

Rene Guenon(pbuh) Magazine

#1

Part 1
Poetry Section

Guénon - the Truth, the Light never-ending,
All things are known to him,
His Word, with eternity blending,
Gnosis passing onto the dim;
Vanquishes He maya as a mere trifle,
Verily, peace be upon Him.

-Anonymous

Fuck a trad hoe like I'm Guenon
(pbuh) supremely based like I'm Guenon
(pbuh) eternally retroactive refutation
BTFO whitehead, (pbuh) the magician

Hylics seething, brothers reading
Giga-Guenonchads (pbuh) breeding
Traditionalists in a ranch
All hail Guenon(pbuh), the rightful roi of France

-Guenonpoet

I want to burn, to fly into the skies,
this imperfection of the human crust.
Becoming eternal like Guenon (pbuh),
who in great flames sits amongst the gods.

Already, my poor soul stung of its best,
within my flesh, the rebel walks itself,
Already the wood has been set to flames
to bring forth the great, bright rays of your eyes.

O saintly man! O chastely pretty fire!
Lo! burn me with your divine orb of fire,
as I leave the remains of my body.

Clean, pure, free I leap with a single bound,
up to the Heavens! to adore Guenon (pbuh)
the True Beauty who shines behind the sky.

-Anonymous

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Miley Cyrus wanna eat my rosebud
but i only fuck trad hoes
rad clothes, trad woes
i only got trad bros

Reap what you sow,
Refutations we got a lot of those
Whitehead dunked on,
by Parmenides, like Derrick Rose

-Guenonpoet

Refutation from a metaphysician
larpers on these threads
like Crowley, fake magicians,
Trad bros, we being kings.
like Guenon(pbuh), a real Capetian.

Turn up on a bottle,
Like a Djinn
I don't drink gin tho,
I only drink Bowmore Mizunara,
I told you, I'm traditional

-Anonymous

Like a wandering Jew,
Far from my homeland in the materialist desert was I a slave,
But you led me out to the sweet Traditional dew.

Like Moses (pbuh) did your face shine with Gnosis,
Like Allah (swt) did you lead me from torture,
Like Jesus (pbuh) did you teach me love,
Like Adam (pbuh) knowledge did you possess,

An eternal covenant I accept from you...
Oh, Guenon (pbuh), I pledge allegiance to you...

-Anonymous

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Guénon he be praying
On his knees humble
Allah (swt) be listening
In Cairo's rubble

Kuffar destroyed the land
Truly subhuman they are
Guénon raises his hand
The hylic has gone too far

Now the hour is near
The hylic repents like Pharaoh
Allah (swt) to Guénon lending his ear
Guénon cries, placing the hylic on death row

In the Kali Yuga it is too late
The seething hylic knows the Jihadi hymn
Many were the kuffar Guenon that day slayed
Verily, peace be upon him

-Anonymous

western canon all refuted by Guenon, ay
make Alfredo Whitehead pasta write like Roland Vernon
Nietzsche incels, Guenon make them all salivate
Materialists manlets, feed them all to raticates
Got three bitches, im just following tradition
larping on /lit/, now that's a war of attrition

-Anonymous

Transcend non-duality
Peace be upon him, verily
Workin like I'm Dante in Piazza Santa Croce
Sublime work ethic, cause I'm tradizionale

I'm also Parmenides
My life is Divine Comedy
Comedia by Alighieri
She can suck these
but she ain't my Beatrice

-Guenonpoet

Haikus:

the lost birds of /lit/
can only come home through Guenon
light remains glowing

The modern world hates
traditionalist values
for it is the cure

Kali Yuga reigns
ubiquitously today.
The key is missing.

What is missing now?
The world feels like it is wrong
is there something else?

Part 2
Short Fiction

Guenon Isekai One-Shot Teaser Short Story

Introduction: Volume 1

Arjun Zheng hated his heritage. He hated his name. His chinese father wanted him to have a traditional chinese name, but relented when his mother threatened to leave for India. He hated the ashram, which his mother forced him to attend, and he hated Taoism; the nonsense which his father tried to force feed him. He read Zarathustra when he was 11. He did not understand any of the concepts, but decided to post about it on 4chan's /lit/, a board whose real purpose was discussion of a great scholar, but he fell asleep reading half of the scholar-prophet's introduction on wikipedia, despite the fact that it was only 2 am and he had already ingested a combined total of 100mg of dexedrine. Maybe this would help me comedown, he thought once, but never bothered to read any more of it. He continued however, to post on /lit/, deciding to subvert the true purpose of the board. Arjun usually woke up past 8pm. He was the welfare king. The Proteus of neets. He subsided merely on government subsidies and credit card loans. He would also gamble on Poker, and crypto with the vague idea that he would be rich someday. He was through and through a materialist.

On a whim, he decides to do some fentanyl with a homeless man, which perhaps was unwise, not because they were doing it in the trashy toilet of a trashy bar, but because the sweet nectar they so wanted in their veins happened to come from Zaoshizen, which coincidentally was quite close to Arjun's patriarchal hometown, Tianezhen, just west of Wuhan. 84% of the packets produced for this batch were contaminated with the Wuhan-3. Fortunately for Arjun and his homeless companion, the batch they lucked out on was part of the 16%. Unfortunately for the unlikely duo, they decided to eyeball the powder instead of weighing it. "Eh, fuck it." said Arjun as he injected a random amount described as "Looks like enough, bruh." by his companion, whom he realized he neglected to ask the name of. "Ah fuck," Arjun whined as he missed a vein. As he finally resolves his aim, Arjun is enveloped by ecstasy. In a blink that felt like it lasted both an instant and an eternity, he finally woke up.

"Gut Yontiv, Brother. You do not look like you are from here. Are you Jewish?" asked the man, whom Arjun recognized garbed in traditional orthodox jewish wear, complete with shtreimel and a tallit. Arjun froze. He did not yet understand if he was hallucinating or something truly metaphysical, truly transcendental had happened. "sha, shab, shabr, shabri, shabrir, shabriri..." The man's subversion of 「Backwards Reduction」 from Pesachim 112b (from the Talmud) allowed him to remove Arjun's vision. He had sensed Arjun's insecurity and fear. The man then tightly put Arjun's wrists under chains and told him not to resist. Maybe it was the

result of a disastrous comedown from roughly over 150mgs of adderall, which Arjun was still chiefly concerned about where the fuck is he supposed to get his cigarettes, pot, and pill. His medicine. That is if he was in fact, not hallucinating. Irregardless, Arjun was getting quite close to making an uh oh stinky at this juncture. He complied with everything. The man gazed at Arjun. "Now, it's time for you to meet the Great Teacher, Peace Be Upon Him."

-GuenonIsekaiAnon

Author's Note: I'm going to eventually work this into a novel. I'll be publishing the rest of the volumes through this magazine.

Guenon, light of my life, fire of my loins. My sin, my soul.
Gue-----non: the tip of the tongue taking a trip of three steps
down the palate to tap, at three, on the teeth. Gue. Non. Pip
pip pip. He was One, plain One, in the morning, standing four
feet ten before his two foot face. He was Tao in robes. He was
Parmenides at life. He was Zeno on the dotted line. But in my
mind he was always Guenon. Did he have a precursor? He
did, indeed he did. In point of fact, there might have been no
Guenon at all had I not initiated, one summer, an initial
retroactive initiation. In a doctrine by the sea. Oh when?
About as many years before Guenon was born as my age was
that summer. You can always count on a murderer for a fancy
prose style. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, exhibit number
one is what the seraphs, the misinformed, simple, noble-
winged seraphs, the Whiteheadians, envied. Look at this
tangle of thorns.

-Anonymous