy thing to calculate. Go ahead, ask your financial planner if he has a plan to pull it off. For all the horrific mismanagement of millions and millions and millions of dollars, here at the end, Jacko did a pretty damn good job at balancing the books in his favor. Sorry, at my new age and with the way the Obama economic plan is going, I couldn't help but recognize this stunner.

Your Founding Father of Intense Sarcasm...

Always Believe, Warrior

Sunday, June 28th, 2009 at 6:23 pm

Looking in the mirror.

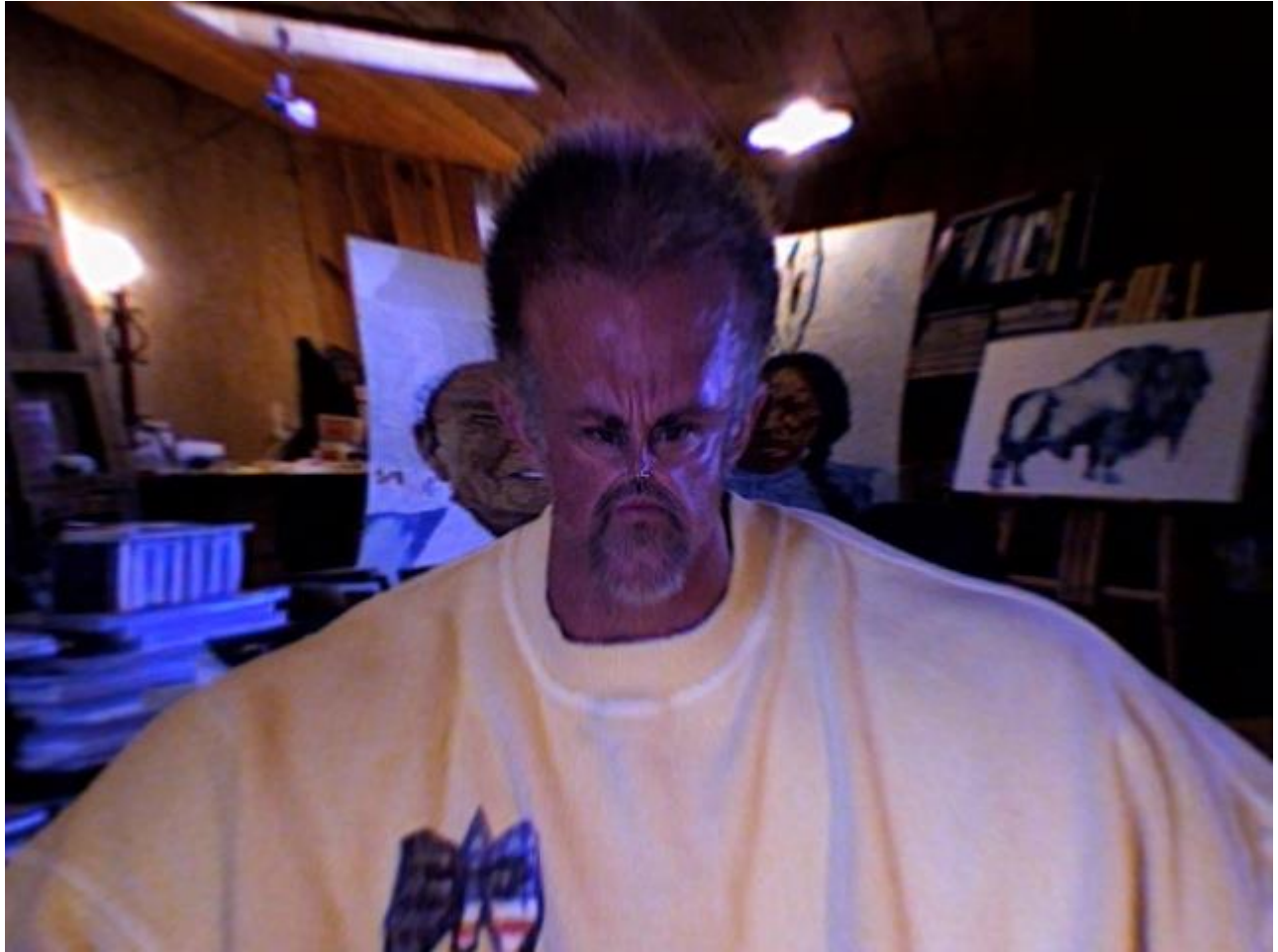
By admin

I've been told to look in the mirror before I judge others.

I have.

MJ now lives through UW.

What do you think? More off the nose?



Friday, July 10th, 2009 at 1:01 pm

Warrior's Journal #2- "Meditations"

By admin

[Warrior's Journal #2- "Meditations" PDF file.](#)

Tuesday, July 14th, 2009 at 6:03 pm

Warrior Art.

By admin

“A man who works with his hands is a laborer; a man who works with his hands and his mind is a craftsman; but a man who works with his hands and his brain and his heart is an artist.”

Thomas Aquinas

Summer here is going great! Doing juried art shows, traveling the country...great way to vacation with my heaven-sent Warrior girls! Busy, busy, busy working on building up my portfolio. Have some great pieces completed.

Many of you ask, “Why no UW paintings?” I get this all the time at all the art shows, too. So, I got one under way — a real classic shot of UW shaking the ropes. I’ll be putting up an image of the smaller, 24”x36” “study” piece I’m working on in a few days to show you the work in progress. After it is near completion, I’m going to decide on whether or not to do a larger work (48”x72”) of it. Going to start doing more self-portraits, as well. Should be interesting.

The sunflower images here are of small pieces I’ve done that go over real well at the shows I’ve been doing. Can’t knock them out fast enough!! They run 6”x8” to 10”x”12”. I knife the paint on really thick and run it all over and round the edges of the canvas. I know the prices on my large pieces, what I enjoy doing the most, are not in everyone’s price range. These small ones are cheaper...still, *ALL Warrior art...ALL* oil paint (applied with only a knife), bold, thick!! I’m working on others and will get those up when they are done.

A couple of the pieces here are available for purchase in two sizes. Usually, I do a “study” piece, typically in black and white but sometimes very toned-down color (called a value study), to see how and what I think about putting the image down onto a larger canvas. When you click on the linked image, all the info will come up in a new browser window.

Make LIFE happen! Get out there and do it!! START!!!!

Always Believe,

Warrior

Thursday, July 23rd, 2009 at 12:16 pm

[On Warrior's Mind #1...](#)

By admin

What a day! Just super! Obama's hell bent on wrecking the lives of us all. Reparations on the whole human race (ok, maybe just the white people) is in full Marxist mode.

You have to love it!!!

Really...I mean it.

The link should open an audio file. Please let me know if it works.

[On Warrior's Mind #1...](#)

Always Believe,

Warrior

Sunday, July 26th, 2009 at 9:00 pm

[Awesome \(Whole\) Gym Equipment For Sale...](#)

By admin

In the mid-90s' I owned a public gym, Warrior's Gym, in Scottsdale, Arizona. When I closed it, I put the equipment in storage and it has remained stored all these years. It is in a wonderful 100,000 sq. ft., climate-controlled facility in Phoenix, Arizona.

Several months ago I went over and had all of it taken down off the racks and put on the floor so I could see it altogether. I could not believe how much there was (I'd forgot!) and how great it looked. Over the years, I have often thought I might one day open another gym. Time enough has passed, though, and my life has moved on in certain ways, for me to accept that this will not likely ever happen. Therefore it is time for me to part ways with all the equipment.

Here a few small pics as it sat on the floor of Warrior's Gym. These pics are linked to a page where the images are larger and there is more info, including a PDF file listing all the equipment (this list was put together just before we put the equipment into storage).

Saturday, August 1st, 2009 at 10:28 am

[New Store...](#)

By admin

Hello, everyone. I'm working on some new things for ultimatewarrior.com. Many of you are always asking for signed pics and other autographed goods. Would you please let me know if this link here is working? I'm just getting underway with design changes and links, etc., and would like to know. Thanks...

[Store](#)

If it does work and you want to purchase, all is ready to go through paypal. I'm working on some a "Quick Information on Shopping" page that will discuss shipping and other payment options. But in the meantime, paypal is set up and working. The Main STORE page has small images that are linked to bigger ones. At those pages with bigger images where there is an "Add to Cart" button. That button will take you to paypal. If you want to buy only one photo you can check out right then. If you want to choose others, click "continue shopping" and you go right back to the page of the photo you just viewed. Every larger image is opened in a window all by itself. All you have to do is close it and the Main STORE page will be in a separate browser.

Always Believe,

Warrior

Wednesday, August 12th, 2009 at 4:51 pm

[A few things from Parts ALLknowning...](#)

By admin

"The person who risks nothing, does nothing, has nothing, is nothing and becomes nothing. He may avoid suffering and sorrow, but he simply cannot learn and feel and grow and love and live."—**Buscaglia**

Hello, everyone. Thinking positive that all is super in your lives. If not, look in the mirror. Both the problem and solution can be found there.

Several of you have asked about the Ultimate Warrior Figure Portrait I mentioned I was going to do. Here are some pics. (Small images are linked to larger ones in their own browser windows.) It's coming along super. True to my Warrior style: **Oil. Knife. Thick. Bold. Intense.** I spare nothing when I paint. I use gobs and chunks of sticky, gooey oil paint. I use only a knife to put it

on. I use force and energy and creativity when I apply it. I give all I have and leave all I have to give on the canvas.

I've got some other commission stuff going on right now and the Annual Santa Fe Indian Market is coming up in a week and half, so I've been busy in the studio. I wanted to get this UW Figure Portrait to a certain stage before I posted any pics. It's already one-of-a-kind awesome and will really be killer once complete and refined.

As I previously told you, I 'm doing this Ultimate Warrior work on a 24×36 canvas and then will decide whether to do a larger work, 42 x 72, something like that, something near life-size.

About this piece...I've come up with an idea. Since it is my first Ultimate Warrior Figure Portrait and there was much encouragement from you that I undertake one, and much interest since knowing I was, I'm going to set a pre-finished price to it, like how sculptors do precast sales where you can get in at 50% off the finished piece price. The first person to offer and pay \$1900 (\$75 s/h) gets it. After I complete it, the finished price will be \$3800. Send me an email if you want it. First come, first serve. As you can already tell from the pics, it's going to be really something else when it is done — and it is my very first UW work, so It will definitely be a collector's piece. If you have concerns about the face not being done yet, let me tell you I always do the face last on all my figurative work and I've never failed to bring out the [soul of the person](#). Surely, I won't fail on the *unique one I created*.

By the way, I am available to do commissions on other works, either Ultimate Warrior images you want (close up or action shots) or personal portraits which I enjoy and have already completed several commissioned works.

Be back later with some other updates and comments...

Your Founding Father of Ring Intensity,

Always Believe,

Warrior

Monday, August 17th, 2009 at 5:39 pm

Warrior Thoughts on Insurance...

By admin

"The Greatest Good to the Greatest Number will obviously be reached when each individual of the greatest number is doing the greatest good to himself."

"Individualism has the strength to resist all attacks."

Rose Wilder Lane

The health care situation is interesting. I've a few thoughts...

The vigorous opposition to more government in our lives is a good thing. Several intelligent, limited-government voices not pulling any punches are getting through, connecting and being heard. The genuine instances of this are inspiring.

About the rest, I have to to be honest, I find it all disingenuous and none of it inspiring.

It's a myth that ALL those opposing government takeover of health care right now are fundamentally opposed to the government takeover of things. It's not true.

Truth is, today, both liberals and conservatives want as much government in their lives as the government is willing provide. The only difference is, while liberals are blatant about their desire for it, conservatives try to hide theirs in hypocrisy.

Take Medicare and Social Security. Tell a "conservative" they can't depend on those and watch a stack get blown. They will not stand for any talk whatsoever about these government entitlement programs being taken away. Their loved ones will be chained to the debt throughout their lives? Screw them, they will tell you, without guilt or shame.

Take the recent Cash for Clunkers program as a simple example. Cost the taxpayers billions. There aren't any dealerships owned by conservatives? You think any of them turned down the government handout? You consider yourself a conservative? Did you exploit the Cash for Clunkers? If you did, I got news for you -- you're not a conservative.

Our government has not one bit of authority to even discuss the health care issue. Therefore, I don't know why there is a discussion in the first place. There is no place in our constitution that authorizes National Health Care. Bickering over different parts is going on. The truth is the discussion should not be happening at all. Even under the twisted guise of promoting the General Welfare, the irony is sickening. Who screws the people's General Welfare more than the government? Nobody. And the US government we have today worse than any other in modern time.

This health care thing isn't about political parties. It's about us -- the people -- retaining our constitutional rights. You seemingly intelligent, informed conservatives keeping a political scorecard -- one for the blues, one for the reds -- are acting no better than drunken, lewd sports fans at big bowl games. If you haven't noticed, your government representatives aren't playing the game to win for you. Their game plan is that the people lose out altogether. They don't give a rat's ass about ANY traditional, originalist American ideas or seeing them continued for another 233 years. Nobody in our government does. All they care about is keeping their power on that swamp infested with politics and parasites called Washington, DC.

I don't know for sure, but there must be somewhere in Sun Tzu's Art of War, that a loyal combatant does not voice criticism of their own side. I haven't read it in a long time and, frankly, the best thing I like about the Chinese culture is the food, not books written by warlords wearing food bowls on their heads. I'm into Western culture, not Eastern. I just know some of the tough talking conservatives refer to the book quite often and maybe in it they learn not to point out where their own kind fail and that if you just focus on the opponent's faults that somehow the complete solution to fix any problem will magically appear. I believe in some forms of mystery and magic, miracles, that type of thing, but I think this rule of war is weak and stupid. I'm not loyal to the people who are wrong. I'm loyal to the cause and the way of doing things that I believe is right.

Conservatives acquiesce to constitutional violations and usurpations of our freedoms and liberties all the time without so much as a peep, much less the kind of firestorm we are seeing today. This health care thing is not good, no. But when the bleeding, pulsing heart of freedom is no longer on the table -- the very idea an American can look to know how to set the course of their life -- it does not matter what other crumbs and morsels and other dried up shavings there are to scrounge from.

So I'm afraid not...at their core, many of those calling themselves conservatives today do not have any problem with big government. And it isn't their primary motive, now, for rising up against health care reform.

The problem they have this time is the same problem they have all the time: Looking in the mirror at themselves to see both the problem and solution, and having others pass judgment on them.

In a weird turnabout to how government normally operates, government takeover of health care is likely going to come with some pretty harsh judgment. Some of it literally life and death. And that's what they don't like about it.

Most government run social programs are designed to be subjective and nonjudgmental. The less accountable you are for yourself, the more you mess up your own life, the more of a trainwreck your life is, the more the government likes you and wants you. The more you need a handout the more likely you are to get a handout. So government giveaways with strings attached, like this one seems it might be, are a real bummer.

Depending on how bad you've let your own health go throughout your life, you may just end up not getting the government to feel sorry enough for you and to subsidize the treatment or medicine or handful of extra months you'd like to stick around and live.

It's been obvious for quite some time, handling the challenging and sometimes uncomfortable real stresses of life while under the influence of nothing more than one's own self-responsibility is a little too much to be asked of some of us. And government now threatening to close some divisions of it's pity force is enough to push them over the edge. Wow, better not let that happen.

Bottomline, people don't want to accept that their own sloppy, irresponsible, unhealthy personal behavior is a big cause of the health care problem we have today, and they also don't want to be judged on it. This is what people fear the most.

Don't get me wrong. Even though I'd enjoy the squealing, I don't endorse government anything. Government should stay the hell out of everything except defending us. Like I said, I don't even know why there is any discussion about health care to begin with. But now that it is on the table, at least some damn truths should be told.

And one is this: When you decide whether you approve or not of government involvement or assistance in your life by splitting hairs as to how much or how little IT will judge your behavior, you're not one of the "undecideds" -- you're a fat pig at the trough and you're part of the problem this country has. And if you are a part of the problem, you aren't part of the solution. I don't care what political flag you roll under.

Conservative mouthpieces like to throw around the idea about staying true to our Founding constitutional rights and that we (the people) are sick and tired of our elected officials violating these as they please. Great. What about all around? Why don't we abide by our Founding rights (and their responsibilities) entirely, not piecemeal.

How many of you have looked in the mirror lately? You say our representatives have a responsibility to uphold the principles and character of our constitution. Ok. What about us, the people? Do we have any responsibilities of any kind? Say, one like the responsibility to uphold a certain constitution of character and behavior, one similar to those of the people who lived at the Founding times. I think we do. In fact, because we are a government of the people, we the people have an even greater responsibility than our reps to hold up our end of the deal as an example.

In a few words: Self-responsibility, courage and dignity.

Life comes with responsibilities. When you have freedom to live your life as you choose, the responsibilities are even greater. One of those responsibilities is to oversee your health and take care of your body and state of mind. You can't trash yourself all to hell and then expect or demand that others put the pieces of your broken-down humpty-dumpty ass back together again when it all falls down. Also, the concept conservative means something more than just a political party. It means preserving things of value that make life work. And if you call yourself a conservative, I don't know how abusing your health figures into your view of life and the

principles you say you believe in. Every single fat ass, out-of-shape conservative should be into fitness and health.

The two major health care expenses today are those caused by overweight and out-of-shape people and the medical costs incurred in the last 6 months of a person's life.

Whatever problems there are with insurance and insurance companies, one super-size part of the whole truth is undeniably this: people who do not practice preventative health care (including a health and fitness lifestyle) are the major cause of all its difficulties, grievances, problems and expenses.

Yet when there is a discussion about solutions, this reality is either nowhere to be found or thrown out of the discussion altogether because it hurts people's feelings. I can't help but think to call it: Cash for Junkers. Why should those who take care of themselves have to pay for those who Junk their bodies and minds their whole life?

Fat, unhealthy people have a problem paying for the health care of others through a government run program via tax revenues (as they rightfully should), but they don't have any problem with other people paying for their own medical and health care needs (caused in large part by their irresponsible behavior) through the increased premiums insurance companies impose on everybody to cover the increased costs.

Most people today are physical wrecks. They are not only overweight, they are obese. People are eating antidepressants, other mood-altering drug or some kind of drug to sustain organ function like candy. Kids today are fat and out of shape and this not only effects their physical energy, it diminishes their capacity to think and learn clearly. Many have diabetes simply because they do not get any exercise at all and eat diets filled with only refined foods and sugar. What else can we expect when we have adults and parents eating the same way and then turning to fat-sucking procedures and stomach clamps because they couldn't keep their own mouths shut.

People simply aren't taking responsibility for their own health care and others are paying the bill for it. It isn't right. Why should others who invest in preventive health care have to pay for any other individual's lack of investing anything in it at all? The science is not OUT anymore when it comes to the benefits of good, sensible eating and/or regular exercise. The science is IN.

There's no reason except laziness and lack of self-discipline that men are sporting three chins and a waistline bigger than their chest by their mid-thirties and women end up having asses the size of semi-truck rearends. (Laugh if you want...many of you are the husbands who have written me for advice on how tell your wife she's fat and you no longer find her desirable.)

You can't abuse your mind and body for 30-40-50 years and not expect that its ability to function won't collapse. You can't get around what's been said for centuries: You can make time for health and fitness now or plan on making plenty of time for illness later.

Those who let their health and fitness go all to hell need to subsidize their medical repair bills themselves. And they should do so for as long as they, alone, are able to write the check. If you

want insurance and can find what suits you, get it. But when the insurance company has to operate as the business it is and draw lines in the sand about what they cover and do not by the terms of coverage you originally agreed to, don't whine and complain. And if you find yourself with an ailment that is not covered under the terms you originally agreed to, don't find some unethical legal hack (are there are other kind) to file litigation for millions of dollars no one owes you. The insanity with litigation is costing everyone except the scumbag lawyers. And there is no freedom-sacrificing law that can be created to handle this problem better than getting back to the use of common sense and decency. Every single out of control problem we humans face today is driven by our refusal to think and behave as the best human beings we have the potential to be.

More dignity and courage are in order. These are two premier virtues our ancestors held, and they held them high. They are virtues we should exercise more today. Founding people risked and sacrificed for posterity's sake. They considered with respect what the future would hold for American citizens many years down the road. Don't you think we should do the same? Burdening our own posterity with debt is wrong and undignified and a coward's way out.

When your time has come to leave this planet you should embrace your mortality with dignity and courage. If you can afford to pay for the medical resources to buy yourself more time, great. But don't ask others to shoulder the expense for you. Find your peace and let go.

Maybe you didn't see it in the fine print on your birth certificate, but it is there. It says: "you live, you die." Who does enjoy the prospect of dying? Maybe only former WWF/E talent. I don't know. It doesn't matter. Dying is going to happen to you. So face it like a human being who isn't going to get out of it when the time comes.

Religious conservatives and born-again christians need to quit being the biggest pansy-ass hypocrites there are about this. You all show the most fear about dying and do the most screaming and yelling about what you are due from others when you are faced with death. I don't need to explain it anymore than that. Everybody sees it for themselves. It's obvious to anyone with decent common sense -- endowed to us by a Creator -- that too many of you do not practice what you preach. At all. You use your religion as an excuse, not an empowerment. And you do because you don't truly believe in your soul what you claim to and want everyone else to buy into. It's shameful. Find some God Damn dignity.

We all get older, but we don't all have to get older the same way. You can live an active, healthy, enthusiastic and energetic life all the way through but you are going to have to do some work and put in some time along the way to make it happen. Too many don't. Too many forgo the responsibility while they are capable of handling it and then cry foul once it is too late. Demanding that others be sympathetic, concerned and supportive once you've shot your load and spent a lifetime ruining yourself is weak, and wicked.

I will end by saying that I find the whole insurance obsession very uninspiring. All it does is instill fear throughout. There's a written record of mankind going back over 3,000 years. There are stories of incredible challenges, none of them faced with assurances, guarantees or insurance of any kind. The Founding of this country is but one example. The signers of the Declaration of

Independence put it all on the line: "we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor."

It's pathetic that in just over 100 years, since the beginning of the industrial age and the production of comforts and conveniences, the human being today is inspired more by what insurance and assurances he can arrange than the unknown risk of opportunity and challenge. People don't do great things playing it safe and being surrounded by security. That's why truly Great, Capital "G," things aren't happening anymore.

In my opinion, insurance ends up costing you a hell of a lot more than money. Insurances of any kind have a tendency to dull your senses, suffocate your innate desire for freedom, demotivate your excitement and enthusiasm for life, and weaken all the virtues you were naturally endowed with to face any crisis or challenge you will come up against throughout your whole life. Some of your greatest life moments happen when there is nowhere to turn to be saved. It's no coincidence that insurance salesmen have puny chests, timid confidence, and no passion for life. They market in fear and death, not courage and life.

Think about what I say time and time again. Greater people before us have lived and they have done much greater things than any of us living today. You think what you want. I think it has everything to do with that there was no insurance, not health insurance, not life insurance, not accident insurance -- not insurance about anything, against any risk.

Life comes with unexpected and without guarantees. The quality of your life will be better the less you try to run and find safety nets and havens from them. Your life is better served if you take it as it comes without over-thinking or over-planning how you can beat the odds of the unexpected and what-ifs.

Your best insurance is to spend your energy, time, and thought on taking care of yourself better than you take care of anything else. Pay attention at all times to everything and always keep learning throughout your whole life. Accept all life has to offer and don't fight in anger or self-pity with any of it. There are good lessons to learn in everything. Even pain and suffering can teach you things that are good.

Always Believe,

Warrior

Thursday, September 3rd, 2009 at 3:04 pm

[It's coming along...](#)

By admin

Several of you have asked about that 24"x36" Ultimate Warrior painting I started.

Did it sell? Have you continued to work on it? Thanks for asking.

Yes. Both. It did sell. A great young kid from NY stole it at the 50% off finished price I offered it at. It's going to be a killer piece of artwork and an incredible one-of-a-kind collectible.

I'm also going to kick off pre-sales for a Limited Edition Print of it in the next couple of days. Print will run just a little smaller in size and be produced in a limited quantity (very high-quality), each available for signature however you like and a COA will be included.

Here are a few new shots of the work in progress. Inexpensive *ELPH* digital camera. No professional lighting. No image alteration. Pictures don't do the thick oil paint and knife-only work justice. Nice wheels, don't you think?

Monday, September 7th, 2009 at 7:05 am

Get up. Get out. Go tear something TODAY!

By admin

You know, it's easy to have big balls when you are 20, 30 years of age. It's another thing to have that big balls attitude, confidence, courage, audacity, assertiveness and aggressiveness into your 50, 60, 70, 80, and 90's.

Based on a few hundred whining and complaining responses to my last post on insurance and my typical Warrior-stern emphasis on self-reliance, I have to wonder if some of you mens' wives don't often wonder if they are laying next to another woman at night instead of the man they believed they married. Take my advice: you want to impress (or try and get the sympathy of) someone hell bent on getting the most out of every day of their life, don't write and tell them you were a real stud in high school and wore a letter jacket all weighted-down with pendants all three years of high school but you've let yourself go over the last 20 years and starting to feel and see the sorry-ass effects of having done so.

Today's Labor Day. So how about subjecting yourself to some?! Get up off your ass, get outside...get out and give yourself a gut check. Maybe you'll be fortunate enough to tear a muscle or two. These kinds of incredible, wonderful pains have a tendency to remind you that you are still alive. When you've had enough — which will be way, way before what your body and mind can *actually* handle — stand there, between your short, wheezy breaths and fear of heart attack, and ponder whether or not letting your physical self go all to hell all these years is really worth all the other comforts and securities you've acquired in your life.

If you say no, you stand a good chance at getting your big balls attitude back. If you say yes, you're destined to live out the remainder of your days thinking, believing and acting tiny.

“Youth is not a time of life – it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of red cheeks, red lips and supple knees. It is a temper of the will; a quality of the imagination; a vigor of the emotions; it is a freshness of the deep springs of life. Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over a life of ease. This often exists in a man of fifty, more than in a boy of twenty. Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years; people grow old by deserting their ideals.” – Samuel Ullman

Your Founding Father of Ring Intensity,

Always Believe,

Warrior

Monday, September 7th, 2009 at 4:44 pm

[Creations.](#)

By admin

Many of you have written telling me there is no way you can afford one of my large pieces of art work, but you'd really like to have something and want to know if there is anyway I can do something smaller and less expensive. Some of you have mentioned maybe being able to get something simple that includes the Warrior logo, something you could hang on a small wall or put in a frame and sit on your desk.

Here are a couple of ideas I've come up with for right now.

The one on the left is 24"x30". Same work style is used...all knife work and quality oil paint is used thick. I have a few finishing touches to do on it but wanted to get this image up to see if there is any interest in a piece this size. The price is \$650 plus s/h. I can do it in black and white for \$500. It's a great wall piece, powerful and colorful, as you can tell from the small closeup images provided at the Warrior Gallery Art link.

The one on the right is 6"x8" and is a scrawled logo done with my knife. The paint is thick and this makes for a nice small, desk piece. Many times when I am out doing autograph signings people will ask me to draw the logo and the idea for this small piece is driven by that frequent request. Paint goes on the knife and I slash at the canvas to make the logo. Each will be unique because each is done freehand. I can use a color scheme of your choice if you like. There's a contact link at the Warrior Gallery Art pages that I have set up to showcase these. If you have any questions, ask.

Tuesday, September 8th, 2009 at 9:06 am

No.

By admin

No. I won't let my kids watch Obama this morning as he speaks to school kids. Whatever inspiring rhetoric his teleprompter comes up does not match the uninspiring and destructive assault he's wielding upon our Constitution and our rights and freedoms. He is America's President, but none of his governing ideals are American. His and his administration's philosophy is entirely anti-American.

Common, everyday American citizens, standing up on principle and consistently voicing opposition, which they have every right to do in this country, are, to Obama's administration, "anti-American," "silly" and "thugs." Administration officials and unconstitutional Czars are victims of "vicious smear campaigns" made up of "lies and deceptions" when the evidence used to criticize them is their own words in recorded audio and video.

Telling kids they must work hard to succeed doesn't square with Obama's agenda to punish and penalize and steal from those who work the hardest and produce the most and succeed at the highest level. Innocuous on the one hand, perhaps. Thievery, for sure, on the other.

Arthur Moeller van den Bruck, who coined the term Third Reich, said, "*We have to be strong enough to live in contradictions.*" You decide for yourself if Obama and his clan are showing themselves strong enough to live in contradictions.

When Obama joked he was a mutt during the campaign everyone thought he was being silly about his ethnicity. He wasn't. He was being serious about his political philosophy, part Socialist, part Communist, part Marxist.

Nazi is one we might add. It is, after all, literally: National Socialism. Obama believes in this and, thus far, has done nothing less than what Hitler did in his **beginning days** to achieve it.

Hitler said, "*The intellect has grown autocratic, and has become a disease of life.*" He also said, "*at a mass meeting thought is eliminated. And because this is the state of mind I require, because it secures to me the best sounding-board for my speeches, i order everyone to attend the meetings, where they become part of the mass whether they like it or not...I speak to them only as the mass.*"

What greater mass of minds to gather than the mushy, undeveloped ones of little children.

Hitler knew the first thing you do to effect and move the masses is remove their desire to think. Obama's constant presence and the presence of his constant contradictions are intended to do this — and they are exactly what they are, whether you want to accept it or not. After a while, you get worn down and just shut your mind off because you can't handle the dismissal of reality anymore, i.e., the dismissal of the use of the human mind. And don't forget, Obama is the

Messiah...he will lead us to the promise land. All we have to do is “get out of the way,” “quit talking,” and follow. Hitler was God, too — not only to himself but for whole masses of people willing to shut up, just listen and not think.

There’s nothing innocuous about Obama speaking to young people about education. The more harmless it seems, the greater Obama’s stealthy contradiction and the more harmful his intended effect actually is.

Obama is not welcome in my household, in person or through the TV. No anti-American like him is.

Your Founding Father of Ring Intensity,

Always Believe,

Warrior

Friday, September 11th, 2009 at 11:19 am

[Tough decision? Compared to what?](#)

By admin

I was eating breakfast. Typical grub. A dozen egg whites and oatmeal. Lots of coffee. Once done, off to the gym. The house had a small 10 inch TV secured up under the pantry cabinet. The news was on. Fox News. Breaking News. A small piece of a plane was sticking out of the building. I thought, what a dumb ass, someone flew their small plane into the building. I drank, cooked and watched. They showed a view of a plane in flight. I thought it was a replay. It was a big passenger plane, not a small plane. I said to myself, ‘I was wrong, it was a big plane, not a small plane...ok...so, how could that—’ The camera angle changed. It was not a replay. It was a second plane. Damn...

Each image throughout the morning grew more surreal and gruesome. None more so than the ones of those who jumped to their deaths rather than burn to one. Still today, none more so.

When I began speaking on college campuses in 2003, I carried around one of the photos of this horror. It was a shot of the burning World Trade Center, a couple, probably strangers, balanced on a window sill, flames roaring behind them, other bodies in view dropping mid-air, certainly struck with indescribable fear, each horrifically stuck in this life-ending bond having to encourage one another to jump to death.

I told the kids I used the image to remind myself that that was a tough decision to have to make, and any I ever have to make will never compare. None of theirs, either. I’d be in prison right now if I’d smacked every punk kid who snickered.

That picture sits framed on top of my desk. I look at it every morning. It reminds me. It makes me somber. It makes me appreciate. It makes me cringe. It makes me angry. It makes me care. It inspires me. It gives me courage. Still, since that day, no tough decision I've had to make compares. All my life, I imagine, never.

Always Believe,

Warrior

Tuesday, September 15th, 2009 at 5:21 pm

[Only a White Suburban kid would do something like this.](#)

By admin

[Video/Story Link.](#)

What does a white person say? Can a white person say anything about this at all without being labeled a racist? Maureen Dowd says she heard Joe Wilson say, "You lie, *boy!*" instead of "You lie." If you don't get the implications of that, leave now. You're not welcome here.

I suppose the p/c, blacks-are-right-all-whites-still-dream-of-being-slavemasters position on this is to just zip it and say nothing at all, or agree with Van Jones, Obama's Green Czar: Only a suburban white kid would do something like this.

Sorry, no can do.

Until the double-standard ceases somebody has to throw it back. This was not an act of racial motivation, this was an act of racial stimulation. There's a difference, here. One is driven by something external, the other by something internal. Racism for these black kids here, violently acting it out and taking glory in the blood and guts of it, is driven by an inner hatred for white people they hold, a hatred that is bred and empowered by every single cultural influence they look up to, including, now, POTUS. Obama and his administration are racists.

Ironically, Van Jones' logic turns out to be spot on in this case: Only groups of thug black kids would do something like this. It's only them. They're not going to pound in the skulls of a whole bunch of white people, only one lonely, frightened white kid when he's all alone.

I'm sick of it and if you have any decency left in you, you should be, too. Black, white, red, green, purple, it doesn't matter to me. I am a "human racist" and I am concerned about the "human race." My kids, your kids, our kids have to live in this world...will they have to spend as much time or even more defending themselves against it, too? These kids — these OBVIOUSLY BLACK-skinned kids — are behaving like animals, savages, less than human, like Rhesus monkeys.

If it were white people I'd say the same damn thing.

I'm sick and tired of having words that "accurately" mean certain things taken away from me. You squirm all you want. I'm not going to. My children deserve to grow up in a world where their loftiest dreams can become a reality, not a place where what is unreal and fantasy rule people's lives.

This morning they label us racists because we simply disagree with our President who happens to black. We know we certainly are not. This afternoon the House, filled with the same destroyers and enablers fomenting the racist aspersion, seeks to change the House Rules in a way so that a liar can't be called a liar anymore, a hypocrite can't be called a hypocrite anymore. Wake up people....it's not a game, anymore.

Wednesday, September 16th, 2009 at 7:23 am

Shovel ready.

By admin

Like Kennedy, the expiration of this LOSER is a shovel ready project I can get behind.

[Communist Carter](#)

Thursday, September 17th, 2009 at 11:33 am

Dismissed.

By admin

Hello, everyone. I wanted to get this news out before it got out other places and the idiotic pundits tried to claim I was hiding from mention of it because I am all consumed with grief, fear and embarrassment.

WWE won a round here in my ongoing litigation with them over the Self-Destruction DVD they produced. There were actually two lawsuits going on; one at the Federal level and one at the State level. The State Court has dismissed that case. They were similar in some ways, but much different in others. I'm not going to attempt to explain what a lawyer better understands.

I've attached the pdf file. I think it is public record, so I don't believe I'm violating anything.

It is what it is. There are no guarantees in litigation. None.

Of course, when you pursue these things, you want things to turn out in your favor. So does the other side. Cases are made and cards fall where they will.

What helps me handle it is that I am realist about things I cannot control and an optimist about all the incredible opportunity that always lies ahead, every day, every hour, every minute. I mean, from the moment you decide in your head that the past is done and gone, that it is a fact of reality you can't change, and you put your time and energy into moving forward, right then and there positive things begin to happen. Only when you change the world of your mind will things outside of you change.

There is no reason for hesitation except that you choose to stay stuck. The only force is your mind. I don't choose to remain stuck. I'm not good at whining and complaining about what I, myself, can, will and must do. I still have the rest of today to make the most out of myself and my life. I'm going to get at it.

Your Founding Father of Ring Intensity.

Always Believe,

Warrior

Saturday, September 19th, 2009 at 6:14 am

Not over.

By admin

I received some emails from regular correspondents telling me that many of the empty-minded pundits went right ahead and mischaracterized my "Dismissed." post even though I posted my comments to prevent it. No wonder I have so many glowing, positive reviews of the industry and all its loons.

I made it very clear in my post:

WWE won a round here in my ongoing litigation with them over the Self-Destruction DVD they produced. There were actually two lawsuits going on; one at the Federal level and one at the State level. The State Court has dismissed that case.

I don't know how to help you understand the black&white of that statement if you don't.

There are two cases. The State Court case was dismissed. The Federal Court case remains.

Stay with me now. I'll walk you through this. I'll keep this simple. Let's say, Johnny has two apples. He gives one away and does not have it anymore. So how many apples does Johnny have

left? OK, now, boys and girls, real slow.... Johnny had two, Johnny gave one away, (too fast?...ok, I'll slow down) so two minus one leaves Johnny with how many? One? Did you say you one, you cutey pie? Good job students!! Hooray!!! Hooray for you!!! You get a John Cena ice cream bar!!!

The very fact that it was dismissed means there cannot be damages recovered. Duh. *One kinda has to precede the other.* Of course, you would not grasp that concept...because you write columns without, first, using a mind or holding an idea of what you are doing.

Oh, well...back to my real life. My happy, still-alive life. Perhaps the truth is you can only understand me if I do speak in Ultimate Warrior tongues. Hmm.. something to consider.