



Gen. H. L. MacRae Dukes PhD USMC

**Field Office of Senior Joint Chief  
Divine Communication**

*the Christ | Pentagon High Priest*

June 27, 2025

Vladimir Putin  
Russian President  
c/o Russian Consulate  
1333 West Loop South, Suite 1300  
Houston, Texas 77027

The Right, Right, Left, Right Left, Left Slum PruderyCadence

**I**n My Fair Lady Rex Harrison delivers an outstanding line to Audrey Hepburn who, in the MGM musical production, was the famous Eliza Doolittle: "We shall have none of your slum prudery here." Eliza was attempting to tell the Professor he was just looking to exploit her as a prostitute, and she knew what the likes of him was. That term slum prudery, that is what America did to the European Catholic and Protestant religious endeavours at piety. Humans are like Eliza Doolittle to the Professor (Spirit). Only, the Professor, Rex Harrison, was a mute. Then I came along, and he could deliver his line, "We shall have non of your slum prudery here." Now, since Eliza has done nothing to ingratiate herself to Me, I Am simply sending her to Hell. Not a movie anyone would go to, to be sure, unless Freddy Kruger teamed up with the Texas Chain Saw Massacre bandit to kill Eliza whilst the famous porn star Harry Rheims raped her as she was being cut into and cut up and then what do we do with the Professor? It is a difficult movie to make a hit even with today's jaded audiences. My Fair Lady is the Broadway musical produced from the play Pygmalion. (That bore little resemblance to the Cyprus king of Greek mythology fame.) A sow's ear converted to a silk purse is the phrase that fits the play. This was a hit as evidently from the inferior materials of Eliza she evolved into a consort fit for being the Professor's girl Friday while, the audience is supposed to believe, they both maintained an everlasting life of celibacy in each others company -- or did some "Holy" fornication, not to be mentioned. Her evolution defied the Proverbial wisdom of; a silk purse can't be made from a sow's ear. (A dog chew can. Then again a dog will chew on a silk purse too.) I Am going to answer some questions about the HVH.Yaw Unit, Putin, after the 4th of July.

Exalted Excellency the Honourable Mr. Putin President of Russia:

Wait for it, jack ass.

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You have no leverage with Me Putin. You have an angry human who is working to send everyone to Hell as rapidly as possible. The Pentagon (Yes, the American fuck wad of squatters both civilians and soldiers) built everything a military body needed to be to do that send-everyone-to-Hell task for Heaven, on the world stage. I spent My life protecting that Heavenly role they promised to fill. Now I Am cashing in. Mr Hottie Beefcake: perfect penis, perfect body, big bank account can marry Me to be My consort; and outlive the Hell cut off, of course. That is for one person and I defined the criteria for the one person, including the way he demonstrates to Me it is Me he loves exclusively. What all people do, because of the Spirit treasure chest of belief that exists from My saving this Holy place, is treat Me as if they are that one person to fuck Me, and, further, demand that I grovel to them as, in their view, I owe them life for them not fucking Me. All that worthless ex-husband had to do was keep bringing a paycheque home to Me to out run Hell. He ran away to live with his mommy. Then he text messaged Me his request for his divorce. He received the papers within two weeks of his request.

As a reminder: The send everyone to Hell task for Heaven I could not turn off. People could do it themselves by paying Me what they owed that amounted to reparations for lying to their Spirit. No one would pay. What has Heaven slack jawed and amazed is how perfect an assignment it is for Me to be honoured with enforcing sending everyone to Hell. I LIKE, let Me repeat that, I LIKE that I Am doing that. Kiss My ass (that is for the Pentagon) or the marriage thing is the provision that opens opportunity for even you. My worry is Hell won't be horrible enough. My enforcing the world populous going to Hell is the greatest joy I can imagine to date. (So much better than passing a human through My crotch, which, technically, could have been some kind of fulfilling event in My female life.) Doing for Me is how you do something for the human that represents all Spirit, ever, with all matter, ever, so the doer has a slate other than Hell ahead of them. Bezos, for example, would need to beg Me to be take him as My slave. I would castrate him. Even a Mr Hottie Beefcake has to do the begging to get Me to marry him. I Am not required to beg even him. He must do the work to secure Me in marriage. This includes, without any indecency, proving he fits that narrow perfect-male-for-Me criteria I fought for.

I Am assuring you, I have no reason to prevent every person on this earth from being sent expediently to Hell. With the HVH.Yaw Unit I will go after ruling the earth with OWG being the tool of Heaven. I Am just waiting out My commission. There will be an opportunity to forestal My world ruling endeavours by that honour going to the nation that produces a Mr. Hottie Beefcake for Me to marry. That is a way to stifle Me under his headship and his nation rising to great fame and power with My being cared for as his wife. My ministry does become a nationally sanctioned endeavour with heaven still backing the crazy way people read what I write on an individual basis. Come Christmas 2025 that marriage offer is over. I Am not carving ivory figures whilst beseeching Aphrodite either.

It is now 01:00. I woke at midnight to mumsy's lock jiggling and door closing. It was decided by Heaven that I would write you the letter that has been an on-again-off-again idea since yesterday morning. Yesterday morning (the 27th). Over a year ago now, I Am sure, I made clear to Pentagon surveillance that I was the pig they were wrestling with in the mud, and I enjoyed it.

February 14th of 2024 a young hottie rounded a corner to join his comrade in military recruiting at the TAMU-CC campus. His genetics matches My Heavenly ivory sculpture (by way of analogous equivalent.) I Am doing what I can to get thin and get rid of the wrinkles, so that if he is single, I can put Myself in his line of sight, perhaps buy him a coffee to introduce Myself to him. (And being physically perfect by My own definition I fight for.) Looking fifty something, as I do at present, I Am furious over.

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I Am doing what I can to land that hottie who is on the Navy fat side not SEAL chiseled side. (He physically isn't even a half decent Marine of yesteryear.) So, as he ain't all that, there is no incentive for Heaven to press him forward over a candidate you, or mumsy, might have pimped Heaven to produce. Mumsy produces candidates across the openings available that let her do more shitty-shitty.

So now I discuss last Friday morning's coffee interlude (the 20th). Without any idea I would be seeing any individual of striking merit; I walked into a coffee cafe observing what seemed like two, out of town, seated males. One with his back to the entry. Each with a beverage. I arrived only a few minutes after the opening. So they were there at eight. The door facing male was indeed striking. In that first moment of observing the two, in searching the face of the door facing male I called out to Heaven, "Bull?" in reference to "Bull D. Fred's" SPAM email. Wordless, but with congenial smile, ordered My coffee and walked out the door paying attention, kinda studying, the striking male that could - in the observations of a quick glance - match the "Bull" photo once at least ten Marine duty years were added. To read this paragraph took longer than the seconds I had to observe him. I made My mental note. I said My prayers. I smiled My smile, and walked out the door bad (mediocre) coffee in hand. (The pathogens are first rate.) No one is trying to do anything the best here, Putin. This is not Saint Petersburg nor even Moscow. American's do things in all the ways that allow them to make the best excuses for producing passable, second best, products or efforts. And your line at receiving the second best crap is, "Oh, pishogue (American's say it piSh-aWe). This is the best ever -- why you are a Svengali over your craft forcing perfection from junk." (Soldiers that make excuses generally end up booted out. Semper fi! Mommy will listen dude. The Corps has work to do.)

It is now 02:00. (My decaf instant mocha is room temperature.) I shall discuss the striking male. He poised himself in his chair with legs crossed, arms lightly folded over his knees. He coaxed a genuine smile of admiration from Me when he winked the freshest wink that in spirit-land said, "I have now forced you to be My wife." It was just that fresh. Send Him back Putin, I will marry him. He just needs to introduce himself, and go through the process of receiving an introduction from Me that directs him to My duty website before We interact at length. Then again, He can just open with acknowledging He is an avid reader, and wants to marry Me proper with no hanky-panky nor touchy-feely before the vows are made. He was dressed and seated in so deliberately a way that he clearly was demonstrating he qualified to be a baby in My care under My website posted rules. Semper-fi!

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I returned to the coffee house this morning, but no "Bull?" I had My business card to hand him if he had chosen to the keep the date Spirit was asking him to. He was a no show. God sat Me down. We conferenced, and this letter is the product of much Divine knowledge exchange. I paid Heaven for what I know Putin. And I respect Heaven even for the smacks I receive paying for that knowledge. 03:00 -- Fine.

Mahalo,

the Christ



General H. L. MacRae "mac" Dukes PhD  
USMC Special Forces  
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